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# The Nation

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE  
DRAMA, MUSIC, ART  
INDUSTRY

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VOLUME CXXXV

JULY 6, 1932, to DECEMBER 28, 1932

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THE NATION, Inc.  
20 VESEY STREET. NEW YORK



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JULY 6, 1932, to DECEMBER 28, 1932

(Nos. 3496-3521)

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1932

No. 3496

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**I**N THE CONFUSION that besets the Democratic convention as we go to press one thing stands out clear and unchallengeable. That is the unashamed renunciation by Franklin D. Roosevelt of his last pretension to progressivism. He has joined the old guard of political sharpers. Indeed, the brazen tactics of his managers in Chicago, which the Governor himself has been directing by telephone from Albany, are such as to leave even the Tammany crowd gasping. His opponents should have been forewarned by his repudiation of his promise to support Jouett Shouse for the permanent chairmanship of the convention. But they were obviously not prepared for the next move in the Roosevelt program; they were taken by surprise when the Roosevelt managers announced, with the approval of the Governor, that they would seek to abolish the ancient rule of the party whereby a Presidential nominee is chosen by a two-thirds vote. Such a change in the convention rules requires only a majority vote. The Roosevelt announcement was simply a confession of fear that the New York Governor could not win by following the established rules of the game. Of course, except in form and audacity, there is nothing particularly new in this latest manifestation of American political ethics. Yet we had hoped for something better from Franklin Roosevelt. We had never deceived ourselves as to his weak and vacillating statesmanship, but we had believed him honest and sincere. Instead, he stands revealed as ready to lend his support to any trick or device that will advance his personal political fortunes. Even more discouraging was the failure of such supposedly Progressive Senators as Burton Wheeler and Clarence Dill to disown Roosevelt when he showed his true colors.

**M**R. HOOVER'S FEAR of pork-barrel legislation is holding up urgently needed federal relief for the unemployed. There may be "pork" in the Wagner and Garner bills, but Herbert Hoover did not see the matter in that light when he was sponsoring similar public-works construction programs only two years ago. *The Nation* no less than Herbert Hoover is opposed to raids upon the Treasury, to acts of Congress designed to confer special privileges or benefits upon favored communities or classes. There may be political favoritism hidden in the two bills now before Congress. But the unemployment situation cannot wait upon moral crusaders; the hungry millions cannot wait until the perfect bill is written. Help must be extended at once. Need it be said again that Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, and numerous other cities are now feeding their jobless on a hand-to-mouth basis, and that their relief programs may break down at any moment leaving hundreds of thousands of families without help of any kind? The Wagner and Garner bills are not so far apart that they cannot be reconciled by the conferees of the two houses. The sentiment in both branches of Congress is such that virtually any reasonable bill for unemployment relief can be passed almost unanimously. It rests with the conferees to expedite action. They should divest themselves of their childish fear of incurring Mr. Hoover's displeasure. They have enough votes to pass any honest relief measure over the President's veto.

**S**TILL FURTHER PROOF of the repression to come is to be found in Speaker Garner's announcement of his candidacy for the Presidency. He came out against prohibition and the high tariff, for "proper relief measures" to keep the laboring classes at work, for the collection of war debts according to the capacity of our debtors to pay, and for the reduction of federal, State, and municipal expenditures by one-third—a stupid and silly plank which might defeat the possibility of putting the unemployed to work. Then he went on to say this: "The constantly increasing tendency toward socialism and communism is the gravest possible menace. The government should use every means within its power to prevent their further spread, and they should receive no encouragement from any American citizen, high or low." This from a man whose party is now definitely committed to protection, the mother of all socialism in America; which has voted for the socialistic Federal Farm Board, and has had no hesitation whatever in ladling out millions to indigent railroads and banks without understanding that if carried on far enough that means nothing more or less than state ownership. What a pity that someone cannot put Mr. Garner on a witness stand and examine him as to what constitutes true Americanism and what constitutes socialism and communism!

**T**HE INDIANA DEMOCRATS have nominated ■ former National Commander of the American Legion, Paul V. McNutt, as their candidate for Governor, and the Republicans have countered by nominating ■ former State



Commander of the Legion, Raymond S. Springer. The voters have thus no choice save to vote for a legionnaire unless they vote the Socialist ticket. History is thus repeating itself; for decades after the Civil War ex-officers were regularly chosen to catch the soldier vote. In Congress Northern brigadiers and Southern brigadiers vied with each other in "waving the bloody shirt" and in keeping sectional animosities alive for purely political reasons. We are in for something worse now, for the Civil War veterans were not militarists, if they were as thirsty for pensions and jobs as the World War veterans are for bonuses and special favors. They were satisfied to have no fleet and to keep the regular army down to 25,000 men as long as the nineteenth century lasted. The present veterans are all for big armaments afloat and ashore—despite our winning the war to end war—besides being utterly un-American in their readiness to limit free speech and other constitutional rights. The latest proof of this is the ousting from the Legion of the Willard Straight Post in New York, because it has frequently dared to disagree with Legion policies and recently exposed the shocking waste and extravagance in the Veterans' Bureau—a public service the Legion should have rejoiced in.

**T**HE STREET FIGHTING in Germany will very likely have more influence on the negotiations now being undertaken at Lausanne than any other factor. Were it not for the uncertainties of the domestic situation in the largest of the Central Powers some new arrangement, some new plan, could probably be devised at the reparations conference. But no German delegation can afford to return to Berlin with anything short of undisguised cancelation. This Chancellor von Papen has already learned. His rather clumsy effort to be tactful and to appear conciliatory during the opening days of the Lausanne meeting has met with withering attacks from every political faction at home. Most direct and bitter have been the attacks upon him by his own supporters, the nationalists and militarists. A political upheaval in Germany today would be dangerous for the security and peace of the Continent. But it is difficult to see how such an upheaval can be prevented if Lausanne does not renounce the entire reparations system, the barren principles as well as the unmet payments. Premier Herriot has shown at Lausanne that France is willing to make what two years ago would have been considered extravagant concessions. But France is not yet ready to abandon the principle of reparations, for upon it, the French declare, rests the peace of Versailles, the status quo of Europe. Even the French may have to recognize in the end that the economic security of Germany is just as essential to the peace of Europe as is the political security of France.

**P**UBLICATION of the correspondence between the former Minister of Agriculture in the Brüning Cabinet and President von Hindenburg explains very clearly why it was that the President suddenly made an about-face and ousted Brüning without warning, and confirms in a remarkable way the statements made by John Elliott in his Berlin letter in our last week's issue. It is now definitely established through this correspondence that the break was solely due to the government's desire to take hold of the legally bankrupt estates of some of the great East Prussian landlords and to split them up in order to settle upon them some

of the 6,000,000 jobless whose presence is such a menace to the economic and political safety of Germany. The Brüning Government had shown its willingness to help the land barons by declaring a moratorium on their debts, especially in order to save the eastern agricultural banks, which could not collect more than a small percentage of their loans. But in those cases where estates were hopelessly bankrupt the Cabinet proposed to take them over and break them up. The land barons appealed to President von Hindenburg, who was then staying at his own East Prussian estate, with the result that he wrote to the Minister of Agriculture that the proposed sale of bankrupt properties was "confiscation." The Minister resigned, but the President returned to Berlin, ousted the whole Cabinet, and turned the welfare of Germany, employed and unemployed, over to a group of these East Prussian landlords who have been the real dominators of Germany ever since the days of Bismarck.

**V**ISCOUNT ISHII has warned us that if the United States "ever attempted to prevent Japan's natural expansion" on the Asiatic mainland, "then a grave situation would indeed be created, since Japan is an overcrowded nation which could not be shut up indefinitely in her small islands." This sounds like a threat of war. Yet viewed realistically it must be considered a courageous statement of fact. Ishii has done both countries a great service in pointing out that the conflicting policies of Japan and the United States in Asia, unless checked in time, will certainly lead to armed conflict. Only by such warnings, only by knowing precisely where our diplomacy is likely to lead us, can we so shape our policies as to prevent war with Japan. Economic pressure has pushed our frontier ever westward; today our western frontier is in Asia itself. We have marked out China as an American market of immense potentialities. Under the Open Door policy, of course, we assume that we are giving all countries, and particularly Japan, an equal opportunity to do business in that market. But so vast are our natural resources and so highly developed is our industrial system that the real advantages are all on our side. Thus Japan is in no position to compete with us on equal terms except by pauperizing its labor, and it is the poverty of its workers that is the compelling force behind "Japan's natural expansion." The Open Door, paradoxically enough, stands in the way of this expansion. Washington and Tokio must come to a new understanding on the Asiatic problem.

**W**HERE IS THAT VAUNTED UPTURN in Great Britain so glibly promised by the National Government and so often presented in this country as an accomplished fact? Notwithstanding the departure from the gold standard, the resort to protective tariffs, and the unholy alliance of Messrs. MacDonald, Chamberlain, Samuel, *et al.*, reports issued by the Board of Trade show a drop in exports, chiefly of manufactured goods, from £33,895,429 in May, 1931, to £30,196,984 in May of this year. Unemployment rose 89,125 in May over the April figures, and was 111,335 more than in May of last year, while the number of persons on poor relief in England and Wales at the end of last April was 191,318 in excess of the number twelve months before. But the reactionary leaders go blandly on their way, running true to form even on such humanitarian



matters as child labor; a proposal in Parliament to limit children's working hours to forty-eight a week has been killed by the government. Despite the expenditure of £108,000,000 annually on armaments, Britain has been seeking a cut in the \$6,750,000 budget of the League of Nations, the British share of which reaches the "enormous" total of \$708,750. Faced with discontent among the working classes, the authorities, according to the London *New Leader*, have been collecting information through the agency of engineering societies on such significant questions as these: "In an emergency, are you willing to volunteer to maintain the London electricity-supply service?" "Did you serve during the general strike of 1926; if so, at what station and in what capacity?"

ALL HONOR TO GOVERNOR ELY of Massachusetts, who has appointed Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. It is not yet clear that the appointment will be confirmed; the heathen, headed by ex-Governor Fuller, are raging because Professor Frankfurter was one of the leaders in the fight to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti, whom thousands besides himself believed innocent, because his heart and his conscience and his admirable legal mind made it impossible for him to take any other course. The ex-Governor upon whose head rests the responsibility for the death of those men has gone out of his way to declare that this appointment means the encouragement of murder in Massachusetts. Nothing could be falsier, nothing more deliberately malign. We cannot think of anybody better fitted to adorn the Supreme Court bench in Massachusetts than Felix Frankfurter, and we cannot think of any bench that more needs liberalizing than this same Supreme Court. We earnestly hope for early confirmation of the appointment, but whether it comes or not we have here another interesting example of the way murder will not down. No Fullers and no courts can consign Sacco and Vanzetti to oblivion. Massachusetts may yet see a memorial to these men erected on its soil, as it erected statues to the memory of Garrison and Phillips three decades after they were mobbed in the streets of Boston.

SIAM, almost the last speck of absolute monarchy left on the map, has had a revolution. With great neatness and dispatch, and politeness all around, the People's Party has arrested the cabinet of princes whose extravagance and dishonesty led to the revolt. The king, with equal politeness and dispatch, has agreed to be a constitutional monarch. To be sure, there are certain contradictions to be recorded. The People's Party is composed of young and idealistic government officials and of middle-aged army and navy officers; the people, for whom the party is named, took no part in the revolution; finally, the leaders of the new ruling party have declared themselves, according to the fulsome report of the *Herald Tribune* correspondent, in favor of "frank criticism of all governmental matters, despite strict censorship." Nevertheless, everyone is reported pleased, and it is gratifying to note that there were only two casualties. One was a brave general who resisted and was shot but not killed. The other casualty turns out, fortunately, to have been exaggerated. A policeman previously reported shot was, it is now revealed, only frightened half to death.

## Monkeys and Men

THE evolutionists," said G. K. Chesterton in a particularly malicious moment, "seem to know everything about the missing link except the fact that it is missing." And though the jibe may not be entirely fair, it is keen enough to make every believer in the Darwinian theory just a little bit uncomfortable. It would be nicer if the ascent of man could be demonstrated with a series of skeletons as complete as that which illustrates how the eohippus lost his toes in order to become a horse, and there is no doubt about the fact that the hypothetical creatures christened with such resounding names as *Pithecanthropus erectus* and *Homo neanderthalensis* would be somewhat more convincing if the fragments supposed to represent them were a little less fragmentary.

For that reason it is impossible not to suspend one's better judgment and take some interest in the wild story which concerns the discovery of some living specimens of an "ape man" in Sumatra. According to Professor Eliot Smith, Marco Polo told stories concerning the existence of such creatures 700 years ago, but though even more detailed rumors of its continued existence were circulated in 1924, nothing concrete emerged. Nevertheless, photographs are said to have arrived in Holland, and in a dispatch to the *New York Times* Professor Smith confesses that "there is nothing inherently improbable in the possibility that some type of ape with human likeness may have survived in the forests of Sumatra."

Being, however, even more interested in human nature than we are in anthropology, there is another aspect of the present incident which interests us more than the vague possibility that one of the more backward branches of our family is still climbing trees in the Dutch East Indies. This aspect is the one suggested by a paragraph in the dispatch which throws even more light on the present nature of man than the discovery itself is likely to throw upon his past. The account reads:

Some time ago the Governor of Sumatra offered a reward for a specimen, dead or alive, of the orang letjo, supposed to live in the Rokan Mountains. Hundreds of men searched the forests near the mountains and one discovered the orang letjo with a baby. The hunter wounded the mother and killed the baby. The mother escaped, running on her hind legs. The baby was taken to the Dutch authorities and the skin was carefully removed and prepared, while the skeleton was cleaned, packed, and sent to the Batavia Zoological Museum.

Evidently ape men are regarded in much the same way as other "natives" are regarded by the advance guard of white civilization, and the incident will perhaps go a long way toward explaining why the missing link is still missing. As soon as the first man discovered that he really was a man at last, he doubtless set about to exterminate as rapidly as possible all those creatures who had not yet risen to his heights. Indeed, we suspect that the emergence of this impulse may be taken as the criterion of true humanness, and that the first creature who discovered the delights of slaughter for its own sake is the one which ought to be taken as the first indisputable man.



# Butler, Borah, and Bunk

"**W**OULD to God we could exchange a thousand politicians for even one statesman!" With this magnificent phrase Nicholas Murray Butler concluded his speech to the Advertising Federation of the United States on June 20, appealing once more for a rational, a sane, a generous policy toward Europe. It was an admirable address, admirable in its content, admirable in its expression and in its wisdom. It could not have been delivered to an audience that needed it more. We have noticed with regret Dr. Butler's departure for Europe. It would be of great usefulness, indeed, if some of the frequently wasted revenues of his own Carnegie Peace Foundation could be utilized to keep him speaking from one end of the country to the other. For since his renunciation of his own candidacy for the Presidency, he has been able to speak out as American public men ought always to speak out, and as many of them used to in bygone days. When he talks today he makes most of the office-holders of the type of Speaker Garner and the Honorable Patrick Hurley and the ineffable Secretary Wilbur, who recently dared to assure the social workers of the nation in Philadelphia that the starving children of this country would profit by the bad times, look like the cheap politicians that they are. This does not mean we believe Dr. Butler has undergone an entire sea change. We should expect him, should war come again, to lead the hue and cry once more, and again to drive out of his university men who had the character and the conscience to stick by the beliefs that they professed before hostilities commenced. He shines, however, because he is informed on many points, and because he hits straight from the shoulder. And what this country needs more than anything else today is informed speaking and able analytical criticism of the projects that are so lightly tossed off by the politicians.

Just this kind of criticism was furnished by Senator Borah in his remarkable speech of last week, when he announced that he would not support the Republican platform, or at least that plank which deals with prohibition. Senator Borah, too, is not always dependable—this utterance of his has been met by many sneers to the effect that, come election day, the Senator from Idaho will be back voting and speaking for the good old Republican Party. That may come to pass. None the less, we are profoundly grateful that in this address he rose to the finest that was in him, and not only showed his admirably equipped legal mind at its best, but phrased his thoughts in clear, able, and convincing language. No reasoning person could read that speech and not be affected by it. We do not see how any Republican politician can hereafter get up on any platform and have the effrontery to assure his audience that the prohibition plank in the Republican platform means something. The words of Senator Borah will be there to confront and confound him. The Senator took that barefaced swindle and dissected it like a skilful surgeon. He showed how completely it contradicted itself; how it was impossible to strip the United States of the constitutional right to control the liquor traffic by passing on the power to the States, and then to reserve to the United States the same power to prevent the return of the

saloon. Never was a colossal humbug more completely and definitely exposed. Naturally there was consternation in the Republican camp, especially when the Senator declared that he would not support Mr. Hoover if the latter did not disavow this shameless effort to deceive both wets and dries into believing that the party is on both their sides.

But Senator Borah's service did not stop there. He proceeded, and has since continued, to unveil some of the hypocrites in the Cabinet who have pretended one thing while believing another. If there is a greater curse in our political life today than this, we do not know it. We are of the opinion that in some ways the political life of America has improved in the last forty years, but we doubt if there ever was a period in which there was such widespread insincerity as there is today. It is not due to prohibition. That merely gave another opportunity to those who were already in the habit of believing one thing and giving lip service to another. It is of course not considered good form in political circles to do what Senator Borah has done in exposing the real beliefs of two such men as Postmaster-General Brown and Secretary Mills by repeating the substance of conversations. But if ever there was a time when this was allowable it is today in the face of the colossal Republican effort to deceive the American people. Can anyone believe that Secretary Mills, with his record, favors prohibition in the slightest degree? Does anyone really believe that Senator Borah falsified when he declared that the Postmaster-General had assured him quite recently that he was in favor of the return of the saloon? When it comes to weighing the character of these two men in the balance, no court of record would have the slightest difficulty in deciding where the truth lay. We note that the Postmaster-General has not denied Mr. Borah's reiteration of his charge after Mr. Brown's first denial. These two speeches have cut through the bunk of the hour in a way to refresh weary souls.

They embolden us to hope that the hour is approaching when, because of the gravity of the crisis or as a final revulsion from the hypocrisy and humbug of the hour, other voices will be heard to command instant attention throughout the country, and what is more important to arouse an enlightened public opinion. The cowardly, crawling satellites around the White House talk glibly about their being controlled by public opinion, and about how they cannot utter a single brave word or take an advanced position because the public is not yet ready to have them do so. The way to lead is to lead. Mr. Hoover found that out when he recommended the moratorium just a year ago. Mr. Roosevelt has not yet discovered it because he has been playing the same old stupid politicians' game of waiting to see whether he could get the nomination by hiding his views, by pussyfooting, by talking those glittering generalities in which the American politician excels beyond all of his kind. As we have again and again pointed out, there has never been an hour when we needed greater frankness and truth-telling, with the determination to free our political life "from the black magic of dead words." In no other way will it be possible in this crisis to keep alive men's faith in their institutions.



# Hoover Politics at Geneva

THE proposals placed before the Geneva Disarmament Conference on June 22 by President Hoover amount to little more than a political trick. To the headline reader Mr. Hoover has generously advocated a reduction in armies by one-third and a similar scaling down of navies. Studied in detail, however, the Hoover proposals amount to the brazen suggestion that the United States actually increase its army and navy, leaving reduction to other nations. The President declares that an army performs two functions: (1) that of maintaining internal order, (2) that of defense against foreign attack. He states that the German army was limited to 100,000 men by the Treaty of Versailles because the Paris Peace Conference deemed this figure the minimum needed to maintain German internal order. The President suggests that every government take the German unit as a basis for limiting its army for police purposes and then make a cut of one-third in all effectives maintained for "defense" purposes, above the number necessary for internal police. According to this formula, the United States, which with its dependencies has a population twice that of Germany, would actually increase its army from 140,000 to 200,000 men for "police" purposes; and in addition maintain an undefined number for "defense" against foreign attack. The President's proposal to abolish tanks is hardly more generous. Having only twenty-five tanks in our army we can afford to renounce ■ weapon upon which the French and British armies heavily rely. Similarly, the President proposes a reduction in the *treaty* tonnage of navies; but inasmuch as the United States, except in the case of battleships, has not built up to the level established by the Washington and London naval treaties, his suggestion would inevitably result in new cruiser and aircraft-carrier construction by the United States. The Hoover "disarmament" plan, therefore, would increase the military strength of the United States at the expense of other nations; it is a scheme for securing naval "parity" at a cheaper figure than that made necessary by the London treaty, and for nearly doubling the size of our army.

We are unable to see how any sensible man can assert that the United States should have an army of 200,000 men to maintain internal order. The creation of such an army to perform functions already discharged by local and State police would inevitably mean the terrorizing of the unemployed; it would be a step toward a fascist dictatorship. For that matter, the "defensive" needs of this country, "menaced" only by Canada and Mexico, do not even require the maintenance of our present extravagant establishment of 140,000 men—we never had more than 30,000 men prior to 1900. Likewise there is no reason except unadulterated vanity which justifies our demand for naval parity. When the United States, the one great Power which is in absolutely no danger of invasion, proposes in this hypocritical manner to enlarge its army and navy, it quickens the feeling of insecurity throughout the world.

There is only one means by which the United States can secure the reduction of armaments and that is by offering to make sacrifices equivalent to those which it asks of other

governments. The key to the arms deadlock is the battleship. The one argument made by our big-navy champions for retaining the battleship is that the United States has only a few naval bases. Great Britain may dispense with the battleship because it has a large number of bases at which small cruisers may refuel. The United States, in the absence of such bases, must maintain battleships having a wide cruising radius. One does not need to be a naval "expert" to realize, however, that the battleship will not offset inferiority in naval bases. When the United States agreed in the Washington naval treaty not to establish any new bases in the Pacific, it was universally recognized that this renunciation could not possibly be offset by the construction of the battleships authorized in that treaty. In the absence of naval bases no American fleet, no matter how numerous our capital ships may be, can hope to carry on a decisive action in western Pacific waters. In what other part of the world may battleships offset our naval-base inferiority? Not in the Caribbean, which we completely dominate by bases at Panama and Guantanamo; nor in the Atlantic, where no Power possesses modern bases removed from its home territory. In the remaining parts of the world, such as the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, it is inconceivable, from the political or strategic standpoint, that the United States would single-handed carry on a naval engagement, regardless of the number of our battleships.

The reason that our big-navy advocates insist upon retaining the battleship is because of an illegitimate and inept desire to dominate the seas. Actually, the supremacy of the battleship is already doomed by the airplane and the submarine. The ineffectiveness of this type of ship was indicated by the World War. Moreover, in accepting the London naval treaty of 1930 the United States has already dealt a death-blow to the battleship. In that treaty we agreed to postpone the replacement of our fifteen ships until 1936. One cannot believe that the American people will at that time authorize the expenditure of \$600,000,000 to replace vessels which will then be over age. Even though we hold on to these clumsy sea-arsenals for a few more years, they are inevitably doomed. Meanwhile the maintenance of our fifteen battleships costs the American people the enormous sum of \$30,000,000 annually.

Today the Geneva conference is in danger of collapse. Every effort at disarmament which fails enhances world insecurity and thereby increases the danger of war and obstructs world economic recovery. If failure is to be the result of the five years' tedious work of the League Preparatory Commission, and of five months' negotiation by the conference itself, then inevitably the world will be brought one step nearer the catastrophe which it is already approaching. Despite Mr. Hoover's blunder, we believe that the Geneva conference can yet be saved if the United States has the intelligence and courage to propose the abolition of the battleship. Such ■ proposal, indicating that we were prepared to make a genuine reduction, would make it possible to secure the international abolition of all aggressive weapons, on land, on sea, and in the air, and thus achieve the beginning of success.



# What Is Soviet Russia?

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, June 14*

I HAD no sooner said in *The Nation* that bolshevism was not a religion than Henry R. Mussey undertook to show that it was. The friends of Soviet Russia declared it could not be true that the Bolsheviks were ready to pay the Czar's debts, and the enemies of Russia wrote to protest against my assertion that there were liberties in the U. S. S. R. Socialists who had always been proud of Menshevik Georgia objected to my quotation marks around "independent" as applied to one of the few Social Democratic republics which the world has seen, and the same people insisted that the sameness of revolutions in all countries was one of the fundamental tenets of bolshevism. Apparently, the mere assertion that many of our popular conceptions about Russia are fallacious is not sufficient, and I have been called upon to prove them wrong. A few of the more difficult notions to refute were chosen for me.

1. *That there is no freedom or liberty in Soviet Russia.* This statement is heard frequently in America and England but seldom on the Continent; for intellectuals in Europe know that if and when the social revolution beckons, there will no longer be a choice between Communist dictatorship and bourgeois democracy. Experience has shown that long before bolshevism appears on the horizon, democracy is wiped out by a fascist dictatorship. In Hungary, Poland, Yugoslavia, Italy, and to a rapidly increasing extent in Germany, the alternatives are capitalist dictatorship and white terror on the one hand and Soviet dictatorship on the other. Each citizen's preference is then determined not by his love for a long-deceased freedom of speech or an extinguished parliamentarianism, but by his economic interests and class or group affiliations.

The Bolshevik regime is avowedly a class regime. The capitalist class is denied all civil rights. The bourgeois enjoys no liberty or rights until he quits his class—a process usually attended by some difficulty. The workers and peasants, however—and these constitute at least 95 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union—have numerous privileges and liberties never vouchsafed to them before the revolution. Yet even they surrender a considerable measure of freedom to the dictatorship. Bolshevism brought new, undreamt-of freedom to women, to national minorities, to children, to factory workers. The educational, cultural, and social progress achieved by the tens of millions included under these large divisions refutes any allegation that there is no liberty in Russia. The right to study, the opportunity to use one's own language and to follow one's own racial customs, and the relief from worry about unemployment or illness or old age or the higher education of one's children are at least as precious as the right to say and write what one wishes. Nevertheless, free speech is an invaluable asset to the individual and the state. It serves as a check on governmental error and unrestrained empiricism. But in Russia even the Bolshevik does not enjoy complete freedom of expression, and the non-Communist, even if a devoted friend of the Soviets, is condemned to silence on political matters.

The repressions in this field are more severe than the safety of the government requires.

2. *That the New Economic Policy introduced by Lenin in 1921 meant the return of capitalism to Russia.* When the New Economic Policy (NEP) was enunciated, many Communists and most outsiders believed that it would usher in capitalism. This prophecy, along with a host of others, has not been fulfilled. Lenin never intended to bury communism under a heavy gravestone marked NEP. For while the NEP permitted the peasants to sell grain privately, and thus paved the way to the rise of a bourgeois class of traders, Lenin nevertheless provided for the retention of the "proletarian heights"—the monopoly of foreign trade, state ownership of industry, transportation, and land, of the army, the Communist Party, and so on—with the aid of which another offensive against capitalism in Russia would some day be undertaken. Between 1921 and 1927 the great issue was "Who Whom?" as the Bolsheviks formulated it. Would private trade and individualistic farming creep up to and capture the "proletarian heights" and thereby wrest real power from the Communists, or would the "proletarian heights" reconquer the plains that had been abandoned during the NEP retreat? Now the reply is no longer in doubt; the "proletarian heights" are crushing the last items of strength in Russian capitalism. Private capitalism in the U. S. S. R. is being ground to death between a nether millstone called collectivization and an upper millstone called the Five-Year Plan. Sometimes the hand of the miller tires, and then private capitalistic tendencies win a breathing space which is called "neo-NEP." There will be many such respites. There have been many. But the length and frequency of these "rightward zigzags" diminish, and the death warrant of Russian capitalism is signed and sealed.

3. *That the Bolsheviks have refused to pay Czarist debts.* The Soviet Government annulled the foreign obligations of the Russian state on January 21, 1918. But since then it has on scores of occasions offered to pay those very obligations. In a letter to the Versailles Peace Conference dated February 4, 1919, Moscow volunteered to "recognize its financial obligations to its creditors in Entente countries" and to guarantee interest payments on them. Lenin gave William C. Bullitt a written proposal for transmission to President Wilson "to recognize their [the Soviets'] responsibility for the financial obligations of the former Russian Empire [date, March 14, 1919]." The Soviet Government officially informed Premier Lloyd George on July 7, 1920, of its willingness to meet Russia's indebtedness to Great Britain. At the Genoa and Hague conferences in 1922 the Russians made concrete suggestions for the payment of Russia's debts. All these acts are on record, and if people still believe that the Bolsheviks have always refused to pay the Czar's obligations, it is only because they do not read or have short memories. The last Bolshevik statement about readiness to negotiate on this subject was made by Stalin on December 1, 1930, to Walter Duranty of the *New York Times*.



The Soviet Government, however, has not confined itself to offers. On August 10, 1924, Ramsay MacDonald and Christian G. Rakovsky actually signed an Anglo-Soviet treaty which provided for a definite settlement of England's private and public claims on Russia. This treaty, for no fault of the Bolsheviks, failed of ratification by the House of Commons. Very concrete offers of immediate payments in gold were also made to France in 1926 and incorporated by Senator de Monzie into draft treaties which Poincaré, however, rejected.

The Soviet Government has settled the General Electric Company's claim for compensation for nationalized property. It has likewise negotiated with the National City Bank of New York for the payment of a Czarist war debt of \$86,000,000. Those negotiations may be renewed. Moscow has even agreed to repay the moneys lent by the United States Treasury to Kerensky and used to buy munitions which shot down Red Army soldiers. All these and other pertinent facts are set forth in detail in my book, "The Soviets in World Affairs."

4. *That the Bolsheviks believe revolutions in other countries must be exactly like their own.* Lenin said that the revolution made by the Bolsheviks in November, 1917, was a bourgeois revolution. It was bourgeois while the workers helped the peasantry to achieve its petit-bourgeois, capitalist aims by ousting the landlords. Only later, when the class war provoked the enmity of the poor peasants against the rich, did bolshevism reach the villages. And only now, when collectivization dominates agriculture in Russia, is a real attempt being made to create a Socialist system of agriculture. But a Bolshevik revolution in a highly industrialized country where feudalism had long been destroyed would not be bourgeois even in its initial stages. It would be Socialist. This is not a mere academic distinction. Trotsky says that a Socialist revolution is impossible until the Communists have won over "a majority of the proletariat." That was not altogether necessary in Russia in 1917 because the peasants cooperated with the Bolsheviks in order to carry out their own democratic, bourgeois uprising. But most land-owning farmers in an industrialized nation will support the bourgeoisie against the revolutionists. The revolutionists must therefore first rally the larger half of the working class. This is a fundamental social distinction. It indicates that the preliminaries of a revolution in Germany or England would be very different from the preliminaries of the Soviet revolution.

On the other hand, the Bolsheviks submit that anti-capitalist revolutions abroad would correspond in important respects to their own. They insist, for instance, that the capitalists would resist the expropriation of their private wealth (although we all know that they have submitted to plenty of expropriation since 1929) and resort to force in an effort to suppress the expropriators. Hence the belief that every Communist upheaval must be accompanied by civil war. There would be other partial imitations of the Russian example. Yet these similarities must not be allowed to conceal the distinctions. The foreign political situation, for instance, would play a great role. A revolution in Germany where neighbors might intervene would not face the same set of circumstances as in Japan where intervention would be difficult if not impossible. In Italy in 1920 the first step toward a proletarian revolution was the seizure of the fac-

tories. The Russians, on the other hand, first captured the streets. A revolutionary party which set out to dislodge a fascist regime would have a task very different from that of the Bolsheviks in overthrowing the liberal Kerensky. Every revolution must have its own physiognomy depending on time and local conditions. Lenin recognized this fact and wrote:

In no sense do we regard the Marxist theory as something complete and unassailable. On the contrary, we are convinced that that theory is only the cornerstone of that science which Socialists must advance in all directions if they do not wish to fall behind life. We think that it is especially necessary for Russian Socialists to undertake an independent study of the Marxist theory, for that theory gives only general guiding ideas, which can be applied differently in England, for instance, than in France, differently in France than in Germany, differently in Germany than in Russia.

5. *That Bolsheviks constitute 1 or 2 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union.* The Communist Party of the Soviet Union numbers two million-odd members and candidates. In addition, there are about five million Young Communists in the Komsomol, who, ranging from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, share the responsibilities of government and participate actively in politics. Youth rules in Russia, and twenty is a ripe age. This makes 7,000,000 out of a population of 160,000,000, or roughly 4½ per cent.

But when it is said that the Communists are only 1 or 2 per cent of the population, there is always the implication that the Communists, therefore, are unpopular and impose their rule on a protesting majority. This, and not percentages, is the real issue. The best plebiscite that has been held in Soviet Russia was the civil war. At one time in 1918 the Bolsheviks controlled nothing more than Moscow and a few adjacent provinces. The whites, aided by many foreign Powers, had surrounded the Bolsheviks on all sides. Yet the Soviets won. The anti-Bolshevik generals were defeated not so much by the Red Army as by the opposition of the peasants, the workers, and the national minorities. Kolchak lost because the peasants fought against him. Denikin was destroyed by the hostility of the peasants and the national minorities. In almost all cases the countryside detested the whites. And the workers supported the reds whole-heartedly. Otherwise they would never have succeeded. The proletariat is now the mainstay of the Soviet regime. The peasants may grumble against unpopular Muscovite policies, but they realize that the only alternative to bolshevism is landlordism. The ethnic minorities understand that the collapse of the Soviets would again expose them to Great Russian chauvinism.

The Communist Party and the Komsomol could have twenty million members if they opened their doors wide. The Communist Party, however, is conceived as a closely knit, highly disciplined advance guard or shock troop whose strength is not in numbers but in devotion and training. If entrance into Communist ranks were easy, the party would become a band-wagon carrying too many careerists and opportunistic job-holders. This also explains why the salaries of Communists are limited to a low maximum. The relatively low ratio of Bolsheviks to Soviet population is the result of a definite membership policy and not of lack of popular support.



6. *That an "independent" Georgia existed in 1918-20 which the Bolsheviks suppressed.* There never was an independent Georgia. Menshevik Georgia sold itself to the imperialists in the first week of its existence. The only quality which entitled the Georgian Mensheviks to the name of Socialists was their anti-bolshevism. Indeed, Menshevik Tiflis openly proclaimed that it "preferred the imperialists of the West to the fanatics of the East." It preferred Lloyd George to Lenin.

Georgian Mensheviks operated before the World War. They were members of the Czarist Duma. But they never organized a movement for the separation of Georgia from the empire. Tcheidze and Tzeretelli were leading Mensheviks and influential members of Kerensky's Cabinet in 1917. They never demanded independence for Georgia. As a matter of fact, they supported Kerensky in rejecting Finland's plea for secession. Yet the moment the Bolsheviks came into power the Georgian Mensheviks discovered Georgia's wish to be free from Bolshevik Russia. The Mensheviks had no sooner established a government in Georgia than they invited the Kaiser's troops into their country. Thereafter Menshevik policy reflected the wishes of General Kress von Kressenstein. As soon as the German forces evacuated the country after the World War, the Mensheviks invited the British army into their territory. Menshevik Georgia then did the bidding of London. And when the British retired in 1920, Tiflis negotiated with Kemal Pasha for an alliance against the Bolsheviks.

The Mensheviks persecuted the national minorities in Georgia and burned their villages. They have admitted the imprisonment of hundreds of Communists. They made war on Azerbaijan and Armenia. The Mensheviks aided the whites in their wars against the Bolsheviks. Trotzky wrote: "One can say without exaggeration, Menshevik Georgia created the Wrangel army." He claims that on this ground alone the Bolsheviks would have been justified in overthrowing the Mensheviks. When the Red Army entered Georgia to aid a local Communist insurrection it expelled a government which had never stood on its own legs and which had served as a base for counter-revolutionary and imperialist attacks on Soviet Russia. Ludendorff was Menshevik Georgia's first patron. Then it became Winston Churchill's special pet. And in 1924 Sir Henri Deterding encouraged the Mensheviks to launch an abortive uprising against the Soviets in Georgia.

7. *That bolshevism is a religion.* John Maynard Keynes; Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, the father of an unborn Pan-Europa; and Professor Henry R. Mussey, writing in *The Nation* of May 4, 1932, have, together with many others, defended the thesis that bolshevism is a religion. If you do not discover the hidden sources of a great movement, just explain that no one can discover them, that they lie in the realm of the metaphysical. Yet the difference between bolshevism and religion is very, very simple. Bolshevism is a science and religion is not. Bolshevism is a set of economic, political, and social principles which inspire faith. Religion is a faith, a belief in things the most fundamental of which are not susceptible of proof. Professor Mussey, following Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, has enumerated similarities between bolshevism and religion. Yet when you examine these closely you see that they are not similarities between the essential characteristics of bolshevism and of

religion, but between the psychological reactions which, according to some people, both bolshevism and religion provoke. What are these alleged similarities? Faith, a body of doctrine, saints, prophets, martyrs, demons or devils (the enemies of bolshevism), a body of priests (Communists who guard the purity of the dogma), reverence for the Scriptures (Karl Marx's "Capital"), the exaltation of Lenin, and, finally, the promise of reward in the Communist hereafter but not, Lenin forbid, in the present.

Now assuming that these parallels exist, it must be remarked that corresponding effects do not necessarily indicate an identity of cause. You can get "sea-sick" on a steamer and on an aeroplane. Yet that does not mean that the Bremen and a Fokker monoplane are the same. I could, however, disprove most of the assumed similarities between bolshevism and religion if space permitted. A Young Communist, for instance, told Professor Mussey that "Russia is no place for anybody who wants things today." From this statement Mr. Mussey concludes that the Bolsheviks postpone reward until the advent of a future Socialist millennium. But the Young Communist was making himself ridiculous. The Bolsheviks urge people to want things today and to go after them. What convinced Komsomol would deny that the reward is already here in the form of social services, new proletarian rights, freedom for those who used to be persecuted, and the like? Then the legend that Lenin is being "deified." If that were so, the same could now be said of Stalin, whose picture can be seen at least as often as Lenin's. It could also be said of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, of George Washington, of Hindenburg, and of kings and princes of former days. Adoration and respect for the mental legacy of a rare genius need not be confused with anthropomorphism.

Woman suffrage evoked tremendous enthusiasm, great faith, violence, and bitterness on the part of its supporters against its opponents. The zeal of the suffragists, of many pacifists, of prohibitionists, of Fascists, and of innumerable nationalists may be reminiscent of religious ardor; yet these movements are obviously not religious. The cynic who may have forgotten a youth enthusiastic in support of some ideal stands baffled in the face of the almost romantic ecstasy, devotion, and readiness to sacrifice manifested by many Bolsheviks. But when one views the subject more naturally one understands why the Bolsheviks condemn those who differ with them. Most men and women who feel deeply about any principle act the same way.

8. *That the Bolsheviks are "dumping" goods abroad in order to destroy capitalism.* Wrong for two reasons. First, because the Bolsheviks are not dumping goods abroad. So many people have written on this subject and proved that they are not, by a comparison of prices, of wheat crops, and of national participation in world trade, as well as by reference to Russia's low costs when expressed in gold, that I shall not deal with this phase of the question. Secondly, because the Bolsheviks are not foolish enough to suppose that their exports alone can destroy capitalism. The fact that a number of countries have sought to protect themselves against "Soviet dumping" with higher tariff walls and embargoes shows that capitalist nations have sufficient means to shut out Russian exports and thus guard themselves against "destruction." Obviously, the Bolsheviks would not set out to undermine capitalism with a weapon which could so easily be defeated.



# Wanted: a Mussolini

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, June 25*

AS against the sickening torrent of bilge and banality which radio pours into American ears eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, it must be credited with one large if inadvertent achievement: it has been the means finally and completely of debunking the national conventions. No one whose cerebral development exceeds that of a soft-shell crab could possibly listen to the proceedings for ten minutes without being impressed with their trashy and degrading character. The microphone is a sensitive and impartial instrument, and the muttered curses and whispered conspirings of the presiding officers come over the air quite as distinctly as the speeches, if not more so. For example, the day I returned from the Republican convention the caddy master at the golf club made haste to inquire what the chairman meant when he asked the secretary: "Who the hell wrote this goddamned thing?" It is plain that the politicians who manage and manipulate these sordid affairs were guilty of a horrible blunder when they set the precedent of permitting them to be broadcast, and they will doubtless answer for it on that last dreadful day when the troops battle vainly to defend some convention hall against hordes of infuriated Americans armed with axes, pitchforks, and legs wrenched violently from their radio cabinets. To be sure, all Republican conventions are dull, and the recent one set a new record for dreariness, owing in part to the absence of nearly all the Republican Senators. Divested of the gaudy bureaucratic trappings with which they invest themselves in Washington, the Cabinetees, with the exception of Ogden Mills, were revealed as untalented political hacks engaged in the mean scheming of ward politicians. Among such fourth-rate men a Senatorial mediocrity like Hiram Bingham stood out as an intellectual and moral colossus, acclaimed by the galleries and supplicated by beautiful women for his autograph. The delegates were the sort of crowd one would expect to find at a wrestling match, except for being infinitely more bored. On prohibition and the nomination for Vice-President—the only matters in controversy—the will of the majority was ruthlessly overridden by the Administration, and the whole dismal affair ended on the sourest note struck since the Democrats clawed one another to ribbons for three weeks at Madison Square Garden in 1924.\*

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WHETHER the Democrats are to repeat the history of that event should be apparent by the time this is printed. On occasions during the last two years they have exhibited a semblance of political acumen, and most of their best men will be on the ground. It is hardly conceivable that they can duplicate Republican cowardice and muddling on the prohibition issue, and the personnel of the Resolutions Committee is a guaranty that the economic planks will

contain something more substantial than the half-hearted boasts and empty vaporings of the Hoover platform. As for the nomination itself, there is no profit in speculating on an event so near. The outcome probably will be determined by the depth and bitterness of the opposition to Roosevelt. At this writing the advantage remains distinctly his. If he is stopped, there are immediate indications that the opposition will turn to Newtie Baker, the beatific soothsayer and spiritual legatee of Woodrow Wilson. In such an event I shudder to contemplate the mental anguish of the power trust, torn between loyalty to its faithful friend in the White House and devotion to its brilliant advocate who is now engaged—for a fee—in trying to destroy the Federal Water Power Act. If Roosevelt is nominated on a platform which gives decent consideration to the economic plague from which the country is perishing and which proposes something more realistic than faith healing and Hoover magic as a cure for unemployment, Norris and other Progressives doubtless will support him. Borah is hotter than if someone had set fire to his shirt-tail, and contrary to popular impression his provocation was less the straddle of the Republicans on prohibition than their pusillanimous evasion of the issues presented by depression. It is always hard to picture him taking the stump against the party nominee, but conditions and his present mood are such that it might occur. A third ticket headed by someone like Norris or Hiram Johnson could count on his immediate and complete support, but that exigency is remote.

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MEANTIME, behind the tinsel and show of the political circuses, certain activities have been in progress which aim at a revolutionary change in the whole national situation. The word "revolutionary" is used advisedly. Recently in this place I mentioned that certain powerful interests were toying with the idea of establishing some kind of economic and political dictatorship. As a matter of fact, two meetings have been held recently to discuss the possibilities. The first occurred in New York at the instigation of Owen D. Young, and was attended by a number of powerful bankers and industrialists. The second, which was a sequel to the first, was staged in Chicago at the elegant Chicago Club, and its sponsors took the surprising precaution of inviting certain representatives of labor and farm organizations for the purpose of sounding them out. Just what the bankers and industrialists think they could do if their furtive control of the government was transformed into open control is difficult to imagine. Nevertheless, they discussed a variety of schemes, the most popular of which seemed to be a "coalition Cabinet" composed of persons like themselves—possibly, although not probably, on the theory that having reduced the country to its present extremity it was their duty to rescue it. In reply they listened to some extremely plain talk by a certain governor who warned them that they were venturing on very dangerous ground. It is typical of such men to ignore good advice, however, and I shall be deeply sur-

\* By an inadvertence in his last letter to *The Nation*, printed in the issue of June 22, Mr. Anderson spoke of Dr. Harry Garfield when he intended to refer to Dr. Garfield's brother, James R. Garfield, as the platform writer of the Republicans.—EDITOR THE NATION.



prised if we do not hear more of this business. Consider the problem that faces Mr. Hoover. If the Democrats avoid political suicide at Chicago, and if the campaign proceeds along conventional lines, the President must reasonably expect to be defeated. The obvious strategy in that case will be to see that it is not conducted along conventional lines. Nothing could be more characteristic of the Hoover mind than a proclamation to the general effect that a state of national emergency exists, that partisan politics should be adjourned, that he stands ready in the event of his reelection—or perhaps immediately—to choose a Cabinet consisting of the greatest minds of both parties, and that patriotism demands the immediate abandonment of all campaign activities! It is true that such a step would require more audacity than we should normally expect from the trembling man in the White House, but he may be subjected to powerful pressure from sources which he is not accustomed to resist. Whatever its abuses, the fundamental structure of this government is democratic; hence I always have believed that the first formidable attempt to change it would come from the top of society rather than from the bottom.

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IN any plan which contemplates the suppression or curtailment of democratic processes, the first step inevitably must be to get rid of Congress. Accordingly, every conceivable influence has been exerted in recent weeks to have Congress adjourn immediately. Through the newspapers, over the radio, from banks, chambers of commerce, and the White House, the idea has been persistently propagandized that

the presence of Congress is delaying the "revival of business." Of course it has only been a few months since the same agencies were busily sowing the idea that a "revival of business" depended on prompt action by Congress, and it will hardly be argued that business has revived sufficiently for Congress to suspend action. Nevertheless, the public has a short memory, and the pressure of organized propaganda for adjournment seems about to succeed. There is even a prospect that having passed the Wagner relief bill it will adjourn without waiting to see whether President Hoover will veto it! Such a course would be utterly inexcusable. It may be argued with some force that in view of all the abuse and misrepresentation to which it has been exposed Congress is justified in throwing up its hands and leaving Hoover and his big-business advisers to stew in their own juice. Unfortunately, however, the rest of the country will be in the soup with them. All Senators and Representatives of demonstrable honesty and good sense admit privately that they should remain here indefinitely and do what they can to ameliorate present conditions and forestall worse ones. But with unemployment increasing, business shrinking, misery spreading, and resentment daily becoming more audible and overt, the so-called leaders of the so-called parties can think of nothing save the approaching election, and the fat leeches in Wall and La Salle streets will think of nothing save holding on to what they have grabbed. Heretofore each major crisis in American history has produced leaders of sufficient intelligence to understand it and ample courage to cope with it. The modern American tragedy is that times which call for men seem to produce only vermin.

## The R.O.T.C. as a Peace Society

By ROBERT WOHLFORTH

HAVE you a stake in some phase of our educational system? Would you like the United States Commissioner of Education to sponsor a "careful survey" to prove the utility and importance of your position? Apparently you will be gladly accommodated if you possess an organization with a dignified name and some money and can convince the commissioner that your stake is a "much-discussed question."

That is what the Research Organization on Military Education did, and Pamphlet No. 28, United States Office of Education, Department of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary, is the result. The title of the pamphlet is "A Study of the Educational Value of Military Instruction in Universities and Colleges." It is based on 16,000 questionnaires mailed to the R. O. T. C. graduates of fifty-four universities and colleges asking them for their opinions on the educational value of military training, whether or not it makes them foes of world peace, and whether they favor compulsory military drill.

The 10,000 replies received were overwhelmingly in favor of compulsory military training, attested its value, and proclaimed that it made friends, not foes, of world peace. Immediately the public was informed by almost all sections of the press that the "survey" was the last word in reply to critics of military education and militarism. A carefully

worded news release from the Research Organization on Military Education prompted this journalistic interpretation. But there is a hidden catch in the "careful survey" that destroys any of its claims of value and impartiality. The survey, upon close examination, reveals itself to be nothing more than a reserve officer asking other reserve officers whether or not military training makes them militarists and haters of peace.

In the first place, the author of Pamphlet No. 28, Ralph Chesney Bishop, is no disinterested and impartial student of military instruction in our educational system. He is a Major in the Reserve Corps, United States Army; an active member of the Reserve Officers' Association, a leading military body for propaganda and lobbying; chairman of its R. O. T. C. committee; and supervisor of the Research Organization on Military Education. It would be inhuman to expect Major Bishop, with these responsibilities, to find other than a favorable report for the military. Surely the Commissioner of Education, Dr. William John Cooper, could hardly have expected anything else.

If Dr. Cooper had made further inquiries he would have learned that Major Bishop and his Research Organization were being financed and directed with a definite partisan end in view. According to the *Army and Navy Register* of February 6, 1932, there is an advisory committee behind



the Research Organization which directs its expenditures. The advisory committee receives its money from the Mer-shon Fund, disbursed under the supervision of the New York Community Trust for "improving the quality of our citizenship mentally, morally, and physically through the means of universal military training."

This advisory committee of the Research Organization is no more disinterested and impartial on the subject of military training than the author of the government survey. The committee comprises Lieutenant Colonel George C. Marshall, Jr., assistant commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia; Brigadier General L. R. Gignil-liat, superintendent of Culver Military Academy; and Col-onel B. Robbins, former Assistant Secretary of War. This high-ranking line-up behind the Research Organization and its *raison d'être* should have convinced Dr. Cooper of its questionable ability to conduct an unbiased survey. Yet Dr. Cooper in his letter of transmittal to Secretary Wilbur states that the purpose of the Research Organization and its backers was to "study the status of military training in the colleges."

It is not surprising that under these partisan auspices the governmental survey was of a biased nature throughout. Dr. Cooper permitted the 16,000 questionnaires to be mailed to R. O. T. C. graduates in various classes from 1920 to 1930 in fifty-four colleges and universities in thirty-nine States. This killed the value of the survey from the start. In the first place, to become an R. O. T. C. graduate a college student must elect to take the military course for four years. The first two years are generally compulsory; the last two are always optional. Obviously, a student who liked the military drill well enough to take four years of it when only two years are required would be biased in its favor.

In the second place, the men receiving the questionnaires graduated from college in the past decade after completing their military study. Since that time many of them have been reserve officers—active military men, attending summer camps every few years, keeping up their military efficiency by means of correspondence-school courses, acting as instructors in the Citizens' Military Training Camps. They have received literature and bulletins on military training from the War Department, the Reserve Officers' Association, the R. O. T. C. Association, the Scabbard and Blade National Military Fraternity, their branch organizations, and other military groups. This group of 16,000 self-elected reserve officers and R. O. T. C. graduates were asked eight questions, and 10,000 of them gave answers that varied only slightly from the military norm. The first question, "Has the R. O. T. C. military course of study a definite educational value of its own?" was already answered by the recipients years ago in college when they elected to take the R. O. T. C. courses. Moreover, there was no opportunity in the questionnaire to compare the military course with any other course; the question permitted only a flat answer. Few reserve officers would admit being duped and state that they spent four long years in study with no result. Furthermore, the question permitted no differentiation between the various parts of the R. O. T. C. courses. No one can say that the R. O. T. C. has no educational value in any of its parts. Yet this question could only be answered yes or no and naturally it got a 97.1 per cent affirmative rating.

The second question, "Did the R. O. T. C. contribute anything important or unique to your education?" is equally obvious. A course so unlike other college courses is certainly unique in respect to other courses. Are not all the military reviews, the parades, the sham battles, the co-ed honorary colonels and "sponsors" of the R. O. T. C. unique? Moreover, the graduates questioned should have received commissions as second lieutenants in the Reserve Corps upon graduation. If that did not make the course important to them, it surely must have made it unique. The answers were 94.9 per cent affirmative.

The third question was, "How did the quality of the R. O. T. C. courses compare with other courses at your institution?" Here is the first real basis for comparison in the questionnaire and here is also the first deviation in the answers, with a much lower estimate of the R. O. T. C. training. The basic two-year course gets a general rating below average.

Question four, "From your own experience was the time spent on the training justified by the results obtained?" is another answered question. The result of the course is to produce a reserve commission. If the reserve officer answers no to this question he damns his profession; he surely would not admit that he took the R. O. T. C. course for the pay, the uniform, the summer camps, or to stand in well with a pretty co-ed honorary colonel.

Question seven is the heart of the "careful survey." "Does the R. O. T. C. course of instruction tend to produce a militaristic attitude inimical to world peace?" The *San Francisco News* said of this question: "Mr. Bishop might as well have polled army officers to find out whether they are for or against disarmament, or members of the college fraternities to find out whether they are for or against fraternities." But the 93.6 per cent of the R. O. T. C. graduates who answered question seven negatively were the basis for the main conclusion of the "careful survey"—that the R. O. T. C. does not make militarists. The press, aided by the news release from the Research Organization, paid more attention to this question than to any other, the *New York Times* heralding the study in these headlines: "Say Military Study Is No Foe to Peace. Replies in R. O. T. C. Survey Show 93.6 Per Cent Were Not Affected."

This is the manner in which the survey has been accepted by the public and by practically all of the press. Few have bothered to reflect that no officer, no R. O. T. C. graduate would admit that his training made him a foe of peace. If there is one thing an army man likes to profess, it is his affection for peace and his distaste of war.

If the Major should poll *all* graduates, not merely those who elected to try for reserve commissions through the R. O. T. C., with the question whether or not to abolish military training, he would not get the answers shown in his "careful survey." Only recently, for instance, the Inter-collegiate Disarmament Council, the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, and the National Student Federation—in all comprising about 70,000 students polled—voted down compulsory drill. Last year over 10,000 college students petitioned Congress to discontinue financial support of compulsory drill courses—the R. O. T. C.—in their institutions. Within the past few months 327 leading educators have requested Congress to take military training out of our colleges and universities.



# "What Is Left of Goethe?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A varied fate has pursued Goethe in Anglo-Saxon criticism. One hundred years ago Carlyle hailed Goethe as a heroic personality whose study inspired self-confidence and courage. Emerson, reacting against a cramped Calvinism, was attracted to Goethe's catholic interests and acceptance of experience ("he was not afraid to live"), yet retained enough of his own Puritan background to condemn Goethe as worldly and realistic. Eighty years later George Santayana, steeped in Greek naturalism, pronounced Goethe wilful and romantic, although in a sense "the wisest of mankind." This year saw the publication of H. W. Nevins's book, wherein Goethe appears acceptable by being pictured as an affable, urbane, and smooth gentleman.

In his article *What Is Left of Goethe?* (*The Nation*, June 15, 1932), Clifton Fadiman approaches the problem primarily from a sociological angle and finds that Goethe's wisdom is not relevant to our social dilemmas. Ours is a revolutionary epoch and Goethe thought statically, conservatively, and at times as a reactionary. He points to the fact that Goethe spent the greater part of his life as an official in a feudal regime, that he was not sympathetic to the French Revolution, that his chief objective was to create the possibility of self-culture.

A critical survey of Goethe's social life does lend some support to this account. Yet the point can be overstated. We know now—as a result, alas, of academic research—that Goethe was not at all satisfied with the suppressive practices in the duchy and more than once made earnest attempts to restrain the duke from his wild extravagances; that he made a number of efforts to introduce reforms at the risk of disfavor with the court and estrangement from the duke. It is well known that his precipitate flight to Italy was partly induced by the oppressiveness of the social atmosphere in a feudal regime and that he only returned upon the duke's promise that he should be relieved of his major official duties. Goethe frequently expressed concern for the sufferings of the lower classes. From Apolda, where he found misery among the weavers, he wrote: "I can't compose anything here. My Thoas must speak as though no weaver were hungry." On another occasion: "Misery is becoming to me as commonplace as my hearthstone. But I never quit hold of my ideas and I struggle with the unknown angel, though my thigh shrink from it." Nor is "Hermann und Dorothea" a flat rejection of the French Revolution; the fifth song clearly enunciates the value and necessity of change, and the poem as a whole indicates the polar interdependence of stability and revolution.

But a larger and more fundamental question is involved in a thoroughgoing condemnation of Goethe on the ground of his social unprogressiveness. Is it fair to judge Goethe exclusively or primarily by his political theories? Goethe was a poet and dramatist, perhaps a natural scientist and philosopher—he certainly was not a political economist. To apply a standard which falls altogether outside of our subject matter is to disregard that which constitutes its unique character. Is it just to dismiss a man on the basis of what is but peripheral in his contribution?

The reply may be offered that Goethe's general classic temper makes for conservatism which, translated into political theory, is unacceptable to us today. It is admittedly true that classicism is anti-revolutionary, has tended toward harmonization usually in metaphysical, religious, and aesthetic terms. But is Goethe a classicist in this sense? Some popular treatises have spread the conception of the "Olympian" Goethe. Is it borne out by the facts? There is the storm-and-stress period. It is

true that Götz and Werther are not revolutionaries in the modern sense, that the freedom they seek is not economic freedom for the masses but liberty for the exceptional individual. Yet the spirit of these works is the spirit of revolutionary rebellion against a cramping status quo. This storm-and-stress emphasis on rebellion never left Goethe even in the halcyon days of his classicism.

The misconception of the nature of Goethe's classicism carries with it the corollary of Goethe as the serene optimist. Mr. Fadiman believes that Goethe's optimism is akin to "the muscular inspirationalism of Edgar Guest, Bruce Barton, and other professional barbarians." To speak of Goethe in terms of calm contentment reveals a questionable acquaintance with his life and work. Goethe did not only renounce "one young woman after another"; he renounced his storm-and-stress titanism; he suffered deep disappointments in Weimar (later embodied in "Tasso"); he renounced the dear illusion of his ability as a painter. Every one of his major works from "Tasso" and "Iphigenie" to "Wilhelm Meister" and "Faust" preaches the lesson of renunciation. It is, to be sure, not the renunciation of the Middle Ages, but the classic renunciation of what lies beyond our nature. Yet in Goethe's temper it was necessarily accompanied by sadness and bitterness. Add to these the crying grief of the "Elegy" ((Marienbad), the statement of the elder Goethe that in all of his life he had not had more than four weeks of happiness, and we have a picture of a man that is hard to reconcile with the portrait of the complacent, untragic type.

The current sociological approach in literary criticism can only be acclaimed as a healthy reaction to the traditional empty appreciations in terms of aesthetic "forms" or general "deep insights." But there is a danger if the social criterion is used exclusively. In terms of it alone, what is "left" of Plato and Aristotle, who sanctioned slavery, of St. Thomas and Spinoza, who taught "acceptance," of Lucretius and Shakespeare, of Kant and Schopenhauer? What is "left" of the scientists, men of letters, and artists who were either politically conservative or not political-minded? Moreover, the social problem, vital as it is, does not constitute even today the sole problem. Throughout all social changes there exist issues which are largely independent of social conditions, issues suggested by such phenomena as chance, individual frustration, and death. To be sure, today these eternal problems ought to recede before the temporal exigencies, and we are quite justified in condemning our contemporary classicists. Historic personalities, however, cannot be judged in the same terms. Their social situation was different. Their significance must be gauged symbolically and from the manner in which they treated the problems which appeared most crucial in their particular intellectual milieu. Even Karl Marx's teachings have been receiving this historic and symbolic interpretation. There is otherwise the danger that the here and now be identified with what obtains universally and eternally. The higher task of even a contemporary critic, when he approaches historic phenomena, would seem to consist in doing justice to both categories.

It is still to Goethe's credit that at a time when literary aestheticism held sway and political reaction was in the saddle, he steered clear of romantic escapes and urged the wholesome maxim: "What is your duty? The demands of the day!" It was an attitude far in advance for the literati of Goethe's Germany; it has become the motto in our own day of men like Thomas Mann in their struggle against the aesthetic individualism and flight of many of our contemporary poets and thinkers.

Brooklyn College, June 22

HARRY SLOCHOWER



TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In contradiction to Clifton Fadiman, it seems to me that very much is left of Goethe—so much that it cannot possibly be dealt with in a few lines. Goethe was not a revolutionist but an aristocrat with very conservative views on fixed classes. This doubtless is correct, but it need not mean that Goethe cannot have anything to say to a revolutionary modern age. If we read Goethe today, we do so not in order to find good recipes for building up a new social and economic order, but for the sake of the purely human and artistic values that his writings contain. Those human values stand for good in a communistic society in just the same way as in a monarchistic class state, and you find them everywhere in Goethe, in "Faust" as well as in any little lyric poem.

That famous saying, "Redemption is for those who strive" ("Wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen"), gives no specified program as to what to strive for. But this does not make it meaningless; it merely lifts it above the differences of country and period. Anybody who is striving for perfection, anybody who earnestly endeavors to approach the goal he has set for himself, can be redeemed.

"Der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst," so thoroughly misunderstood by Mr. Fadiman, would make a perfect slogan for a socialistic society. What does the new social order want to achieve by trying to abolish economic miseries if not to give all men the possibility of building up a happy and rich and full life? And who was a better *Lebenskünstler* than Goethe?

Today's uprooted generation needs strong, firm, and wise personalities. That is why Goethe can mean so much to us.

Bayside, N. Y., June 15

MARGARET PLAUT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I quote Mr. Fadiman from *The Nation* for June 8: "Perhaps within a few years Mr. Hale himself will see that the author of 'Faust,' while eminently successful at providing mental food for four generations of schoolmasters, offers contemporary men little more than a diet of wind."

Now, few schoolmasters are able to perpetuate art; in fact most of them kill it on the spot. But I have heard them speak lovingly of the "socio-economic" theories which are the fashionable essentials of today. The contemplative faculties are falling into discredit, while the microscope, the chart, and the social formula are in the ascendancy. An apostle of culture such as Goethe is naturally suspect.

Veneration for the great is not characteristic of our time, a journalistic era, reveling in biography to glean from heroes' lives the facts common to all—not the spirit cultivated by few. Masterpieces are studied for their frailties. A race of critics develops—clever men, but impotent. Yes, the critics seem to be the final purpose of art.

San Francisco, June 7

ERNST BACON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We should like to know on what heroic food Mr. Fadiman has grown so great that Goethe's wisdom is as a "diet of wind" to him? Mr. Fadiman takes Goethe to task because he is not a social reformer, because he is not primarily interested in external and social phenomena, because, as a true artist, he is mainly concerned with his inner life—"developing himself incessantly and unsparingly."

Mr. Fadiman is irritated by Goethe's serenity and moderation, though he confesses in a previous paragraph, perhaps with unwilling truth, that Goethe's "personality is superficially irritating." May we suggest that Goethe's Olympian aloofness and serenity are irritating because in their unattainableness they are a reproach to our revolt and confusion?

L. G. MACFARLAND AND FRIENDS

Crystal Beach, Ontario, June 15

## In the Driftway

IN a world nourished on symbols no symbol has more faithfully preserved its force through the centuries than has gold. Other metals have been more precious, judged by their money value; other materials have been more rare, more hardly got, far more useful to mankind. But among civilized nations and some not so civilized, none but gold has been so persistently cherished, none has retained so firmly its irresistibly romantic associations. Thus when we read that the sailors on the Italian salvage ship *Artiglio*, engaged in rescuing from the deep the gold ingots sunk ten years ago in the steamship *Egypt*, were moved to hysterical tears and laughter when the first gold bars were landed on the *Artiglio's* deck, we can easily understand their emotion. This was buried treasure indeed, buried 400 feet under water in layers of slime. Years and much money have been spent in the work of rescue. The Indian rupee notes that made up part of the *Egypt's* millions are a sodden mass of mud; the gold remains tangible and secure, yellow after half a score of years.

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SOMETHING of this worshipful attitude toward gold was evidenced a year ago when the newspapers carried streamer headlines that England was about to go off the gold standard. Something of it can be distinguished now in the horror that is felt when it is suggested that the United States might conceivably be forced to follow suit. The idea of the gold standard in international currency is far more potent, among the masses who understand nothing of world finance, than if gold were a mere monetary unit and nothing more. Gold is the ultimate symbol of wealth, of comfort, even of peace. Gold pieces, not the sound paper money of a great Power, are what the miser lovingly runs through his fingers; gold is what men bury in stout oak chests, for other men to search for through deserts, in deep forests, and under the sea. The kings in the ancient sagas sat on golden thrones; the streets of heaven are paved with gold and pearl; King Arthur's sword, of finest steel, had a handle of a more precious metal; and the princess in the fairy tale could not exist without golden hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHEN the Drifter reads of the stern practicalities of the new Communist states, he wonders what will become of the power of gold. For obviously gold has no utilitarian value that is not bettered by other metals. And it would be hard coldly and dispassionately to defend its unique beauty to a people that saw other beauty in soaring steel and massive concrete. Gold is too soft to be used in machinery, it will not burn, it does not float; you cannot eat gold, you need not wear gold, you would be uncomfortable sitting or sleeping on gold, and gold dishes to eat from are considerably less than practical. If one of his ardent Communist friends should ask the Drifter what gold was good for, he could only point to legend, to the history of mankind. Nevertheless, it would be interesting to see what would happen if gold should suddenly be discovered in the neighborhood of Omsk or Nijni-Novgorod. Would there



be a rush to stake a claim, as there was in California nearly a century ago? Or have the new wonders of the machine age in Soviet Russia displaced permanently the golden dreams by which men for so many centuries have been consoled?

THE DRIFTER

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## Finance

### Taxes That Hit Everybody

THE new taxes on commodities and services, most of which went into effect on June 21, fall into two general classes, one including those levies which will certainly be borne by the consumer, the other those of which the incidence is in doubt. In the first class are the taxes on theater admissions, telephone and telegraph messages, stock and bond transfers, electricity, and bank checks. Inelastic price structures in this group prevent an advance in the price, in which the tax could be disguised; instead, the levy will be openly added to the price as a constant reminder to the consumer that he is paying the bill, but equally as a guaranty that he is paying no more than the actual amount levied. In its original form the tax on electricity was to be borne by the generating companies, but in a last-minute change of heart the Senate shifted the load to the commercial and domestic consumer. The industrial user was exempted, apparently on the theory that a factory employing power in manufacturing goods is more truly a "producer" than the corner grocery store lit by electricity. If we are already suffering from overproduction and underconsumption, as most people seem to believe, a good deal could be said for discouraging the further making of goods and for clearing the retail channels of distribution; but this phase of the matter did not appeal to the lawmakers.

Already some of these taxes are causing concern to the companies which, nominally, do not pay them. The motion-picture industry, terribly reduced from its glamorous condition of a few years ago and threatened with a number of receiverships, is wondering how many of its patrons who formerly managed to pay 50 cents for a ticket will consent to pay 55 cents. Dealings on the Stock Exchange, which now carry a tax load of \$8 or \$9 a hundred shares, have fallen to a low ebb, and short sales, already rendered difficult by numerous rules and restrictions, are further handicapped by the fact that the federal tax must be paid twice, originally by the short seller and again every time the lender of stocks recalls his loan, even if this occurs every day. The United States Post Office has already issued a warning that private mail-carrying organizations, formed to avoid the new three-cent letter rate, are illegal.

The other class of taxes referred to above, applying to the manufacturer of commodities, will fall wherever the exigencies of the market dictate. Gasoline prices have been advanced in a number of localities to offset the tax, but with rising supplies of crude oil and prospective reduction in the use of gasoline, which the Standard Oil Company of New York estimates will amount to from 6 to 15 per cent during the remainder of the year, there obviously is no firm basis for shifting the tax to the owners of cars and trucks.

So with automobiles and tires. Manufacturers of tires made strenuous efforts to get rid of their stocks in time to avoid the tax, and in doing so loaded their dealers with supplies which are likely to last for months. Only, apparently, when these goods are finally in the hands of users will the question of who pays the tax become acute. The tire companies, notoriously at odds among themselves and dominated as to price by the powerful mail-order houses, are in no position to be high-handed when that time arrives; but sheer necessity may force an advance in prices or lowering of quality. This whole tax episode, coming at a time when corporate profits and general purchasing power are at the lowest levels in years, can hardly fail to result in a further curtailment of both.

S. PALMER HARMAN



# Books and Films

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

True inwardness—what! is there such a phrase?—  
is the truth inward, and not outward—is the oak tree  
false in the bark, false in the leaf or mast,  
true only in the root? and you, poor biped,  
who rise in the morning to walk and talk—

are the shoes that await you by the bedroom chair  
less true than dreams from which you wake, the hat  
that hangs in the hall less true than memory  
which remembers it, reaches a hand to it—  
the door less true than the hand that shuts it?

Move outward, and you only move, poor biped,  
an atom's atom from here to here, never  
from here to there—again your "self" you meet,  
it is yourself that waits outside the door,  
salutes you on the waking side of dream—

hands you your coat, your collar, the new necktie,  
directs your appetite, chooses an egg,  
says, as you read the morning paper, act

or do not act, reflect, do not reflect,  
love viciously, love wisely, love not at all—

this is "you," this headline in the news,  
the news is "you," is old already, undiscovered  
is "you" too, long discovered. Greet your face—  
dispersed in some such terms, phrased, rephrased;  
speak to the uttermost star, which is yourself.

Are these less "you" than the decayed molar?  
the lost appendix? the leaky heart? the mind  
too much absorbed in daily bread of sex?  
Learn the true outwardness of inner truth!  
time will at last bring both at once to end.

For at one stroke—no matter whence it come—  
lightning or ice or blood—inward and outward  
will singularly cease, and be the same.

Then history will give to both a name;  
And so at last those things so bravely done  
will be at peace with what was merely known.

## The Meaning of Individualism

By HENRY HAZLITT

FROM the author of "The Meaning of a Liberal Education" and "Liberty" this book\* is disappointing. The problem which the title suggests is perhaps the crucial social problem of our time, but Mr. Martin throws little fresh light upon it. There is at present an astonishingly widespread confusion of thought which has led an increasing number of writers to denounce "individualism" in general without giving us any clear idea of what they mean by the term, and without having any themselves; and Mr. Martin had an excellent opportunity to point to some of the absurdities in this position and to bring clarity to the subject. He has, indeed, pointed to some of the absurdities, and he has said some things very well, but unfortunately he has overstated his case. Most of the present volume is an able but old-fashioned plea for "the individual" against "the mass"; often it gives us oratory where it should give us analysis, and at moments it seems suspiciously like a mere apology for class exploitation.

"Individualism" is usually represented, both by its champions and by its enemies, as a very simple doctrine, when in reality it is a word covering several distinct and often complex doctrines. We may distinguish at least three main meanings:

1. Most frequently in America today both defenders and opponents mean by it a certain *economic* theory and practice, but even here it may have several meanings. It may sometimes mean the profit system or capitalism as opposed to socialism or communism; it may sometimes mean the prevalence of "the little fellow," the small entrepreneur, as opposed to the chain stores or the great corporations; it may sometimes mean the right to unrestricted profits, or the open shop, or opposition to unemployment insurance. In general it means economic *laissez*

faire, but *laissez faire* in the interests of the capitalist class, not of the working class. Therefore the word has become a catchword in the mouths of reactionaries and an epithet in the mouths of liberals, Socialists, and Communists. It has, in short, ceased to be a word of very precise reference and has become a sort of emotive signal.

2. "Individualism" is also the belief that the interests of "the individual" are opposed to those of "society," and that all conflicts must, where possible, be resolved in favor of the individual. Allied with this is the belief that the genius or the great man is "born," not "made," and that he would have emerged as the same kind of genius or great man in practically any society. Both of these notions are profoundly mistaken. "The individual" and "society" are not different things, but merely two ways of regarding the same thing; and the individual is not an isolated monad, but a social product. His ideals and interests, his very language and logic, everything, in fact, that enables him to think at all, is socially given him. Individuality itself is a social product; it is not found in primitive societies and does not emerge until a late stage historically. One might even date it, indeed, from the pharaoh Ikhnaton.

3. Individualism may mean, finally, an emphasis on the social value of individuality, on the fostering of the greatest possible variety among human beings, on the recognition of superiority, on the need for encouraging independence of thought, and freedom from the passions, credulities, and superstitions of the mob.

It is for individualism in this third sense that the case is strongest. It is for individualism in this third sense that Mr. Martin mainly pleads, and in its defense he has many vigorous and admirable things to say. He tries to show how this achievement of individuality comes in conflict, first, with the industrial

\* "The Conflict of the Individual and the Mass in the Modern World." By Everett Dean Martin. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.



organization of the modern world and its standardized mass appeals; second, with the accidents of American history; and, third, with the psychology of the crowd itself. His historical analysis of American traditions is very illuminating, his indictment of our public-school education as a mere instrument for perpetuating crowd-mindedness is impressive, and I cannot resist quoting his eloquent passage on advertising:

Propaganda is not education; it strives for the closed mind rather than for the open mind. It is not concerned with the development of mature individuals. Its aim is immediate action. . . . Advertising and propaganda at best tell only one side of the story; they are hostile to a spirit of disinterested investigation; they substitute slogans for critical ideas. They discourage the suspension of judgment, and make for intolerance and insincerity. It is impossible to understand the mind of the American public without taking into account the tremendous psychological effect of bringing up a generation of people in a daily environment of advertising.

It is doubly unfortunate, therefore, that Mr. Martin has weakened the effect of his book by failing adequately to define his aim. There are too many dubious identifications. Mr. Martin attacks "democracy," but it is not always clear whether he means by it the theory and practice of egalitarianism or a certain form of political organization—and if he means the latter, he does not tell us precisely what form of political organization he would prefer instead. He does, indeed, say at one point: "We deplore the basis in slavery of this [pre-Civil War American Southern] culture, but then there is undoubtedly something to be said for the resulting leadership of the educated over the mass. One such result is civilized decency." Does Mr. Martin mean that economic and physical exploitation of the mass is necessary for recognition of intellectual superiority and leadership? And if so, does he recommend our paying that price? He tends also to identify democracy with communism—"The philosophy of communism is in many respects the logical and consistent goal of democracy"—and there is apparently a further identification of egalitarianism, communism, and materialism—"We forget that what the proletariat wants primarily is to get rich." In his attacks on economic reform he even falls back upon sheer mysticism: "What if the lot of man in the earth is harder, inevitably more 'unjust,' *wickeder*, than we moderns have ever dared to admit? What if there is an inevitable 'curse,' call it what you please from the modern point of view, that lurks in the very heart of human existence, and must show its results in this or any civilization?" He remarks later that "it is very probable that there is a definite limitation to such an increase in average wealth and that we may even now have reached that limit"; but he gives us no reasons for this belief any fresher or more convincing than those put forward by Malthus.

His illustrations also are unfortunate. He attempts to prove that great men were alive in the world in the Victorian Age, but hardly today. "Among English writers," he asks, "how does H. G. Wells stand in the shoes of Thackeray?" But might he not more fairly have substituted either Bernard Shaw or Joyce for Wells? (Or is he scoring a technical point by omitting Irishmen?) "It is hardly likely," he goes so far as to say at one point, "that we shall have another Roosevelt or Wilson; the public is weary of such personalities in politics." Apparently his only ground for this conclusion is that we are now in the days of the Coolidges and Hoovers. Wouldn't he have felt the same way if he had lived in the days of Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur? Or in those of Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan?

Such needless generalizations are deplorable because they weaken the force of the genuinely important things that Mr. Martin has to say. Had he been more careful to distinguish,

for the reader and in his own mind, the various doctrines that come under the name of individualism, he could have rendered an important service in helping to rescue individualism—in the sense of independence of mind, rich and deep individuality—from the disrepute it has fallen into through confusion with individualism in its various other meanings. Critics who have recently been converted to sympathy with communism, for example, have written in effect that the great bane of American literature has been "individualism," and have cited as its victims Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, and Whitman! What they mean by individualism appears sometimes to be insufficient recognition of the value of traditional culture, sometimes the doctrine of self-reliance, sometimes the desire for solitude and the mere lack of personal affability and warmth, and sometimes the failure to be a Communist. What they appear to recommend is a sort of mystic self-identification of the writer—even if he happens to be middle class, as most of our writers are—with "the proletariat." To estimate the probable effects of such pseudo-proletarianism would carry us too far afield. Let us at least keep in mind, however, that whatever an individual writer has to say in common with everybody else will be interesting only to the sociologist or the professional literary historian, and then only for its typicality. It is all very well to say in our time, as we so often do, that a writer like Dante, for example, is important to us because he "epitomizes the Middle Ages," or Voltaire because he "represents" the eighteenth century. The belief that great writers are "typical" of their times is largely the illusion of later ages—an illusion which arises partly because our conception of that age is formed from those very writers. Even the greatest writer, of course, is certain in some way to reflect his age; that is not an achievement, it is rather something that he cannot escape; but to his contemporaries he is important because he gives to certain ideas or ideals, whether they are prevalent or rare in their own day, a richer, more profound, or more original expression than anyone else has given them. The great writer survives, in brief, only because he is great as an individual.

## American Humor

*Tobacco Road.* By Erskine Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

ALL the events in "Tobacco Road," Erskine Caldwell's first novel since "The Bastard," pass in a monotone through Georgia seasons, through hunger and shiftlessness, through death and marriage. No one event receives more emphasis than another: Bessie, the woman preacher, is "ganged" in a cheap hotel, the grandmother is run over, the Ford is bashed in, a Negro is killed, but the sentences have no bumps to show that the story has been jolted out of its slow pace. Caldwell's method is completely identified with the casual happenings to his characters, who seem thereby to acquire some of the comic properties intrinsic in chickens. The notion has gone about that the deliquescent characters, their squalor, their utter placidity, make Caldwell's writing "primitive"; his sentence structure has made possible the belief that his work is naive; and because the setting is rural and the humors supposedly exaggerated, he is said to resemble Mark Twain and Bret Harte. These false notions have completely obscured what is an original, mature approach to the incongruities existing in a people who ignore the civilization that contains them as completely as the civilization ignores them.

By the simple construction of his sentences, by the fact that he deals usually with isolated rural people who come into contact with other ways of American life only at its more amusing points, and by giving only an external account of events,



Caldwell is able to build a series of comic meanings about events—hunger, death, property—which have a totally different significance for the reader. The comic meanings are never explicit in his work; the author leaves it to the reader to call them up for himself; and his stories and novels take on an immediate kind of humor and, occasionally, a kind of pathos which is far from sentimentality. On the surface the method is like Hemingway's; but Hemingway makes it known that one thing matters more than another, if nowhere else than in the dialogues which indicate that there is more than can be said in words. Caldwell makes no such concession; everything is told baldly; the event is all. The reader gets the effect he pleases, but he will be pleased to get a bracing kind of humor. It is probable that Caldwell could not obtain any high emotional response to his characters by this method, which, fortunately, and unlike Hemingway, he does not force on to every and any kind of material he is interested in. When, however, in the last paragraph of the book he tries to be ironic, to suggest just how the reader should take the last stretch, he falls into cheap sentimentality notably absent from his characters' pronouncements anywhere else in the novel. There is nothing sentimental, for example, about Jeeter's lyrical speeches of complaint, for everything is complained about. The error of the last words of the book is the error of dropping the comic method to point a moral.

KENNETH WHITE

## Voices in the Wilderness

*The American Jitters.* By Edmund Wilson. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

*Toward Soviet America.* By William Z. Foster. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

MR. WILSON'S book, as he himself says, is made up chiefly of "straight reporting" of various events and conditions in this country between the autumns of 1930 and 1931. It is good reporting, pictorial and free from smart cynicism though not movingly dramatic. It would hardly be worth reproducing between covers except for the final chapters on *The Best People* and *The Case of the Author*. Here Mr. Wilson analyzes and editorializes devastatingly on what has gone before. In general he sees the predictions of Karl Marx coming true in the United States. "Capitalism has run its course, and we shall have to look for other ideals than the ones that capitalism has encouraged." Then he confesses, "I don't know where they are coming from."

Mr. Foster thinks he can tell him. The best of "*Toward Soviet America*" as of "*The American Jitters*" is at the end. The early chapters are the orthodox Marxian gospel, in the application of which to recent economic history in America Mr. Foster is not always quite fair or strictly accurate. Nor would he probably resent having this said. Communists have a habit of fixing their eyes on the target, regarding with indifference, not to say contempt, the ammunition used. But the concluding chapters on *The Revolutionary Way Out of the Crisis* and *The United Soviet States of America* give a brief, frank, and understandable exposition of the program of the Communist Party in America which has long been needed.

To those who maintain that the socialization of Russia was practicable because of the primitive character of industry there, but that our highly developed system would present vast difficulties, Mr. Foster replies that on the contrary the transformation would be quicker and easier here than in a country where it has been necessary to build up plant and organization. He is less convincing when he writes: "The real measure of a revolutionary situation in any given country is the strength of the Communist Party" (in the United States 15,000). Many

Communists hold that what counts is not the size of the party but the number of persons who in a crisis would be sufficiently in sympathy with communism to support it. Certainly that is the heart of the situation, and at the same time its most elusive aspect.

Mr. Wilson is not optimistic. Mr. Foster, of course, is. The Communists have this great advantage, that they are the only group in America today with perfect assurance in their economic theories and unbounded enthusiasm to put them into effect. Mr. Wilson looks at the "best people"—and gives them up. But he thinks perhaps a new generation of radicals is rising in the ranks of labor upon whom some reliance can be placed. There is a deal of significance in his statement that we have not merely lost our way in the economic jungle but have lost "our conviction of the value of what we were doing." Emphatically man cannot live by bread alone. (Try and get even that now, some reader interjects scornfully.) Especially is this true of practical, idealistic Americans. They must have their beliefs and their enthusiasms. The old-time religion of money-making is played out. Some substitute is inevitable.

Mr. Wilson's book is to be commended to two classes: to those timid souls who concede that modern industrialism has broken down but think that, while preserving the profits system, a little tinkering will set the machine going again, and to the cheer-up school of talkers who proclaim that the cure for a cock-eyed world is a pair of rose-colored glasses. Mr. Foster's book should be required reading for every person invited to make a chamber-of-commerce speech or nominated for any public office above that of dog-catcher. Also it is to be commended to all those who know in advance that it is not so, even if they finish it without a belief changed—as probably they will. For it must be said that the volume is a better exposition of the program of the Communist Party of America than it is a persuasive argument that economic change will or should come by grace of that group. Mr. Foster says that just as capitalist industry developed in the world a hundred years ago along the lines established in England, so communism will come elsewhere as it came in Russia. But even if the premise of the proposition were truer than it is, the conclusion would not be inevitable.

We like to say that history teaches this and that, but does it teach anything of value in a crisis, unless it is that great changes come unexpectedly and accomplish what all the best minds know to be impossible? Nobody can more than vaguely guess what is in the hearts of the American people today—much less what may be there tomorrow if conditions continue to go from bad to worse. But if there is a halfway safe prediction, it is that an upheaval in this country will not arise under the direction of any existing political group, nor be controllable by it.

ARTHUR WARNER

## Shorter Notices

*God's Gentleman.* By Garry August. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The author of this story of a young rabbi in a Midwestern community is himself of the rabbinate, so it may be presumed he knows whereof he writes. Indeed, one cannot doubt that a young man of normal decency like his Daniel Sharwell, officiating in a smug community in the fat years before the slump, would have a hard-enough time carrying to his congregation a message of spiritual dignity and integrity. Nor can one doubt that such a congregation must have been quite as dreadful as the author says. One may, however, question the supposed idealism of the young rabbi, with his swelling bank account and his bonds and his glad rags and his canned culture. Perhaps this is even the intention the author wished to convey, although



he never says so explicitly. Young Rabbi Sharwell did not have to succumb to Babbittry; he had merely to give in to himself. Mr. August's style on the whole is merely competent, and at times considerably less than that.

*I Cover the Waterfront.* By Max Miller. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

Publishers often advertise books as "different." Generally they are not. As a rule a book falls—and the publisher wants it to fall—in one of several fixed classes. Mr. Miller's does not. Out of his work for the San Diego (California) *Sun* he has written a volume of brief sketches, partly narrative, partly philosophical, of a sort well known in Europe but little done in this country in recent years. Without artifice or pretentiousness, Mr. Miller's book shows fresh observation and an original turn of thought that make it worthy to have and to hold.

*Dictator.* By George Slocombe. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Slocombe, who is a veteran foreign correspondent for an English newspaper, has written a very agreeable romance about the life of an imaginary contemporary dictator. Hannibal, a son of the people, a despiser of liberalism and democracy, returns from exile to his native Thalia as the man of destiny. He is obeyed, feared, and hated by both the aristocrats and the liberals, and is overthrown by a cabal of his enemies when, in a moment of weakness, he falls in love with the king's daughter. It is only after years of exile and after immersing himself in the class struggle on the side of the proletariat that he gets his chance to come back, this time, presumably, to wipe the slate clean of all remnants of the established order.

*China.* By Marc Chadourne. Translated from the French by Harry Block. Illustrated by Covarrubias. Covici-Friede. \$3.

Covarrubias was the perfect illustrator for this book. In all his drawings he reduces his human beings to animal, sometimes to skeletal, terms. Similarly, M. Chadourne gives us the Chinese as animals, pictured with irony and repugnance. His French orderliness shudders at the vast disorder of China, and makes no effort to understand it except by way of glittering paradoxes, which, indeed, complete their circles but contain nothing. The writing is witty and vivacious; it is almost always good entertainment; but the illumination it offers is about as valuable as that of a handful of firecrackers on a dark night.

*The Way of the Lancer.* By Richard Boleslavski. In Collaboration with Helen Woodward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

This is not one of the Literary Guild's good choices. Mr. Boleslavski, once an officer in a regiment of Polish lancers serving with the Russian army, and now a stage director in America, has had amazing and terrible adventures. He has many good stories to tell; but whether by his fault or his collaborator's, they are told melodramatically. The book is full of bad "fine" writing. It is readable, but one leaves it with the feeling that good material has gone to waste.

*George Moore.* By Humbert Wolfe. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

The first twenty-odd pages of this little book contain some of the most irritating, dandified, epigonous prose I have run across in a long time. Mr. Wolfe, however, drops the manner as soon as he gets into his matter, and turns out a sound, well-finished, and sensitive study of Moore as seen in his life and in his books. Often Mr. Wolfe's style falls into the cadences and methods of George Moore, which is an advantage, for Moore's style, even in Mr. Wolfe's imitation, is superior to his own.

## Films

### Morals, Facts, and Fiction

A CHINESE mandarin may be an extremely cultured person. He will compose poems of superb refinement and keen delicacy of perception describing the beauty of a rose or a sunset, dilating on the pangs of love, or philosophizing on the vanity of life. He will show a connoisseur's appreciation of fine painting and will surround himself with exquisite furniture and porcelain. But he will not think twice before ordering the head chopped off of some poor beggar who has been found guilty of breaking the law. The pleasure-loving Romans who wrote poetry, copied Greek sculpture, and studied Greek philosophy were equally free from the Christian scruples about the taking of human life, and enjoyed nothing better than the spectacle of gladiators fighting one another to the death. Today we call this sort of thing barbarism and cruelty, but is it? Perhaps the difference lies only in the greater concern that our civilization shows for the individual, a concern which past civilizations did not share, and which future civilizations may not share either.

All these profound meditations, however, are merely a preamble to the statement that death fights between wild animals, of which fights there are a goodly number in "Bring 'em Back Alive" (Mayfair), are a fascinating sight, our enjoyment of which remains completely untainted by any feeling of sadistic lust. The day may or may not come when we shall set as much store by the life of an animal as we do by the life of a human being. But for the present, so far as animals are concerned, we still share the general attitude of the Chinese and the ancient Romans: their life simply does not count. And once we have dismissed moral considerations, we can freely admit that there is majesty and beauty in the combat of such opponents as a tiger and a python. There are other exciting fights in "Bring 'em Back Alive," but the tiger-python contest, which fortunately for both combatants results in a draw, is far and away the most interesting thing that has been shown on the screen for a long time.

It may be proper to inquire whether the fact that this film is essentially a record of actual life has not also contributed something to its appeal. Unhesitatingly we say that it has. Facts as such are not necessarily interesting. But unfamiliar facts are. And after the reels of stereotyped fiction that make up most of the films, it is a decided relief to see something that springs straight from life and has preserved its natural form and color. Wild life in a jungle is not the only natural subject to have found its way to the screen this week. We have had some magnificent views of the Tyrolean Alps, with an exciting ski run through the mountains, in "The Doomed Battalion" (Rivoli)—a picture which in its fictional material and its treatment does not rise much above the mediocre, although, having been made in Germany, it is slightly less conventional than the war pictures of Hollywood.

We have also had a more intelligent picture than ordinarily comes out of Hollywood, "The Dark Horse" (Winter Garden), whose claim to distinction is its good-natured but merciless lampooning of the cant and ballyhoo of American politics. Here again one is impressed not so much by the story, which is a little far-fetched and scarcely reveals an honest grappling with real facts, as by the general picture of the dishonesty and racketeering which rule election campaigns in this country. The film is further marked by amusing and pointed dialogue, and on the whole is very competently acted.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1932

No. 3497

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

AT LAUSANNE the European Powers appear to be engaged in a sort of kindergarten game. Each delegation seems to be trying to see how close it can come to the central problem without actually touching it. Excepting Italy not one of the delegations, not even the German, has yet dared to demand that the financial slate be wiped clean. The Italians courageously enough, though surely with an eye to the fact that they owe much more than they are owed, have urged that "cancelation be applied equally to all European Powers, creditors and debtors, of reparations and war debts." The Italian attitude stands out in marked contrast to that of the other delegations, who have talked in whispers when mentioning the debt to the United States. The creditor nations, those, that is, which have been receiving reparations but which at the same time owe money to us, want to make the final Lausanne settlement contingent upon our attitude. If we agree to cancel the war debt, they will be more lenient with Germany; if not, Germany will be asked to pay, after an extended moratorium period, the sum of approximately \$1,000,000,000 disguised as "a contribution to European reconstruction." The Germans are wise in rejecting this proposal, for its adoption would keep alive that uncertainty which is now doing so much to impede a return to normal economic and financial relationships. And in the meantime the United States, by its official silence and by such devices as the anti-cancelation plank in the Democratic platform, continues to make the situation still worse.

IT IS DIFFICULT to see just what the Progressives of the Senate find so attractive in the Presidential candidacy of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The attitude of the Democratic Progressives is at least understandable; they are supporting the candidate of their party. But what of the Republicans, Senators Norris, Johnson, Frazier, and the others who have either openly come out for Roosevelt or are flirting with the idea? Can it be that the magic name of Roosevelt still has such an appeal that otherwise level-headed Senators are being misled by the name into believing that the current Roosevelt is another aggressive "friend of the common people"? Or are these Senators so disgusted with Herbert Hoover that they feel anyone else in the White House would be better than the present Chief Executive? This tendency of the Washington Progressives to bolt their party ticket is another manifestation of their political weakness. If they were a compact, well-disciplined group they could exercise considerable influence over the policies of that party. Such were the tactics followed by the elder La Follette. It is noteworthy that his son appears to be following the same course. If they feel that the Republican Party is not the place for them they ought in all honesty to get out of it, and either join the Democratic Party or form a progressive or liberal party of their own. As it is, they are merely shooting blindly into the wind. Their shifting and wavering will be of little help to the Roosevelt candidacy.

FEW MEASURES could have been more disheartening and essentially farcical than the economy bill finally signed by the President. It was adopted after endless bickering and recriminations, not only between individual Congressmen, but between Congress and the President and between the Senate and the House. What has finally emerged is a measure under which it is hopefully estimated that about \$150,000,000 a year will be saved. The essential insignificance of this amount becomes clear when it is compared with the deficit of \$3,788,000,000 reported by Mr. Mills for the fiscal year. Mr. Hoover in signing the bill professed only "limited satisfaction" with it, but he himself had refused the repeated requests of Senator Robinson to say specifically where the larger economies he originally demanded should be made. The President refused to consider every proposal of a salary cut, even though the cuts proposed exempted the smaller salaries and were considerably less than the reduction in the cost of living in recent years. He insisted instead on his "furlough" plan, under which federal employees are obliged to take the equivalent of a month's vacation without pay. This does reduce the government's pay roll, but it is an illogical method of doing it in view of the type of problem that the government faces. The economies are called for not because the government's "volume of business" has fallen off, but because tax receipts to pay salaries have shrunk with the shrinkage of the income of the taxpayers. This shrinkage is partly the result of a stagnation in general business, which may be assumed to be temporary, and partly the result of a world collapse in price levels, which may be assumed to be of a comparatively



permanent nature. Yet the furlough plan is an essentially temporary device to meet this permanent change.

**AFTER ALL** the ballyhoo of the President's anti-hoarding campaign, in which repeated efforts were made to bully confidence into returning, Washington is obliged to confess that all the gains made in the anti-hoarding drive which was started early in February have now been wiped out. In the week ending June 29 the volume of currency in circulation had to be increased \$144,000,000, chiefly to meet the demands caused by the panicky run on Chicago banks. The President is entirely right in his assumption that the chief need at present is the restoration of confidence; he is entirely wrong in the methods by which he hopes to restore it. Loss of confidence, as it is necessary to insist as long as the President continues not to recognize the fact, is the symptom, not the disease. Confidence is a thermometer which responds to the conditions in which it finds itself. It is futile to attempt to deal with it directly. It will not be restored until the statesmen of the world, including our own in particular, show the intelligence and the courage at least to reverse the tragically stupid international economic policies which have done more than anything else to undermine it.

**M**R. HOOVER'S amazing disarmament proposal, which we discussed at some length last week, has encountered the anticipated opposition abroad. In keeping with the new Mussolini-Grandi peace policy Italy has, of course, unqualifiedly indorsed the Hoover plan, and England likewise has signified its approval, although Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, has been rather reluctant to discuss frankly the English position. France has been hesitating, as was expected. The civilian element in the Herriot Government is disposed to use the Hoover proposal as a basis for negotiations, but the French General Staff will have none of the plan. However, the most serious and most significant opposition comes from Japan. In its present warlike mood Tokio is quite unlikely to consider any suggestion looking toward reduction of its own armaments. And because of the various insincere provisions of the Hoover plan, which would cut armies and navies in other countries while leaving our own with plenty of room in which to expand, the Japanese find themselves in an excellent position to combat that plan. The Japanese contend that the proposed one-third reduction in the size of the various navies would upset the 5-5-3 ratio between America, England, and Japan agreed upon at the Washington conference. If the plan is pressed, Tokio will no doubt insist upon having the entire naval-ratio question reopened. In that case, instead of proving a forward step, we shall find that the Hoover gesture has actually dragged us back to 1922.

**A** GAIN WE ARE READING headlines declaring that "Disease Stalks Hungry Bonus Army." The responsibility for this lies not with the war veterans, but with the authorities in Washington. These former soldiers are in the national capital to exercise a constitutional right, the right of petition, which can be denied them neither by Congress nor by the police of Washington, the servants of Congress. Only in the event that the bonus marchers violate a police ordinance or other law can the authorities proceed

against them, but such procedure must be in accordance with law. The Washington authorities know this. Hence they have adopted other methods in trying to discourage the men. They have virtually compelled them to set up their principal camp on the low-lying and unhealthy Anacostia flats, although more sanitary grounds are available in the immediate vicinity. There can be little wonder that disease has broken out among the veterans, and we see the police attempting to use this as a lever to get rid of them. We are as much opposed to the bonus as ever. We see in the presence of the veterans in the national capital a possible cause of serious disturbances. Nevertheless, we believe that they are in Washington on no unlawful mission. They must be supported in their constitutional rights. And the authorities of Washington are bound by every moral principle to see that these men, not as petitioners, but as victims of our mal-adjusted economic system, are provided with food and decent shelter. This the state owes every one of its destitute.

**P**LANS OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT of Manchukuo to seize the customs receipts collected at Dairen have brought strong protests from England, France and the United States. These protests, at least so far as this country is concerned, were inevitable. The whole of China is under a single customs administration. This fact in a very definite sense symbolizes the political integrity of that country. If Washington were to recognize the asserted right of the new government to collect the customs, it would in fact be recognizing the separation of Manchuria from China proper. But the United States has long contended that Manchuria was an integral part of China. Moreover, in his note of January 7 Secretary of State Stimson flatly declared that this country could not recognize any action taken by Japan in Manchuria which violated the Nine-Power Treaty or the Kellogg Pact, and since then the United States has steadfastly refused to acknowledge the existence of an independent state in Manchuria. It is interesting to note that the customs protests were addressed to Tokio, for this is in line with Mr. Stimson's plan to hold Japan accountable for its aggression against China in Manchuria. Even more interesting is the fact that Great Britain and France delivered similar protests. This indicates that they will hereafter support the new Stimson policy as suggested in the American note of January 7.

**E**VEN A SMALL VOICE of dissent against the tariff war is worth noting. In Europe in the last few years little if any protest against the ever-growing trade barriers has been heard. France has been foremost among the European countries in smothering international trade by one means or another, primarily through the constant juggling of its irrational and irritating quota system. And at this distance France has appeared virtually unanimous in supporting the government's program. Now, however, an increasing number of complaints against the French tariff and quota arrangement are being lodged with the government by the interests which are always the first to feel the inevitable consequences of a trade war. The exporting firms of that country, according to dispatches from Paris, declare that French industry "is in deadly peril" as a result of the drastic decline in foreign trade. They report that "the remarkable activity which brought prosperity to French ports and shipping, and



made of Paris the universal city of art and luxury, is extinguished." This is but the natural result of a policy designed to "protect" home industries by uneconomic methods. Somehow or other, modern governments do not seem to understand that in their stupid endeavors to "protect" domestic industries they are simply choking to death the trade upon which the real protection of these industries depends. Let us hope that the French exporting houses will succeed at least in bringing their own government to its senses.

**N**INE DEAD and a dozen wounded make up the latest casualties in the private war which has been raging in Kentucky. Three of the killings occurred in Harlan County, when James Jones and the notorious gunman-deputy, Bill Randolph, were fired on by men in ambush, Jones being killed and Randolph wounded. Randolph thereupon summoned a group of his fellow-deputies to aid him, and while he was telling them his story, was shot dead by Clarence Middleton, described as a "storekeeper for a coal company." This was the signal for a general free-for-all, in which shots from ambush answered shots from deputies. Meanwhile in neighboring counties fights occurred in which indiscriminate deaths and gun-shot wounds were the results. Whether or not these were motivated by animosity between miners and deputies is not clear. Perhaps they were merely the time-honored Kentucky way of settling an argument. Randolph was a typical bad man with six notches on his gun. But his death, with that of the others, cannot fail to have an unfortunate effect on the trial of thirty Harlan County miners which is now going on. The fourth trial, that of F. M. Bratcher, owing to the sudden interest of one of the defense attorneys in the accused, resulted in a hung jury, eleven to one being in favor of acquittal. The prosecution was reported to be noticeably disconcerted thereby, but it has probably been very handsomely reinforced by the murder of one of the upholders of law and order.

**A**FTER EIGHT YEARS of service as assistant editor of the *New Leader*, the Socialist weekly published in New York, Edward Levinson has been summarily dismissed. Although the high-handed action of the *New Leader* management came after a period of increasing tension over Mr. Levinson's frank allegiance to the Norman Thomas and "militant" group within the party, the immediate occasion of it appears to have been an article written by Mr. Levinson on the Milwaukee convention, published in *The Nation* of June 8. This article reveals a lack of agreement between its author and the party Old Guard, and it frankly treats the lamentable issue of anti-Semitism that was dragged into the convention as having no basis in fact. That this has been hard on the patience of the veterans who mobilized behind the candidacy of Morris Hillquit for the chairmanship of the national executive committee cannot be doubted. The article was nevertheless an excellent piece of reporting and it has won commendation from numerous eyewitnesses of the convention proceedings. If the dismissal of Mr. Levinson had any shadow of justification, the subsequent behavior of the *New Leader* has not been calculated to win it many friends. It did not make public its act until pressure was brought; the fact that two such faithful writers as McAlister Coleman and Louis Stanley immediately resigned was not explained to its readers; and letters of protest from

Coleman, Thomas, and others have not been printed, the paper disposing of the incident by declaring that the protests are based on "one-sided and inaccurate" information.

**"PRISONS** are supposed to reform men. Collins for nineteen years has been an exemplary citizen. What could be gained by returning him to finish his sentence?" The speaker is Governor Rolph of California; the Collins referred to is William Collins, an escaped convict, with twenty-three years of a twenty-five-year sentence for robbery to serve. Collins since his escape has found a good job, has married, and is the father of two children. Governor Rolph, in wishing to pardon him, made a very understandable humane gesture. But Collins is not only a fugitive from justice, he is a second offender, and the pardon will have to be granted by the Supreme Court of California, which, it is confidently hoped, will not refuse to allow it. It is hardly necessary to point out that this is the same Governor Rolph who categorically denied a pardon to another prisoner who has served fifteen years of a life sentence; and that it is the same Supreme Court which would not grant a pardon to another second offender who also has spent his decade and a half behind prison bars. In the Collins case there was no doubt of guilt; in the other two cases thousands of persons believe the prisoners innocent of the crime for which they are now in prison. What could be more convincing proof that Tom Mooney and Warren Billings are still incarcerated because they are regarded as dangerous characters, and not because they are believed to have committed a certain crime. If they had broken jail in 1920 and had shown themselves to be good little Republicans ever since, they might be free men today.

**FOR THE FIRST TIME** in eight years the windows in the British House of Lords have been thrown open, and fresh air has seeped into the domain of wig and wool-sack. It was doubtless a tonic experience, yet for many on the outside as well as for the few who attend its sessions when there is nothing better to do, it must have come as something of a shock. The immediate excuse for this minor revolution was a heat wave which has recently been engulfing the region of the lower Thames, or so, at least, runs the official apology. We incline, however, to the view that there is something sinister about the episode which has not been fully revealed. Did we not read that almost simultaneously a member of the House of Commons, defying all tradition, strode brazenly into the sacred chamber wearing a straw hat on his head? Hitherto, the Briton has always been a little sentimental about the enemies of the state who penetrated the Houses of Parliament with their nefarious plots. The revered room behind St. Stephen's chapel where Guy Fawkes planted his vengeful gunpowder is still viewed with pride; the iron gratings to which ardent suffragettes chained themselves while shrieking for the ballot have been saved. But things can go too far. That worthy guardian of the past who still, upon the approach of a courier from the Lords, slides open a speakeasy-like window in the door to the Commons and cries with Cromwellian gusto, "I spy the King's messenger!" must redouble his vigilance. The final onslaught against parliamentary institutions may very well take on a perilous momentum if such significant beginnings of revolt as these go unrebuked.



# Roosevelt Wins!

ONCE more the Democratic Convention has proved how difficult it is to beat somebody with nobody.

As was the case with Mr. Hoover at Kansas City four years ago, those who wished to "stop Roosevelt" failed because they could not unite upon a single candidate for whom they were willing to sink their differences for the sake of victory. So the Democratic Party puts forth not its best foot, but a very weak one. Even Governor Ritchie, we are sure, would have proved a stronger candidate than the Governor of New York, who has won the distinction of leading his party in this campaign by silence, evasion, and by playing cheap politics. After vainly trying to change the two-thirds rule and relinquishing the effort only when it became apparent that the Roosevelt forces were not strong enough; after a grueling all-night session pushed, at first, by the Governor's champions in hopes of reaching a decision through pure fatigue; after, in short, the usual political tricks, the usual political deal was effected whereby the Garner votes were switched in return for a promise of the Vice-Presidency, and the thing was done. As in the case of President Harding, it is an unearned honor that has gone to Franklin Roosevelt. Certainly no one would dare to assert that he achieved it by courage, by outspokenness, by leadership, by a passionate defense of the right of the American citizen to life and liberty. As for the Garner nomination, it is about as bad as could be. It is not only the result of a deliberate sale of the office; it is the selection of a man thoroughly unfit for the position.

We admit that the choice was not wide. We have already stated that had we been asked to name the man to lead the Democracy we should have been stumped—to such an extent has our political life been robbed by the boss system, the corruption of public life, the false emphasis placed upon financial success in our American life. But the fact is that both the chief contenders for the Presidency are weak men; neither deserves the honor which is bound to fall to one or the other of them. The Scripps-Howard newspapers told the truth when they refused to advocate Governor Roosevelt's nomination on the ground that "he is another Hoover"—beyond question a merited rebuke. So we are launched upon a campaign which gives to the American people no real choice. They probably cannot free themselves from the old bonds of party fealty, or rise above the fear of "throwing away their vote." It has been Tweedledum and Tweedledee before, but surely never so clearly and obviously as is the case today. We defy any dissenter to point out where the line of demarcation runs, what there is that separates these corrupt and cowardly parties from each other. Their berating each other is nothing but the pot calling the kettle black. There has not been a single vote since Congress convened last December upon which all the men of one faith were on one side, and all the men of the other faith were on the other. So we submit that so far as the future and the fortunes of the United States are concerned, they will go on in just the same old way whether Mr. Roosevelt wins or Mr. Hoover.

How incredible it seems! Whether we like it or not

our fortunes are tied up with the fate of the rest of the world. We cannot cut the bonds today which Mr. Wilson placed upon us in that fatal hour when he called upon the country to enter the war. Yet neither party faces with frankness and honor the existing situation. Neither will admit that our much-vaunted prosperity and our boasted American system have gone down like a pack of cards. Neither party offers a program for reconstruction—for genuine reconstruction. We do not mean the bringing back of prosperity, we mean the reorganization of our governmental, our social, and our economic life, so that the control of their institutions shall be returned to the hands of the American people where it belongs, so that we shall have an end to the rule of big business, especially now that big business has revealed itself to be utterly incompetent as it has been mercenary and gluttonous. Once more the choice is offered, not of measures, but of men; not of programs and policies, for these are not to be found on either side. Both parties are seeking to lure the voters into their camps, but not by promising radical reforms, the need of which cries to high heaven. We appeal to our readers not to be misled, not to play the politicians' game and thus aid them once more to impose their cowardice, their leaderlessness upon the American people. There is an alternative. It is to vote for an honorable, high-minded American, Norman Thomas, and not to let themselves be frightened from doing so by the parrot cry that they are wasting their votes, or that in voting for the Socialist Party they are voting for something sinister and foreign, aimed really at the destruction of the Republic. It is not those who declare that the joint heritage of the American people shall belong to the American people who are the enemies of the Republic!

As for Governor Roosevelt, we can only say of him once more what we have said of him so many times. He is honest, he is clean, he has occasionally shown leanings toward liberalism, though there is not a single case on record where he has exploded with just anger at the denial all over the country of the liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. He was willing to play the imperialist game under Woodrow Wilson in Haiti and elsewhere as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He believes in a great navy and a powerful army. He has been farsighted in his water-power policies within the State of New York, but he has yet to declare that he will carry on that policy in the wider field that will be his if he is elected. He has spoken of the "forgotten man," but nowhere is there a real, passionate, ringing exposition of just what it is that the forgotten man has been deprived of or what should be done for him. Governor Roosevelt has had during the past few months one of the most glorious opportunities that has ever come to a public man in America, and yet he has sat tongue-tied lest he say a few words that might alienate one section of the community. We respect him in his integrity, in the moral heroism that he has shown in the face of what would have been for most men a final physical disaster. But we can see in him no leader, and no evidence anywhere that he can rise to the needs of this extraordinary hour.



# The Two Platforms

**I**N an address before the Young Democratic clubs of Chicago President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago proposed a platform for the Democratic Party of five hundred words embodying what he called "the minimum program demanded by the present emergency." He urged that the platform should declare for leadership of the United States in disarmament "with or without the co-operation of other nations"; for a moratorium on war debts of not less than twenty years "with or without an international conference"; for the recognition of Russia; for downward revision of the tariff "with or without international conferences"; for assistance to the destitute and compulsory unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Judged by this standard the platform actually adopted by the Democratic Party is far from admirable. Judged by the standard of the Republican platform, however, there is a great deal to be said for it.

We may begin with the prohibition plank, if only because that plank was, in the eyes of the delegates to both conventions, overwhelmingly the most important. Here the advantage is entirely with the Democrats. Their plank is clear, unequivocal, and outspoken almost to the point of rashness:

We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

To effect such repeal, we demand that the Congress immediately propose a constitutional amendment to truly representative conventions in the States, called to act solely on that proposal.

No one could ask for greater explicitness. Compare it with the Republican plank. When we have unwrapped layer after layer of woolly words, we find that the Republican platform does not even favor a forthright submission of the issue to the voters, as even the Democratic minority plank proposed. The Republican plank declares: "We do not favor a submission limited to the issue of retention or repeal." This means that the voters are not to be given even an honest chance to express their preferences. The Republican platform proposes, instead, that an amendment be submitted "which, while retaining in the federal government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the evils inherent in the liquor traffic, shall allow States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine." Nobody can possibly know what this means. It is a clear self-contradiction. If the federal government really allows the States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine, then surely it must relinquish the power "to preserve the gains already made"; if it retains that power, it cannot allow the States to deal with the problem "as their citizens may determine." It is doubtful if a more cheaply dishonest plank was ever embodied even in the Republican platform before. It cannot fail to disgust anyone who has any honest convictions on the subject.

On the all-important economic issues before the country the Democratic platform is considerably vaguer, though it is in most respects better than the Republican. The sharpest division is on tariff policy. The Democrats condemn the "prohibitive rates" of the Hawley-Smoot tariff and urge

a "competitive tariff for revenue," calling for "reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations" and "an international economic conference designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange." One would prefer a flat promise to revise rates substantially downward "with or without international conferences," but the present plank is at least much better than the 1928 Democratic plank; it signifies a return of the Democrats at least to lip service to one of their earlier principles, and it is immensely preferable to the Republican plank. That plank not only promises to do nothing to alleviate the disastrous Smoot-Hawley tariff, but threatens to place still further tariffs on agricultural products to "protect" the farmer, and to raise rates on the products of countries with depreciated currencies.

On the question of war debts it might be argued that the Republican platform is better than the Democratic, for it at least says nothing about them, while the Democrats "oppose cancelation" and make no mention either of a moratorium or a reduction. On monetary questions the platforms are rather similar. The Democrats favor a "sound currency to be preserved at all hazards," without indicating what in their opinion constitutes a sound currency. Immediately thereafter they demand an international monetary conference to "consider the rehabilitation of silver." It is difficult to see how silver could be "rehabilitated" without bimetallism. The Republicans come out flatly for "the gold standard" and oppose "relief by currency inflation" as "unsound in principle and dishonest in results." Nevertheless, they too want an "international conference to consider matters relating to monetary questions, including the position of silver." One can only assume that neither party has any clear idea regarding what such a conference would achieve, and that these planks are intended rather as harmless sops to the silver States than as serious gestures.

On many questions the two platforms are hardly distinguishable. Both favor our entrance into the World Court; both give vague support to armament reduction; both wish the farmer well, and favor "cooperation." About all the Republicans have to offer the farmer in addition to this is more "tariff protection," while the Democrats vaguely urge "effective control of crop surpluses." Both parties, of course, favor government "economy," though the Democrats are slightly more specific here in calling for "a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of the federal government," and in hinting that "generosity" to war veterans should be limited to those who have "suffered disability or disease caused by or resulting from actual service in time of war." The Democrats show concern for the regulation of holding companies, the federal control of utilities, and the correction of stock-market abuses, where the Republicans are practically silent. Finally, though both parties are cagey in indicating the amount of unemployment relief they would favor, the Democrats have placed themselves on record as favoring "unemployment and old-age insurance, under State laws." This is an admirable step forward which has attracted less attention than it deserves. The Democrats are to be congratulated on having said more in 1,400 words than the Republicans in 9,000.



## "Take Away the Army"

CAMILLE ROMBAUT, a French war resister, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for refusal to perform military service. His trial at the ancient fortress of Lille was spectacular and received publicity throughout Europe, the hundreds of protests evidencing the recent growth in the war-resistance movement. M. Rombaut had a circle of influential friends; his defender was a well-known professor from the famous law college at Lyons; and Rombaut himself peculiarly symbolized the change that has taken place in many minds since the war. During the conflict, as a boy of fourteen, he bravely destroyed the telephone and telegraph lines which served the German headquarters in the very town from which, eighteen years later, he has been shipped off to jail.

That the revulsion against war and militarism is at last beginning to penetrate the French populace is apparent and is causing some concern to the militarists. Georges Soyeux and Fernand Plaquevent some months ago notified the authorities of their unwillingness to serve, and as yet neither has been arrested. M. Plaquevent wrote to the Minister of War: "I took part in the massacre of 1914-18. I never hated the Germans. The war deeply influenced my ideas. . . . Now I stand by the words of Victor Hugo, 'Take away the army . . . and you end war.' I have therefore decided to work for the abolition of war and the removal of its causes." Alfred Nahon, Paul Personne, and Charles Launay have followed with a similar forthright refusal to serve, despite all consequences. Interestingly enough, when Albert Einstein and Lord Ponsonby, the latter acting as chairman of the War Resisters' International, last May issued an appeal to men of military age to resist conscription, and several thousand new members joined the organization, France supplied more than any other country. Noting the trend, a French deputy, Georges Richard, is planning to introduce a bill recognizing the right of conscience. A similar measure failed of passage in the Belgian senate last year only by a vote of eighty-nine to sixty-one, and its adherents are rapidly multiplying in the present parliament.

In many regions of the world where the movement was formerly weak or non-existent, gains are being made. New groups have been established in several cities of Latin America. In Spain, where a strong pacific mood is discernible under the new republic, three groups have been organized in as many cities, while the Provincial Federation of Trade Unions in Almeria, the most southeasterly province, has unanimously adopted the complete pacifist program of the War Resisters' International. In Finland a new alternative service law has been put through as a sop to growing pacifist opinion. More than 7,000 young Swedes recently notified their government that they would never serve in the army. In reactionary Bulgaria the clergy of the Congregational and Methodist churches have come out for uncompromising war resistance. And the war resisters behind the bars in most countries of the Continent—twenty-four in Holland and seventeen in Belgium, for example—are serving as centers for a rising agitation that may in time reach those in high places who perpetually talk peace and unceasingly prepare for war.

## A Forgotten Poet

THE NATION has already reviewed the new and authentic edition of the letters of Robert Burns which has just been edited by J. DeLancey Ferguson. While reading it we were suddenly struck by the amazing fact that though Burns is doubtless still widely read and widely loved he very rarely figures in any of the current discussions of poetry. A generation ago he would have come prominently to mind in any argument. Indeed, he would probably have stood for the pure poet—for essential poetry or, what would then have been the same thing, for sheer emotion expressing itself in the simplest terms and uncontaminated by metaphysics or learning. But today he is seldom either cited or imitated by poets or critics. John Donne and even Abraham Cowley are referred to ten times as often and exercise ten times as much influence on the actual writing of verse. Our fathers—to whom these last were hardly more than quaint figures out of an all-but-forgotten past—would not have believed that they, especially, could ever become the idols of the next generation, or that Burns could come to seem more remote than they from the interests and problems of the twentieth century. And yet it is an indubitable fact that he is remote. It seems absurd to speak of him as a "forgotten poet," but the phrase is almost justified.

Being curious, we instituted some inquiry among those of our friends who are most interested in poetry, and we discovered what we were inclined to suspect—namely, that Burns has been pushed aside less because his genius is unrecognized than because there seems to be nothing which one of our contemporaries can say about him. All agreed that his verse was unique and almost intolerably beautiful. All admitted that they could not read him without realizing that they were in the presence of a kind of miracle. But that miracle, they added, was one which today could not be even miraculously repeated. Donne's poetry is in the language of the moment. A dozen contemporary poets might conceivably begin a lyric in the manner of

Go and catch a falling star,  
Get with child a mandrake root.

But there is not one who could commence

Oh my love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June.

Doubtless the language of criticism is almost as much responsible as is the language of poetry for the fact that Burns is seldom discussed. The only terms in which he has been written about are romantic terms, and there is no present-day critic of standing who would not be far more ready to acknowledge Burns's genius than he would be to talk about "Bobbie" Burns, the "rustic singer" and "the unspoiled child of nature." If he is ever talked about again, it will be because some new way of talking about him has been discovered. But this difficulty with the Burns legend, as distinguished from the corpus of his work, is not the only one. He is too simple, too fresh, too spontaneous, and for all his personal difficulties too untroubled in spirit for us. He is not as far away in time, but in other ways he is more remote than the poets of the seventeenth century.





*"Have one on me."*



# The Democratic Trough at Chicago

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*Chicago, July 1*

LET no man say that the Democratic Party's Presidential convention, which has now adjourned, has been held in Chicago. I have just come from its last session; I have listened to all of the proceedings, the incredible speeches, including Mr. Roosevelt's address after his excellent publicity flight from Albany—a stunt worthy of his famous cousin, Theodore. Still I insist that this convention has not been held in Chicago. It has been held in some No Man's Land, in some utterly detached place, floating perhaps between heaven—or some other place—and earth. All Presidential conventions are always wonderlands in their amazing exhibition of childishness and political immaturity, their intriguing, their humbuggery. But this one almost baffles description in its total detachment from the realities of life. Hour after hour we sat there in the sweltering heat—in one case thirteen hours of all-night misery—watching the speakers go through their motions, deafened and racked by the loudest organ on earth, the blaring bands, and the yelling—all the horrors—and there was practically nothing whatever to give the listeners the faintest idea that this convention had any connection whatever with the United States of 1932. It could not have been much nearer than the moon to what is actually going on under the Stars and Stripes, and was certainly utterly remote from all the vital happenings of this workaday world.

Yes, I know that in its preamble the platform speaks of "this time of unprecedented economic and social distress" and declares that those in charge of our government "have ruined our foreign trade, destroyed the values of our commodities and products, crippled our banking system, robbed millions of our people of their life savings and thrown millions more out of work, produced widespread poverty, and brought the government to a state of financial distress unprecedented in time of peace," but even this carries no conviction that the convention was really concerned with or realized what is going on in the United States today. In this city in which it was supposedly held there are endless suffering and human misery, with hundreds of thousands of persons being supported by one dole or another. On the second day of the convention the county treasurer announced that he would go before a county judge on July 11 to apply for judgment and sale for taxes of some 500,000 parcels of real estate involving over \$100,000,000 of delinquent 1930 taxes—100,000 more items than were delinquent in 1929. On the same day Senator Lewis of Illinois appealed to the United States government for an immediate loan of \$30,000,000 to keep the city of Chicago from collapsing financially, and to enable it to prevent the actual starvation of hundreds of thousands of its citizens and to pay a few back salaries of teachers and other civic employees. One would think that in this setting a sane and intelligent convention, imbued with even average common sense, would have cut out the brass bands, the parading, and the senseless speeches, and would really have got down to business and seriously worked out an economic program, or at least dis-

cussed some far-reaching policies to lead the country out of its economic distress.

But no—the convention was interested only in the wet plank. As in the Republican convention the question of beer and booze outranked everything else. That was what the delegates wanted settled. They did not give a tinker's damn about anything else. So far as they were concerned, they, like their leaders, were perfectly willing to ignore the economic chaos. The delegates would not have cared if the platform had made no reference whatever to the impoverishment of millions of our people. As it is, the platform made a great hit; it is short, concise, and without the usual number of weasel words, though it has quite enough. But beyond that there is little to be said for it. True, it calls for unemployment and old-age insurance, but that is not to be done by the Democratic Party next year, if it takes hold of the government, but is to be left to the tender mercies of forty-eight State legislatures. It believes in the spread of employment by shorter hours of labor and a shorter week, with the government setting the example, and it wants, of course, to help the farmer. But when it comes to the relation of government to business, we have the same old swindle—the same old Republican swindle. Thus it desires "the removal of government from all fields of private enterprise, except where necessary to develop public work and natural resources in the common interest." And then in its next paragraph the platform pledges the government to regulate some more; it asks federal control of holding companies which sell securities in interstate commerce, and of the rates of utility companies operating across State lines. It wants the government to control and regulate "exchanges trading in securities and commodities"—as if it could tell us just where in the federal Constitution is to be found a power to regulate domestic concerns of this kind. For the rest, the platform would have been an admirable document in the campaign of 1908. To heighten the effect of this, the managers of the convention gave to ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri the opportunity to make what was undoubtedly his final appearance in public life and to ride again his favorite hobby that we must control the great corporations and trusts and prevent mergers and other unfair trade practices—nothing else is needed to restore America. It was a speech that would have read admirably in the days of the Northern Securities case. As a keynote to stir enthusiasm, to launch a Presidential campaign with high hopes and fervent loyalty, it had about as much effect upon the delegates and the spectators as has a pebble on Lake Michigan.

Nowhere in this much-acclaimed document is there a single realization of the vital part that Europe has played and is playing in our economic life and in producing our economic distress. Incredibly enough, in view of the conference at Lausanne, the platform calls for insistence upon payment of the debts owed the United States by foreign nations; it opposes their cancelation. It favors also a monetary conference "to consider the rehabilitation of silver and relative questions." As for the deadly tariff, it apparently denounced this in its preamble while carefully refraining from



calling attention to the fact that the Democrats not only voted in large numbers for the Hawley-Smoot tariff but were responsible for the recent tariff increases in connection with the measures meant to produce additional revenue by other means. Then the platform went on to call for "a *competitive* tariff for revenue, with a fact-finding tariff commission free from executive interference," and another international economic conference "designed to restore international trade and facilitate exchange," with no explanation as to what constitutes a "competitive" tariff. Nothing here to bring hope to Europe; not a word about that sacred obligation of ours to enter the League of Nations, the child of that immortal Democratic President, the last Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson. Nothing whatever here to aid Lausanne or Geneva; nothing to give genuine hope to Europe of immediate, vital, and enlightened cooperation.

Yet I do not deny that the platform is an effective one from the purely political point of view. It is short enough to be read, it shines by contrast with the Republican, and its wet plank alone, in my judgment, will carry the party to success next fall, unless its candidates blunder incredibly in the months to come. There will, of course, be some Wall Street men to declare that it is dangerous. It is really nothing of the kind even from their point of view, and the candidates, heaven knows, should not keep a single banker awake o' nights from New York to San Francisco; they are as safe for capital and big business as Reed or Smoot.

Never have I seen a Presidential ticket named at a national convention with so little enthusiasm. Franklin Roosevelt won in spite of the incessant blunders and unlimited stupidity of his managers out here—managers you would not employ to run a \$10,000-a-year corporation—because, as at Kansas City in 1928, you cannot beat a candidate with a commanding lead if you cannot agree in advance upon one man to fight against him. The demonstration when Roosevelt was first named would not have lasted twelve minutes but for the horrible organ and the band. When he was nominated, the galleries were silent and only the delegates whooped it up for a few minutes, with the States that had voted for Smith sitting grimly in their seats. I know that the galleries were packed by the local politicians—many of them Catholics; that accounts in part for the enthusiasm for Al Smith, but by no means for all of it; there certainly was no enthusiasm whatever for Franklin Roosevelt, much less for the man picked by Hearst, McAdoo, and Roosevelt for Vice-President. I talked with many delegates and I know they accepted Roosevelt only as the least of the evils presented to them. There was a time in the third balloting when it looked as if one or two delegations might break from him, and the Roosevelt high command was badly frightened. But there was no fight, no coherence, and no leadership in the opposition. Garner fell easily for the bait of the Vice-Presidency. The galleries, by the way, yelled derisively when William G. McAdoo announced that California would go for Roosevelt, one section asking him in unison: "What price California?" The rumor is that McAdoo's reward is to be the Secretaryship of State. For unblushing effrontery and hypocrisy that statement of McAdoo's that he felt the candidate who had such a comfortable majority should be nominated goes beyond anything I have ever heard in thirty-five years of dealing with politicians. For this is the same William G. McAdoo who

boasts that he got the nomination away from Champ Clark in Baltimore in 1912 under *precisely the same circumstances*, Champ Clark having a clear majority in the convention.

Thus Franklin Roosevelt's pursuit of the Democratic nomination has been successful and he has the right to take seriously the references to him as our next President. So has triumphed his campaign of evading all the pending issues, of refusing to answer questions as to how he stands on the problems of the day. As a matter of fact, if he is wise he will continue his policy of silence; it will be safer and he will probably be elected anyway. Roosevelt's success is also the triumph of cowardice and muddle-headedness—of the inability to think any real problems through. His choice is proof positive that the convention was not thinking about our economic chaos and distress, that it was not bent on finding the best possible man to carry on the country in this hour of unparalleled economic difficulties. Two delegates got up and protested that their delegation had been committed to Roosevelt before any other candidates were in the field. Only two speakers from the platform had the courage to say that it was scandalous to be discussing booze when millions of Americans, utterly destitute, were begging for bread. The delegates may have heard this but it affected them no more than if somebody had said that the first trip to the moon would probably start in 1952. Of course if the nomination had been awarded on the grounds of great intellectual capacity, of proved boldness in grasping issues and problems, of courage and originality in finding solutions, the honor would never, never have gone to Franklin Roosevelt. I admit that it would have been hard to find anyone in the Democratic Party to measure up to the needs. On the other hand, I doubt if any other candidate ever carried off this prize in the face of such indifference and after such a blistering and brutally severe attack upon him as that by Heywood Brown on Roosevelt in the Scripps-Howard papers of June 29.

The newspaper observers of this spectacle, at least the thoughtful ones, were profoundly saddened by what they saw, despite all their cynicism. More than one came to me to say that this was beyond endurance. They agree with me that the Democrats could hardly have done much worse for the country unless they had put Garner up for first place. For myself I found myself more and more wondering what the next convention would be like, and whether there would be any convention at all. I am willing to bet that unless there is a marvelous improvement in our situation, the next quadrennial conventions, wherever they meet, will be neither so remote nor so detached from what is going on; that they will be facing the issues of the day because those issues will not let them do anything else—provided, of course, that by that time we have not a fascist dictator in the White House. A coalition Cabinet is on the boards now. Would these delegates care very much if the heart were cut out of our democratic institutions? I doubt it, provided that the act was carefully draped with the American flag, and it was explained to them that George Washington was a good deal of a dictator in his time—like Lincoln and Wilson in war time—and that, after all, this is a war to save the Union in which we are now engaged. Now engaged? For all that a foreign observer might really have learned of our estate from this convention, we are sailing upon the most peaceful, the quietest, and the least rippled of seas.



# The Milwaukee Miracle

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

*Milwaukee, June 29*

**S**Ocialists should learn not to exaggerate. They ought to take care not to lay themselves open unnecessarily to attacks from the conservative parties and press. Especially ought they to be on their guard here in Milwaukee, for here, with the help of a coalition of Republicans and Democrats, they are really showing that they can turn out a workman-like job in giving a large American city a decent and efficient government. Of course, there is no socialism in the Milwaukee government, nor even a trace of that hybrid political form known as municipal socialism. What the Socialists and Non-Partisans have established here is a reform government on bourgeois lines. The municipal corporate structure is essentially like that of Chicago or New York. Indeed, Deputy Controller Wendt declared to me that his office had learned a great deal by studying the New York City government and had introduced into the administration of Milwaukee finances many of the methods used in New York. But there is a vast difference between the two cities. For one thing, Milwaukee has a minimum of graft and corruption; its police are honest; its courts function swiftly and effectively; the municipal corporation itself is in as strong a financial position as any city can be in this day of toppling banks and drastically reduced incomes.

It may be well to note that although the residents of Milwaukee have expressed their satisfaction with Socialist office-holders as municipal reformers by repeatedly reelecting them, they have at the same time voted to keep administration of the city's finances in the hands of a non-Socialist, Louis M. Kotecki. This man, who has just been elected to his fifth four-year term as city controller, is the leader of the Non-Partisans, the principal and indeed the only political opponents the Socialists have in Milwaukee. While Mayor Hoan, through his appointive power, keeps a finger on virtually every department in the government, Kotecki as controller supervises all city expenditures. He has the authority, which he does not hesitate to exercise, to call department heads, even Socialist appointees, to account for what he considers uneconomic practices. Moreover, Kotecki and his assistant, William F. Wendt, prepare the annual budget, which, of course, is subject to approval by the Common Council, at present dominated by a Non-Partisan majority.

Most of the free and unexpected publicity that came to Milwaukee last winter was based on the supposed existence of a "cash surplus" at the end of the last fiscal year. From this the inference was drawn that unlike Chicago, Detroit, and numerous other cities Milwaukee was miraculously paying its own way despite the economic crisis. The amount of this cash balance has been variously reported. Mayor Hoan has written of "a cash daily balance in the city treasury of \$3,000,000." The enterprising reporter who started the publicity boom found a cash reserve of \$4,000,000. The Citizens' Bureau of Milwaukee, an organization financed by business men who are primarily interested in combating the Socialists, said the balance amounted to \$3,400,000 on December 31. Other Socialist writers put the figure at

\$2,324,778.81, basing this figure on an unexplained item labeled "surplus" which appears in the consolidated balance sheet dated December 31. The consolidated balance sheet for 1931 is as confusing as are most corporation reports. Under "assets, cash" a total of \$3,974,469.95 is given, but it is not clear whether this represents the true cash balance. In any case the balance was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of this figure. Since December 31 the balance has been greatly reduced.

On the strength of these various figures the suggestion has been made that Milwaukee has been paying all its bills out of current revenues and has even had something left over. Before the economic crisis reached its peak Milwaukee no doubt was doing this, as its earlier financial statements readily show. But, then, so were many other American cities. The Milwaukee myth has been based on the supposition that this city has continued to do so notwithstanding the general economic situation. Under the economic program adopted some years ago by the Socialist-Non-Partisan regime, all the income of the municipality, from whatever source it may come, is dumped into a single pot. Besides tax money and other revenue, the proceeds from the sale of bond issues go into this general account. The municipality draws upon this pot for all its expenses. But buried somewhere in the general account is a fund which once totaled \$4,925,000, the proceeds of two bond issues sold long ago. One issue was intended to finance a street-widening project, and the other to pay for the construction of a viaduct. Work on both projects has been held up by legal and political controversies. Obviously the bond proceeds are carefully earmarked on the municipal books for their original purpose. I do not suggest that there has been any illegal diversion of them. But just as obviously this money is being used to meet at least a part of the city's current operating expenses. In other words, Milwaukee not only has no unencumbered cash balance, but if it were not permitted to draw upon the bond funds it would have to borrow at the banks as other municipalities have been compelled to do.

Deputy Controller Wendt admitted this to me after lengthy questioning. He said that there was a bookkeeping balance between accounts receivable and accounts payable, that is, between anticipated revenues and contemplated expenditures, but added that inasmuch as a part of the accounts receivable is in the form of delinquent or deferred taxes, the city has been forced to borrow from its unused bond funds. Certainly no one can quarrel with this procedure. The city is already paying interest on the bond funds. There would be little sense in running to the bankers for new loans upon which further interest would have to be paid so long as the city has any part of this costly bond money lying idle in its treasury. But there is equally as little sense in referring to this idle money as a "cash surplus," or in suggesting, because of the existence of this general account balance, that Milwaukee is still paying its way.

There are other factors in Milwaukee's publicity boom which are not always clearly explained. For example, the



city's boosters, while they do not assert that the property tax rate is phenomenally low, declare that despite the municipality's excellent financial record the tax rate is not above the average for cities of its population class. This in a sense is true. Milwaukee property-owners are paying a higher tax rate than are the property-owners of Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Rochester, Syracuse, and Toledo, but when the rate is adjusted on a common assessment basis Milwaukee ranks fifth among these cities. One point is generally overlooked. Under the Wisconsin income-tax law, 50 per cent of the income taxes collected in the city of Milwaukee is returned to the municipal corporation for its own use. Of course, this tax does not figure in the property tax rate, but it must be conceded that this money actually comes from residents of Milwaukee, and that if the city did not have this extra income, the residents would have to make up the difference by paying a higher property tax.

The economic depression has not had the severely adverse effect upon municipal finances that it has had, for example, in Toledo, although it has increased tax delinquencies. For one thing, unemployment relief rests upon the county government, not the city. Approximately one-fifth of the families of Milwaukee are being cared for by the county, which so far has run up a deficit of almost \$6,000,000 in financing this relief work. The county has already had to borrow \$2,500,000 to provide for the jobless, and may soon be in the market for additional loans. The residents of Milwaukee, though they take pride in the economy of their municipal government, must eventually meet the bulk of this increasing obligation the county is carrying, for Milwaukee City comprises more than three-fourths of the area and population of Milwaukee County. The city has been helping the jobless in a small way. Last year it financed a made-work program costing \$421,876, and this year it has appropriated \$1,200,000 for made work and emergencies. Of the latter sum, \$600,000 represents an advance by the State to the city from the 1933 gasoline tax. Thus the drain on the city's financial resources as a result of unemployment has not been particularly heavy.

The "pay-as-you-go" policy of the Hoan administration, which is the basis of much favorable publicity, and which is often pointed to as one of the major factors in keeping Milwaukee solvent, is by no means peculiar to this city. Many other municipalities, including Buffalo, Detroit, the larger cities of Ohio, and even the much-maligned Chicago, have paid a large part of the cost of their permanent improvements out of current revenues. Moreover, Milwaukee itself, though I do not mean to belittle its record, has done no better than to meet half the cost of its permanent improvements out of taxes and special assessments. In the last ten years only 40 per cent of the \$17,500,000 spent for school construction and 41 per cent of the \$10,000,000 which went into park and playground improvements have come from current revenues. In 1928-29 permanent improvements such as street paving and public building were financed 44.8 per cent from the sale of bonds, 22 per cent from general taxes, 22.3 per cent from special assessments, and 10.9 per cent from water revenues.

It has been asserted by persons not particularly friendly to the Socialists of Milwaukee that the statutory limitation on municipal indebtedness has made it impossible for the

city to go on a spending spree, to borrow money for unnecessary purposes as some other cities have done. This may be true, but we must attribute to the Milwaukee officials a sincere desire to keep the city's indebtedness within reasonable limits. Nevertheless, the Socialist reply again leaves the door wide open to unnecessary attacks by the conservatives. Wisconsin municipalities are permitted to carry a bonded indebtedness totaling not more than 5 per cent of the current assessed valuation of taxable property. The Socialists declare that today the city's legal margin of bonded debt is much larger than it has been for several years past. They cite the following figures prepared by Deputy Controller Wendt as of May 31 of this year:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Net Debt</i>	<i>Margin</i>
1932.....	\$47,420,000.....	\$1,272,697
1931.....	50,338,450.....	473,462
1930.....	48,800,900.....	276,338
1929.....	46,996,050.....	211,832
1928.....	44,955,300.....	7,956
1927.....	43,167,100.....	80,758

These figures, for several reasons, are open to challenge. For example, although Milwaukee has borrowed on the average more than \$4,000,000 annually for the last ten years, it has borrowed nothing so far this year, and the year had seven more months to run from May 31. Nevertheless, this record itself seems conclusively to prove the contention of the Citizens' Bureau and others that the city has been borrowing up to the very limit permitted by law. In the period covered by the above figures the net debt runs over 99 per cent of the amount legally allowed. Compare this with the period from 1913 to 1917, when the net indebtedness averaged little more than 50 per cent of the permissible total. Indeed, in 1916 Milwaukee had bond issues outstanding at the end of the year amounting to only \$11,921,000, although it could lawfully have floated additional issues totaling \$11,998,606.

In only one respect is the administration of Milwaukee's finances unique. About ten years ago an amortization fund was created. This fund is built up on all or part of the interest collected on city bank deposits, deferred tax payments, unpaid special assessments, and by other means. On January 1 the fund totaled \$3,600,000 and was growing at a rate faster than had been anticipated. When the fund equals three-fourths of the outstanding debt, "three-fourths of the annual interest on said fund," according to the law, "shall be applied to pay the interest on any outstanding bonds and to assume new bond issues of such city, or as the public-debt commission may from time to time with the approval of the Common Council apply the same for any purpose for which municipal bonds may be legally issued." In brief, the amortization fund will ultimately be used to wipe out the bonded indebtedness of the city. It was hoped that this goal would be reached by 1963, but the municipal debt has been growing so fast that this now cannot be achieved until some time after 1973. Of course, the amortization arrangement has had nothing to do with Milwaukee's current financial problems, and it may very well be that unless other means are found wherewith to keep the fund increasing faster than the bonded debt, the ultimate goal may never be reached. Yet one must credit the authors of this arrangement—both the Non-Partisans and the Socialists claim authorship—for creating a municipal savings account or insurance fund such as no other American city possesses.



# Charity and the State

By ROBERT BRIFFAULT

**D**ESTITUTION, hunger, misery, disease—the outcome of the strife for private gain in economic warfare—are tempered by private charity. The distress of the victims is, in the last extremity, alleviated by the twice-blessed mercy of the victors out of the abundance of their spoils, in much the same manner as wounded prisoners of war are nursed and tended by those who have previously mutilated them. In the latter instance the act is one of pure humanity; prisoners of war were in more barbarous ages slaughtered. The relief bestowed by private charity on the sufferers from economic warfare is less unalloyed in its motives. Economic exploitation on the scale rendered possible by the triumphs of modern industry and efficient business methods results, like scientific warfare, in such a holocaust that the multitude of the victims is a grave menace to that smooth operation of the process spoken of as law and order. Charitable relief is, under those conditions, a virtue which not only commends itself as noble and creditable, but also on the score of its imperative necessity. Unless emotions of gratitude and abject humiliation be awakened in those who may have cause to be discontented with the system, these might become obsessed with a morbid desire to hang their would-be benefactors. The milk of human kindness is, hence, usually diluted under those conditions by a judicious admixture of tear gas and lead calculated to soothe the feelings of the sufferers, lest by some misunderstanding on their part good Samaritans should be robbed of the opportunity of practicing the ineffable virtue of Christian charity.

The exercise of that virtue is nevertheless in a large measure its own reward. The spiritual gratification afforded by the disposal of superfluous wealth through the channels of charitable enterprises and institutions has always occupied an important place among the refined forms of delectation which lend added charm to the occupations of privileged classes. In the stately homes of England the "Guide to British Charities" holds a prescriptive place beside the Badminton "Library of Sports and Pastimes" and De Brett's "Peerage." English charities rank with the most exclusive kennels of foxhounds and the most expensive racing studs as institutions specifically in accord with the English way of life. To contribute to charities used to be as much a privilege of the feudal aristocracy as to subscribe to the Ranelagh, the Carlton, or the Pelican. By an amazing provision in the scheme of social organization the whole of the essential services for the care of the sick and infirm is, in England, dependent upon eleemosynary support. Every hospital used to subsist on the bounties of half a dozen dukes. Today those feudal sources of support being, through the decay of feudalism, no longer available, institutions for the care of afflicted British subjects are bankrupt. But the magnificent tradition is kept up. By ceaseless and persistent public begging, flag days, flower days, street collections by medical students with faces blackened with cork and wearing their shirts outside their trousers, frantic appeals are made to the English public to save the magnificent system of social services entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions from

falling to the opprobrious level of organized state institutions.

Devout American millionaires with a due concern for the salvation of their souls have continued the tradition on an even more lavish scale. Their generosity is, it is true, at times somewhat irrelevant so far as regards the misery resulting from the abstraction of their colossal fortunes from the public resources. The founding of picture galleries and public libraries affords to those who are deprived of food and shelter the same kind of solace that the presentation of a leather-bound copy of the poems of Longfellow might bring to a widow who had been reduced to destitution by the donor. But the public benefactor's self-approbation and the peace of mind which is the reward of a good deed are much the same even though his generosity be ineffectual and misdirected. To many mature spinsters of both sexes life would be robbed of half its value were they deprived of the delight of bestowing or of promoting charitable aid. The innumerable societies for the relief of decayed gentlewomen, senile clergymen, discharged criminals, distressed bankers, homeless cats, or unmarried mothers exist as much in order that they may afford to persons of means and leisure an opportunity for the practice of charity as for the admirable objects to which a portion of their funds and activities is dedicated. Rightly and wisely do the philanthropic and refined persons of limited intellectual resources who are the backbone of those humanitarian institutions, of the Stock Exchange, and of the nation view any proposal for wasteful state provisions calculated to foster idleness and improvidence with a disapproval as lively as is their unsparing devotion to the cause of social help.

Charity produces general edification. It stimulates agreeably those sentiments of diffuse good-will and that sense of human brotherhood one touch of which makes the whole world kin. The ancient Romans were wont to indulge in those pleasant emotions when, following a still more ancient custom, they set aside all class distinctions during the Saturnalia, and the masters waited upon their slaves. In times of particular stress, such as we are becoming accustomed to regard as normal, indulgence in the Saturnalian orgies of charity drives, street collections, house-to-house appeals, benefit balls, entertainments, social functions devoted to charity, and listening to Mr. Hoover over the radio add, like the spirit of Christmas, the delectable seasoning of good-will and the glow of benevolent emotions to the pleasant excitement of social pleasures and activities. To cultivate sentiments which do so much honor to human nature is in itself so precious a benefit that it, in some measure, offsets the deplorable facts which give occasion to it. As eloquent ministers of religion have pointed out, the holocaust of misery and suffering inflicted upon a stricken world by a profitable social system is in reality, like most evils, a blessing in disguise. It serves the inestimable purpose of supplying an occasion for indulgence in charitable emotions. We should be deprived of the voluptuous feelings produced by a self-approving conscience were not the poor, by a beneficent provision of our social arrangements, always with us.



If there were no poverty, it would be desirable to create it, that Christian charity might be in no danger of wilting within our hearts. The moral purpose is of more importance than the occasion which affords scope for its application. That profound truth is appreciated by those employers who, choosing the better part, lay off half their staffs that they themselves may, without pecuniary loss, contribute to the unemployment fund; or those Park Avenue ladies who close the least convenient of their country estates and discharge their servants so that they may draw a small check for the assistance of the destitute. As Mr. Hoover says, we are our brother's keeper.

While the fostering and inculcation of the most admirable dispositions of the human heart is one of the highest functions of religion, the important part played by charitable activities and institutions in the scheme of civilized society rests primarily upon the conception of the functions of the state. That conception harks back to the most ancient autocratic empires of the past. The state, represented by a divine and absolute ruler, was in that view understood to dispose unconditionally of all its subjects, their property, their labor, and their lives. A subject was supposed to be permitted to exist by a gracious act of magnanimity on the part of the state. His possessions, his wife, his family, his life were understood to be held by him on sufferance through the generosity of the state, which had a perpetual lien on them. The state might, of course, at any time foreclose. The life of the subject belonged to the state. To lay it down whenever he might be required to do so was a sacred duty and obligation of the subject. He was, by that act, merely paying back a debt. Converse duties and obligations on the part of the state did not, of course, enter into the scheme. Such a notion was meaningless. In the great American republic, the model of an enlightened modern democracy, the citizen is, as in the barbaric autocracies of the dim past, held to owe his life to the state. Any person who is admitted to the privilege of that citizenship is, in fact, expected to sign a specific declaration to that effect. But should the citizen die of starvation and exposure in Union Square, the mishap casts no shadow of blame upon the state. Mr. Hoover does not suffer thereby any aspersion. For obligations and responsibilities with regard to life, as between the citizen and the state, are all on the one side.

That is why Christian charity is so inestimably important. The life of the free American citizen who is about to turn up his toes in Union Square is entirely a matter for private sentiment, personal benevolence, eloquent perorations, appeal to high ideals. If the state takes any action in the matter, that is purely a magnanimous gesture arising out of the irrepressible generosity of the sentiments which inspire every thought of the exalted individuals to whom are committed the executive powers of the nation. To restrain those sentiments from overflowing in words of impassioned eloquence when their hearts are wrung with tenderness at the spectacle of suffering would be to expect too much of human nature. But in appealing to all and sundry to do their share in helping bear the cross of suffering and distress in times when the unfortunate miscarriage of speculative transactions and the immoderate ambitions of rugged predatory individualism offer more than ever an opportunity for the exercise of Christian charity, the executives of the state transcend, they are careful to make it clear, the strict limits of their

official function and obligations, and speak as mere men to whom the spectacle of widespread suffering is intolerable.

Some misguided and uninformed persons have put forward suggestions to the effect that obligations as between citizens and the state should, as a matter of elementary equity, be reciprocal. The state, which claims a right over the citizen's life, should, they preposterously imply, hold itself responsible for the security of that life. When a citizen perishes from starvation and exposure in the vicinity of the Treasury, the misadventure, they represent, argues a gross dereliction of duty on the part of the state, and constitutes as clearly an act of indictable manslaughter as if it were chargeable to criminal neglect on the part of an individual. If the state does not guarantee the mere existence of its citizens, what, in the name of political philosophy, is its function?

But those are Bolshevik doctrines. The whole of the distinction between the social organization which Bolsheviks advocate and the decent civilized anarchy of respectable predatory individualistic societies lies precisely in the view taken of the moral obligations of the state. Ignorant and unbalanced extremists imagine that the state has duties and obligations toward its citizens. Persons who talk in that manner have no respect for venerable traditions. The state is fulfilling its obligations when it provides adequate protection to the pecuniary interests of the country. Nor does it ever show any remissness in the unflinching fidelity with which it discharges that sacred duty. The inordinate display of armed force which it provides when gentlemen having their offices in Wall Street think they have cause to feel nervous may, indeed, appear at times excessive. The state may be over-punctilious in the discharge of its duties when the vital interests of the country are at stake, but to expect that it shall take upon itself additional responsibilities for human lives which are of no pecuniary value is to misunderstand its character. It represents the august power of a great and potent nation. And that power resides in the great monetary interests of its financial and industrial leaders, not in the empty stomachs of those who are led by them to destitution and starvation. With a wise appreciation of its true function the state, faithful to its trust, places its resources at the disposal of bankers. Starving stomachs appertain to the province of private charity. What would become of the moral inspiration supplied by the exercise of the latter if the state, desecrating all moral ideals, should debase the virtue of Christian charity to the sordid level of an elementary obligation? What, even, would become of the Christian religion should the state blasphemously presume to play, except in regard to the bankers, the part of Providence?

Such an extension of its functions by a more or less Christian state solemnly pledged to uphold the principles of religion and of rugged individualism would be tantamount to a subversion of those principles. It would, we are told, be opposed to the whole spirit of the American people—whatever that may mean. Granted that the "problem of unemployment" constitutes a danger and a source of anxiety to those whose enthusiasm for those principles has created it, to meet that danger by a breach of those very principles would be no remedy. It would be a step toward social organization, that is, toward bolshevism. The cure would be worse than the disease. Placed as it is at the present juncture between the devil of social reform and the deep



blue sea of dissolution, predatory individualism sees little hope of escape from the dilemma except in an appeal to the finer qualities and nobler impulses of human nature. In the generous self-sacrifice of private charity, in the spirit of good-will and human brotherhood, in the eternal principles of the Sermon on the Mount lie the hopes of Wall Street. To those immutable principles, accordingly, the President, whose piety is well known, appeals with husky eloquence. Let everyone, without distinction of class, practice charity. By that sign shall rugged predatory individualism win through to the prosperity which will bring back bigger and better depredation.

The solid interests which the government of the United States represents can no more accept a quixotic responsibility for the lives of workers which those interests no longer require than they could have been held responsible to the governments of the European countries whence they formerly inveigled cheap labor when they required it. And that the wretches once provided the means of building up an unexampled prosperity and of getting rich quickly is no reason why their lives should be safeguarded after they have outlasted their usefulness, and from being a source of profit have become a menace to those profits.

Private charity has the advantage of being ineffective. The security arising from regular state insurance does actually guarantee to the citizen the minimum of subsistence. The uncertain and insubstantial futility of the relief which charity ostentatiously offers is sufficiently unreal not to interfere unduly with the natural process of decimation by misery, which it serves to veil rather than to arrest. The

nuisance and the perils arising from an unwanted excess of population that no longer serves a useful purpose in the scheme of profitable civilization are mitigated by the exercise of private charity, which is thus more than twice blessed, and compasses less noisily, if more gradually, the same desirable results as the use of automatic pistols and machine-guns. The abject humiliation and degradation inflicted by private charity help, moreover, by sapping the last remnants of self-respect, to break the spirit of the idle and destitute and thus to avert the dangers which might else arise from their despair.

Americans are an emotional and sentimental people. The appeal of generous sentiments is never lost upon them even though they may be slow to respond to the unbalanced emotions of moral indignation. Fortified by principles of wisdom, the government of the United States will preserve the trust placed in it by the solid interests of rugged predatory individualism. By their indomitable resolution to sacrifice everything to personal gain, those interests have raised this country to the exalted position which it now occupies among the nations that look up to it with mixed feelings. From the giddy height it may plumb the depth of the abyss on the brink of which it stands. The leaders of this great nation, who have placed it upon that pinnacle of perilous glory, shall ever lead it onward. Let the precious milk of human kindness be poured upon the troubled chaos which rugged predatory individualism has brought about. Let every man, except the representatives of the nation, be his brother's keeper. Let destitution, hunger, misery, and despair look for relief to charity. Let them not ask for justice.

## Getting Out of Central America

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

**A**POLOGISTS have recently declared that what Japan is doing in Manchuria is no different from what the United States has done in Central America. To a certain extent the statement is true. The Kellogg-Stimson intervention in Nicaragua in 1927, resulting in a futile campaign against Sandino which is still being doggedly carried on, in many respects resembles the Japanese campaign against the Chinese. The United States calls Sandino and his followers "bandits" just as the Japanese call their Chinese opponents in Manchuria "bandits." But there is this important difference between Japanese and American policy. Although Japan is becoming more and more aggressive toward China, the United States is attempting to withdraw from Central America, and is resisting new opportunities for intervention. However timidly, it is moving toward a policy of non-intervention which will accord with its frequent professions of pan-Americanism and with its obligations under the anti-war pact.

Whether this new policy will be fully carried out depends upon forthcoming events in Nicaragua and Salvador. Secretary Stimson has announced that the marines will leave Nicaragua in January, 1933, after the presidential elections of November, 1932. As in the case of the 1928 and 1930 elections, the United States will supervise the November balloting in the hope of leaving Nicaragua in the hands of

a government which will command the respect of the people. Nevertheless, the difficulties which will confront the United States in the November elections are greater than those of preceding years. Owing to discrimination against third parties, the issue has hitherto been drawn clearly between the Liberals and the Conservatives. In each election the Liberals have won a decisive victory, thus confirming the impression that they constitute a definite majority throughout the country. But during the past few months the Liberal Party has experienced a split which, if it is not healed, may lead to a Conservative victory in November. The titular head of the Liberal Party, President Moncada, has never been popular with many members of the party. He was nominated in 1928 largely because of the impression that Mr. Stimson would like to see him President. He has probably made as good a President as any other Nicaraguan would have during the intervention period, though he has ruled with an iron hand. Supported by an American-officered Guardia, he has often imprisoned opponents without trial on the ground that they were Communists and *Sandinistas*.

According to the Nicaragua constitution, the President is ineligible immediately for a second term. To succeed Moncada at least four Liberal candidates have appeared: ex-Minister Juan B. Sacasa; Vice-President Aguado; Leonardo Arguello, former Minister of Foreign Affairs; and



Dr. Rudolfo Espinosa, former minister in Washington and a member of the unrecognized Sacasa government in 1927. Although for a time Moncada was supposed to be supporting Minister of Finance Barberena, today he apparently has no candidate and is accused of wishing to prolong his own term. So bitter has feeling become that the four candidates have formed an anti-Moncada branch of the Liberal Party. In March two separate conventions were held, each representing itself to be the true Liberal Party. It is this division which gives the Conservatives an unexpected opportunity.

Recognizing that the past disorder in Nicaragua has been due largely to the intense bitterness between Conservatives and Liberals, President Moncada, in February, 1932, published a brief monograph reviewing the history of the country and expressing the belief that national unity and stability could be secured after the withdrawal of the American intervention only by the representation of minorities. In the following month he published another pamphlet elaborating this suggestion. Thus, instead of being entirely excluded from participation in the government, the party which loses the presidential election would be given, say, one-third of the places in the Cabinet, courts, and general administrative departments. Although this reform could be adopted by an ordinary amendment to the present constitution, Moncada proposed that a convention be called to frame an entirely new constitution. This constitution, according to Moncada, should also legalize the existence of the Guardia Nacional, the military force now directed by Americans, and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty giving the United States the right to build the Nicaragua Canal. Moncada declared that this treaty violated the constitution forbidding the conclusion of any agreement affecting Nicaragua's "sovereignty." He did not wish to set aside this treaty, however, because the "rights of humanity" dictated that the Nicaragua Canal should be built. The treaty "cannot be submitted to new discussions of conventions, to national congresses, courts of arbitration, or the League of Nations." (In 1916 the Central American Court had ruled that the treaty violated the rights of Salvador and Costa Rica.) But Moncada asserted that the constitution should be amended so as to give the treaty validity. Apparently his proposal to constitutionalize the National Guard and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty was bait tempting Mr. Stimson to accept the rest of his plan.

Moncada's next step was to send a mission to Washington, composed of one Liberal and one Conservative, in an attempt to induce the State Department to postpone the 1932 presidential elections and supervise in their stead elections for a constitutional convention. Although Moncada has repeatedly denied any ambition to stay in power, this demand for a new constitution led to the accusation that he really wished to extend his office for two more years. It was pointed out that in case a convention to frame a new constitution were held, it would be impossible to elect a new President to take office in January, and that the alternative would be extension of Moncada's term as a de facto government. Moncada's references to the adoption in the past of new constitutions by de facto governments increased the suspicion that he really harbored a desire to prolong his term and that his proposal for a constitutional convention, elected under American supervision, was a means of securing State Department support for his ambition.

In a note of April 5, 1932, Secretary Stimson refused

to be a party to any such transaction. He declared that the question whether Nicaragua should have a new constitution was one for Nicaragua alone to decide. Inasmuch as the Bryan-Chamorro treaty had received more than two-thirds of the votes of the Nicaragua legislature, it was valid according to Article 162 of the constitution. Finally, he warned that if Nicaragua should proceed to elect a constitutional convention this year, the United States would not supervise the November presidential elections. As a result of this note, Moncada has taken no further action in regard to a new constitution.

Because of the continuing split in the Liberal Party, there is danger that a minority candidate will win the November elections—an outcome which would create an unstable situation after American withdrawal. The Conservatives are nominating as their candidate Don Adolfo Díaz, whom the United States virtually made President in 1926. The one reason why the Conservatives are backing Don Adolfo is because they believe that Washington would look with favor upon his election. The State Department has declared repeatedly that it will be absolutely neutral during the coming elections, but the Conservative leaders apparently believe that the State Department wishes to have in Nicaragua a puppet government, and they are prepared to advance the most *Americanista* candidate in the country in the hope thereby of returning to power. If Díaz should be elected President in November, no one in Latin America would believe that his election was not dictated by the United States, and many of the gains of our new Latin American policy would thereby be lost. Moreover, if Díaz should come into power as a result of a split in the Liberal Party, it is probable that Sandino would march an army into Managua following the withdrawal of the American marines and plunge Nicaragua into another civil war.

While the State Department should not interfere in the selection of presidential candidates, it should make it perfectly clear that it is not supporting, even with its sympathy, the candidacy of Díaz. Justified as the State Department was in rejecting Moncada's plan for a new constitution, which would have inevitably prolonged the American intervention, the United States should nevertheless do what is proper to bring about an agreement between the Conservative and Liberal parties embodying Moncada's idea of representation of minorities. If both parties are given a share in the spoils, both may be reasonably content and the incentive to revolution thereby removed. The State Department should not repeat the error made in 1924 of leaving upon its withdrawal a political situation in Nicaragua which will make future revolution inevitable.

While planning to evacuate Nicaragua, the United States has also been trying to avoid intervention in Salvador. In December, 1931, a coup d'état led by the younger military officers forced President Araujo to flee the country. Despite his likable personality and liberal tendencies Araujo had proved a weak President. His entourage fattened off the treasury while the army remained unpaid. After the revolt against him the Salvador Congress quickly authorized Vice-President Martínez to take office in accordance with the constitution. There is no doubt that the revolt against Araujo was popular and that Martínez commanded respect.

On January 22 the government was rudely challenged by a Communist uprising. Although agitators had been at



work for many years, no one even faintly believed that Salvador, a tropical, agricultural country, could be the home of one of the strongest Communist movements in the Western Hemisphere. The Third International, however, has found a fertile field in parts of this little country, where there exists a land shortage caused by overpopulation and desperate conditions upon the coffee estates. The government had decided to allow the Communist Party to participate in the municipal elections on January 3 and in the congressional elections of the following Sunday. But when it became evident that the Communists would carry several cities, the government excluded them from the polls. This arbitrary action—which is customary throughout Latin America—was a sign for an uprising in which the Communists made attacks in the Sonsonate and Ahuachapan districts. Although the attacks on the larger towns were repulsed, the Communists succeeded in taking Juayua, an important coffee center, and the Indian town of Izalco. Laborers and overseers who had been implicitly trusted for years rose up and killed estate owners and created a reign of terror on the coffee plantations. The Salvador army, remaining loyal to Martínez, with the assistance of 2,000 volunteers soon expelled the Communists from the cities. The Salvador property-owners, together with the army, throwing restraint to the winds, now engaged in a war of extermination, as a result of which between 3,000 and 7,000 Salvador *mozos* were slaughtered. There is no doubt that many innocent laborers were killed in this general holocaust and that many seeds of future bitterness were sown. The last cry of Augustín Martí, Communist leader and graduate of the Salvador law school, upon being executed February 1, was "Viva el Partido Comunista!"

A third factor in a delicate situation was the default of the Salvador government on its foreign loans on February 27. This default took on political importance because of the provisions of a loan contract drawn up in 1922 between the Salvador government and American bankers, the terms of which were severely criticized at the time by *The Nation*. According to this contract the American bankers could maintain a fiscal representative in Salvador to receive the customs pledged to the loan; but should the government go into default the bankers in cooperation with the State Department could establish a customs receivership. Thus the default of February 27 placed before the United States the question of establishing customs control over Salvador similar to that which existed in Nicaragua.

Now Salvador is one of the proudest countries in Central America; from the beginning it protested against the interventions of the United States in Nicaragua. Moreover, although the fiscal representative in Salvador, Mr. W. W. Renwick, has been popular because of his diplomatic efforts to assist the government in carrying out reforms, the 1922 loan contract from the first encountered severe criticism, which has increased during the last year. Under these circumstances the establishment of an American receivership in Salvador would have created intense indignation and overturned many of the gains achieved by the new Hoover Latin American policy. Consequently, the State Department has declined to assist in the establishment of this receivership—one reason being that it has not "recognized" the Martínez regime. Apparently this is the only instance in history where our recognition policy has worked to the advantage of a non-recognized government! For that matter, the bankers real-

ize that the establishment of a receivership would give little additional security.

Although the United States has recognized revolutionary governments in South America during the past eighteen months, it declines to recognize Martínez because of the Central American treaty of 1923, which prevents the recognition of any government headed by a leader of the successful revolution or by a Cabinet officer in the overthrown regime. According to a number of foreign diplomatic representatives, Martínez had not been a leader in the revolt against Araujo. However, he had been elected Vice-President and had been appointed Minister of War. It would have been possible for the State Department to rule that since Martínez had been elected Vice-President, he was merely performing the duties of the Minister of War without holding that office—and consequently was eligible to recognition. But the State Department adopted the more obvious interpretation that Martínez as former Minister of War was ineligible to recognition under the 1923 treaty. It was believed that this ruling would force Martínez to resign, as did General Orellana under similar circumstances in Guatemala in 1930. Martínez, however, continues in office.

In applying the 1923 recognition treaty to Salvador the State Department has acted much more circumspectly than it did in Nicaragua in 1926. Instead of following an aggressive, literal interpretation of that treaty, it has acted in cooperation with the Guatemala and Honduras governments, both of which fear that revolutions would be encouraged if Martínez were recognized. The Department is not attempting to oust Martínez from office as it did Chamorro, and it showed restraint in not landing marines at the time of the Communist outbreak. Nevertheless, the application of the 1923 treaty to Martínez has stirred up indignation against the United States in Salvador and elsewhere in Central America. This indignation is particularly acute because the Salvador Congress approved the recognition treaty, on May 26, 1925, subject to a reservation that Salvador could not accept the clause preventing the recognition of revolutionary governments because the right of revolution is guaranteed in the Salvador constitution. Because of this reservation the Martínez government contends that this treaty clause cannot now be applied against it. The State Department declares, however, that this reservation merely controls the recognition policy of Salvador toward the other Central American countries; that it does not prevent the other countries and the United States from applying the 1923 treaty as a whole against Salvador. Technically this answer may be correct, but it ignores the equities of the situation. Had Salvador believed that any such legalistic interpretation was going to be applied to its reservation, it undoubtedly would have rejected the 1923 treaty as a whole. Because of this reservation and of the fact that the Salvador Congress has ruled that Martínez is eligible as President under the treaty, Salvador regards the non-recognition policy of the United States as an intervention in its affairs. The only means by which the United States can prevent the recurrence of such situations in Salvador and elsewhere in Central America is by bringing about the revision of the 1923 treaty, so as to make it possible to apply the same recognition policy to Central America that we apply in South America. Until the 1923 treaty is revised, the Hoover Latin American policy will not be able fully to achieve its ends.



# The Artist in Soviet Russia

By LOUIS LOZOWICK

**H**ISTORY does not record whether the Flemish master of Early Renaissance, Jan van Eyck, resented the title *valet de chambre* given to him at the court of Burgundy where he was employed. We know he earned his keep conscientiously, like so many artists of his time, by turning out masterpieces to the honor of his patron and the glory of the church (propaganda!). In accordance with the ideas of our own more enlightened age, the modern master Amadeo Modigliani was free from entangling ideological alliances and enjoyed, therefore, deservedly the title of "intellectual aristocrat"—compensation, perhaps, for his death from starvation and the suicide of his wife with an unborn child. Disinterested friends of art made a neat fortune on the sale of his works.

The fate of Modigliani is not an accident. It is as typical of our period as that of Van Eyck was of his. In our time, when a surplus of art works is ground out for the competitive market amid the din of newspaper ballyhoo, the starving artist is inevitably present wherever artists congregate—Paris, London, New York, Detroit. He is, indeed, so common as to be taken for granted, even romanticized. The Bolshevik Revolution, irreverent of so many capitalist institutions, abolished the romantic notion of the perennial bohemian. In Soviet Russia the starving artist has gone out of fashion and out of existence as well, and his place has been taken by the type of artist not uncommon in art history—the public agent actively participating in the social life of which he forms an integral part.

During the last fifteen years schools and tendencies have changed and shifted, but whether the Russian artists have constructed abstract "polygraphic objects," or painted in the reporter's manner of "heroic realism," or sought to combine the revolutionary theme with plastic qualities, they have all proclaimed unequivocally their complete adherence to the revolution, their identity with its vast program of creating a new Socialist society. Artists are members of a trade union together with printers, textile designers, and workers in other allied trades; they carry unemployment, sickness, accident insurance—paid by the institution employing them—and receive two weeks' or a month's vacation with pay. Though the artists paint more than ever before, they also find time for applied work—to introduce a distinction not always valid—of which there is an unlimited need.

To take a few specific instances: There is a campaign for the collectivization of agriculture. The peasants must be shown by means of posters the advantages of collective over individual farming; they must have a graphic picture of how collectivization leads to better homes, greater leisure, higher culture, more bread. On still another plane—it has been the custom in Central Asia to strap every child to its cradle for a full year after its birth. Posters are made to show the harmful consequences of such a practice and the superiority of a more sanitary method. Then, of course, there are numberless campaigns for the Five-Year Plan in Four, for Soviet aviation, for sports, hygiene, literacy. No phase of life is left untouched. These posters alone are enough to keep the

artists of the nation busy. But they are only a beginning. There are newspapers to illustrate, book jackets, magazines by the ten thousand. Artists are attached to theaters, to city-planning commissions, to parks of culture and rest, to workers' clubs.

All of the work described is executed on the basis of *contractatzia*, that is, a contract or collective agreement for a stated period and compensation. Depending on qualifications, the compensation ranges between 200 and 360 rubles a month. In piece work more can easily be earned. Artists may hold more than one job. Several hundred rubles a month are quite common; even incomes of over a thousand rubles are not unknown. Many artists are under a year's contract with Izogis (Art Section of State Publishing House) to complete four easel paintings and ten sketches, on a given theme, to be reproduced in color and sold throughout the Soviet Union. The original painting is the artist's property, to dispose of at his discretion. After four years, if the reproductions prove to be popular, the artist gets a royalty on all new printings. Frequently an artist receives a *com-mandirovka*, a commission to visit various parts of the Soviet Union to paint pictures on some definite theme. Thus last year, on the themes of the Five-Year Plan and Fifteen Years of the Red Army, Izogis sent out a hundred artists, the cooperative "Artist" fifty, and the Commissariat of Education fifty. The artists' expenses are paid and the pictures painted are their own.

There are many painters still working in the privacy of their studios without definite contracts or commissions. How do they dispose of their work? Individual buyers, though theoretically still possible, have disappeared. Paintings are acquired by museums, workers' clubs, trade unions, educational institutions. The provinces are among the best customers. As all important exhibitions travel to all large and small cities of the Soviet Union, sales are made all along the way. In certain instances the Commissariat of Education, to encourage the sales, pays from its own funds part of the price on condition that some public institution pay the rest. There are also "peoples' artists" receiving a monthly pension sufficient to keep them in comfort. What are the subjects painted? In most cases social and cultural subjects—the revolution, industrialization, cultural gains; but there are also still-lives, landscapes, even nudes, even abstractions. There is, of course, no legal restriction as to subject matter, though Soviet critical opinion is overwhelmingly opposed to "neutral" art as a snare and delusion of bourgeois ideology. That such an attitude leads to abuse no one is more aware than the Soviet critics, who lambaste scathingly all shoddy work, repeatedly recalling Lenin's injunction about the working class deserving a great art.

A more intimate glimpse into the Soviet artist's life is afforded by the Artists' House in Moscow, a modern six-story structure equipped with hot and cold water, electricity, telephones, radio, solarium, public restaurant, laundry, nursery, library, exhibition room; in the yard a vegetable garden, fountain, flower bed, rabbit farm, tennis court. The project



was initiated by the Association of Revolutionary Artists, designed by the architect Saveliev, and built in 1928-30 at a cost of 800,000 rubles, a tenth of which was furnished by the artists, the rest being a state loan to be paid back in sixty years. The rent for two- and three-room apartments, including heating, lighting, and payment on the loan, is 80 and 120 rubles a month respectively. Preparations are already being made for building a similar house on a lot next door, to include a publishing house, a printing-press, and a factory of applied work. A third lot is being considered, the aim being to establish an artists' quarter. Collective life is in every way encouraged. Thus, though there are facilities for washing and cooking in the privacy of the apartment, most members prefer to use the house laundry, restaurant, and nursery. There is an endless stream of social activities in the building—meetings, political and artistic discussions, participation in public campaigns, organization of artists' brigades to visit villages, factories, and Red Army units, or to help in the editing of "wall newspapers" and in the formation of amateur art groups.

"We regard ourselves," said one of the responsible officials of the house, "as part of the entire working-class army engaged in the building of socialism. The obstacles still in the way inspire us with greater efforts to overcome them. Beyond the immediate gains we look toward the ultimate ideal: 'From each according to his ability; to each according to his need.'"

## In the Driftway

"**B**EWARE OF IMITATIONS" is the title of a little book unkindly published by the Viking Press. The Drifter says "unkindly" because the book shows the human race, genus *Americanus*, in the act of furious ratiocination, and the results are just a mite discouraging, considering the effort involved. "Beware of Imitations" is a simple compilation of some fifty patents duly issued by the United States Patent Office, with a diagram of each device and a description of it by its inventor. The compilers, A. E. Brown and H. A. Jeffcott, Jr., have added no comment. Comment, indeed, would be superfluous.

**T**HERE is a design for a balloon propelled by eagles or vultures, in which birds are bound to the balloon and the contraption moves because of their flight. "It may be observed," says the inventor, "that the birds have only to fly, the direction of their flight being changed by the conductor quite independently of their own will." There is a combined plow and gun whose "utility as an implement of the twofold capacity described is unquestionable, especially when used in border localities." (Patent issued June 17, 1862.) There is a combined grocer's package, grater, slicer, and mouse and fly trap, which is described as being useful in all of these diverse directions. There is an "improved necktie and watch-guard combined"; a "combined matchsafe, pincushion, and trap"; and a "combined clothes-brush, flask, and drinking-cup." These combinations, however, which add ingenuity to difficulty in the making of a tool, are less

striking than some of the simpler devices: for instance, a simple little tool for "shaping the upper lip," which when worn long enough causes "a depression to be formed in the upper surface and centrally of the upper lip . . . whereby the upper lip will eventually be changed to the form of the well-known Cupid's bow." The chewing-gum locket is another handy little trick; when worn by a ribbon around the neck it provides that chewing gum may "thus be carried conveniently upon the person, and is not left around carelessly to become dirty or to fall in the hands of persons to whom it does not belong and be used by ulcerous and diseased mouths, by which infection would be communicated by subsequent use to the owner."

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE Drifter has looked over the list carefully and he has a number of favorites. But probably none is more neat, compact, and ingenious than the artificial fish bait. This tool is constructed in the form of a small submarine with a hook at one end and at the bottom, and a catch for a line at the other end. The trick, however, is the insertion of a small mirror in the side. This, according to the inventor, insures the effectiveness of the bait in the following manner:

A male fish, seeing his image looking therein, will appear to see another fish approach it from the opposite side with the intent to seize the bait, and this will not only arouse his warlike spirit, but also appeal to his greed, and he will seize the bait quickly in order to defeat the approaching rival. In case the fish is suspected of cowardice, I may make the mirror of convex form . . . in order that the rival or antagonist may appear to be smaller. In the case of a female fish, the attractiveness of a mirror is too well known to need discussion.

Patent for this invention was issued April 25, 1916!

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### "Half-baked Communism"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sidney Hook, in the opening words of his review of Robert Briffault's book "Breakdown" in *The Nation* of June 8, states that "the only intelligible thing about Mr. Briffault's book is its enthusiasms." Since "enthusiasms" were apparently the only things intelligible to Mr. Hook, it is not surprising that in the thousand or more words that follow this declaration, which remind one of a Hegelian fog more than of anything else, he exhibited not the remotest symptom of comprehension of what the book is all about.

Mr. Hook objects to what he disingenuously calls Dr. Briffault's "ferocity." It is permissible to remark that it is just such lamblike desk-philosophers as Mr. Hook who, while paying lip service to doctrines conventionally esteemed "advanced," shudder in their lily-white skins at the thought of "violence." I do not know whether Mr. Hook approves of modern Russia and its ideals, and frankly I do not care, but Mr. Hook will reflect that it was violence that made modern Russia and its ideals possible. It is through violence that capitalism holds its sway, and it is only through violence that that sway will be broken.



Mr. Hook objects to Dr. Briffault's discussion of the relation between politics and culture, and in order to show how foolish Dr. Briffault is in demanding that the scientists and others take sides, he says, among other things, that "the meaning and validity of a scientific proposition are completely independent of whether science functions in a capitalist or Communist order." This statement is typical of many made by Mr. Hook in his review, and like them it is entirely untrue. If Mr. Hook is not philosopher enough to be aware of this, then he is not worth arguing with. What really matters, it seems to me, about the validity of a scientific proposition is not so much the name of the state in which it has been determined as that it shall gain acceptance. Does Mr. Hook really believe that the willingness with which scientific propositions are accepted is independent of the form of the society in which they are proposed?

New York, June 10

M. F. ASHLEY-MONTAGU

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if you were aware of your fine art in publishing Sidney Hook's review of Robert Briffault's "Break-down." Mr. Hook begins thus: "The only thing intelligible about Mr. Briffault's book is its enthusiasms." Enthusiasms about what? Evidently about unintelligible things! Anyone even slightly acquainted with the author knows him to be conspicuously intelligent in his enthusiasms. The reviewer not only does not know Mr. Briffault; he is evidently incapable of knowing him. Immediately one wonders why you published a review by one admitting that the book was beyond him.

But perhaps you have done exceptionally well. Since Mr. Briffault is convinced that traditional civilization cannot adapt itself to a changing world and must therefore collapse, what review could be better than one illustrating the reason for entertaining this thesis?

You selected a reviewer of known intellectual ability, who is at the same time a victim of traditional philosophy. His insistent refusal to admit the validity of the author's reasoning, his evasion of the true issues, his whole uncomprehending attitude are lovely illustrations of the non-adaptability of tradition-bound minds, the reason of the failure of a traditional civilization to be adjusted to a world of life and evolution.

Toledo, Ohio, June 8

NELSON MORRIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I claim a few lines of your space to comment, not on Sidney Hook's pathetic attack upon me in your issue of June 8, which has not the slightest importance to anyone, but on certain dangers of which it is an illustration and which are of real importance to advanced thinkers. Mr. Hook is evidently in sympathy with the Communist Party. It has been that party's policy to attack those radical thinkers who are most in accord with its aims but who are not members of the party. There is considerable historical and tactical justification for the policy, for communism has suffered enormously from "half-baked" supporters and renegades, and I do not criticize or blame the policy. What is regrettable is its effect upon many honest thinkers. I should like to remind these that neither incidental tactics nor unamiable and illiterate personalities should weigh in the balance of principles. These stand above such considerations. Nothing, therefore, should incline intellectuals to retaliate in act, word, or feeling against those who, to the best of their lights, sacrifice more to the cause of social justice than do many intellectuals. That cause will certainly not be served by permitting views or words to be deflected by personal irritations. I hope and trust that in the test of need the place of all honest and competent thinkers will be by the side of those who may have ignorantly attacked them.

New York, June 8

ROBERT BRIFFAULT

## Harlan Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article Harlan County: Act of God? by J. C. Byars, Jr., in the June 15 issue of your publication contains a statement which is untrue and misleading in the extreme. I quote Mr. Byars as follows:

One does not have to explore far into mountain lore to learn how quickly the mountaineer falls back on his rifle or his knife when in trouble. The I. W. W. came into the Kentucky field and for a while expanded its organization on this tendency. It was with some surprise that I heard on every hand of the fight waged against the I. W. W. by red [Communist] organizers. So positive has been the stand of the National Miners Union against violence and so vigorously has it combated the I. W. W. that the I. W. W. has been largely ousted from the Kentucky field.

It will be concluded from the above that the "red organizers"—Communists—are advocating non-violent methods in order to curb and counteract the direct-action propaganda of the terrible I. W. W. Practically every statement Mr. Byars makes is incorrect. The I. W. W. advocates a disciplined and well-organized general strike of the workers in all industries. The I. W. W. has always discouraged the use of violence in industrial disputes as the weapon of hopelessness and desperation. Such inaccuracies have been used in courts before now to secure convictions of I. W. W. members. And Mr. Byars's remarks may be used with other similar statements to send forty innocent miners to the electric chair or to prison for life.

The General Defense Committee, 555 West Lake Street, Chicago, entirely without assistance from the Communists, has been sending relief to the imprisoned miners and their families and carrying the heavy burden of legal defense and publicity. In addition to supporting the prisoners and their dependents our committee has sent to Harlan County case relief amounting to more than \$2,500 and much clothing and food.

Speaking not only as secretary of the General Defense Committee but as one who has on various occasions been in Harlan and who knows the facts thoroughly, I ask you to rectify Mr. Byars's blunder before the results are irremediable.

Chicago, June 15

HERBERT MAHLER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for June 15 there is a story about Harlan, Kentucky. I am from Harlan. The story is a bit misleading, because written in the present tense; you'd think the National Miners Union had a soup kitchen in Harlan now, and that the miners in thousands were flocking into the union. Sadly enough, this is untrue. Several months ago it was true, but not now. Today nothing is left of the union.

I've lived among the miners all my life, and I know they want a union. In the beginning I was heart and soul with the National Miners Union; it went about the job with daring, and I had hopes. Even now I may be wrong; the odds may have been too great, the sheriff and his gunmen too powerful; but then there is the red-flag waving and the atheism; and it's a question, in my mind at least, whether the Communists were more interested in propagandizing communism or in building a miners' union.

In West Virginia, where the coal operators were just as stubborn and the "law" just as corrupt, the miners have a clean, militant, growing union, numbering more than 12,000. They even had a strike last year, just as the N. M. U. did in Harlan, and lost, but Frank Keeney and Tom Tippet of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action remained on the job,



rebuilt the union, and today the miners have their own candidates in the field! And the success of the one and the failure of the other may be a matter of approach, a matter of emphasis. Certainly what the West Virginia Mine Workers Union is doing is just as militant and soundly "labor" and revolutionary as anything any Trade Union Unity League organization has done. But there the emphasis was put upon actually organizing the miners to better their conditions, while the N. M. U. in Harlan, Communist inspired and led as it was, and impatient for action, waved the red flag. I'm bitter about it, because the miners in Harlan want a union. They thought they had found one that would stick with them. But the union is gone and the miners are greatly disillusioned.

New York, June 28

TESS HUFF

## The Appeal to Justice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius has written me that I was incorrect when I charged him, in my recent article on Norman Thomas, with changing the name of the *Appeal to Reason* during the war to the *New Appeal*. I am glad to exonerate him from personal responsibility for this change of title and policy, although I wish he had thrown in his lot with those Socialists who openly opposed the war. But when the change of title occurred, he was not connected with the paper. Mr. Haldeman-Julius states that later he joined the staff as an employee, "with no editorial or business responsibility," and that when he finally obtained control he "changed the name back to the *Appeal to Reason* and eliminated its pro-war policy."

New York, June 22

DEVERE ALLEN



### PLAYS



#### "ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

A New Play by ROSE FRANKEN

With GLENN AUSTIN

DOROTHY STICKNEY, MARGARET WYCHERLY, JOHN HALL  
"Remarkably evocative, subtle, beautiful and tender, and as real as the truth. A splendid achievement of acting and direction."

—J. BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times.

BOOTH THEATRE—45th St., West of Broadway  
Eves. 8:50—Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40



### WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT



#### PLAYS TO SEE

Another Language—Booth—45 St., W. of B'way.

A Thousand Summers—Selwyn—42 St.

Bridal Wise—Cort—W. 48 St.

Counsellor-at-Law—Plymouth—W. 45 St.

Face the Music—New Amsterdam—W. 42 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Cohan—43 St. ■ B'way.

## Finance

### How Germany May Pay

THE formula that German obligations to private investors abroad must take precedence over reparations payments—a formula on which Germany has strongly insisted—seems likely to prevail; the French, in spite of their great stake in reparations and the comparatively minor holdings of French investors in the Reich, have not even suggested that the priority of the two classes of claims be reversed. The hollow ground upon which reparations stand, once the idea of collection through military force is abandoned, could hardly be more strikingly illustrated. Whatever Germany pays in the near future will be paid to the banks and individuals abroad who have advanced short-term or long-term credits to German corporations, towns, states, banks, business firms, and to the Reich itself.

When this is said, however, the manner and degree in which these obligations will be met at maturity remain in extreme uncertainty, as is clearly shown by their prices on the security markets. An issue of \$10,000,000 Saxon Public Works (state-controlled electric utility) 5 per cent notes, guaranteed by the Free State of Saxony, matures on July 15. At this writing the notes are selling at about 41, a price substantially above that of a few months ago. The next maturity consists of \$25,000,000 Deutsche Bank 6 per cent notes, payable on September 1. These, although the unguaranteed obligation of a private institution (in which, however, the Reichsbank has nearly a one-third stock interest) command a price of 80. The Saxon notes will not be paid, and will be the first German issue to default. Holders are offered a new 6 per cent note plus 5 per cent in cash, with the explanation that the authorities have refused permission to transfer the necessary funds abroad.

All transfers of money out of Germany are under the control of the Reichsbank, to which all foreign credits owned by Germans must be sold, and which in turn rations those credits to Germans having payments to make abroad. Unless the foreign funds are forthcoming from the central bank, the German debtor is powerless to remit to his foreign creditor. He may, and does, pay the amount owed, in equivalent Reichsmarks, into a German bank, but he can do no more. The country's rapidly dwindling excess of merchandise exports over imports and the fact that no more loans are being advanced by foreigners have reduced the supply of foreign exchange below the amount adequate to provide for German payments abroad. This is the "transfer" problem which vexed both the Dawes and Young committees, and of which no solution is forthcoming.

There is a possible solution. If transfers are suspended on an increasing number and amount of foreign obligations and the amounts due paid in Reichsmarks into "blocked" accounts within Germany, obviously foreigners will before long possess a substantial amount of German currency which should be available to purchase German goods for export. This would be a roundabout way of arriving at that payment in goods which, it is insisted, is the only way in which Europe can finally liquidate its debts to the United States. Under existing German regulations, even this method of balancing accounts may not prove feasible, for apparently the German exporter is expected actually to obtain a foreign credit for what he sells abroad, and turn it over to the Reichsbank. As matters stand, the credit has actually been obtained in advance, and refusal to permit it to be canceled through shipment of commodities would come close to repudiation. If exports were permitted against those otherwise almost useless balances, German dollar bonds would have an actual, if uncertain, value, based upon their commodity purchasing power.

S. PALMER HARMAN



# Books and Architecture

## Last Hour

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

No dial, no clock hand, no perfunctory chime  
Marks what we know as having come to pass:  
One moment unaccountable to Time,  
Beyond the ebb of the inverted glass.  
So in that bright nihility we rest  
Waiting the turn, the pendulum's new arc,  
A starry interval, a burning crest  
Between the light and some eventual dark.

Earth will plunge headlong soon enough, will toss  
Her mane of waters into spinning spray,  
The foundering vessel and the Albatross,  
Harbor and beacon, lost and swept away.  
Lean to my heart and listen; for no clock  
Will strike the hour that cedes us Ragnarok!

## Germany

*The German Crisis.* By H. R. Knickerbocker. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

*The Germans.* By George N. Shuster. The Dial Press. \$3.

*Thoughts on Germany.* By Richard von Kühlmann. Translated by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

**M**R. KNICKERBOCKER'S series of articles on Germany does not compare in interest and accuracy with his series on Russia, which won him the Pulitzer prize. His book suffers, moreover, from the fact that the situation in Germany is changing from day to day, and that newspaper articles printed in one month may misrepresent the actual situation the next month. Moreover, Mr. Knickerbocker guessed wrong in several instances. For example, he declared that Von Epp would be the Nazi candidate for President and poll fifteen million votes, and that the Communists would get six million. The latter actually polled four and one-half million, and it was not Von Epp who ran for the Nazis, but Hitler, and even this leader did not get more than eleven and a half million votes.

At times one has a feeling that Mr. Knickerbocker's orientation is in part due to the sensational title put over his articles when they first appeared: "Behind the German Smoke Screen," the suggestion being that the Germans were hiding the truth about themselves and their position behind a camouflage. One feels that he is writing to make his facts fit this thesis. He is at his best when he does not write in a forced style about the gay resorts in Berlin, which are supported not by Germans but by foreign visitors to the capital, but when he himself goes into the slums of Berlin, and into the desperate, starving small manufacturing towns of Saxony, where the poor people are but one degree away from the Chinese famine sufferers. Then he writes with sympathy and understanding and moving power. As it is, however, the book is sketchy and incomplete. There is nothing in it about Bavaria, Baden, East Prussia, Silesia, the farm districts, the trade unions, the moderate Socialists, and no picture at all of the feeling of the millions of middle-class Germans who are still working but have had to lower their standards of life in a most deplorable degree.

In brief, this volume has all the defects of a tract written for the moment, with the newspaperman's eye for that which is

the sensation of the hour—in this case the Nazis and the Communists. It would be well for Mr. Knickerbocker to stick to his reporting, free it from sensationalism and propaganda in accordance with a preconceived theory; for he is capable of very fine work and has great energy and vitality, though he seems to lack political instinct. Like several of the recently published books on Germany this one suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

So does Mr. Shuster's volume, "The Germans," especially as its table of contents is so short. This seriously injures its value as a reference book. In many ways Mr. Shuster's is the most readable and comprehensive of the recent group of books on Germany. Most of his judgments are sound, though leaning to conservatism. He shows a remarkably detailed acquaintance with Germany ranging over a long period of years, and a thorough understanding of the spirit of the country. Without being loaded up with statistics his book is very informative. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that it is marred by numerous inaccuracies in names, and occasionally in facts. Thus Bronner becomes Brunner; Stehr becomes Steyre; Bocksgesang becomes Böckgesang; Wechsler becomes Weschssler; Fritz von Thyssen is promoted to Baron Thyssen; Furtwängler becomes Furtwangler, while Lieutenant Colonel Dösterberg, the recent candidate for President, is reduced in rank to a lieutenant. Mene Tekel becomes Mane Thekel, etc. The trial of the Nazi lieutenants in the winter of 1931 took place not at Ulm but at Leipzig. Again, Mr. Shuster's figures (p. 59) as to the number of Reichstag members is erroneous, and there were not sixteen parties which elected candidates in September, 1930, but thirteen, to which one more was added by a split after the election. As to Mr. Shuster's judgments, it does not seem correct or just to declare that "in the stress of Hitler excitement the *Berliner Tageblatt* became a prejudiced, parochial, and quite undependable journal." There may perhaps have been a short time when it seemed to have lost its balance, but it remains a great, a distinguished, and a fighting liberal journal. It was also rather unfortunate to publish in a book, just after the Reichstag election in which Hitler polled eleven and a half million votes, this sentence: "Hitler's 7,000,000 voters congregated almost overnight; many of them have disbanded almost as rapidly." There is also evidence that Mr. Shuster is wrong in saying that Hitler did not consent to or have any knowledge of the plan that the Nazi representatives should walk out of the Reichstag. That this would be done was announced in the press some days before the action was taken.

As the title of his book indicates, Herr von Kühlmann has brought together some random sketches and notes—some almost too brief and superficial to be included in a serious volume. But the book has value if only because it throws light upon the present mentality of the writer, who, it will be remembered, was an official in the German Foreign Office in the last part of the war. That he has not been entirely cured of his old prepossessions is apparent: he still believes that "the old army was a good education for life and an excellent conclusion for a boy's school days. The rising generation's deprivation of this training is a loss to the German nation." When one recalls what that old militarism was, how great was the cruelty and the iron discipline of the old barrack life, with its Zäbernen and other incidents, and when one recalls the dominance of the super-caste of officers that it created, it is astounding to have as intelligent a man as Herr von Kühlmann write as he does.

The conservatism of this author's mind is also shown by his description of bolshevism asserting itself "not merely to subvert all forms of family, social, and economic life, but to destroy the structure of history and religion and even to remold human nature." On the other hand, it is pleasant to read his



opinion that a dictatorship, whether fascist or bolshevist, would only destroy the progress toward recovery that has been made in Germany, and plunge that unhappy country into deeper misery. Striking, too, in view of what has happened, is his statement that "Parliament, in placing Chancellor Brüning at the head of the State, chose the personality who by nature and gifts is best fitted for such an office."

Herr von Kühlmann is so able and intelligent that it is a source of regret that he takes the course he does. One feels at all times that he knows a great deal better than he speaks or writes, as, for example, when he sums up the whole lesson of the German downfall in these words: "Germany must return to the principle that Bismarck held to be indispensable for the country when she was strong and flourishing—namely, to a policy of extreme caution, guided always by the main idea of preventing the formation of fresh overwhelming coalitions by every means at her disposal." This and nothing more!

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## A Modern Novelist

*A Modern Hero.* By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes. \$2.50.

**I**SABEL PATERSON said recently of Mr. Bromfield that he was the sort of author one enjoys reading but shrinks from rereading. The comment focuses the dissatisfaction with which the last page of his novels leaves us—the feeling that somehow we should be much more moved by his ambitious stories, his large-scale characters, his "scope," and his "vitality" than we actually are. It is not that he is fooling us—he has written only one thoroughly dishonest book, "Twenty-Four Hours"—but rather that he is fooling himself. He hides his head in the sand to escape facing the bitter question: Is this the uttermost, the absolute uttermost, that can be done with this material? Again and again, in "The Green Bay Tree" and "A Good Woman," and now in "A Modern Hero," he projects themes of Balzacian, or at least Galsworthian, proportions, works at them with the greatest energy—but somehow fails to load them with the tragic weight their dimensions call for. At the crucial moments in each of his novels everything deserts him save sheer narrative skill. Conflict weakens to melodrama; his insight suddenly stands revealed as the intelligent cynicism of a superior man of the world; the carefully built-up characters flicker out as the "problem" of the novel emerges with painfully simple clarity; and one closes the volume quite ready to telephone the second-hand book dealer.

In proportion as Mr. Bromfield endears himself to the patrons of rental libraries his artistic stature diminishes. Today even the most fervent admirers of his early books find themselves a little puzzled at his lack of progress; for "A Modern Hero" is surely less interesting than was "The Green Bay Tree," and cannot even be compared with "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg." At times, in fact, it comes perilously close to dullness. Why is it that the talented young writer who was hailed at the outset as "a new fixed star in the American literary firmament" should have dimmed so rapidly?

It is because the star has remained fixed. Mr. Bromfield has learned nothing new since his first novel. His geographical knowledge has increased—mainly some small annexations in the Park Avenue and Sutton Place regions—but nothing else. A few stock themes and "strong situations" still fascinate him: the spectacle of the aging, once attractive woman; the tragedy of the strong male ruined by too many females; the superiority of Parisian salon culture to American provincialism; the psychic domination of American women. All these themes he has treated with the worldly intelligence of a high-grade clubman.

None of them has he really come to grips with. None of them has he pursued to their deep roots in our social and economic structure. None of them has he grasped *historically*. An adept at recognizing surface social phenomena and types, he gives them that apparently portentous and actually sentimental overtone which sends thoughtless readers into a sweetly solemn reverie—the voluptuous brooding, the and-life-goes-on mood. Louis Bromfield may not be the American Galsworthy, but surely Vicki Baum is the German Louis Bromfield.

His latest novel shows up nicely his truncated talent. It deals with the tragedy of the exploiting temperament. The central character is Pierre Radier, a circus rider of romantic antecedents who possesses that peculiar come-hither dark handsomeness and that introspective egotism with which non-Jewish novelists inevitably endow their Jewish or partly Jewish heroes. (Will Mr. Wodehouse please write a novel about a tow-headed, snub-nosed young man who enjoys life and makes other people enjoy it, and whose name is Hymie Glubkin?) Pierre Radier's life is ruined by his desire for power, by the fatal attraction he exerts on women, and by his inability to extract any final values either from them or his own career. This is a perfectly good subject—in fact, Theodore Dreiser did pretty well by it some years ago in "The Titan" and "The Financier"—but Mr. Bromfield does very little to make us believe either in the personality of his hero or in the symbolic importance of his tragedy.

In the first place, the problem of representing the two chief traits of Pierre's character—his sexual and personal charm and his ruthless ability to rise in the world—is shirked by the author. Pierre encounters a succession of women—and what stock types they are: the farm girl, wise in her strong, stoic simplicity; the anemic, repressed industrialist's daughter, bound up in her sour domestic banalities; the middle-aged woman of the world, tender, understanding, sacrificing; and the hard, coldly erotic, calculating, high-grade international adventuress. All these women make a bee-line for Pierre. Why? We are told he is the typical *homme fatal*; but though the results of his fatal charm are stated again and again, the charm itself is simply chucked at us without convincing demonstration. As for his rise from bareback rider to capitalist, Mr. Bromfield gives us the whole story minus a shred of evidence. Pierre encounters a man named Müller who is a natural mechanical genius; this accident precipitates him into the growing automobile business; and then the old Radier allure works on the boss's daughter. The outline of his career is preposterous Horatio Alger hokum. We are supposed to believe that his force and charm would have operated even without these favorable circumstances; but while we are convinced of the amiable fortuitousness of the circumstances, we remain thoroughly skeptical of the force and the charm.

Mr. Bromfield's failure is one of intelligence, which is to say, it is a failure of conscience and of nerve. The problem of the exploiting temperament, particularly as it manifests itself in our industrial society, cannot be solved by the projection of half a dozen "vivid" characters or by the elaboration of a picturesque plot. If Mr. Bromfield is going to call his book "A Modern Hero" he must be prepared to expose, in all its tragic detail, the irony of the title. That is what Theodore Dreiser did when he called his novel "An American Tragedy." He needed two large, slow, carefully thought-out, massively organized volumes in which to do the job—but he made a very fair go of it. Why? Because he realized then—and now, five years later, probably realizes even more clearly—the tragic interrelation of his hero and the American background from which his hero emerged. Because Clyde is closely studied as a *historical end-product*, he convinces us; he is real; he is American. But Mr. Bromfield cannot bother to study those forces which make possible his Pierre Radier. He is afraid to touch on the real weakness of Pierre, to expose its roots in a rotting social sys-



tem. He refuses to see that Pierre's egotism is not only a defect of personality, not merely a picturesque and exciting vital urge, a convenient character trait with which to generate a story and produce a melodramatic catastrophe—but a blindness that is part and parcel of the whole competitive post-Civil War industrial system. The roots of Pierre's failure lie not merely in his unstable biological inheritance but in that unthinking economic *arrivisme* which is the peculiar expression of the stupidity of the petty bourgeois, as fake cultural *arrivisme* is the expression of the stupidity of the big bourgeois.

Had Mr. Bromfield's intelligence, his conscience, his nerve been equal to the task of really writing a book about a modern hero in these terms, he would not, as the genteel critic might say, have turned out a "sociological novel." He would have created a character seen as a historical totality, a character set roundly and solidly in his time, a "modern hero" in every sense of the phrase. Either Mr. Bromfield recognized the problem and was too modest to attempt its solution, or—this is more likely—he did not see it at all.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

## A Victorian Sundial

*Men and Memories.* Volume II. By Sir William Rothenstein. Coward-McCann. \$5.

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN has done it again. By this I mean that he has here repeated the extraordinary success of his first volume of memoirs, and apparently there is no stopping the man. No doubt he can go on forever at the pace he has set for himself. The chatty, informal, decorous style flows onward: there is just the right proportion of anecdotal levity, the right seasoning of celebrated names. He has now rounded the curve of the last century into more difficult times, away from his own generation of Max Beerbohm and the *Yellow Book* into Edwardian and Georgian England. But times are never difficult for Rothenstein; he is supremely poised, voluble, and gracious. The names of his characters change; there are new heroes in the illustrated weeklies and in the art and literary supplements of the daily papers. Rothenstein sees and hears them all; he remains the same.

The new figures of the second volume (supplanting Pater, Swinburne, Wilde, Whistler, Beerbohm, Sargent, and Verlaine) are Augustus John, Tagore, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, Sir William Orpen, Eric Gill, and Epstein. It is John who takes the honors here, and his first wife, Ida, whose letters, personal and of no deliberate consequence, revive the spirit of the moment, the very hour in which she wrote them down; they are not many—possibly three or four—but they contain the essence of what has made the correspondence of Jane Welsh Carlyle a minor classic in English literature.

Before more names are listed and before more anecdotes are told, Rothenstein himself demands examination. Here he assumes more prominence than in the first book, for he has matured, gained something of a reputation in British art circles, and is a leader of the New English Art Club, whose influence at last entered the Royal Academy. By merely glancing over the surfaces of his memoirs one might say that he was living in the Golden Age of English art and letters: here are his masters of painting—Orpen and Augustus John! The disquieting thing about this impression is the slow conviction of its falsity. Beneath the round of dinner parties, genial, witty, almost never malicious conversation, something is wrong. Surely Augustus John has all the manner of a giant. His letters are written in the best style of Stafford House, spontaneous, easy, and embellished with vigorous, neat abbreviations of words and phrases, a style more recently acquired by Ezra

Pound—these are the attributes of nothing less than a great man. Very well, John was and still is a great personality, and anyone who has read "Point Counter Point" will recognize the fact. But he is not, for all his power of draftsmanship, a first-rate artist. His sensuous ladies have real bodies, real arms and legs; his portraits have an air of inexhaustible vitality—and yet today much of his strength seems meaningless; its gestures are incomplete. As for Sir William Orpen, he had all the modesty of greatness; a small, alert man with the inferiority complex that so often marks the Irishman. His work contained whole oceans of sunlight, and was skilful, sharp, and, judged by academic or popular standards, somewhat spectacular; yet we know already that little of what he has done deserves to live. And Rothenstein himself has all the limitations of a man of great charm; he knows his rules and abides by them, and is successful as a politician and a writer.

One of the great defects of English painting during the period covered by Rothenstein has been the influence of a literary imagination. It is an art of illustration, or the visual conception of a literary idea. There are times when such an art produces good portraiture, but the idea never becomes fully translated into terms of clay and stone, paint or pastel. The traces of its origin remain. The Paris school, for all its "artiness" today, for all its lack of content and general odor of decay, always trained the minds of its students to think in terms of painting. In England the literary tradition was too strong; it overwhelmed the artist; too early he became a secondary figure in the arts, a polite adjunct to the social-literary salon of the period in which he lived. Much of Epstein's difficulty with the British critic and the public may be traced back to this tradition; it is only by the force of his own convictions that he has survived—and it is to Rothenstein's credit that he was among the first to defend Epstein's genius.

But there is something more to be discovered in Rothenstein's classic memoirs (for they have the atmosphere of an imperishable record), something beyond the mere gossip and the flawless manner of telling an amusing story that includes a number of great names. We are given the life of a successful artist, a man who must have kept a careful journal of all that he saw and heard daily, and filed his commentary in a safe place, not forgetting a complete notation of all the letters he received as well as copies of his own. We must remember that the dates covered by this second volume include the years of the Great War. During this period Rothenstein became a public figure, and with Augustus John and Orpen was commissioned to make official records of the war on canvas. It was not only possible for him to meet everyone from Thomas Hardy to Albert Einstein and MacDonald, but now his profession became a duty, and a patriotic duty at that. Rothenstein is like the sentimental sundial that can mark time for only sunny hours; the storms, the dark days are blank; we must consult our watches. Despite the air of cheerfulness, despite his very real enjoyment of his duty, despite the fine places where he lived and visited, in country and in town, there is a sunset glamor cast over the entire scene, something ominous, as though we were reading a history of the decline of bourgeois art. The very weaknesses of the artists who surrounded Rothenstein, local and particular as such weaknesses may be, seem to indicate social corruption—and the victory of the politician (literary or graphic) over the artist. Rothenstein's perfect social graces, the social graces of a ruling class, delightful as they may seem to us, are oversensitized. His liking for the pale, inoffensive mysticism of Tagore is a significant example.

Rothenstein is by no means completely unconscious of this last interpretation of his work, for he says: "I once called Picasso the gigolo of geometry. . . . We are singing, maybe, the swan song of luxury before a new social order sweeps it away."

HORACE GREGORY



## Have-nots and Know-nots

*Rebels and Renegades.* By Max Nomad. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE rebels and renegades Mr. Nomad deals with in this volume, Malatesta, Briand, Scheidemann, MacDonald, Trotzky, Mussolini, Pilsudski, and Foster, are analyzed in terms of a philosophy which is challenging and original. The whole approach is new in America. Inspired by the doctrines of the Polish revolutionary Wacław Machajski, Mr. Nomad, a revolutionary himself, has projected in this book a vigorous analysis of civilization as well as a striking series of portraits.

It was Machajski who once startled Trotzky, while they were both exiles in Siberia, by his criticisms of bolshevism from the left. Machajski's theory revolves about the problem of the intellectuals as well as the proletariat. In the eyes of Machajski and his disciple Max Nomad, the revolution must go through two stages instead of one: the first stage is the revolution of the have-nots against the haves, a revolution which has been successfully achieved already in Soviet Russia, and the second stage is the revolt of the know-nots against the knows, the manual workers against the intellectuals. In the opinion of Mr. Nomad, the intellectuals who join the revolutionary movement do so not because of their sympathy with the proletariat but because of their unconscious or conscious ambition to assume the positions of power in the new society after the power of the capitalists has been overthrown. In his portraits of Briand, Scheidemann (an ex-worker intellectual), MacDonald, Mussolini, and Pilsudski the author takes great pains to show how completely the careers of these men confirm his theory of interpretation. In short, for the sake of their own interests they betrayed the interests of the working class upon whose shoulders they rose to power. But Mr. Nomad does not stop there. Despite his sympathies for Trotzky and Foster, he does not conceive of their role as being the ultimately revolutionary one they declare it to be. He is convinced, on the other hand, that even the phrases of the Marxians, promising the workers a new world founded upon their interests, are false.

What the Marxians are really interested in, in Mr. Nomad's opinion, is the substitution of the rule of the intellectuals for that of the capitalists. The Communist Party in Soviet Russia or in any other country, he is convinced, is not primarily interested in the fate of the proletariat. Its appeal to the proletariat is only the means which it uses in its struggle to attain power. What it is interested in, as in Soviet Russia today, is the establishment of the rule of the intellectuals, the domination of the knows over the know-nots. The Communist Party in Soviet Russia, in Mr. Nomad's opinion, has become a new ruling class, with the rest of the population rendered subservient to it. But that is an inevitable phase in the revolutionary process. The next phase will come when the manual workers, the know-nots, revolt against the rule of the intellectuals and establish absolute equality of income, the *sine qua non* of genuine communism, and absolute equality of education. Opposed to Marxism as a form of theology, Mr. Nomad is convinced that Marxian doctrine has become a tool by which the intellectuals have been able to deceive the manual workers into an acceptance of the rulership of the intellectuals. But the class struggle will go on—it is only the class-struggle aspect of Marxism which Mr. Nomad accepts—and in the next phase of the revolution the manual workers will rise and by threat of force create "equalization of wages for manual and mental workers . . . make higher education accessible to all alike," and thus turn over "a new page in human history."

The weakness in Mr. Nomad's theory, and in the whole

philosophy of Machajski, is in its assumption that the intellectuals themselves can constitute a ruling class and retain power when they represent no definite or distinct productive unit in society. Every ruling class in the past has acquired power by virtue of its control of the economic resources of society. The feudal nobility possessed land; the capitalists possess machinery—but what would the intellectuals possess? Political power, Mr. Nomad would reply, but political power is a function of economic power, and in a society such as Soviet Russia today, where economic power is built about a social matrix, it is impossible for the intellectuals to establish themselves as an economic class and rule in that capacity. The very nature of the new economy would defeat such a possibility. While Mr. Nomad's stress upon absolute equality of wages has meaning in terms of the future, to demand it in terms of the present, regardless of contradicting circumstances, seems a little too utopian. Besides, there is nothing in the structure of Soviet economy to indicate that equality of wages will not be meted out to all in time, manual workers as well as mental, and that the Communist formula, "To everyone according to his needs and from everyone according to his ability," will not be realized in its full import. On the contrary, it is only the logic of the proletarian state which insures that development.

If in his foreword and concluding chapter Mr. Nomad falls into the utopian fallacy in his interpretation of the function of the Soviet state, he does not distort historical fact in the chapters devoted to interpretations of the lives of his eight rebels and renegades. Indeed, one of the most amazing things about the book is that despite the author's particular approach—and if we were to classify it in terms of American nomenclature we should call it an expression of philosophical I.W.W.ism—he never converts history into a form of falsification in order to illustrate his thesis. That virtue alone is enough to make his book singularly compelling and challenging. The studies of such traitors to the revolutionary movement as Mussolini and Pilsudski are done with superb skill. While the essay on Briand is brilliant in parts, it does not possess the excellence of certain of the others. The study of Malatesta, the Italian anarchist, is perhaps the most sympathetic in the book. Rich in specific insights and observations as the studies of Trotzky and Foster are, on the whole they fail to add much to what has been written about these men in the past, and they leave one with a sense of regret that much that might have been said has been left unsaid. No one, however, has written a better exposé of the renegade Scheidemann, and if other exposés of the turncoat MacDonald have recounted many of the same facts that the author records, no one in recent days, at least not since Trotzky's "Whither England?" has done a more thorough job of annihilation.

V. F. CALVERTON

## The Essential Issue

*Prohibition Versus Civilization.* By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Viking Press. \$1.

THIS little book by Professor Barnes is a brilliant and forcible piece of pamphleteering. It represents scholarly journalism at its best. There is probably no subject that has been discussed more often in the last decade than prohibition. Yet the attack of Professor Barnes sounds amazingly fresh. It derives this quality partly from the phrasing of its individual arguments, but even more from its method of approach, and its rare spirit of honesty and candor. No problem has probably ever been so much confused by secondary considerations as prohibition. The purpose of Professor Barnes is to face the essential issue of the prohibition question, which



he considers to be the harmlessness of "civilized drinking."

If rum were the demon it is represented to be in dry tracts, no price would be too high to pay for enforcing national prohibition. In the face of the necessity for social control it would be idle to prate of the freedom of the individual. Professor Barnes, however, sees in prohibition only the expression of a dry psychosis. Having rid himself of extraneous issues, he can frankly make admissions which are usually avoided by wets. Thus he points out that the loss of internal revenue resulting from prohibition is little more than ex-Secretary Mellon turned back to wealthy taxpayers in rebates on inheritance and income taxes. He also admits that repeal would actually increase unemployment, and at least temporarily aggravate the crime situation by driving the bootleggers into more dangerous channels. Even in the spirit of "lawlessness" supposed to be the result of prohibition, he sees a possible good in increasing dissatisfaction with existing legal institutions.

There will doubtless be some old-fashioned liberals to quarrel with Professor Barnes. His appeal is to physical science, to the biological experiments which show that the moderate use of alcohol is actually beneficial. Still, even if the contrary could be shown, it might be argued that prohibition would be unwise in the absence of a preponderant sentiment in its favor. It may be admitted that the freedom of the individual is not sacred. Nevertheless, there may be many social risks in reforming a nation against its will. As a matter of fact, Professor Barnes does not abandon his liberal principles entirely. In the end he somewhat inconsistently denounces the courts for failing to interpose supposed legal and constitutional obstacles to prohibition. It is true that the courts have not shown a like tenderness to social legislation, but the remedy should hardly be a further raid upon legislative autonomy.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## The Nationalist Spirit

*The Historical Evolution of Modern Nationalism.* By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Richard R. Smith. \$3.50.

A GOOD deal of what is said or written today about nationalism not only contrasts nationalism and internationalism as if the two had no points of contact, but also implies that nationalism is a quite definite theory or point of view as well as one distinctly disagreeable. Nationalists, one gathers, think the same thoughts and use the same phrases whatever the difference of language, look about as much alike as men who wear ready-made clothes, and agree in opposing the international world-order from which such blessings as mankind now needs are destined to flow. Professor Hayes, who is one of the leading students of the subject in this country, points out in the lectures that make up his book that historically there is no one prevailing type of nationalism, and that both the earlier and the later exponents of the idea often make place for internationalism in their thought. It is natural that they should do so, for the nationalist theory that was a product of eighteenth-century "enlightenment" envisaged a group of self-conscious European states which together should work for human betterment, while even the Jacobin nationalists of the French Revolution "instituted or confirmed a host of reforms which they knew to be good, not only for themselves, but for everyone." When reaction against the Jacobin school intensified their nationalism, they still "altruistically and enthusiastically" fought and killed. The traditional nationalists, also, who reacted from both the principles and the conduct of the French revolutionaries and felt more concern for the fate of the classes than for that of the masses, were themselves humanitarians.

Neither to the masses nor to the political philosophers,

however, does Professor Hayes ascribe the creation of modern nationalism. "Philosophers, by fashioning and expressing it as doctrine, may have contributed indirectly to its vogue; the 'masses,' by accepting and acting on it, have undoubtedly contributed directly to its vogue." He accordingly divides his book pretty equally between a review of the writings of the philosophers from Herder, Bolingbroke, and Rousseau through Carnot, Barère, Burke, Schlegel, Bentham, Guizot, and Mazzini down to the "integral" school of Taine, Barrès, and Maurras, and summary sketches of the political or economic course of events which put theory into practice.

When it comes to explaining why nationalism has been given such great vogue in modern times, Professor Hayes frankly confesses that "we really do not know." Economic developments have "made for nationalism, and for more and more intense nationalism," but this does not mean that they are either its cause or the explanation of its sweep and hold. Modern religious skepticism, he thinks, may have had something to do with it, and still more "the growth of a belief that the state, particularly the national state, can and should promote human progress."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Shorter Notices

*Southern Road.* By Sterling Brown. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

Mr. Brown has made use of the Negro folk themes and feeling in a new way. Folk poetry of suffering, of native humor, of primitive frankness becomes in this volume of poems the source from which the poet himself draws his own authentic interpretations of the meaning of Negro life. These are no mere rewritings of Negro folk songs; they are the modern Negro speaking in his native rhythms, his own finely poetic imagery, his own language. They are written in no artificial dialect, but in the natural racy speech of the Negro of today. And they have, moreover, a truly universal significance as good poetry, and a poetry which is true of all peoples who have known submission, bravery, and naive optimism. *Odyssey of Big Boy* is the odyssey of any simple, live, and recklessly vital soul:

Done took my livin' as it came,  
Done grabbed my joy, done risked my life;

Slim Greer is a character whom everyone will recognize:

Talkin'g's guy  
An' biggest liar,  
With always a new lie  
On the fire.

And the cycle of poems concerned with this Negro character is delightfully humorous. Most of Mr. Brown's poems are made to be read aloud; one hears the rich Negro voice behind them. And the poet succeeds always in his projection of the authentic Negro emotion. The poems in literary English, on the other hand, are not convincing.

*Minnie Maylow's Story and Other Tales and Scenes.* By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The thirteen poems in "*Minnie Maylow's Story*" make it clearer than ever that John Masefield has lost his grip. He is a poet with nothing to write about. Aside from the sonnets in "*Lollingdown Downs*," his best work is, obviously, in the long narrative poems from "*The Everlasting Mercy*" to "*Reynard the Fox*." In these poems, writing about the common people and utilizing that almost Chaucerian power of observation that is his greatest gift, he said very well what he had to say. But unwilling to repeat himself, he began looking about for other



suitable themes; he has never found them. In this volume he has four playlets on historical subjects, two narratives concerned with the Tristram legend, various other narrative poems, and an imitation of Chaucer. All of them are dull and few have any distinguished lines. In the lighter poems the underlying bitterness is unmistakable.

## Architecture

### Dishes to Break

**F**RIENDS have been showing us their new dishes. Poor innocent souls, they do not know that the pattern they are so crazy about is already obsolete. The blue flowers themselves are pretty enough; but that is not to the point. The point is that the internationalists who dictate the latest mode have declared against painted flowers of *any* sort, and that goes for dishes too.

The man who started all this, as much as anyone did, was the Austrian Adolf Loos, though his viewpoint differed from that of the internationalists. It was a matter of taste. To the man of the Renaissance, so declared Loos (I forget the exact passage), there was nothing repugnant about eating his elaborately ornamented peacocks, pheasants, and pastry castles from a dish on which was portrayed a whole battle of the Amazons. But the modern man prefers straight beefsteak; he wants none of these "stuffed carcasses"; he wants the material itself. And he hasn't the iron nerves that would permit him to pick it off the bodies of the battling ladies, or to flow gravy over the rape of Proserpine. The dish must be plain.

Unfortunately my own taste is not quite so fine. When it comes to the house as a whole, then it is true I am sick of moldings and foliage. After how short a span of years they become sticks and garbage! Two days of illness in bed suffice for a man to exhaust the pattern of almost any wallpaper. The house as we know it has to last a good long time. But when it comes to a dish, I am not so cautious. At home we have a dish with peaches painted on it that has managed to last five years, and is still an inviting object to reach for on the shelf. Our haphazard collection has some other colorful ones. We like plain dishes better if they are first class; but the quality of design and workmanship in a plain one has to be so superior that good plain ones are rare.

When our dishes tire us, we have a simple expedient. Yet the trouble is that the next one to break will just as likely as not be the peach one. A dish is first of all a problem in washing and breaking. No matter what pretty pattern you have chosen, you will have to wash grease from it three times every day, and you are meanwhile carefully trying to make its days go on forever.

That is the paradox of the dish. Fragile as it is, if it doesn't break, it will never wear out. And on this paradox, in the past, rested in large part the subjugation of women. They played the little game. Three times a day they carried their precious dishes through the death hazard. This kept them busy—and concerned. The cleverest, most masterful man let the lady have very pretty ones.

Now that women have freed themselves anyway, what is the use? The chief function remaining to the clay dish is to keep salesmen busy pushing elaborate dish-washing machines at us to take the woman's place. These most modern devices are to be put in the service of what is most ancient and unchanged. They are to preserve for the future ruins of Pittsburgh and Toledo the same crockery content that marks the excavations of Chichen-Itzá.

But why? What we really *like* to do, style or no style, is to go to the ten-cent store and buy some paper ones that can be thrown away after a picnic. This country needs a genius to domesticate and to perfect the paper plate. After the meal, scoop up the silver, if you are conventional enough still to have it, and then sweep the dishes right into the trash. What a relief! In the future, fine crockery and glassware as utensils will be found only in the decaying mansion of the one surviving millionaire. The rest of us will not see any because the samples will be in the museums.

Since the dish will be so wholly ephemeral, I see no reason why it cannot be as gaudy as the whim of the day, or as austere. There is a guiding principle of design that covers the case; it was laid down in the first decade of our century by the same Adolf Loos whom I have been quoting, and it needs only to be brought up to date. He declared that the design must be good enough to hold up as long as the material does. If the design goes out of favor any sooner, then good material has been wasted.

You can readily see what a demand this lays on the pattern of a dish which is intended—if it doesn't break—to become an heirloom. Nothing will do short of perfection. And to locate such perfection, when you buy your set of dishes, you have only a shopping tour. No wonder people get sick and tired of their dishes. But in the case of the future composition dish, the design need please only for a day, or rather for a meal. That gives both the designer and the purchaser more chance to breathe.

The compunctions some people will feel about "throwing good material away" are unnecessary. The material will be reclaimed. And anyway it is not material that stands at the center of the equation today, as it did in the craftsman's period in which Mr. Loos spoke, but energy. To explain this would require another column. Suffice it now merely to restate our principle of design for our own times: The design must remain pleasing not as long as the material holds together but as long as the utensil remains useful.

This is the minimum requirement. But in design there can be no rule against an overplus; its excellence comes free. The butterfly, too, lasts physically only for a day. Yet the beauty of the rock is not more lasting.

I have written about dishes, not quite wanting to say yet how parallel is the case of that great big piece of obsolete crockery, the brick house.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1932

No. 3498

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**G**OVERNOR ROOSEVELT and President Hoover have, in their official capacities and with the utmost politeness, exchanged notes on the question of the negotiations with Canada looking toward the construction of a Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. Had this been merely a formal exchange of correspondence between the executive of a State and the Chief Executive of the United States, we might be warranted in discussing the case on its merits. But Franklin Roosevelt chose to reduce the question to the status of a political controversy. The letter he addressed to the President was at the same time given to the press for publication. He was all too obviously attempting to convince the voters that he was more ardent than his political opponent in advocating "immediate construction of the deep waterway" and "development of abundant and cheap power." Mr. Hoover promptly accepted the implied political challenge. He declared that it would be unconstitutional for the Governor of New York to intervene in the international negotiations, and added that the "purely domestic" problems involved would have to be considered after the conclusion of the treaty. When that time came, Mr. Hoover said, he would be happy to discuss the issue "with you and other governors." The President's final sentence was a triumph of delicate insult: "Having ardently advocated for more than ten years," Mr. Hoover wrote, "this shipway from Duluth and Chicago to the sea, I am glad to know that it will meet with your support."

**T**HAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is as unwilling as the United States to make any real reduction in its military establishment is indicated by the British reply to the Hoover arms proposal. According to the statement read by Mr. Stanley Baldwin to the House of Commons on July 7, the British army is already below the number recognized as necessary for the maintenance of internal order. His Majesty's Government can consent to the abolition of tanks only above a weight of twenty tons; and it cannot accept the Hoover suggestion that all aerial bombing be abolished. The one constructive idea advanced by the British plan is that the size of future war vessels be reduced. It asks that the battleship be reduced from 35,000 to 22,000 tons, and that in the future no cruisers larger than 7,000 tons or carrying guns exceeding a caliber of 6.1 inches be constructed. Unless the submarine is abolished, the British are unwilling to cut their destroyer strength. Valuable as is the proposal to reduce the size of future war vessels, the fundamental weakness of the British plan is that it affects only the construction of new ships. Unlike the Hoover proposal which would involve immediate scrapping of certain vessels, the British plan would continue navies at their present strength; any savings would accrue only gradually as replacements are made. Moreover, there is the positive danger that if the size of the battleship is merely reduced, the American Congress would be willing to authorize the replacement of our fifteen battleships in 1937, whereas if the present giant size were maintained the cost of replacement would be so enormous that Congress would refrain altogether from any new battleship construction. Unless the British supplement their plan with a proposal for immediate reduction, it is only a deception.

**I**N THE FIGHT OVER BEER the Democrats in Congress are discovering that in politics one may be indiscreetly valorous. When they were in convention assembled they dared all for the cause, and did not hesitate to insert in the prohibition plank the words: "We favor immediate modification of the Volstead Act to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer." Back in the House in the sober light of the morning after, they find that "immediate" is taken by the rude Republicans to mean "now," and to vote now for modification puts the valiant Democrats in an unfortunate position. If they win, their plank loses much of its campaign force; it will have lost point as an argument, being already realized. If they lose, the triumphant drys can declare that the country is not so very wet after all, and maybe it will be just as well to stick by the more moderate Republican program. And Governor Roosevelt, who accepted the party platform "100 per cent," is in the same delicate position. He may adopt the stand of Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who, in discussing the proposal of Senator Bingham for amendment of the home-loan bank bill to include 3.2 per cent beer, declared: "I stand without equivocation or evasion for the Democratic platform. But it is up to the Democrats to say when the platform will be put into effect." In this case we respectfully suggest to the candidate that he

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insert a glossary in his opening campaign speech. "By 'immediate modification,' fellow-Democrats," he might say, "we mean 'modification after next November 8 when we are safely in.' With this minor correction, I accept the platform 100 per cent."

THE CONFERENCE of the League for Independent Political Action, meeting July 9 and 10 in Cleveland, voted to support Norman Thomas for President and indorsed a generally progressive party platform. "Our task," said Howard Williams, national director of the league, "is to furnish the people an adequate philosophy of government, a definite program of action, and an organization springing from the grass roots." Although the conference was unwilling, in its indorsement of Mr. Thomas, to pledge itself necessarily to "support every feature in the ultimate program of the Socialist Party," it pronounced itself in favor of a "party of the people," who would unite to control the government, in contradistinction to the increasingly Fascist color of the executive power. The conference refused to vote for a straight repeal plank, but declared: "While on democratic principles we recognize the right of the people to vote on the abolition or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment, we condemn the Republican and Democratic parties for subordinating urgent economic issues to the liquor question." Unemployment insurance, direct relief for unemployed, the six-hour day for federal employees, and the public ownership and control of public utilities were some of the concrete proposals inserted in the platform. The conference was largely attended and the platform enthusiastically indorsed.

NO ONE CAN DENY that the War Department has become a master of military propaganda. How else can one explain that "purely by accident" a George Washington bi-centennial military tournament took place in the waterfront stadium of Chicago simultaneously with the Democratic convention? Some 1,200 troops, drawn from various forts, were concentrated in camp on the edge of the lake commanded by a major general and a brigadier general. Every night the performance went on. The spectacle of fifty airplanes in the sky coincided accidentally with the hours of the departure of the delegates to the convention. The foreign-born were interested by making every night a Czecho-Slovakian, or Scandinavian, or what-not night. The major general entertained lavishly at dinner in one of the hotels; the cost of the fireworks sent off in the city of the starving and unpaid would have fed a good many out-of-work people. In the convention itself an illuminated, moving electric sign, the only one allowed, made it impossible for the delegates to overlook the merits of the tournament should they, by any chance, have failed to see the airplane or the trench-hatted soldiers marching through the Loop when the delegates were moving out of the hall.

AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT DECISION affecting the rights of Negroes has been handed down by the Maryland Court of Appeals in granting a new trial to Euel Lee. Readers of *The Nation* will recall that Euel Lee, aged and friendless Negro, was a few months ago convicted of murdering a white farmer and sentenced to be hanged. He was represented by the International Labor De-

fense, which was first instrumental in saving him from lynching, and later in having his case transferred to another section of Maryland where it was thought he would be assured a fair trial. His conviction was appealed on the ground that no member of his race had sat on the jury that tried him. It has for years been the practice in Maryland, as in many other States, to bar Negroes from acting as jurors, although there is nothing in the Maryland statutes prohibiting them from serving in that capacity. The Court of Appeals, in ordering a new trial, declared that this practice, both generally and with specific reference to the Lee case, denied to the Negroes "that equality of protection which has been secured by the Constitution and laws of the United States." There is little doubt that Negroes in other States where there has been discrimination will henceforth demand that they be permitted to sit on juries as a matter of constitutional right. Not only for the Negroes is this victory important, but also for the radical International Labor Defense, which fought the Lee case through without help from other organizations.

JAMES McNEILL, Governor-General of the Irish Free State, has demanded that President de Valera publicly apologize for certain acts of members of his government which McNeill considers were "deliberately discourteous" to him as the representative of the British crown in the Free State. Of no great importance in itself, this incident nevertheless reflects the extent to which relations between the Free State and England have lately been strained. The Governor-General did not help matters any when, in defiance of the state-secrets act, he released for publication all the official correspondence concerning this question that he had exchanged with the De Valera government. This new quarrel comes, unfortunately, just at a time when hope was growing that at least one of the major disputes between London and Dublin would be adjusted. President de Valera had suspended the annual payments due England as compensation for the Irish farm property which English landlords had been forced to turn over to the peasants some years ago. Believing that De Valera had actually repudiated this obligation, the British Parliament voted by way of retaliation to impose a 100 per cent duty on all imports from the Free State. But when it was discovered that the money involved was being put into a special fund, the ultimate disposition of which would depend upon anticipated arbitration, the moderate members of the British Parliament and other English leaders promptly moved to bring the question to arbitration. It remains to be seen whether this move toward at least partial reconciliation will be halted by the Governor-General's ill-timed outburst.

COLONEL FREDERICK POPE, an engineer of New York City, has upon his own initiative and acting as a private citizen directly interested himself in the question of American recognition of Soviet Russia. He talked recently with officials in Washington, and although reports from the capital suggest that there is little hope of any change in the American attitude, Colonel Pope found his conversations in Washington encouraging enough to persuade him that it was worth while to proceed to Russia, where he laid his proposals before the Moscow authorities. His plan is to have the United States send an unofficial commissioner to Russia with



a view to undertaking informal negotiations preliminary to formal recognition. A similar procedure was followed before we recognized Germany and Turkey after the World War. Only by the method of direct conversations can the misunderstandings that divide Moscow and Washington be cleared up. How else are the State Department and President Hoover officially to know, for example, just where Russia stands on the debt question? If the American policy has been sincere, something more than a mere blind for an undying hatred of the Communist system, Washington will take advantage of the opportunity which this intermediary has created.

**T**O THE SICK POOR, the visiting nurse must appear as the saving grace of an otherwise dark world. She relieves pain, she wards off death, she guards the lives of children, she brings an assurance of security and health into homes where poverty, malnutrition, and fear are the daily lot. In such times as these the demand for her ministrations in every large city throughout the country is greater than ever, just as they are increasingly difficult to provide through the ordinary channels of charity. In New York City it is announced that the Visiting Nurse Services of the Henry Street Settlement, which for thirty-nine years have given free service to the sick poor, must restrict their activities unless financial aid, public or private, is given. "During the six months ended July 1," runs the report, "our nurses made over 300,000 visits, 30,000 more than during the corresponding months of last year and 70,000 more than during the first half of 1930 . . . the sick among the lowest income groups who in other years insisted on paying ten or fifteen cents for a visit [which costs \$1.15] now cannot afford even that gesture of self-support. . . . The Visiting Nurse Services have reached the limit of their resources." It is difficult to see how the City of New York can refuse to accept Felix Warburg's suggestion that the Visiting Nurse Services be taken over as a form of municipal relief.

**T**HE ANNUAL JUNE SHOWER of honorary college degrees has fallen. And at least two of the citations did honor to both the recipients and donors. Princeton, in a handsome though somewhat delayed gesture, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon a distinguished graduate of 1905, Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President of the United States. For seven years, from 1917 to 1924, Mr. Thomas was unofficially "discouraged" from speaking on the campus of his Alma Mater; we are glad to learn that Princeton has had the courage to reverse its attitude toward Mr. Thomas by a public gesture. The other citation of which we heartily approve is the honorary degree conferred by Smith College on Miss Josephine Roche, president of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company of Colorado, whose admirable and unprecedented labor policy and general good management have been cited before in *The Nation*. In this year of depression Miss Roche is able to report a 13 per cent increase in sales in the first quarter of 1932 over the same period in 1931 and a decrease of 26 cents per ton in the cost of production in 1931 as against 1928, while she pays her miners an average wage of \$8 a day as compared with the \$3.50 to \$4 which prevails elsewhere in Colorado. Smith College could not have chosen a woman more worthy of recognition.

## The Golden Age

**K**ENNETH GRAHAME is dead, and this would be occasion enough, if occasion were needed, to reread "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days" as a gesture to a vanished youth. It is interesting to note that Mr. Grahame once told an interviewer that "the children were not any particular children. I never had any brothers and only one sister. They were any and all children." One might add that the books are not really for children to read, but for adults who remember—or perhaps who have forgotten their childhood. And the flavor of the incidents, reread in the harsh light of 1932, is faint, tinged with melancholy, sweetly archaic like a fairy tale with the folk magic left out and only the gentle incredibility left in.

The golden age of childhood is, for adults, irretrievably gone; the "Golden Age" of Mr. Grahame is gone, too. Written nearly forty years ago, the books describe another world, a world of tidy relationships, of expected events, of adults who moved serenely through their little sphere of visiting and teas and discipline for the young and life in the country over whose fields one's young charges roved widely and were always up to some devilment or other. The world, in short, before the war, which the children of today know nothing of and which their parents and guardians remember with a faint astonishment. These Edwards and Harolds and Charlottes of Mr. Grahame's, climbing in and out of their bedroom windows to escape restraint, christening the pig after a favorite uncle, building a huge bonfire to commemorate Trafalgar Day, living in their own world of knights and elves and enchanted princesses, and knowing themselves immeasurably remote from the unfriendly and incomprehensible world of the grown-ups who had power over them, have few counterparts today. Our children are more practical; depending on their social status, they occupy themselves with the movies or the radio, they are familiars of the machine, and their magic lies in the airplane and the dynamo, the flight of steel, the heavy security of concrete.

To go back to 1895 and Mr. Grahame out of this new world is somehow comforting. In the last story of "Dream Days" he tells how Charlotte, the youngest of the five, having inherited in due course the toys that all of them had used, finds herself deprived of them by one of the strange fiats of the grown-ups. An uncle is seized with the idea that the toys must be sent to a children's hospital. But Charlotte and Harold, who had last heired them, determine that not all of them shall go to strangers. In the middle of the night the two children steal downstairs to the nursery where the big box is ready to be shipped; they extract one of the dolls, by no means as fresh as she once had been, but dear still; they pull out the leather bull and a painted rooster from the ark. Solemnly they march down to the farthest corner of the garden and there bury these ancient playthings. They at least shall be kept from strange hands which may not touch them gently, from strange eyes which might not appreciate their worth. In the Garden of Mnemosyne there have been many such interments; treasures once precious and still cherished, which their owners wish to protect from an unfriendly world. Here Mr. Grahame wrote soundly and true; for this he, too, deserves his memorial resting-place.



# The Settlement at Lausanne

**A**SSUMING that reasonably prompt ratification follows by the participating nations, the settlement of the German reparations reached at Lausanne must stand as a forward step of the very first importance. It is an immensely better settlement than, at the beginning of the conference, there seemed any reason to hope for. It is the first real break in the clouds of the last three years, one might almost say since the armistice.

A realization of the importance of the settlement can hardly be achieved without a brief recollection of the whole history of German reparations, beginning with the preposterous figure of \$125,000,000,000 originally suggested by Allied statesmen. This was followed by the hardly less preposterous figure of \$64,000,000,000 proposed at a meeting of the Allied representatives at Boulogne in June, 1920; then by the Reparation Commission's figure of \$31,680,000,000 in April, 1921; next by the Dawes Plan, which arranged a scale of annual payments but set no total; and next by the Young Plan, which fixed a total of \$8,800,000,000. Even a year ago, after the Hoover moratorium, it would have been considered extremely optimistic to suppose that this amount would be reduced by France by as much as 50 per cent. The negotiators at Lausanne, however, have reduced the reparations payments to less than one-tenth the total fixed under the Young Plan. The agreement provides for payment of a bond issue totaling \$750,000,000, which is less than the amount of two annual Young Plan instalments. No payments are to begin on these bonds for at least three years, and then only if the state of German credit permits their sale; they are to bear interest at 5 per cent and to be amortized at the rate of 1 per cent a year. This would mean an annual payment of approximately \$45,000,000. Such a sum is thoroughly "payable." One need merely recall that in a period of hardly five months—from the end of July last year, when the "standstill" agreement was arrived at, to early December—Germany was somehow able to pay its private creditors about \$250,000,000.

To the men who negotiated this agreement the highest praise must be given. One hardly knows whether to give the greatest credit to Ramsay MacDonald, for his dogged patience, his steady pressure on both the German and French negotiators, and his quiet determination that the conference must not fail, or to Edouard Herriot, who had a far more difficult public opinion at home to placate, and whose generosity and conciliatory attitude were almost revolutionary for a post-war French premier. One may argue that France could not have got more out of Germany and that it was in her interest to negotiate such a settlement; but for that matter it has been in France's interest for nearly fourteen years to negotiate a reasonable settlement. M. Herriot, whatever his motive, whatever the forces that impelled him, will be remembered as the statesman who actually did it. And even Von Papen, who won nearly everything, is to be congratulated on not overestimating what he could win.

This settlement was arrived at without the slightest help from the United States. Except for the moratorium now expired, we have not lifted a finger to help the world

out of its impasse. What Europe has done at Lausanne will not begin to have the tremendous effect it could have on the revival of world confidence unless we show that we have the same sense of actualities, and are prepared to act in as generous a spirit as Great Britain, Italy, and France have acted. Any sense of consistency, any sense of justice, demands that the debts of the Allied governments to us should be, if not altogether canceled, then cut down to the merest fraction of their present total. The separate negotiations we originally entered into with each of our debtors were ostensibly based on the "ability to pay" of these debtors. That ability to pay is by any possible measurement much lower than it was at the time that the earlier settlements were arranged. Our debtors were then counting on huge payments from Germany to pay us in turn; those payments are now, even officially, a thing of the past. The debts were payable in terms of gold, and since the settlements were arranged, the international gold price level has fallen nearly 50 per cent. As international payments are ultimately made in terms of goods, this means that it requires almost twice as much real sacrifice for our debtors to make their payments to us now as it did when the agreements were signed.

But wholly apart from consistency and justice, every consideration of even the narrowest self-interest requires a drastic reduction of the debts. As long as the debts remain at their present level, the world will not be confident of the revival of international trade and the return of world stability, and the current stagnation and unemployment will continue. *The Nation* can only repeat here the comparison already made in its columns between the amount of the annual foreign debt payments now due our government—\$270,000,000—and the present loss in the national income of actually a hundred times that sum—about \$28,000,000,000—as a result of the current depression. It is no longer possible to deny the close connection between the crisis and the world's war-debt burden. But even if we assume that it would be possible for the world to achieve a real recovery with that burden unreduced, we cannot fail to recognize that if we allow France and England and Italy to make the very great sacrifices they have in scaling down the German reparations to less than a tenth of their previous total, while we in turn refuse to abate their debt to us by a penny, then we must reap nothing but the world's ill-will and hatred for years. The unfriendly reaction in Washington to the "gentleman's agreement" which accompanied the Lausanne proposals, and which in effect makes them contingent upon debt reduction, is not only discouraging but unrealistic.

A reduction of the war debts, of course, will not end our duty. Hardly less imperative is the immediate lowering of our disastrous tariff wall, which, ever since the Hawley-Smoot Act was passed, has automatically grown higher and higher, for all specific duties, as world prices have fallen. The tariff on Cuban raw sugar, to take but one example, has become nearly five times as high, in terms of the price of the product, as when the Hawley-Smoot Act was signed by the President. The tariff must be lowered if even radically reduced debts are to be paid.



## Relief and Politics

IT was Herbert Hoover who more than a year ago denounced Congress for "playing politics with human misery." The President conveniently ignored the fact that he was guilty of the same offense. Since then both Mr. Hoover and Congress have continued without let or hindrance to use the unemployment-relief problem for partisan purposes. During the coming campaign the Republicans will seek the help, particularly the financial support, of big business, the bankers, and conservative interests generally. The Democrats have already shown that they intend to play to the masses, to Franklin D. Roosevelt's "forgotten man." Hence it is not surprising to find the Republican nominee attempting to have government relief extended almost exclusively to the financial and industrial interests. He would have Congress appropriate the wholly inadequate sum of \$300,000,000 to lend to States that cannot feed their own unemployed, but at the same time he wants the federal government to continue lending billions of dollars to the banks and the railroads.

Speaker Garner, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, has damned the Hoover program as "class legislation," which it undoubtedly is. But Mr. Garner is advocating class legislation of another sort and for a similar purpose. He wants to make it possible for the "forgotten men," the jobless workers, the bankrupt farmers and small merchants, to borrow from the government precisely as the banks and the large corporations are doing. And all, of course, with a view to making Democratic voters out of the farmers, workers, and shopkeepers who normally vote Republican. To a certain extent we agree with Mr. Garner. Surely if big business is entitled to government help in the form of loans, the workers and small business men ought to have it too. The government belongs to the lower classes as much as it does to Charles Gates Dawes or the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In condemning the Garner plan Mr. Hoover said it would make "the Reconstruction Corporation the most gigantic banking and pawn-broking business in all history." It is already that, thanks largely to Mr. Hoover's skilful guidance, and its favors are being distributed with painstaking discrimination. For example, when the Dawes bank in Chicago was in difficulty recently, it found it a simple matter to borrow \$80,000,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, from the presidency of which Mr. Dawes himself had retired only the week before. At the same time thirty-nine smaller banks in Chicago, denied such help, were allowed to close their doors. Yet by throwing the resources of the Reconstruction Corporation open to all comers, as Speaker Garner would do, Congress would indeed be turning the government into a Gargantuan pawnshop. Just how is the Garner plan to be financed? And how are the jobless, the people who are in greatest need, to find the necessary security with which to obtain loans? The government erred when it established the precedent of lending money to banks and railroads, and the Democrats would now for political purposes magnify that error. In playing this political game both parties seem to have forgotten the increasing necessity of direct and prompt unemployment relief.

## The Lesson of Art

THE old argument concerning the artist's obligations vis-a-vis the social problems of his time is once more to the fore. Not in a generation has the relevance of the poet's or the novelist's political creed to any discussion of his literary value been so hotly urged as it is being urged today. And yet it is strange how seldom the disputants seem to realize that the influence exercised upon society by poetry and by fiction is always much more far-reaching and subtle than that which results from an author's championship, however outspoken, of any definitely formulated creed.

Not only does literature serve to transmit and propagate conceptions of justice, honor, and propriety too complex to be clearly formulated except in connection with the concrete situations of a story, but it serves also to keep current an extensive repertory of possible responses to most of the usual crises, both major and minor, of life. If we are faced with the treachery of a friend, the loss of our fortune, or even the rudeness of a stranger, then our actions, our words, and our very thoughts are influenced if not determined by what we have read in books about the conduct of ideally consistent personages under the stress of similar circumstances.

Dazed as we are by the impact of dismayed surprise, we should be either paralyzed or, at least, capable of only the most primitive responses if it were not for the fact that we have often met the situation before in the course of our vicarious experiences with art, and if we were not, for that reason, familiar with a whole repertory of roles among which we have only to choose. Certain men have committed suicide and certain other men have lit cigarettes as the result of similar incidents—largely because of the stories which had impressed them most in youth; and certainly the lover who has an outraged husband to meet would do well to find out whether the latter is more impressed by melodrama than by social comedies.

Nor are those moments when we are aware that we ourselves or someone else is "playing a comedy" or "talking out of a book" more than merely the most obvious examples of an influence that is too all-pervasive to be always noticed. Art helps to establish in artificial societies all the opinions, all the phrases, and all the tastes which are regarded as "proper," "civilized," or "chic," and by means of which the members of that society recognize one another. And it does almost as much for societies less artificial. We can hardly appreciate a certain landscape, be amused by a certain situation, or even resent a certain injustice without leaning far more than we realize upon the various books which have cultivated the sensitivity to that landscape and that situation or formulated the protest against that injustice. Books that seem to teach nothing usually teach things too subtle to be analyzed, and a literate society is what it has read—not merely when it administers or votes, but almost every minute that it lives.

Art for art's sake never existed and never can exist. But an artist frequently fails to teach what he thinks he is teaching and frequently teaches something he did not know could be taught.



# The Soviet-Japanese War

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, June 28*

**M**OSCOW no longer fears a war with Japan. The Soviet Government looks into the future with greater calm than it did half a year ago, not only because of the difficulties which face Tokio in Manchuria, China, and at home, but because there is a vastly increased confidence here in the fighting capacity of the Red Army. Military attachés whom I have interviewed testify to the excellent morale of the Red Army and to the high quality of its training and equipment. If Japan were to start a war with the U. S. S. R. today it would meet a much worthier foe than the demoralized, corrupt, unprepared Czarist land and naval forces which quickly succumbed to a few surprise blows in 1904. Foreign experts quite unencumbered by sympathies for bolshevism or Russia are not at all certain that Japan would win a war against the Soviets. At any rate, such a war would be prolonged and extremely expensive. No one can foresee what anti-Japanese repercussions it would produce in China or how the peasants and factory employees in Japan would react to it. The sentiment here, therefore, is that unless Tokio statesmen lose their senses completely they will not attack Russia single-handed. To which one might add, however, that statesmen have lost their senses completely in the past.

Nevertheless, the Moscow political bourse is bearish on war prospects. Men acquainted with the international scene feel that no responsible Japanese government would dare to invade the Soviet Far East without a firm assurance from Poland and Rumania that they would attack Russia simultaneously in the west. Such an assurance will not be given readily. France and Poland entertain definite sympathies for the Japanese cause. American bankers have long suspected that Paris was supporting the yen and comforting Japan diplomatically. In Europe, on the Pacific, and at disarmament conferences, French and Japanese interests usually coincide. Yet France is probably not inclined to provoke a new and more devastating world war by inspiring a Polish offensive against Russia. Nor is Poland likely to accept French dictation unquestioningly. A few days ago in Warsaw a Polish Foreign Office official told me that Poland would be pleased to see Japan deprive the Soviet Union of Vladivostok and the Maritime Provinces. But Poland's financial stringency, economic distress, and domestic political disaffection are so great that any war would be a threat to her very existence. The United States ambassador in Warsaw, the American military attaché to Poland, the Soviet minister at Warsaw, Polish officials and journalists, and American correspondents in Warsaw with whom I have spoken during the last fortnight, all expressed the opinion that Poland's public mind was more preoccupied with German events than with Russian or Far Eastern events. And this is logical and natural.

The rising power of the Hitlerites is no comfort to Polish leaders. The National Socialists, the Steel Helmets, and the German Nationalists look longingly to the Polish Corridor and Danzig; and though the Nazis may hesitate long before sending Europe to the trenches again by seizing

Polish territory, their ambitions in that direction create justifiable uneasiness in Pilsudski's entourage. Persistent gossip in Berlin about the possibility of a Franco-German rapprochement likewise has a disturbing effect on Polish politicians. To be sure, an agreement between Germany and France by the terms of which the Germans would get the Corridor as compensation for suspending reparations payments appears quite fantastic. Germany has too little to give France. Much more is involved, too, than the relations between these two countries. The unmitigated international economic depression, fast assuming the forms of utter collapse, serves as a further obstacle to such a Franco-German settlement. Yet Poland is perturbed by French coolness toward Polish financial needs and foreign political interests, especially so since important personages on the French General Staff are said to be wondering whether Poland, in its present state of weakness, would not be more of a liability than an asset in case of war.

Under these circumstances the possibility of a Polish attack on Russia must be discounted. It is not excluded. Nothing is excluded in the insane asylum which calls itself Europe. But it is not very likely. In the last six months the Bolsheviks have gone out of their way on numerous occasions to win the good-will of Poland. Soviet diplomats and newspapers have received orders from above to respect Polish sensibilities. Polish-Soviet trade is improving, and the Poles, God knows, need business. The Japanese, to be sure, have been active in Moscow and Warsaw courting Polish favor. Yet I do not think that Japan could depend on Polish cooperation at the beginning of its invasion of Siberia. Nor could it depend on Rumania.

Poland's preoccupation with Germany and its disinclination to be involved in a big military undertaking are the most reassuring factors in the Far Eastern situation. On the other hand, the assassination of Premier Inukai, the inflated influence of the immoderate militarists, the transfer of Japanese staff headquarters to Harbin nearer the Soviet frontier, and the evacuation of Shanghai, which released several Japanese army corps for operations in northern Manchuria, have had a disquieting effect on the Bolshevik press and Soviet public opinion.

The rulers of a country cannot leave anything to chance. Stalin cannot proceed on the assumption that the Japanese will weigh all factors calmly and refrain from aggression. Nations on the warpath have been known to inflict damage on themselves; witness Germany's unrestrained U-boat war. It looks as if Japan would not be foolhardy enough to engage the Red Army without allies. But too much is at stake for the Kremlin to trust to luck and Japanese wisdom. If the Mikado's forces had proceeded on to the Soviet Maritime Provinces immediately after taking Mukden on September 19, 1931, they would have found them poorly defended and easy to occupy. With a powerful aggressive neighbor just across the border, such a position of unpreparedness was intolerable to the Soviets, so the last six months have been spent in feverish activities with a view to



strengthening Russia's Far Eastern front. An excellent red air fleet is stationed in the region. The Bolsheviks have been building Zeppelins. If Japan were to open hostilities now, Soviet aviation could probably spare sufficient units from defense purposes to bombard supply stations and army and navy bases in the Japanese archipelago. The harbor at Vladivostok has been mined, and it would take the Japanese at least several months of costly fighting to capture the coastline—unless Voroshilov and Blücher voluntarily retired to draw them inland, where the invaders would meet a well-equipped army with unsurpassed morale, numbering, according to an American military observer, from 125,000 to 150,000 men. It would be a first-class engagement; Japan could not carry off an easy victory. Japan might conceivably lose. Defeat would have a tremendous and incalculable effect on Nippon's international position.

The population of the Soviet Union suffers by reason of these efforts to reinforce Soviet lines of defense in Siberia. Factories which ought to be turning out goods for daily use or machines for production are making war supplies. Food is being diverted from the civil population to the army's reserves. Certain construction projects are retarded in order that others may be hastened to meet the exigencies of war. The war danger, in a word, upsets and distorts previously charted economic schemes. It frightens the peasants into withholding their produce from the market. Whenever the Bolsheviks begin to shout about the imminence of war, the village hoards its grain and begins to buy salt. This has happened several times since 1927. A war scare, moreover, can be used by unscrupulous politicians to suppress opposition and to hide the true causes of economic failures. Measures calculated to strengthen the front often weaken the rear, and I am not sure which is more decisive in time of conflict. Yet the Bolsheviks insist that the Trans-Siberian Railway must be double-tracked no matter what the expense, because signs of unpreparedness would simply tempt the enemy into Siberia. There is scarcely any section of the Soviet Union which escaped widespread ruin and destruction during the period of foreign military intervention between 1918 and 1921, and the fear of another invasion is enough to stimulate a violent preparedness psychosis.

Although the winter will bring some relief, the war scare is sure to flare up again next spring. There always remains the sense of uneasiness that Japan cannot be depended upon to keep the peace. The Russians, therefore, are intent on dispelling the atmosphere of hostility and uncertainty which dominates Soviet-Japanese relations. A concerted effort is being made to establish new cultural ties between the two countries, and the future may see Russian authors and artists traveling to Japan on good-will trips. More important is Moscow's desire to conclude a non-aggression pact with Tokio. Last year, when Yoshizawa, the Mikado's representative at the League of Nations, passed through Moscow to become Japan's new Foreign Minister, Litvinov and Karakhan met him at the railroad station and suggested negotiations with a view to the conclusion of a treaty of non-aggression. Nothing came of this suggestion. The Japanese did not know; perhaps they would want to undertake aggression. Any treaty can become a scrap of paper. Japan has disregarded the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty signed at Washington which pledged it to the principle of Chinese territorial integrity. Yet on

occasions these potential scraps of paper act as little stumbling-blocks which delay the inception of wars, and Tokio has wished to keep the road clear. Moscow, nevertheless, continues to press Japan to sign the pact, and serious conversations may now be in progress. A friendly American gesture toward Russia could strengthen Moscow's hands in these pourparlers and guarantee a greater measure of peace on the Pacific. The only consideration which will finally sober the Japanese militarists is the knowledge that in the event of war against the Soviet Union America might help the Soviets. To be sure, the United States government does not like Bolsheviks and will not recognize a regime now approaching its fifteenth-anniversary celebrations. But if America wishes to prevent another war in which it is likely to be involved, the best thing to do is to improve Washington's relations with the Kremlin.

Japanese aggression on the Pacific is an expense and an embarrassment to the United States. America keeps its entire fleet in the Pacific. Mr. Stimson has stated, in effect, that to grant independence to the Philippines would make them a prey of Japan. Anti-Japanese agitation again lifts its head in the Hawaiian Islands. China buys less and American business loses money. Our insistence on the Open Door notwithstanding, Manchuria is closed to American investments and exports. All these unpleasant consequences of Japan's encroachment on the Asiatic mainland focus attention on the possibility, still remote, of open hostilities between Japan and the United States. Sensational, irresponsible journals in Japan boast that America's turn will come after Russia has been put in her place. Other war-mongers are not decided whether the first round ought to be with the United States or the Soviet Union. The violent utterances of these publications are quoted in the Soviet press and invested with undue significance. The Far Eastern issue promises to become a hardy perennial. It will still be alive after the Presidential elections in November.

In the absence of Russian-American cooperation the U. S. S. R. must depend on its own resources. The intense military activity in Siberia during 1932 has enabled Moscow to talk more firmly with Tokio, and the new Japanese government seems to be impressed by the improvements in the Red Army's position in the Far East. Tokio, too, can no longer underestimate the task of pacifying Manchuria. The fine imperial German army, numbering at least 300,000 men, which occupied the Ukraine in 1918 never really succeeded in subjugating that country, and it never got the bread for which the invasion was undertaken. It may be years before Manchuria becomes an asset instead of a huge budgetary outlay. A combat between Japan on the one hand and the Soviet Union and the Chinese insurgents on the other would constitute a severe test to the Japanese army and navy. I think, therefore, that the Far East may now look forward to a period of peace by default.

The war danger, to be sure, remains, and for years, perhaps, Russia and Japan, fully armed, will gaze fiercely at each other from opposite sides of the thin Manchurian fence. But final security lies in the mounting industrial power of the Soviet Union and in the economic decline of Japan. Peace could be guaranteed earlier by international diplomatic action. Without it, Moscow can trust only in the fulfilment of the first and second Five-Year Plans. Or will the world blow up before then?



# An Open Letter to Oswald G. Villard

**D**EAR MR. VILLARD: In your issue of May 11, 1932, you wrote an interesting and important letter to Governor Roosevelt. This letter ends with some fourteen pertinent questions to which you asked an answer, yes or no. You do a public service in trying to compel candidates to face real issues.

Of course neither you nor I nor anyone else has a right to ask of Franklin Roosevelt any more than that he shall declare where he stands as a Democrat. We all know that he is not a Socialist or a radical of any sort. There is, however, about your open letter something more than a faint suspicion that perhaps you and *The Nation* would be comparatively well satisfied if Governor Roosevelt were to declare himself on the liberal side of your fourteen questions. It is this suspicion that prompts me to ask you in turn to declare yourself categorically on some deeper questions than you have raised for the Governor to answer.

All that you have said about Governor Roosevelt's equipment and opportunities, I can say of you and more. It is because of the place that you personally hold in American life and the immensely useful role filled by *The Nation* that it seems to me worth while to ask you to declare yourself once again and very explicitly on the fundamental problems of our times. These questions go much deeper than a half-hearted approach to government operation of the railroads and possibly of the power industry. The importance of any answers to these specific questions which you ask on power and the control of industry is considerably affected by the answer to a preliminary and more fundamental question. Are you seeking to patch up for a while longer the capitalist system or are you seeking to change in orderly fashion that system to the end that we may establish a cooperative commonwealth? It is this basic inquiry which prompts my specific questions:

1. Do you believe that the capitalist nationalist social order is doomed? Yes or no?

2. Do you believe that the effective management of the machine age in its present development, as well as the realization of any worth-while ideals of plenty, peace, or freedom, requires social ownership of those things necessary for the common life and their management for use rather than for profit? Yes or no?

3. Assuming that you share in some degree the present enthusiasm for economic planning, do you believe that such planning can be plastered on the essential and chaotic planlessness of our profit system? Yes or no?

4. Do you believe that capitalism can remain capitalism and yet get rid of unemployment and abolish cyclical depression? If so, how?

5. Do you believe that the world can stagger out of the depths of this depression without consciously lightening its present load of fantastic debts piled up during the war and post-war years? If so, how?

6. Do you believe that our present capitalism or the fascist form of capitalism to which we may be drifting can reasonably be expected to preserve the peace of the world if the struggle for material advantage, prestige, and power

implicit in it continue to characterize all social relations, foreign and domestic? Yes or no?

7. Assuming that you acknowledge the fantastic and cruel insanity of our present system and the essential reasonableness of socialism—I use the word in a most inclusive sense—do you think it is possible to plan for a relatively orderly and peaceful transition? If so, by what means?

8. Do you believe that the process of transition requires as its basis and inspiration the assertion of a new and revolutionary philosophy of loyalty to a cooperative society, in a classless world in which the solidarity of workers with hands and brain will cross national and racial lines? Yes or no?

9. Do you believe that an orderly transition period requires careful plans consciously directed to the rapid socialization of land, natural resources, banking, and the principal means of production, their functional administration, and their control under a general planning board? Yes or no?

10. Do you believe that taxation of land values and of incomes and inheritances should be used not merely to provide the revenue but also to bring about an actual transfer of ownership and control? Yes or no?

11. Do you believe that it is essential to build up organizations of the workers with hand and brain in consumers' cooperatives, in labor unions, and in a political party which will express the needs and ideals of the workers? Yes or no?

12. If you believe in such organization, is it not more reasonable to accept the Socialist Party and to work to make it stronger rather than to wait vainly for the emergence of some non-existent mass movement, progressive rather than Socialist in nature, and more appropriate to an earlier stage of capitalism than to this hour of crisis? Yes or no?

NORMAN THOMAS

Mr. Thomas's questions are frequently not clear, lack adequate definition, and nearly all smack of the oratorical, thus making it extremely difficult to give him categorical answers. None the less I reply as follows:

1. Yes, if it continues as it has since 1914.

2. In ignorance of what "those things necessary for the common life" are, or what constitute "worth-while ideals of plenty" I answer no, while favoring the socialization of utilities, pipe-lines, the public ownership of natural resources, and the control and direction of such broken-down industries as coal and iron.

3. Yes. But in using the phrase "planning . . . plastered on . . . planelessness," Mr. Thomas puts the question in a biased form.

4. Yes, by unemployment insurance and planning, and by government control of key industries as above.

5. No.

6. No.

7. Yes, by the same kind of evolution by which we are now proceeding, with greater speed than most people realize, toward increasing socialization, frequently proposed and carried through by the conservatives themselves.



8. Yes. "My country is the world, my countrymen all mankind."

9. Yes. I believe that the transition period requires orderly planning, but I am not certain that nearly so much socialization will be required as this question assumes, and I specifically except the land.

10. Within limitations, yes; again excepting the land.

11. Yes, but I am opposed to any party which shall be restricted to being a purely one-class party, on whichever side that might be organized.

12. No.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

# The World's Economic Crisis

By J. A. HOBSON

*Hampstead, England, June 22*

THE world's economic situation suggests the following chain of argument:

1. This country and the whole world are suffering from a failure of the purchasing power of consumers to keep pace with the increasing power of production in most branches of industry and agriculture.

2. The insufficient rate of consumption is not due primarily to any insufficiency of money income. For normally in all processes of production the money costs, currently paid out as wages, salaries, rent, interest, profit, are sufficient to buy the whole product.

3. If, therefore, there is insufficient purchase of consumption goods, this must be due either to an excessive purchase of new producers' goods (through saving and investment), or else to withholding of some purchasing power from purchase either of consumption goods or producers' goods (capital goods).

4. The present visible excess of productive power must be attributed in the first place to an earlier tendency to put more income into the purchase of new production goods than is required to supply consumption goods at the rate they can be purchased by the money that remains in consumers' hands.

5. If this attempt to create and operate an excess of productive power is made, it must express itself in a period of overproduction and collapse of prices, to be followed by a slowing down of production and a stoppage of employment of all the less efficient capital and labor.

6. When this stage is reached, effective saving for the creation and operation of new capital must be greatly reduced. For profits, the chief source of business capital, will be reduced, and the money savings that are still made will lie on deposit waiting for a recovery of trade in order to get invested.

7. If this is a correct account of the situation and its causation, no remedy can be effective unless it corrects the initial tendency to create capital too fast—to oversave.

8. Since it is generally admitted that the richer classes can and do save a larger proportion of their incomes than the poorer classes, it appears that oversaving can only be stopped either by a tendency toward greater equality in incomes or by processes of taxation or social ownership which divert larger quantities of higher incomes to public revenue and expenditure.

9. This analysis condemns as positively injurious the cutting of salaries, wages, and pensions in public services and the curtailing of such services and of local expenditure upon works of public utility.

10. If all the money thus saved for the taxpayer and the ratepayer were certain to be spent by them without delay in demand for consumption goods, it would not worsen the immediate situation so far as volume of employment went, but would only divert some expenditure on necessities to expenditure on comforts and luxuries, with grave incidental damage to the hygiene and morale of the nation.

11. But since direct taxes and rates are mostly paid by the richer classes, the net effect of such public policy is to worsen the inequality of incomes and so to obstruct the path of economic recovery. It is doubtful whether such a policy of public economy even helps to balance the budget. For if, as seems certain, it reduces private consumption, lowers prices, and enlarges the volume of unemployment, the public revenue may suffer in tax yields as much as it gains in economies of expenditure. Moreover, the cut in the British dole may be attended by a corresponding increase in the number of unemployed.

12. If, as is widely urged, public economy is to be attended by a lowering of wages in our export trades, with a view to increasing our share of the shriveling foreign trade, further trouble is in store. For even if such cuts in wages were accepted by the workers and some enlargement of foreign markets were attained, the reduced wage rates of a larger number of workers in these trades would not be likely to bring a net increase in their demand for consumption goods.

13. The cut in costs of production in our export trades would, in the present state of the world, almost certainly fail in its objects, provoking competition in wage-cutting among our foreign competitors and a rise in the tariff walls of countries whose markets we sought to enter.

14. But supposing cheaper labor did enable us to enlarge our foreign markets, our lower selling prices would not help the recovery of a world suffering from excessive falls of prices. It would only shift a little of our unemployment to the other countries whose goods we ousted by our sweating policy.

15. If we accept the plain truth that, since we are living and working in a world economic system, the recovery and health of one country cannot be got at the expense of other countries, we shall perceive that these attempts to set our separate houses in order are futile and inimical to that world understanding and cooperation which alone can win security and progress.

16. There is an increasing tendency among the statesmen of most countries to accept this truth and to make it the basis of some early practical monetary policy. But the monetary measures taken in the several countries for their



own recovery do not betoken any clear grasp of the vital issue—namely, the putting of a larger volume and a larger proportion of the spending power in the hands of those who will spend it on consumption goods. For unless action is first stimulated in consumer markets, it is useless to offer abundant supplies of cheap bank credits or investment capital to industrial concerns. These latter cannot use more capital profitably unless they can have reasonable security that their enlarged outputs can be sold without further fall of prices. And this confidence they cannot get unless they know that the consuming public will have the wherewithal to purchase the increased supplies.

17. Inflation, or reflation by international action, can only operate successfully so far as it secures that an increasing proportion of the enlarged supply of money passes into

the hands of consumers to be expended without delay in demand for consumers' goods.

18. Finally, such *ad hoc* creation of more purchasing power, if rightly applied, could only produce a temporary recovery. When the economic system was restored to normal health, the return of surplus income in the shape of high profits, rents, dividends, et cetera (payments in excess of what is needed to evoke the use of the factors of production) would begin once more to throw the working of capitalism out of gear by inciting attempts to save an excessive proportion of the aggregate income.

19. This "surplus" forms an irrational element in our economic system which can only be absorbed and utilized by conscious organization on the part of our economic society.

## Food, Drink, and Politics

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, July 9*

IF you hunger and thirst, be patient. The nation is in the midst of a grave economic and political crisis in which the wants of Big Business and Big Politics must necessarily come first. Hence the Democrats in Congress have just enacted a relief bill designed to show that they are anxious to provide food, jobs, and credit; and hence President Hoover is preparing to give it a veto designed to show that he is opposed to "radical measures." When both sides have made their respective bids for votes they will doubtless unite on a measure which will yield neither votes nor relief but will provide each with a campaign alibi. Although it is hard to contemplate the present bill with enthusiasm, it is harder to respect the President's purported objection to it. A hybrid offspring of the original Wagner and Garner plans, it would appropriate \$300,000,000 for direct-aid loans to the States and \$322,000,000 for public construction (to be used if and when the Treasury approves—meaning never), and would add \$1,500,000,000 to the capital of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to be loaned to anyone furnishing adequate security. It is characteristic of Mr. Hoover's peculiar mind that he chose the last feature as the ground for his objection. He is willing to enlarge the capital of the government lending agency but unwilling to enlarge the class of persons and corporations eligible to borrow from it. Just why it is proper to make a loan to the Missouri Pacific Railroad to enable it to satisfy the bankers, but improper to make a loan to John Smith for a similar or more worthy purpose, is a question for the metaphysicians and crystal-gazers. Carried to a natural end, the President's logic means that all such loans are improper and discriminatory and that the R. F. C. never should have been created. As a matter of fact, that very conclusion has been forced on a number of people by the revelation that Charles G. Dawes's Chicago bank borrowed \$80,000,000 from the R. F. C. a few days after he ceased to be president of the latter, although thirty-nine smaller Chicago banks were permitted to close their doors during the same month!

THE soundest case for government lending which has been heard in this vicinity was made out this week by Donald R. Richberg, representing the railway labor organizations in behalf of the Costigan-La Guardia bill. This measure would set up a government agency similar to the R. F. C. except that its business would be to extend credits not exceeding \$500 each to unemployed heads of families, such credits to be expended for certain designated necessities of life. In addition to relieving immediate existing distress, its object is to place purchasing power in the hands of those who would promptly use it in obtaining the products of essential industries, thus creating new employment. Sad experience with federal relief projects may prompt us to question the wisdom of all such policies, but every argument advanced in behalf of the R. F. C. applies with added force in behalf of the new proposal. If money injected at the top of the economic system may be expected to trickle to the bottom, then money injected at the bottom may be expected to climb to the top. The law of capillary attraction is fully as valid as the law of gravity—and, where money is concerned, is much more generally observed. And what, in God's name, is the sense of financing productive enterprises to turn out additional commodities for which there are no purchasers?

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TURNING from the subject of hunger to that of thirst, I am confronted with the duty of conveying certain melancholy information to those citizens who have anticipated a quick change from the muddy *Heimgemacht* of sink and cellar to the sparkling lager of the breweries. Recent events undoubtedly mean the return of beer, but I shall be profoundly surprised if Congress passes a beer bill at this session. Politics again furnishes the answer. Wet Republican Senators and Representatives would like to help themselves and rob their Democratic opponents of an advantage by passing a beer bill now, but others in the party believe that such action would embarrass President Hoover and alienate the remainder of the dry votes. Moreover, the



Democrats, perceiving that they have a popular issue, can see no reason for removing it from the campaign at this stage. If they could be certain that President Hoover would veto a beer bill they probably would pass one now and gladly let him face the music. He has indicated he would do exactly that, but they don't trust him. Consequently beer drinkers will have to keep up their home work for another year. As this unwelcome fact dawns upon them, the lives of their Congressmen will be filled with new worries, which is one reason so many Congressmen are eager to adjourn. Another reason is a growing belief that the Shivering Chameleon in the White House has reversed his tactics and now plans to use Congress as a whipping boy as long as he can. The publicity which rewarded his recent attacks on Speaker Garner and other Democrats apparently has opened his eyes to the fact that if he no longer had Congress to shoot at, the country might start shooting at him. Accordingly, a species of Old Guard filibuster is being conducted by Dave Reed in the Senate and Bert Snell in the House. These statesmen were recently declaring that the greatest blessing Congress could confer on the country would be to adjourn. Fortunately, they are capable of rising high above every consideration of principle when party welfare is at stake.

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RETURNING from the Democratic convention, I find myself in a regrettable state of disagreement with the editors of *The Nation* over the merits of Governor Roosevelt's candidacy. It is true that his stealthy advance on the nomination was not exactly inspiring. Nor could one feel

exalted over the deal by which he acquired the necessary delegates by giving John Garner second place on the ticket—although every honest man must have been tickled to see him get away without making a single concession to Tammany. More, if I were not a disfranchised citizen and taxpayer of the capital of the United States I should certainly vote for Norman Thomas as the most intelligent and courageous nominee in the field. But there are certain facts to be considered. One is that the real backers of the fight on Roosevelt were the public-utility interests. Indeed, one of the commonest arguments against him was that, since the public utilities are "the only people who have any ready money," Roosevelt's nomination would insure a generous campaign fund for Hoover. Knowing that he had been labeled "dangerous," "radical," and "demagogic," Roosevelt had an unparalleled opportunity in his speech of acceptance to assure Big Business that he was just as "safe" for it as Hoover. Instead, he definitely aligned himself on the opposite side. Regardless of whether his actual proposals were concrete or vague, the moral effect and implications of his speech are undeniable, and no realistic observer can doubt who will get the big campaign contributions. The contrast between the Republican and Democratic platforms needs no comment. To have such men as Justice Brandeis, Commissioner Eastman, Senator Norris, and Charles A. Beard in our midst at a time like this, and to know that, owing to the mysterious workings of democracy, we cannot have any one of them as President, is sheer tragedy and anguish, but realities must be faced. The next President will be Roosevelt or Hoover. Can anyone honestly say it makes no difference which? I cannot.

## In the "Jungle"

By HAROLD M. WARE and LEMENT HARRIS

ON a trip through the agricultural byways of the country we have seen revealing things. We have seen one of the leading citizens of a small town, head of the local Red Cross office, brutally ignore the appeal of an unemployed farm worker—a young father, forced for the first time to ask for charity because his child was ill and needed medicine. We watched that man redden, then turn a long grim look upon the Red Cross worker who had handed back the doctor's prescription with the curt statement: "The Red Cross issues no funds for patent medicines!" Below his prescription the doctor had added, "One jar of Vick's Salve—Tom Ridgeley's baby has pneumonia and needs these remedies."

In the streets of villages we have seen husky men armed with ordinary house brooms. In talking to them one senses the white-hot resentment and shame they feel at becoming a public show as they pretend to sweep up imaginary horse manure among the omnipresent Fords. They are the personification of the theory that the poor must not be pauperized by a dole lest they prefer charity to labor. If the object is to make Americans hate charity, those who administer charity, and the people responsible for poverty, then the method is signally successful.

Certain streets in every city are reserved for cheap

restaurants and employment agencies known in the vernacular of our farm workers as "slave markets." There we have watched men recently discharged anxiously scanning the blackboards, still puzzled by their fate and still hopeful that there is a job: "There must be! We aren't bums!" Yet just across the streets in the city parks sit innumerable veterans of the unemployed poignantly aware of their fate. With bitter cynicism they can rate the number of days a passing stiff has been out of work. Some can still pretend to be going somewhere, some carry their coats, others have none, some have only overalls and a terrible need for food and tobacco.

Crossing the plains of our country we have learned much about the "jungle"—that waste spot on the edge of the American city where the unemployed can camp. In Stockton, California, it is on the city dump along a drainage canal back of the wharves of the Sacramento River. When we saw it, smoke was rising from the shelters made by many groups, or "combinations" of several nationalities. For, "rugged individualism" notwithstanding, man is a social animal, and misery is making him more sociable in many ways. Each little group of unemployed was intent upon cooking messes of "food." The whole situation was fantastic. There, in sight of the city with its shops, an



elevator storing grain on one side, a sugar plant on the other, and the food warehouses along the city wharves, these men, able and anxious to work, had scratched over the garbage piles of the warehouses, retrieved half-rotten carrots or onions or beans, peeled away the worst of them, and were boiling them in any old tin can they could salvage. We have been taught in the good old American fashion that this is a free country, and it is. These men had a free choice of three alternatives: they could steal, starve, or become scavengers.

As we walked through this graveyard of American civilization with its human and material refuse, we met one man who had recently owned a farm. It brought to our minds a phrase coined by a prominent writer for an agricultural journal who was theorizing on the reasons why farmers submit to low standards, and who had said: "Farming is a way of life, and it is *the equality of the poverty* that makes it bearable." Well, here in the "jungle" was a democracy, a taxless way of life, and an equality of poverty any dispossessed farmer might yearn for. And it really has great natural advantages—shelter, a free food supply, water, and a splendid isolation from the well-to-do and curious. Only when fate drives too many unemployed through the town in their pathetic search for imaginary work and these advantages tempt them to "hole in," does the town "law" bother them. Then heavy-soled boots kick apart these mean shelters. With characteristic American democracy no favoritism is shown. The poor fireplaces of Mexicans, Chinese, Filipinos, and Americans are all destroyed and the still tame population of the "jungle" is herded out of town. Can it be that our much-advertised "rugged individualism" fears to let men even suffer collectively?

It is not easy to walk among hungry men with a full stomach. But these men, strange as it may seem, are essential to the great agrarian companies which grow and pack your breakfast fruit and luncheon salads. And it is such migratory unemployed who normally pick and pack, all up and down the Pacific seaboard. We have been told by competent people that the number so employed has shrunk from 400,000 to about 265,000. The slack is expressed in terms of uncultivated acres, unpicked fruits, wives and children doing unaccustomed work in the fields—and the overcrowding in the "jungles" of the West.

Among the Americans here was a man who had been a lieutenant in the navy; another was an expert watchmaker who still packed his tools. One had been a house painter, but most of them had been farm workers for years. All were bitter against Hoover because he had done so little to help them. They still want work and have a conviction that the government could get it for them if it wanted to.

We have gone from one end of the Main Streets to the other. But nowhere have we found agricultural leaders or bankers looking far ahead for a solution. Instead, some of them are looking backwards a hundred years and fatuously prescribing the self-sustaining farm unit of covered-wagon days. All shake a pious head at the "extravagance" of farmers and workers who enlarged their farms or bought radios and bathtubs on the instalment plan. But to anyone who knows the "jungle" folk today this platitudinous hocus-pocus fails to dispel the conviction that unless something is done, the imaginary lines that separate masses of hungry men from great reservoirs of food will be broken.

## In the Driftway

ONE of the Drifter's colleagues has just received an invitation. It is to join a "selective group of literary people" who will make a visit to a nudist colony not far from New York. "They will be driven to the camp," the letter stated, "where the typical nudist luncheon will be served." And the final paragraph declared: "Of course you understand that *all* visitors must disrobe before entering the camp. We hope you will come!" The Drifter's colleague seemed a little alarmed. He did not know, he said, what a typical nudist luncheon would consist of; he did not know the exact legal status of the nudist cult, and was a little uncomfortable at the thought of being escorted to the police station minus his suspenders; and finally he wanted to know "who else was going." It is all very well for the young, the slim, and the well-formed to dispense with their outer covering. But the rest of us who feel that life is sad enough at best do not wish to add unnecessarily to our burdens.

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THE Drifter is aware that the champions of nudism have a ready answer to this objection. One does not undress for appearance's sake, they say. Not for the good of the eye, but for the good of the soul, it is well to lay aside clothing. Take off your clothes, they say, and see how good you feel; see how the very country looks different, more fresh, more green, more clean and new. You can run better, walk better, lie more comfortably, swim more freely. And as your body is freer, so are you freed from the petty conventions and prurient curiosity that hamper men and women. Never having been a member of a nudist colony, the Drifter cannot testify as to the disappearance of prurency. But he has spent some time outdoors without his clothing. And he was not always either free or even comfortable. In the latest book on nudism there is a charming picture of a young lady lovingly hugging a sheaf of wheat to her bare side. The sight made the Drifter quiver. For wheat is scratchy. There were other pictures of young persons prone upon the earth. But grass is scratchy; pebbles are sharp under foot and sharper to sit on; sand can scrape one's very hide off; the softest lawn, which under a shoe feels like velvet, contains a hundred needles to the square inch when approached by the bare pelt. The ground is rough to walk on, cold and hard to lie on. And stacking sheaves of wheat is something that should be done with a protection of blue-denim overall.

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THIS combination of Philistinism and tender-footedness will doubtless cause the nudists to give three long shudders. But the Drifter does not really care. He counts among his friends a pioneer among them, a young man who, for all the years the Drifter has known him, has maintained, from head to heel, summer and winter, a uniform shade of handsome polished walnut. This young man, however, is less a nudist than a sun-worshiper. He likes to lie in the sun, on a bare rock, high up, *away from people*. This last he considers an indispensable adjunct to his enjoyment. Although



there is no fiercer champion of nakedness than he, he entertains at the same time a deep suspicion of anything that sounds like a nudist colony. And the Drifter cannot help feeling that while there is much to say in favor of nakedness, this position is eminently sound.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Mr. Gill and Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a meeting of the Social Service Independent Committee for Political Action held May 31, 1932, the following resolutions were adopted and the secretary was instructed to send a copy to the editor of *The Nation*. They are apropos of Mauritz A. Hallgren's article, Help Wanted for Chicago in *The Nation* of May 11, which we believe unjustly misrepresents Mr. Gill.

WHEREAS Joseph L. Gill, Clerk of the Municipal Court of Chicago, has fulfilled in every particular his pre-election promises to reorganize the Social Service Department of the Municipal Court of Chicago; to divorce this department absolutely from politics; to appoint a committee of recognized leaders in social-service practice to compile and supervise examinations for all positions in the Social Service Department, and to act as a permanent advisory committee of the department, and further;

WHEREAS Mr. Gill, although not expected to place social-service workers in the "Renters' Court," did, at the acute stage of unrest caused by family evictions in August, 1931, voluntarily extend his Social Service Department to this Civil Court Branch, and thus perform a service of inestimable value to the social agencies of Chicago and Cook County and to the city at large; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the Social Service Independent Committee for Political Action express its appreciation of Mr. Gill's earnest and energetic action in organizing and maintaining a Social Service Department in the Municipal Court of Chicago with a trained professional personnel free from any political, racial, or religious influences.

Chicago, June 10

IRENE JEAN CRANDALL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through misinterpretation of information given to me by a person who has closely followed Mr. Gill's work I appear to have done Mr. Gill an injustice. I do not hesitate to apologize for my error, which was certainly not intentional.

New York, June 12

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

## For Readers in Manila

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like very much to get in touch with *Nation* readers and like-minded people in and around Manila, who would be interested in joining an informal discussion group.

Such a group is very much needed here, and I'm sure that *Nation* readers would enjoy meeting one another occasionally. Anyone who is interested may communicate with me at Box 1650, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Manila, P. I., June 20

R. B. BLACKMAN

## Miners' Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a situation in the coal fields of West Virginia to which I should like to call the attention of your readers, many of whom will remember the strike of the West Virginia Mine Workers Union last summer. Since that strike many of the victimized families have lived in tent colonies; there are at present sixty-nine families still living in tents.

In addition to strike victimization, unemployment for other causes is rampant in the valley. Charity as well as State and county funds have been exhausted for months, and the condition of the unemployed and especially of the miners hidden away in isolated camps has now become desperate—so desperate that six children and one woman have died in the past two weeks and many more are at the point of death. An epidemic of flux has broken out in the tent colony at Ward and two children have died from the disease. Thirteen other children and the father of one of the babies who died are now in bed seriously sick. At Blakely, farther up the mountain than Ward, where there was a tent colony most of the winter, four small children and a woman have died of the same cause in the past fortnight. Flux, the county doctor says, is caused by malnutrition. There is a letter here in the union office today from a sick family in the Ward tent colony asking us to send up olive oil and milk of magnesia for the dying children. We do not have the money with which to comply with this request.

Money for relief may be sent to George Scherer, Secretary, West Virginia Mine Workers Union, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, West Virginia.

Charleston, W. Va., June 20

TOM TIPPETT

## The Indian Bureau

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to call to your attention the present deplorable condition of the American Indians. I quote from their petition to the Senate: "When Secretary Wilbur and Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood took office in 1929, we were led to feel a wonderful hope. They announced great programs and made great promises. We assert that they have forsaken their programs. They have broken their promises. They have new evils of far-reaching kinds—evils which their predecessors did not sponsor." They have not supported the legislation they promised. On the contrary, openly or by delay and obstruction, they have fought it.

Further, these officials have illegally seized thousands of square miles of Indian tribal lands and leased them to whites. They have forced allotted Indians to sign over power of attorney to Indian agents who lease the land to whites. They have blocked the Frazier bill for an honest and business-like accounting of Indian Bureau money. They have, with ostentatious virtue, closed down just three, or 2.2 per cent of the notorious boarding-schools. They have done their utmost to prevent payment of the money due the Pueblos for their land and water lost through government neglect. They have delayed the sending of available Department of Agriculture money for the starving sheep, which are the livelihood of the Navajos.

The full account of these doings may be read in the Congressional Record of the Senate's proceedings on March 9, 10, and 11, 1932, or in the reprint obtainable from the American Indian Defense Association, 219 First St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Columbus, Ohio, May 24

CONSTANCE NICE AND  
PUBLIC  
LIB



## What Is a Poet?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the excellent discussion of the characteristics of a poet—taken as the type of all artists—by Mark Van Doren, the final distinction can amount to no more than the self-evident definition that the poet writes poetry—that he is not essentially different from other men. However, the difficulty which Mr. Van Doren recognized in attempting to reconcile the popular belief that an artist is extraordinarily sensitive with the logical truism that he uses his strongest emotional experiences for the purpose of his art constitutes a principal distinction between the worlds of art and non-art.

The artist's individual reaction to experience, whether directly personal or observed even indirectly through the most remote vicarious sources, must be sufficiently stronger than that of other men to enable him to record it with unequaled power, or it must awaken within him related thoughts and feelings which will enrich his work through the perspective or orientation they lend to the theme of which he treats. These two trends, incidentally, point the difference between the simplest poetry of passion and that which seeks to convey the greatest possible number of ideas and feelings within a minimum number of lines. The primitive purity of folk poetry is typical of the former, the richly burdened works of Keats of the latter.

In this sense it is genuinely true that the artist must be almost abnormally sensitive to impressions and thoughts; but this very sensitiveness may prove his undoing if undisciplined, as with the extremists of the French romantic movement. Herein the power to treat these powerful emotional experiences with an objectivity of expression is necessary—it is here that the lofty and complete steadiness of view which is Arnold's characterization of supreme art in Sophocles takes its origin. This is the paradox of art, that the poet is sensitive to impressions beyond the common, but that, if he follows a proper artistic discipline, the most intense of personal emotions will affect him less than the man in the street. He may almost be said to use his emotions for purposes of business, but that is part of the price of artistic creation. The poet sacrifices his privacy to a great extent—traditionally, at least—and his apparent callousness is needed both as a shield to this condition and as a means to artistic objectivity.

Detroit, Mich., June 6 HAVILAND FERGUSON REVES

## Dining with *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few *Nation* readers in Washington, D. C., actuated by a desire to further the cause, want to organize a dining club. We will give you a vote of thanks if you will ask your other readers of like mind hereabouts to send their names and addresses to me at 2630 Adams Mill Road.

Washington, D. C., June 15 FREDERICK HALLER

## For New Jersey Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If there are any *Nation* readers in Union County, New Jersey, interested in forming a local discussion group, I should like to have them communicate with me at 319 East Dudley Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey.

Westfield, N. J., June 25 MALCOLM B. AYRES

## Finance

### England Converts the War Loan

WITH one of those sweeping operations which excited admiration and wonder in times past, the British government has announced its intention of retiring its 5 per cent War Loan, issued in 1917, and substituting for it a 3½ per cent issue. This appears to be, by all odds, the greatest refunding project undertaken by any government, for the War Loan is outstanding in the amount of more than £2,000,000,000; say, nominally, \$9,740,000,000, or \$7,200,000,000 on the present gold value of the pound. The new bonds will bear an interest rate as low as any of our own Liberty Loan issues; in fact, our 3½ per cent Liberty bonds confer upon their owners complete exemption from State and federal taxes, save only estate and inheritance taxes, whereas the British bonds paying that rate will be subject to income tax. Moreover, in the preliminary announcement nothing is said about maturity, and the investor is merely asked to surrender his old 5's and accept 3½'s in lieu thereof, in the confidence that British credit is fairly priced at the latter figure and will continue to be so priced indefinitely.

The investor will not be compelled to accept this smaller return. He can, if he chooses, demand cash—provided he so notifies the authorities by September 30 next. In times like these, when bondholders are supposed to long for nothing so much as cash, such an option of payment appears audacious. To issue only half as much paper money as would be temporarily required to redeem the issue would swamp the British credit mechanism and send the pound sterling to depths not hitherto touched. There are, in fact, some indications that large amounts of cash will be demanded. Numerous British banks, knowing the loan was soon to be called in, are reported to be holding large amounts of it as a short-term investment, and these institutions presumably will be unwilling to accept a long-dated or perpetual obligation in exchange.

Moreover, it is estimated that some £200,000,000 of War Loan is held abroad, and non-British owners may not be attracted by so low an interest rate, payable in a fluctuating currency. They, in particular, may want cash; but it so happened that in the British budget introduced last March a huge fund of £150,000,000 was set up for the avowed purpose of preventing the pound sterling from rising in value too fast, as it then showed a tendency to do. The natural way to keep the pound down would be to utilize this fund to buy credit balances abroad; to the extent that this has been done the British authorities are now in funds to meet War Loan payments.

Thus, with forethought and precision, England is preparing to deal with a pressing fiscal problem and save for the Exchequer some £23,000,000 annually in interest payments. Already British bonds have advanced sharply on the news—and already sterling exchange has had a rather bad break in New York. The financial odds against London are still heavy, but the traditional method of dealing with the difficulty nearest at hand is being followed with courage and assurance. If one of the world's main troubles today is the burden of debt, England is striking at the root of it by scaling down the debt. In the United States we have no pressing problem of retiring high-rate bonds and substituting others carrying lower coupons. On the contrary, the Treasury is borrowing at ridiculously low rates on short-term bills and certificates. The funding of that floating debt, now uncomfortably large, into long-term and more costly obligations is likely to provide the ultimate test of American financial skill and foresight.

S. PALMER HARMAN



# Books and Films

## Emerson: Last Days at Concord

By HORACE GREGORY

O my America at Concord's bridge  
true marriage of the east and west Brahma  
whose lips nurse at my veins

Where was the green brass cannon  
sunken in churchyards after the shots were fired;  
listen, the world is sleeping and the noise  
coils in thunder where Dover's beach  
shall wake no more

and the Indian ocean  
pours its blood into the sun when evening's tide  
uncovers bones upon the shore.

Cut me a frock coat: for the oversoul  
sleeps naked; parts, limbs (united  
with death in a broken coffin) expose, o violent nether flesh!  
to quick March winds

Where are your lips, hands, Brahma  
What was the name, your name or mine?

Come friend  
we shall walk in the west orchard drinking russet wine  
kiss daisies where the transcendental tree  
(look how the death worm feeds upon its roots)  
shelters our love and fiery blossoms fall in Plato's vineyard  
I have rolled the world in my brain, have seen its heroes  
diminish

saw oceans, continents dissolve in sunlight  
on Concord window sills.

Are you my friend,  
then here's my secret I have forgotten  
all friends and the words that joined my lips to theirs  
Better to keep faith

and believe  
no one. Better to be a patriot disowning  
this land: Give back America to sunlight wind and rain  
Set sail for India from Concord's bridge,  
leap to the quarter deck where our Columbus  
once more commands his ships.

Is that a storm in the sky  
And are these apples ripe? I grew this orchard to be a paradise  
this side of Eden.

## David Hume

*The Letters of David Hume.* Edited by J. Y. T. Greig. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$15.

THESE two volumes are the most comprehensive edition of David Hume's correspondence yet published. They contain 548 of the philosopher's letters, of which 59 have never been published before, and of which 120 have been published only imperfectly. In addition, there is a very extensive appendix containing some of the most important letters to Hume from various correspondents. Mr. Greig is an admirable editor. His footnotes are generous but never redundant, and they are extremely readable in themselves.

It cannot be said that the new letters throw any essential new light on Hume's character. That character, far from com-

plex, was a very simple and transparent one. The most detached and impartial of men, Hume himself described it with great accuracy:

I was, I say, a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an open, social, and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my humor, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments.

Only two leading qualities are omitted in this account, though both are in a way implied—his great kindliness and his great complacency. Even his inflexible resolution "never to reply to anybody" springs as much from the second of these qualities as the first. He seldom seems to have doubted his ability to crush an opponent if he really felt inclined to. To one correspondent who had criticized his "Treatise of Human Nature" severely, he merely replied: "The truth is, I could take no revenge, but such a one as would have been a great deal too cruel, and much exceeding the offense." More frequently he contented himself with remarking: "With regard to our philosophical systems, I suppose we are both so fixed that there is no hope of any conversions betwixt us; and for my part, I doubt not but we shall both do as well to remain as we are."

When this amiable complacency has been remarked upon, there is very little that can be said against the character of David Hume. The only occasion on which his astonishing equanimity was upset was that of the famous quarrel with Rousseau. When the latter was obliged to leave France, Hume befriended him, offered him an asylum in England, wrote all his friends to say how amiable and virtuous Rousseau was, mild, gentle, modest, affectionate, disinterested, "a perfect child in the ordinary occurrences of life." "The philosophers of Paris foretold to me," he wrote Hugh Blair, "that I could not conduct him to Calais without a quarrel; but I think I could live with him all my life, in mutual friendship and esteem." He put Rousseau up at the country place of a friend and arranged to have George III grant him a pension. Out of these blue skies Rousseau suddenly accused Hume of conspiring with his enemies to dishonor him, and wrote a long, violent, denunciatory letter. The good David was so thunderstruck that for months he could think of nothing but "the monstrous ingratitude, ferocity, and frenzy of the man," and he now wrote all his friends that Rousseau was "surely the blackest and most atrocious villain, beyond comparison, that now exists in the world." After a while he was willing to agree that perhaps Rousseau was less a villain than an "arrant madman." What is especially interesting about this extreme judgment is that it was shared and, indeed, had long been anticipated, by most of the leading French writers, by D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Diderot, among others. One cannot but feel that it was in large part the result of the inadequate psychology and vocabulary of the eighteenth century. It knew only sanity and madness: it had no satisfactory words for the many intermediary stages and kinds of neuroticism and paranoia, and hence it never really understood Rousseau.

When Hume had regained his composure he was once more the serene and most detached of men. Few writers of the eighteenth century had so wide and eminent a circle of correspondents—among them Adam Smith, Francis Hutcheson, Lord Kames, Montesquieu, Horace Walpole, William Robertson, Benjamin Franklin, Hugh Blair, Turgot, Smollett, D'Alembert, Gibbon. The letters as a whole, however, are disappointing in one important respect: though they are written with the dulcet lucidity that distinguishes Hume's books and essays, they tell much more about him as a man than as a thinker. He seemed either to feel that his philosophic ideas



needed a great deal more room to turn around in than a letter provided, or he was afraid of boring his correspondents by discussing them, or he was lazy. Even, for example, when his friend Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" appeared, he contented himself with twenty lines of comment—containing two very shrewd criticisms, one of them an anticipation of Ricardo's theory of rent—and added, "But these and a hundred other points are fit only to be discussed in conversation." The letters, therefore, while unfailingly pleasant and agreeable, fall far short of doing justice to the greatest of British philosophers, and one of the most acute and candid intellects that the world has ever seen.

HENRY HAZLITT

## The Talent of Charles Morgan

*The Fountain.* By Charles Morgan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MR. MORGAN'S affinity, apparently, is with the contemplative, the introspective, for this is his third novel dealing with the type. It is also by far his best, and for the most part deserving of the praise it has received. Its action—an unhappy word to apply to a book whose sole concern is with the mystery of the spiritual life—takes place mainly on the great landed estate of the Van Leydens, not far from The Hague. To it comes Lewis Alison, a young English officer interned for the duration of the war, now entering its last phase. Alison is a singularly un-twentieth-century character, a combination of the lover, the scholar, and the mystic. He belongs, indeed, in the century to which his spirit most naturally returns—the English seventeenth.

Throughout the story he disciplines himself like an anchorite, preparing for the writing of a history of the contemplative life in England. It is Alison's purpose "to discover an inviolable ghost in the sensible body," to create within himself a constant spirit of detachment which will not, at the same time, remove him from the stresses and strains of mundane life. (This problem, by the way, though it is very clearly and intelligently posed by the author, is never, at least to one reader's satisfaction, completely solved.) "Though the contemplative life was rare [thinks Alison] the contemplative desire was universal, being, in the spirit, what the sexual desire is in the flesh, the prime mover of mankind. Contemplative stillness is but the name for a state of invulnerability, and to be invulnerable is what all men desire."

This "invulnerability," Alison's deepest concern and the aesthetic groundswell of the entire book, is threatened by the love he develops for Julie von Narwitz, an English girl connected with the Van Leydens. Julie, however, reoriented by her passion for Alison, cleaves to what is central in him. Their love, while it remains rooted in its sensual base, flowers into a joint adventure, a common search for "invulnerability." (How Santayana, with his idealistic naturalism, would admire "The Fountain"!)

The homecoming and the death of Rupert, Julie's husband, overcasts at the same time that it deepens their relationship; but Rupert, too, in the Prussian—as Alison in the English—manner, seeks the inviolable citadel; and so the three, forming a unique triangle, come to understand one another. At the end, indeed, it is Rupert's stoic wisdom, far more noble and inflexible than Alison's, which serves to bring the lovers together.

Mr. Morgan is not the supreme master that the pernicious London clique has made him out to be, but he is a beautiful and accomplished writer. He deals with very special characters and very special domains of life; but within his carefully chosen limits he works precisely and movingly. There are technical faults even in this exquisitely written book—the conclusion is a little soft, the scene of Von Narwitz's death is

melodramatic, and the major characters are just a bit too noble to be quite credible—but on the whole "The Fountain" is the most distinguished novel England has sent us for some years.

The real proof of Mr. Morgan's artistry is the spell he is able to cast over those to whom his point of view is antipathetic. The intellectual premises from which "The Fountain" proceeds are belief in some (unspecified) form of immortality, acceptance of the necessity for "a privileged and responsible class," respect for the traditional virtues of an enlightened aristocracy, a feeling for art as "a cloister" where men may "cool their fevers in this world." Mr. Morgan's contemplative ideal assumes a body-mind dualism which many of us would cavalierly reject. The life his hero would like to live can be enjoyed only at the expense of less fortunate beings and must inevitably involve some evasion of reality, some form of intellectual blinking. Yet Mr. Morgan, without dogmatism, without snobbishness, with remarkable persuasiveness, writes as if this life were manifestly compatible with the highest morality, and as if the values upon which it is erected were eternal, platonically essential, and independent of the changing forms of society. He is so fine an artist, so adept an arranger of his scene, that his central idea becomes almost convincing. The war is but a faraway backdrop for his genuinely idyllic picture of the Holland countryside; and so firmly, so confidently are his leisurely aristocrats drawn that it is with a start we realize that they are no more—that they have disappeared since the time of which Mr. Morgan is writing.

Fifty years from now, let us hope, the society and the ideology upon which "The Fountain" is based will have vanished, and the book itself will appear to readers as a lovely but quaint historical novel. Any sensitive reader of today will be glad to admit that no novel of the last generation has developed more beautifully or more imaginatively the antique morals and metaphysics of the author of the "Phaedo."

CLIFTON FADIMAN

## American Exile

*Year Before Last.* By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

IT is not surprising that the story of the exile has had a strong appeal for the American novelist, nor in another sense is it surprising that novels revolving around expatriates have found comparatively wide American audiences. The predicament of the exile, more or less isolated in a society he can only partially understand, and unable to communicate freely with those around him, perhaps corresponds with the predicament of the individual in American society more closely than we ordinarily acknowledge. Moreover, the expatriate colony (as a numerically small group whose members are loosely bound together by common interests, by a common language and a common point of view, surrounded by people with whom they have only mechanical or commercial contacts) is not greatly different from the American social unit, particularly the social unit of the metropolis. By emphasizing the lack of understanding between the group and those outside it—Hemingway's international associates in Spain are an example—the novelists have called attention to a similar situation in American life, where the diversity of specialized experiences and the absence of unifying traditions have created barriers to communication almost as great as those supplied by the lack of a common language. It is noteworthy that the exile in "Year Before Last," living in France, can scarcely understand French, and that his patroness, with partial control of his livelihood, is deaf.

Kay Boyle has concentrated on establishing the repulsion of her hero by society, and in this she has been remarkably



successful. He is spiritually and physically outcast: his occupation—he is a poet, and editor of a literary magazine—cuts him off from an age in which poetry is not held in great esteem; his illness, tuberculosis, forces him to abandon one refuge after another as the tradespeople enforce a kind of unconscious boycott against him. Since he is dependent for his livelihood on the generosity of the deaf and eccentric Scotchwoman, and since she is given to sulkiness and fits of petulance, his income is uncertain and irregular. But these are only the obvious ways in which the isolation is established. It is implicit in what is seen and in the interpretation of events, and it controls the descriptions of physical objects, so much so that in the end mountains and rooms are made to seem unfriendly or hostile. One clear impression is gained from these accumulated rebuffs: the writing of poetry becomes a desperate and furtive business, a hopeless and endless conspiracy against some unknown enemy.

In conveying this impression Kay Boyle reveals a rich and resourceful imagination; the means by which the effect is created are varied and the images are always unusual and frequently striking. The paradox is that a note of artificiality, a suggestion of an emotional inflation, comes from the same source that makes the poet's position tragic—that is, from an over-precious conception of the purposes of poetry. Like her hero, Kay Boyle seems to identify excellence in writing almost exclusively with uniqueness of phrase, and with this basic conception poetry seems, indeed, a lost and futile art, and poets a haggard and desperate crew. The reading her poet enjoys and remembers is principally remarkable for a kind of homely unusualness of statement. Literature is not a vocabulary, he says, it is a taste, and if you can give someone else the taste for it, then you are a writer. All this is indicative of that attitude which holds that poetry is but an added ornament to living, a luxury, instead of a development of communication and a need. But within the limits set by the subject, "Year Before Last" states its case as few contemporary novels do; it is a notable advance in a career that already includes "Wedding Day" and "Plagued by the Nightingales."

ROBERT CANTWELL

## Unspectacular Realism

*Young Lonigan.* By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$3.75.

THE publishers of this first novel show signs of a peculiar neurosis—a fear of censorship and the hope that people who see that a book is advertised for "doctors only" will storm the book shops and empty their pockets to secure a copy. The book is innocent. Only the most obscene and stunted mind could find salacious delight in Mr. Farrell's use of Chicago street slang—and bolder words than his are now appearing regularly in the novels of John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway. Incidentally the book happens to be an unusually good first novel, and if "physicians, surgeons, and psychiatrists" are interested in the development of the American novel, they should be urged to buy it, read it, and remember the name of the author.

The story of "Young Lonigan" bears all the marks of being a young man's autobiography. The scene is Chicago's South Side, in the heart of what was once an Irish settlement but has now been invaded by Negroes, Italians, and Jews. The hero, a fifteen-year-old boy graduating from the primary classes of a Catholic school, is a product of the lower middle class. The background of such a boy's life is of course the street; his leaders are gang leaders; and whatever he learns outside of school is picked up at corner drug-stores and pool halls. Contrasted with the reality of street language and the excitement

of adolescent sexual adventure, the platitudes recited at school and glibly rolled from the lips of obtuse, ignorant parents seem very like inept quotations from a dead literature.

Nothing extraordinary happens; a series of street fights, swimming parties, kissing games provides the action of the book. It is not long, however, before we realize that young Spuds Lonigan's environment is deadly. The bleak wide streets, the roaring of the El, the spiritual and actual poverty of more than a million people crowded within a restricted area—all point toward disaster. A pragmatic philosophy of dog eat dog is enforced, and an amoral world ruled by boys who will make future henchmen for adult gangsters takes shape.

Young Spuds himself has natural ambitions to be a tough guy, to be a "champion." Mr. Farrell has scrupulously avoided any exaggeration of his impulses or desires. He is emotionally stirred by the sight of his sister in a nightgown, but the emotion sinks inward. He falls in love with a girl of his own age, but the affair never progresses beyond kissing games and holding hands. Mr. Farrell's unblinking, open-eyed veracity reminds one of Theodore Dreiser at his best.

A word or two should be said about Mr. Farrell's prose. "Young Lonigan" is written in the harsh, flat vernacular of the American Middle West. The surfaces are crude and clumsy, almost inarticulate, yet Mr. Farrell has used this medium with great skill, revealing young Lonigan's emotions with delicate understanding. The few words that have evidently frightened Mr. Farrell's publishers fall naturally into the pattern of his style; here if anywhere is a legitimate use of a realistic idiom.

The effects produced by Mr. Farrell's novel are not dramatic but cumulative, and for that reason its closing chapters retain their hold upon the reader's imagination long after the earlier sections of the book are forgotten. There is real horror in one of its final scenes: a small Jewish boy is attacked, beaten, and robbed by young Lonigan's gang. Here one might say is the beginning of another Arnold Rothstein. As for Spuds Lonigan, he has gained nothing from his increasing brutality but a confused sense of bewilderment and a disorganized will-to-power.

Mr. Farrell has built his first novel upon a solid foundation that may be characterized as honest, unspectacular realism clothed in a vigorous, well-rounded style. I believe that he is one of the two or three young novelists in America whose future work bears watching. In a brief introduction to this volume Professor Thrasher of New York University vouches for the accuracy of Mr. Farrell's social observation.

HORACE GREGORY

## The Carpet-Bag Era

*South Carolina During Reconstruction.* By Francis Butler Simkins and Robert Hilliard Woody. University of North Carolina Press. \$8.

THIS book is significant in that it marks a new development in the historiography of the reconstruction period. The older Northern historians regarded this epoch as one in which the natural fruits of victory were garnered. That certain unfortunate incidents accompanied the process was attributed to the apostasy of Andrew Johnson and the rebellious spirit of the Southern whites. To the extent that reconstruction was undone, it was accomplished by unjustifiable violence, intimidation, and fraud. This school of historians was followed by another (mostly Southern) who looked upon the whole business of reconstruction as the work of hypocritical politicians who for partisan purposes wreaked vengeance upon a brave and defenseless foe through the agency of "Carpet-baggers," "Scalwags," and "Smart Niggers." These unspeakable scoundrels



and all their nefarious works were irredeemably damned. The undoing of reconstruction was the commendable work of high-minded men who were determined that Anglo-Saxon civilization should not be destroyed by African barbarism. To the extent that it was accompanied by violence, intimidation, and fraud the noble end more than justified the regrettable means.

To neither of these points of view do Messrs. Simkins and Woody subscribe. That the period of reconstruction was indeed a "tragic era" and "an age of hate" they by no means deny. That corruption was all too prevalent at Columbia and in the county seats is freely conceded. That many of the white and Negro Republican politicians were venal is unquestioned. However, there were exceptions. From reading the political part of the narrative one gains the impression that while practical politics was rotten enough, its reputation was a good deal blacker than the thing itself. The political game was conducted with more naivete and less finesse than is ordinarily the case. Moreover, the players were hated outsiders, scorned "inferiors," or despised renegades whose every act was closely watched by hostile contemporaries and investigated in minutest detail by hypercritical successors.

But the greater part of the volume is not devoted to politics. Thirteen of the twenty chapters deal with social, economic, religious, and educational matters. In these chapters the authors point out that many of the innovations of the reconstruction era survive to this day. Among the more notable of these are the liberty of the Negroes to manage their own church affairs, the system of land tenure which permits the Negro tenant considerable freedom in the operation of his farm, and social adjustments in which the Negro is given an opportunity to aspire to many things that would have been denied him under the sort of peonage to which his former masters were ready to assign him. Moreover, "the principle of the equality of all men before the law was then grafted into the judicial practice of the State . . . and the right of all to attend State-supported schools" was also accomplished. "Although the makers of the constitution of 1895 [native white Democrats] roundly attacked the constitution of 1868, the document they produced is scarcely more than a revision of the handiwork of the radicals."

In short, Messrs. Simkins and Woody, without appearing polemical, defend the thesis that reconstruction was in fact a revolution. Like all revolutions it had its seamy and tragic sides, but also, like others, it marked an advance in the long struggle for human liberty and equality. That two South Carolinians have given this turn to the narrative of an eventful epoch in the history of their State is a hopeful indication that that struggle still possesses some vitality.

BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK

## Notes on Fiction

*The Quick and the Dead.* By Claire Spencer. Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

In "Gallows' Orchard" Miss Spencer wrote a vigorous story of strangely harassed and thwarted persons. But the novel, with all its virtues, gave an annoying impression of artificiality, and one constantly felt that the author was straining for effect. "The Quick and the Dead" contains all the faults of its predecessor and exhibits few of its good qualities. Miss Spencer works very hard to describe the emotions of her characters, but she never once succeeds in making those characters interesting or their emotions contagious. Her puppets assume grotesque attitudes, but one is conscious only of the hard-working woman who is pulling the strings. Though it is a little difficult to know just what Miss Spencer is driving at, the book

is presumably a study of maladjustment. Since, however, neither Peter nor the world in which he lives is made convincing, the reader is not particularly enlightened.

*Babylon on Hudson.* Anonymous. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

In some ways this novel has features that recommend it: an acceptance of large social problems as a legitimate field for fiction, a few shrewd characterizations, an unpretentious style sustained at a level somewhat above the average. These do not entirely compensate for the tedious rehashings of Spengler, for the aimlessness of the work as a whole, or for the grave error in judgment that allowed the author to employ his dullest character (a pompous lawyer goes about muttering "Can such things be?") as his observer. As a general rule, Spengler's point of view seems to produce unsatisfactory novels. The characters have a tendency to accept whatever happens, from adultery to stomach trouble, as evidence of the Decline of the West.

*Soft Answers.* By Richard Aldington. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Aldington feels so candid a distaste for his characters that the reader grows somewhat uncomfortable before this collection of stories is finished; reading it is like listening to long and sarcastic character sketches of someone's bitterest enemies. The distaste is communicated; the causes of it are not. The stories turn upon the exposure of hypocrisy, affectation, and stupidity, rising to burlesque in the account of an intellectual's conversion to Catholicism, in *Stepping Heavenward*, and degenerating to aimless and tedious gossip in *Nobody's Baby*. All the characters seem so unimportant that one cannot understand why they merit ridicule.

*Letter from an Unknown Woman.* By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Viking Press. \$1.25.

In this excellent novelette, cast in a mold whose simplicity is deceptive, the author of "Amok" has told a singularly tender and passionate story. On his birthday a famous novelist receives a letter from an unknown woman. The woman is writing by the deathbed of her only son, the novelist's son as the letter in due time reveals. And to the growing astonishment of the recipient of the letter he learns that his correspondent has devoted her whole life to him, that she loved him even as a child when she caught her first glimpse of him. Later, as a young woman, whom he thought he had picked up lightly, she gave herself to him, and still later, as a woman of the world, once again, without his ever knowing or troubling to learn who she might be, and without once understanding that the child, the girl, and the mature woman were one and the same person.

*Pigeon Irish.* By Francis Stuart. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This novel is laid in the Ireland of the future, at a time when war is destroying the rest of the world. A never very coherent revolt is built around the idea of preserving small bits of Ireland against the peace; closed parks, it seems, to house old traditions. With the initial difficulties offered by this theme, the novel is well done. The characters are clearly captured, and apt and realistic details break down the sense of remoteness and make the fantasy credible. The meaning is never altogether clear. From the enthusiastic praise of Yeats and others one gathers that the novel has some special significance for the Irish that is missed by the American reader. A curious effect is produced by this fanciful and whimsical handling of a subject that seems to demand a Swiftian bitterness.



## Films

### Personality or Talent?

**M**ERTON OF THE MOVIES," the novel of Harry Leon Wilson, and later the great stage hit of a few years ago, has now been made into a film with the new name of "Make Me a Star" (Paramount). One cannot say with certainty whether Mr. Wilson set out deliberately to burlesque the movies. It is probable that all he was interested in was to tell the amusing story of a small-town simpleton whose naive earnestness and weird notions of acting are adroitly used by a film company to turn him into a star comedian. The public, however, unquestionably regarded the play as a skit on the movies and on the absurd way in which ignorant and talentless nobodies rise to the dizzy heights of stardom. It cannot be denied that an implication to this effect, whether intentional or not, is present in the story. The stage version certainly saw the movies as if they were merely a vulgar copy of the stage. "Look," it seemed to be saying, "how ludicrous it all is. A fellow may be an utter fool and not know a thing about acting, but in this crazy movie world even his foolishness and ignorance can appear as a talent for acting." To which one can only reply, "And why not?"

For the ability to act and particularly to act intelligently, with the full realization of the effect of every movement, gesture, or inflection of the voice, which is what good acting means on the stage, is really not an essential requirement for good film acting. In the days of the silent films, when "Merton of the Movies" was written, film acting neither did nor could resemble acting on the stage, although in the general treatment of their material the movie directors tried their hardest to imitate the stage play. So, at that time, the jibe of "Merton of the Movies" was substantially beside the point. Today, in this era of talkies, it would have been more justified on general grounds, since the talking picture does imitate stage acting, in its misguided attempt to reproduce stage dialogue and situations. But is it quite true in fact? I do not think so. The majority of the film actors of today are recruited from the stage, and although there are quite enough incompetents among them, I doubt that the number is any greater than is found in the theater. What is more important, the acting ability that shows off most successfully on the screen is decidedly of a lower degree of competence than that required on the stage. Unlike the stage actor, the film actor appears best when he acts least. All he needs is personality, character, for this is enough to make his acting both natural and convincing. For this reason an actor like James Cagney, who would probably cut no figure at all on the stage, makes one of the best screen actors; whereas Edward G. Robinson, who acts very effectively on the stage, seems forced and unconvincing when he does his very intelligent and expert "acting" on the screen.

Not without its own unconscious humor is the fact that "Make Me a Star," which makes fun of unconscious humor in screen acting, belies its moral by demonstrating the superiority of natural character acting over the more dextrous "impersonation" of a character. Stuart Erwin, who plays the small-town boy crashing the studio gate by his disarming artlessness, is perhaps too comic a character for his part, but his acting is natural and he succeeds in being telling without any display of histrionics. Miss Joan Blondell, on the other hand, is much more of an actress, and her persistent efforts to play the part, emphasizing her points with facial expression, fall mostly flat precisely because of that emphasis.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

That's Gratitude—Waldorf—50th St. E. of B'way.

The Cat and the Fiddle—Cohan—43 St. & B'way.

### FILMS

Blumenfrau von Lindenau—Little Carnegie—146 W. 57 St.

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Grand Hotel—Astor—45 St. & B'way.



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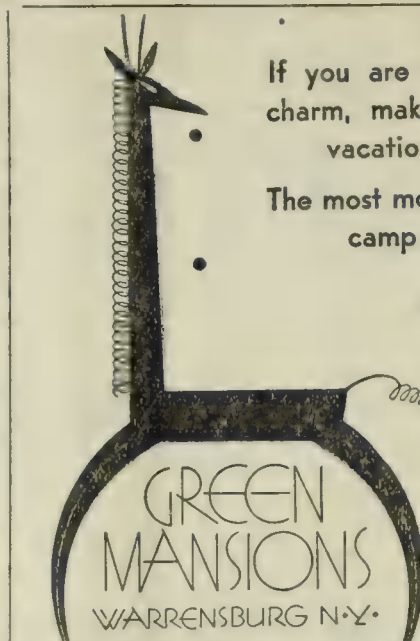
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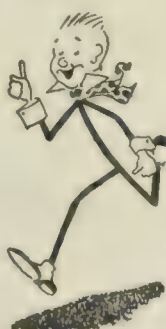
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# The Nation

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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1932

No. 3499

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SO THE FIRST SESSION of the Seventy-Second Congress has come to an end. Few sessions have been as vital, few have called forth as much unwarranted abuse of Congress, and few have witnessed so clear-cut an issue between the Executive and Congress—with the Executive regrettably getting rather the better of it—to the grave detriment of the American principle of three coordinate and independent branches of the Government, the Executive, the Congress, and the Judiciary. This phase of the session has received scant attention. Instead, public interest has been focussed on the bills dealing with the economic crisis. Nothing radical and nothing that goes deep into the causes of our troubles has been accomplished. True, certain relief bills have been passed and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has been created to ladle out the people's millions to railroads, banks, and other corporations. But only \$300,000,000 has gone to the so-called direct relief of the starving—and that is not direct at all but indirect, being appropriations to be given to States—not even cities—which are in turn to apportion them; the President announces that these loans are not to be resorted to "except as a last extremity," but he is sure that it will be enough to give us "a solid back log of assurance that there need be no hunger and cold in the United States." What humbug! Three hundred millions would last only a very few months if applied at once to the starving.

As for the other \$1,800,000,000, that sum is to be loaned to the States, municipalities, and other public agencies for self-liquidating projects, to limited dividend corporations for housing and to finance agricultural exports with \$136,000,000 for immediate building of roads and trails.

THAT THE GLASS BILL to inflate the currency by \$1,000,000,000 passed in the last hours of the session as an amendment to the Home Loan Bank bill, which appropriates \$300,000 for the organization of a system of eight to twelve government-supervised banks to finance individual home builders, is distinctly regrettable. As we have stated, we cannot see the slightest excuse for adopting this measure, for there has been no shortage whatever of currency as such. We believe that even the discussion of the bill has done harm. Senator Glass himself, in introducing the bill, stated that he did not think it was necessary at this time but that he offered it in order to head off a worse measure of inflation, the Goldsborough bill. Perhaps it will do no further harm if it is allowed to be a dead letter. While it went through, however, Congress unfortunately failed to act on the proposal of one of the few men who have shown statesmanlike qualities in this session, Congressman La Guardia, that Congress should not adjourn but recess until September 15, with semi-weekly meetings from then until November 21. Unfortunately this proposal was not brought before Congress for a vote. It is what the situation calls for; it is dangerous to adjourn Congress until December when we have a President in the White House whose heart is absolutely steeled to the suffering in the country, who appears determined that hundreds of thousands shall die of starvation before they get a dollar directly from the federal treasury. Never was there a time, in our judgment, when Congress so greatly needed the right to reconvene without being dependent upon the call of a hostile Executive.

WHERE WILL the increasingly grave unemployment crisis finally bring us? City after city continues to report that its relief funds are exhausted. The latest is St. Louis, the scene of a serious riot a few days ago. The responsible citizens of St. Louis recognize that something must be done to help the jobless, but no one seems to know where to turn for the necessary funds. At a meeting of public officials and prominent residents, Mayor Miller declared with grave emphasis that "an emergency exists. No more serious difficulty has ever confronted our city." Although it was told that the funds raised earlier in the year had been spent, the meeting adjourned without agreeing upon a definite plan for raising further funds. That task was left to a committee of business men. A few days later a crowd of 3,000 jobless men and women gathered before the city hall to beg for help. Apparently frightened by the desperate appearance of the demonstrators, the police opened fire. Four of the jobless were wounded, and in the rioting that followed six policemen were injured. But what else could one expect? The relief agencies which were feeding 25,000 families on July 1 have had to drop 13,000 since then.



The jobless must choose between starvation and picking up refuse among the dumps of the river front. Indeed, some fifty homeless families have moved down to the river front where they are now living in rude shacks. Many other American cities are in the same tragic predicament. Will some one please notify Herbert Hoover?

**H**OG PRICES HAVE BEEN RISING for months. Among some of our more optimistic observers this is taken as an almost certain sign of returning prosperity. In any case, as a New York *Times* dispatch from Chicago put it, the livestock boom "is causing the western farmer to smile again." We earnestly wish that this were true, that the farmer had reason to smile, and that the livestock boom was something more than a temporary phenomenon. Unhappily, the signs point another way. For one thing, the price of hogs has its economic basis in the price of corn; when one goes up the other is sure to follow. But for the last few months the price of corn has been falling. This suggests that some temporary, perhaps unhealthy, factor has entered the situation to inflate the price of hogs. Indeed, the *Times* disclosed the real cause in the same dispatch:

When prices were lowest early in the spring apparently no one wanted cattle, hogs, or sheep. Farmers were broke or so nearly so that they were almost panicky in trying to sell their livestock to pay rent, mortgages, and other expenses. It was said to be *one of the best clean-outs the industry has known in years.* [Italics ours].

In other words, the farms were virtually stripped of their marketable livestock. When they had nothing left to sell, the price of hogs quite naturally began to go up. But who has been profiting by this tremendous rise? Surely not the farmers who had to sell on a panic market. If anyone is in a position to profit, it must be the packers.

**T**WO DECISIONS almost revolutionary in import have recently been handed down by the Public Service Commission of Wisconsin. Under the first ruling the Wisconsin Telephone Company, serving 102 communities, has been ordered to reduce its rates 12½ per cent on the ground that the purchasing value of the dollar has increased more than one-third since the last schedule of rates was approved. This increase in the value of the dollar, according to the commission, enables the telephone company to buy its labor and materials, the cost of which fluctuates with changes in business conditions, much more cheaply than it could four years ago, while the subscriber, whose rates for telephone service are fixed, is today "paying very substantially more than he paid for the same service in 1928." Hitherto a "fair return" has been generally considered by regulatory bodies to be governed by static and unchanging factors, but the commission pointed to a ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States holding that a "fair return is a flexible concept," and that rates for utility services must be governed by current economic conditions. Furthermore, the decision suggested that by reducing its rates the telephone company will probably be enabled "to hold the business of that portion of its subscribers who can only afford telephone service if the cost is low." That the cost of telephone service in numerous sections of the country is today beyond the reach of many is indicated by the growing number of subscribers who are having their telephones removed.

**T**HIS TELEPHONE DECISION, because it is a radical departure from the usual practice of State regulatory bodies and because of the possibility that other States may follow Wisconsin's example, has greatly disturbed the utility interests. But much more alarming to the power trust is the second ruling of the Wisconsin Commission. This calls upon seven major utility companies to suspend dividend payments on common stock pending an investigation. The commission said it would not permit the assets of subsidiary public utilities operating in Wisconsin to be drained off for the benefit of holding companies. It emphatically asserted that the customers of the local companies "have a vital interest in dividend payments, especially when capital is impaired or threatened with impairment." This decision is doubtless the greatest blow the power trust has ever received. Local electric, gas, telephone, and water companies have for years been milked by parent corporations and banks controlling or owning their capital stock. It was, indeed, to perfect this process that holding companies have lately been manipulated. State utility commissions have found it difficult to guard against abuses because the holding companies have invariably had their headquarters in other States where they could not legally be reached. If the Wisconsin Commission can now compel operating units to refuse dividend payments to the holding companies whenever such payments impair the capital structure of local companies, the whole intricate network of holding companies upon which the power trust rests will be endangered, for these companies have no other source of income.

**A**S THE DEPRESSION CONTINUES it becomes increasingly difficult to preserve domestic peace in Germany. More than seventy persons have been killed and several hundred injured in street fighting since June 16, on which date the Von Papen Government restored the National Socialist private army to good standing. On one day alone, Sunday, July 17, twenty deaths were reported. Carl Severing, the Socialist Minister of the Interior in Prussia, has issued strict orders to the police to withhold permits for meetings or parades unless sufficient police guards are available, and to state prosecutors to demand extreme penalties for persons found unlawfully bearing firearms. The Von Papen Cabinet and President Hindenburg have now acted to the extent of stopping all open-air meetings. It may be doubted that the Communists and Nazis will pay much attention to the commands of Minister Severing. The Nazis have become almost hysterical in demanding that the Socialists be driven out of Prussia, that the Communist Party be forthwith suppressed, by violent means if necessary, and that a state of siege or martial law be declared throughout Germany. These demands, daily repeated, have had an immeasurable effect upon the rank and file of the fascist party. From every section of the country come reports that gangs of young Nazis are terrorizing whole communities, destroying property, assaulting and even killing members of political parties other than their own. Former Chancellor Brüning, interviewed by Dorothy Thompson for the *Saturday Evening Post*, probably had this in mind when he said he could easily imagine a condition "where legitimate government becomes impossible, a condition in which people are delivered over to a sort of gang rule." Will that really be the fate of Germany?



A FINANCIAL DICTATORSHIP unprecedented in recent world history will be set up in Austria if the parliament in Vienna accepts the terms upon which the League of Nations is willing to lend Austria the sum of \$42,000,000. Under the loan agreement Dr. Rost Van Touningen, a Dutch financier, would go to Vienna with authority to examine into and pass upon the financial operations not only of the government, but of the leading business houses and banks as well. For example, not even private citizens or companies would be allowed to borrow more than \$140,000 abroad without his consent. Dispatches describing the agreement, which was drawn up at Lausanne, say that Dr. Van Touningen "would be the real ruler in Austria for the next few years. . . . He would have greater powers than were given to Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, appointed Commissioner-General of the League for Austria when the country obtained its first stabilization loan in 1922." Equally distressing for many Austrians are the political pledges attached to the agreement, which would make it virtually impossible for Austria to entertain any thought of political or economic fusion with Germany for the next twenty years, or until the loan was repaid. Harsh as it may appear, ■ financial dictatorship may prove the only means of preventing complete economic collapse in Austria.

WE RECORD WITH REGRET Professor Felix Frankfurter's decision not to accept the position on the Supreme Court of Massachusetts offered to him by Governor Ely. Unfortunately Governor Ely withheld his letter of declination for some two weeks, so that when it was finally announced it created in certain quarters the impression that the reactionary opposition to Professor Frankfurter's appointment had had something to do with his declination. That is, of course, not the case; if there is in the United States a dauntless fighter for what he believes to be just and right it is Felix Frankfurter. His reason is that in his judgment the most important thing in his profession today is the training of men for the Bar who shall have ■ proper concept of their professional duties as well as the best professional training. We agree that these things are of the utmost importance. But surely equally important is the immediate improvement of the Bench, and as we keenly feel, the appointment of Professor Frankfurter would have meant so much for the improvement of the Supreme Court that we are downcast by his refusal. We shall have to wait a long time before the men that he and his associates of the Harvard Law School are training for the Bar will reach the Bench. But everyone to his taste and, in this case, to his sense of public duty. We can well imagine that his colleagues of the Harvard Law School rejoice at his decision.

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED, if considerably aroused, by the action of the New York State Executive Council of the American Legion in suspending the Willard Straight Post of New York City. This post has been distinguished from its foundation by its liberalism, its anti-militarism, and its refusal to be actuated by a desire to get all possible money out of the government. On April 6 last it came out against the bonus in a telegram to the national commander, Henry L. Stevens, Jr., at Indianapolis, urging the discontinuance of "all attempts" by representatives of the Legion and by the "Washington lobby" of the organiza-

tion "to coerce Congress." It was for this offense, which in the eyes of most right-thinking Americans would seem ■ most praiseworthy and patriotic action that the Willard Straight Post has been excommunicated. Its final status has been referred to the New York State Convention which opens in Brooklyn on August 25. How the post will fare is pretty well indicated by the fact that the New York County group of posts numbering some 11,000 members has just unanimously voted to demand the immediate payment of the bonus. It is true that the action was not taken without some violent protests, but the vote was clear enough, and the matter now goes before the state convention. If that body approves we see no reason at all why the 11,000 New York City legionnaires should not join the Bonus Army in Washington in demanding this dole. The New York legionnaires were not even interested in denouncing the proven mismanagement and waste in the care of the veterans, which is already mulcting the country \$1,100,000,000 a year.

ONE GENUINE PUBLIC BENEFIT due to the depression is the suspension of Bernarr Macfadden's New York tabloid, the *Daily Graphic*—quite the most conscienceless, degraded, and reckless of all the papers in its class. If there was any offense of which a newspaper could be guilty which the *Graphic* did not commit, we should be glad to have it pointed out to us. Indeed, it is interesting to note that one of the reasons why it was not possible to find a purchaser was the existence of a considerable number of libel suits pending in the courts against this gutter journal. That the newspaper business is profoundly affected by the tremendous falling off in advertising everybody must be aware. Unfortunately this hits the just and the unjust alike, those journals that have ■ sense of public responsibility as well ■ those who have no other motive than selling their wares by appeal to the basest of passions. If current gossip in newspaper circles is correct, there will be a number of other failures if the crisis lasts eight or nine months longer. Let us hope, if this is true, that fate will be discriminating and pick out its victims with the excellent taste it has shown in the case of the *Graphic*.

WHATEVER MERE ACADEMICIANS may say, we are convinced that Miss Gertrude Stein is not actually loony. If she were, then she would have her lucid intervals and she could not put so many words together without having them occasionally say something according to the rules of grammar and the processes of logic. Consider for example her latest composition "Scenery and George Washington: A Novel or a Play." A crazy person might call six pages of prose "a novel." She might, on the other hand, call it "a play." But only a kind of genius in nonsense would think of giving us our choice, "a novel or a play." Or consider, if you still can, a specimen of the text. "All who will love to peal nuts and even not mean to leave any one or rather in the autumn seeing nuts lie will stoop and get them or else not may be said to be resembling to George Washington in respect to their birthday being in the month of February." That is a beautiful and that is being a beautiful is becoming a wow. But we would feel more comfortable if we knew one thing. Is "Scenery and George Washington" a patriotic tribute or is it another one of those nasty de-bunking essays? The D. A. R. will want to know.



# The President "Warns" Europe

WITH the election clearly before him, the President has written to Senator Borah that while "our people are, of course, gratified at the settlement of the strictly European problem of reparations," he wishes to make it clear that the United States "has not been consulted regarding any of the agreements reported by the press," and is in no way "a party to nor in any way committed to any such agreements." So far, so good. But the President goes a good deal farther than that in these words:

While I do not assume it to be the purpose of any of these agreements to effect combined action of our debtors, if it shall be so interpreted, then I do not propose that the American people shall be pressed into any line of action or that our policies shall be in any way influenced by such a combination, either open or implied.

Now this thundering in the index may seem to some people statesmanship; to the benighted in Congress it may even pass as a vigorous assertion of American independence of our European debtors, and of our refusal to be taken into camp by any alliance against us. To our minds this denial by us to the European nations of the right to collective bargaining is both premature and childish. Usually statesmen wait for the accomplished fact before they state what their action will be in a given contingency, particularly as in this case conflicting reports from Europe have not made it clear just what is in the wind. Moreover, if the Allies were to agree among themselves to stand or fall together in their negotiations with the United States, they could put up a united front whether the actual negotiations were carried on individually or jointly. Why should there be all this furor about the possibility that two or more of our debtors may decide to come to us jointly to try to work out the debt problem? They have shown commendable zeal in meeting together at Lausanne and making the most extraordinary sacrifices in order to end the question of reparations.

Thereby, as Mr. Hoover declares in his letter to Senator Borah, they have conferred a boon upon the entire world which happens to include the United States. One would think that the government in Washington would similarly be glad to meet all our debtors face to face and have them state their joint interest and joint proposal in a situation which is admittedly a grave stumbling block to the restoration of economic sanity, and to work out at once a solution satisfactory to all concerned, instead of assuming that there is on foot a diabolical and hostile move to combine against us in order to obtain terms contrary to those which the politicians in Washington think we ought to have. Everybody is praising Europe for the other conferences that are coming—those on currency questions and on the general economic status of the world—and for the life of us we cannot see what right we have to say to our debtors that they shall not agree on a common course of action before entering into new debt negotiations with us. We are very much afraid that a dispatch from Washington, which reports the Administration to be highly satisfied that the President's letter "has removed this issue from the campaign," is the real explanation for Mr. Hoover's precipitate action.

Now we do not deny that the Allies have handled their case badly; that the so-called gentlemen's agreement, which appears to have found its way into print by accident, has been unfortunately worded and unfortunately described in advance, and that the conflicting British and French explanations of what it is all about have given an unfavorable impression. It is highly regrettable, indeed, that when so great a success was arrived at at Lausanne it should have been marred by this complication, especially because of the effect upon Germany. We had hoped that the psychological result in that sorely tried country would have been such as notably to raise the morale of the whole people, restore faith, confidence, and hope to them, and mark the beginning of their retracing the road to prosperity. Instead of which Germany is cast down by the impression that the whole settlement is not definite and final, but contingent upon the Allies obtaining satisfactory terms from the United States. That undoubtedly was the hope of the negotiators with Germany. But the German public ought to realize that whatever the real meaning of the gentlemen's agreement, and however mistaken the making of it was, reparations are dead. There will be no more. This blundering may cause a delay, possibly even a reconsideration. That will make no eventual difference. The greatest stumbling block to the psychological restoration of Europe has been removed once for all.

With Walter Lippmann we cannot understand why anybody should wish to have the rivalry between Paris and London continue, or why the restoration of Franco-British understanding, in place of hostility, suspicion, and intrigue, should be else than acclaimed. As for their offering joint terms in connection with the other Allies, we cannot see why the sum total of what they will offer will differ a whit whether they come forward individually or jointly. The United States, we repeat for the thousandth time, is not going to receive the debts owed. As we pointed out last week, the continuance of the depression of which these debts are a contributory cause, is costing us just one hundred times the \$270,000,000 which we are supposed to get annually from our debtors. Undoubtedly, giving up this sum of money will be hard in our present distress. But what has it not meant to England and to France to relinquish all hope of ever recovering anything more than \$750,000,000 from Germany? Any settlement that they may offer will be cheap at the price if it helps to revive our lost world trade.

To this it will come sooner or later, whatever the mistakes of the Allied statesmen and whatever the ranting in our Congress. No making faces at Europe, no hasty, ungrammatical Presidential letters, will alter the obvious fact that, as things stand today, the Allies cannot continue to pay, especially in the face of our outrageous tariffs. Washington can then do what it pleases. It may denounce our debtors as welchers, as dishonest. But this will not alter the fact that, whether through cooperation or through individual action, the Allies will, jointly or severally, take the same position, that they cannot go on with payments especially in view of the Lausanne settlement. So why all this alarum and outcry in Washington?



## Labor Racketeers

WE heartily welcome the recent pronouncement of President William Green of the American Federation of Labor on behalf of the Executive Council of the Federation, when he pledged the organization to purge itself of racketeering and to maintain "our voluntary labor movement on an honest basis." The Federation, he declared, will have no mercy upon the racketeering leeches. It was surely time that the Federation gave evidence of its determination to stamp out an evil which threatens the very existence of its movement. Graft and racketeering are by no means confined to the labor movement, of course; they spring out of conditions in our national life for which the labor movement has no special responsibility. It is safe to assert that no union business agent ever amassed any great amount of wealth from his corrupt activities unless he was in league with a contractors' association, for example, or a corrupt political machine whose henchmen were making a much bigger pile than he. Usually when these cases have come into court, however, some union grafter like Brindell of New York in an earlier day is convicted, while the contractors or politicians go scot free. Nor should it be forgotten, in these days when evils that have fastened themselves on the labor movement are being exposed, that there are many unions in this country which, however conservative they may be, are honestly conducted. And some of the "unions" held up as examples of racketeering, never were unions in any proper sense at all, but were from the outset "rackets" deliberately built up by such persons as Al Capone to put legitimate unions out of business or to prevent their establishment.

Nevertheless, corruption and graft have been permitted to flourish in many organizations within the A. F. of L. as well as in some unions independent of the A. F. of L. A typical case is that of Theodore M. Brandle, Czar Brandle of the New Jersey Building Trades, as he is called, whose activities are exposed in a searching and comprehensive study by Louis Francis Budenz, executive secretary of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, published in a recent issue of *Labor Age*. Brandle figured in the public prints recently when he pleaded guilty to income tax frauds before Federal Judge Avis and with one or two associates was assessed penalties and fines amounting to \$96,221. Brandle holds many important union positions. He is business agent of the powerful Local 45, Jersey City, of the International Association of Bridge, Structural, and Ornamental Iron Workers; president of the Hudson County Building Trades Council; president of the Building Trades Council of New Jersey; and vice-president of this international union. In 1928 and 1929 he actually became director-general of the New Jersey Iron League, the organization of the employers dealing with his own iron workers' union. The League made him presents of \$10,000 in December of each of these years, "in the Christmas spirit" as he testified.

Recent months have witnessed revolts against such labor leadership in a surprising number of unions, including Brandle's own, the Sheet Metal Workers, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (notably in Local 3 in New York City), the Motion Picture Operators (the Kap-

lan case), and others. Collapse of racketeering in A. F. of L. unions may yet be one of the blessings in disguise which the Hoover depression will bring in its train. For undoubtedly the economic situation does have an important bearing on these developments. On the one hand, trade union members who were not disposed to be too critical of corrupt leadership when they were also "getting theirs" in the form of high wages and steady work, are not so tolerant when the business agent is no longer able "to produce the goods." Thus the more idealistic elements can now often count on the support, active or passive, of the general membership of the union. On the other hand, employers who in more prosperous days could pass on to the consumer the costs of racketeering on their own part and that of certain labor leaders, now find themselves unable to do this.

We hope, nevertheless, that the attack will be sustained and that a thorough job will be made of it. We note with satisfaction that several investigations have been initiated by the A. F. of L. President Green must not make the mistake so often made by reformers, of making scapegoats in dramatic fashion in a fit of righteous zeal of one or two individuals and then letting up while the system is still untouched. The present is furthermore a good time for the leadership of the A. F. of L. to ponder whether racketeering is not a logical, though unintended, outcome of their own labor philosophy. Their philosophy has been that of "pure and simple trade unionism." A labor political party, workers' cooperative enterprises, distinctly labor cultural institutions, they have felt are not needed, are, in fact, detrimental. The union exists to create a job monopoly, to get wages, hours, and conditions for a particular group of workers organized along craft lines and is mostly unconcerned about what happens to the fellow-workers in other crafts. It does not set itself any large and fundamental task of social reconstruction. Is not the descent from such narrow unionism to open and avowed racketeering altogether too easy?

## An Appeal to Liberia

DURING the next few weeks the government of Liberia must decide whether or not to accept a reconstruction plan prepared by a League of Nations committee. Under this plan Liberia is asked to appoint eleven foreigners, recommended either by the League or by the United States, to administer native affairs, finance, and sanitation. Although these foreigners will be technically Liberian officials, the League of Nations is to be represented by a chief adviser. When the Liberian Government is unable to follow the advice of this official, the dispute is to be referred to the League Council. If no agreement can be reached the plan will lapse; otherwise it will be enforced for five years. The League committee has also proposed a moratorium on the Firestone loan of 1926 and a reduction in the extent of the great Firestone rubber concession of a million acres.

This plan for reconstruction is the outcome of the shocking revelations as to slavery and forced labor made by the Christy report in January, 1931. Subject to pressure from the United States and other governments following that report, Liberia asked the League for technical assistance



in carrying out the social, sanitary, and financial reorganization of the country. Now, at the end of a year-and-a-half's labor at Geneva, the Liberian Government hesitates to accept the League proposals. We can well understand the natural reluctance of the Barclay Government—much more nationalist than the King regime which was under the thumb of Washington—to entrust administrative responsibilities to foreigners. Nevertheless, *The Nation*, which has always been a warm friend of the Negro race and which believes firmly in independence for Liberia, would respectfully urge President Barclay to accept the League plan. If Liberia does not do so, the alternative, we are afraid, is intervention by the State Department. Last May the Department protested that the League plan did not go far enough—that what Liberia needed was a white dictator. In a note of May 18 the Department reserved complete freedom of action in case the League negotiations failed. We have no doubt that, if certain officials have their way, the State Department would welcome an opportunity to initiate an intervention in Liberia similar to that which it has carried out in Haiti. It would base such an intervention on the historic relation of the United States to Liberia, the humanitarian necessity of preventing the hinterland natives from being exploited, and the need for protecting the Firestone investments. Unlike the League plan which would genuinely develop Liberian independence, an American intervention, imposed by brute force and placed in the hands of incompetent officials, would destroy the existing government structure in Liberia so as to make future independence impossible.

No more damning indictment of American imperialism will be found than in the report of the Brunot committee of experts sent by the League to Liberia in the summer of 1931. This report declared that "the distressing thing" is that, as a result of the "deplorable" recommendations of the American financial adviser, the proceeds of the 1926 Firestone loan earmarked for public works were "squandered." Instead of putting this money into needed roads, our representatives advised the construction of a worthless power plant, an unnecessary wireless station, and certain presidential pavilions. In 1926, our optimistic State Department declared that the Firestone loan and rubber undertaking would bring "prosperity" to Liberia. Today, the charges imposed by the Firestone contract absorb more than 50 per cent of the revenues, the government is in default, salaries are unpaid, and the country is in chaos. For these conditions the Liberian governing class is partly responsible; but the policy of the United States is also to blame.

In view of past experiences, the Liberians should realize that a new intervention by the United States in their affairs will spell further disaster. *The Nation* will oppose to the utmost the unilateral intervention of the United States in the internal affairs of Liberia or any other country. There is, however, only one sure means by which Liberia can remove the danger of American intervention; that is by accepting in a spirit of good-will the League reconstruction program. A few years ago Austria and Hungary voluntarily accepted this type of assistance for a transitional period. We earnestly hope that Liberia will feel able to do so. Unless it accepts the League plan, there is grave danger that this republic, which should stand as a symbol to the Negro race everywhere, will disappear from the earth.

## Food for a Penny

MR. Bernarr Macfadden is a man of varied interests. He is ex-proprietor of the late lamented *Graphic*, passionate advocate of physical culture, and publisher of a whole string of magazines which range from one devoted to exploiting the moral lessons deducible from the more picturesque forms of misconduct to another which advocates the physical benefits of raw vegetables. Yet Mr. Macfadden is sometimes treated by cynics with scant respect. Even *The Nation* was not inclined to consider his newspaper in the best traditions of American journalism, and *Ballyhoo* recently printed a mock advertisement picturing a robust torso which might possibly have been his and carrying below it the following legend which seemed to glance in many directions: "What a fool he is! Proud of his muscles, careless of his magazines! He has pink tabloids."

For the latest of his enterprises, a Penny Restaurant, we do not, however, see how anybody can have anything but admiration. Occupying two hastily remodeled floors in a building on Forty-third Street just east of Broadway in New York, it looks very much like any other cafeteria, but the prices are calculated to put new hope into those who may have a few cents or who may, at least, find it easier to get some such modest sum than to stand for hours in a bread line without receiving much for their pains. What is more, Mr. Macfadden maintains that with 7,000 patrons a day his "Foundation" can break even. And we see no reason why he should not attract an even larger clientele.

Outside is a Negro barker urging the curious to enter and when we visited the establishment during an off hour we found it well patronized. There is an upstairs room reserved for ladies into which we did not penetrate, but we noticed that the company in the main dining room was not composed exclusively of obvious down-and-outers. There was also, for instance, a letter carrier and several others who looked as though they were in a position to appreciate good values without being exactly destitute. Nor is the Penny sign a mere bait. Various kinds of soup, cod fish, hominy, beans, prunes, and bread are actually one cent each. Milk, apricots, and figs are two cents; meat-cakes, two for five. And for those who prefer to dine table d'hôte there is, for ten cents, a dinner consisting of soup, cod fish, meat balls, cabbage salad, bread and butter, prunes, and black coffee.

The price of only one item on the menu is likely to cause a different kind of surprise. Coffee, with milk and sugar, is three cents, but there is a reason for that. Mr. Macfadden does not approve of coffee. It is not a "vital food." Indeed, he is reported to have refused in the beginning to serve it at all and to have yielded only after a struggle to the suggestion that if people insisted upon having their poison he should provide it rather than tempt them to go elsewhere. We can only wish that someone in each of the other large cities would establish a similar institution. Detroit, the unhappy, is fortunate in also having a Penny Restaurant. The poor are used to having to accept anything from 100 per cent Americanism to a new religion as the price of a meal, and some of them would doubtless rather go without even coffee than have to be converted again.



# The Bonus Army Scares Mr. Hoover

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

*Washington, July 17*

WHEN Congress adjourned last midnight without having yielded to the demands of the more than 18,000 bonus-seekers assembled here many rumors that the veterans would resort to direct action were spread through the city. Earlier in the day the veterans had for a brief moment been in an ugly mood, and this led to the belief that they would get out of control as soon as they realized that Congress had quit without helping them. But apparently only the White House took these rumors seriously. Members of the House and Senate showed not the slightest concern as they left the capitol. Almost all the veterans had peacefully retired to their camps long before midnight. Only a handful remained to act upon the suggestion that the veterans transfer their picketing activities to the White House.

Hardly more than fifty of the veterans started for the White House, but the moment their approach was reported President Hoover issued orders to the police to close the gates of the grounds and to clear Pennsylvania Avenue and adjacent streets of all pedestrian and vehicular traffic. More than four hundred policemen were summoned to surround the Executive Mansion, all available police reserves were called to stations nearby, and officers who had just been relieved from duty were commanded to return to their posts. The demonstrators were quickly dispersed, three of their leaders being arrested. According to Inspector O. T. Davis of the metropolitan force, President Hoover had said that if the police could not clear the streets within a few minutes he would call out regular army troops. It would have been a rare spectacle indeed to see troops patrolling Pennsylvania Avenue to protect the life of the President of the United States against a possible attack by a handful of weary, footsore, and bedraggled war veterans. Perhaps there was some danger of minor disorders in front of the White House, but in my judgment there was not the slightest possibility of any really serious trouble developing, for there is in these bonus-seekers no revolt, no fire, not even smoldering resentment; at most they are but an inchoate aggregation of frustrated men nursing a common grievance. However, the anxiety of the White House accurately reflected the increasing alarm with which high officials of the government have been viewing the presence of the bonus army—a feeling, it must be added, that a vast majority of the residents of Washington do not share.

For several days I have watched the veterans go about their business of petitioning Congress for an additional payment on their adjusted compensation certificates. A few days ago the Communist group marched peacefully, even meekly, down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the capitol. For several days the California contingent, including five to six hundred men, has been picketing the capitol building—their endless marching ceased only when Congress adjourned without having submitted to their silent demands. On Saturday a column of about a thousand veterans sought to break through a police line on the capitol plaza, but were quickly

pacified by the officers on hand and by the persuasive tongue of Brigadier-General Pelham D. Glassford, superintendent of police. However, the veterans somehow felt that their last opportunity to frighten Congress into approving the bonus was rapidly slipping from them, and they remained in an angry mood for a few minutes. But further oratory from Glassford and from the self-appointed leaders of the Bonus Expeditionary Forces quickly changed the attitude of the veterans and converted the atmosphere of protest into that of a college football rally. So superficial, one might say, is their apparent revolt. Out in their camps they show even less spirit. Squalid, miserable, and unhealthful as these camps certainly are, life there offers more security and comforts than many of these men have known for months.

Somehow many of the veterans have come to the conclusion that their chances of wheedling a few hundred dollars per man out of the government are virtually non-existent. Their enthusiasm for the bonus, though it is still whipped into life upon occasion by their leaders, has at bottom all but disappeared. These veterans appear to sense the inadequacy of their demands both actually and in principle. A few hundred dollars will not in any case go very far. Moreover, the veterans seem to know by instinct rather than by any process of ratiocination, that there is no promise of future economic security in the bonus. They feel that the goal they are seeking is a false one, but in their confusion of mind they can think of no other goal. Lastly, the veterans are all in or beyond middle age; every one of them has been thoroughly whipped by his individual economic circumstances. There is about the lot of them an atmosphere of hopelessness, of utter despair, though not of desperation. They have come to Washington for reasons beyond their understanding; they have no enthusiasms whatever, and no stomach for fighting. People who see in the bonus army the beginning of a fascist movement or the nucleus for a successful fascist "march on Washington" are in error. Such a movement may develop among the younger unemployed, but it will not, I am certain, start with the bonus army.

This is not to belittle the social significance of the bonus army, for its implications are vast and far-reaching. There is throughout the country a stirring among the unemployed such as we have not witnessed before, certainly not in the present period of depression. Individuals and families by the thousands have taken to migrating from community to community, not necessarily to seek greener pastures, better economic opportunities, but to escape from the misery and suffering at home. They are at last reaching the point where they can no longer endure the hardships of unemployment and haphazard charity. Only a few weeks ago I saw them by the scores walking singly or in groups along the highways of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. Many were carrying the last of their worldly possessions in old suitcases or tied up in bundles. Those I stopped and talked with said they did not know where they were going, they wanted only to get away from home. It was inevitable, although essentially accidental, that the men among



them who feel that they have a claim against the government for their services should concentrate upon Washington. Thus the bonus march must be considered simply a minor manifestation of the unrest spreading through the country.

If conditions at home forced this mass movement of veterans upon Washington, other circumstances here are further developing the social transmutation. The veterans believe that only by appearing as loyal and sincere patriots can they persuade the government to pay them their bonuses. Hence they have endeavored in every way possible to demonstrate their firm faith in American institutions. They raucously proclaim, or their leaders for them, that they are unyielding supporters of law and order, that they are satisfied with the existing economic and political system; and they publicly demonstrate their devotion to the flag upon every conceivable occasion. But this blatant display of patriotism has got them, and is getting them, nowhere. Indeed, neither Congress nor the police seem at all impressed by their flag-waving. In the short-lived demonstrations before the White House a veteran carrying the Stars and Stripes was knocked to the sidewalk by one policeman while three others wrested the flag from his determined grasp, and the veteran, for all his loyalty, was carted away to a cell. If patriotism will not help them, what will?

In only a few places in the United States can be found human habitations as mean and uninviting as the bonus camps. The exceptions are the "Hoovervilles" which have sprung up on the river fronts of some of our cities, communities of homeless families which have erected shelters out of packing boxes and old tin cans. Here in the bonus camps every conceivable kind of building material has been pressed into service—discarded bricks, oil tins, lumber salvaged from buildings that are being wrecked to make room for new and palatial government offices, strips of canvas and even of clothing. A few of the veterans have tents or sections of tents in which to live; others sleep under wall-less, wooden shelters, or under the open skies, on the lawns of the Congressional Library or the capitol. One group has occupied several abandoned buildings near the Naval Hospital and not far from the White House; other contingents have taken over half-wrecked buildings on lower Pennsylvania Avenue near the capitol. Since they have no permanent water supply, cleanliness is hardly to be thought of, and in general the sanitary conditions are unspeakable. Nevertheless, each unit of the bonus army has attempted to enforce some sort of order and discipline; most of the camps and living quarters are fairly well "policed"; at Camp Marks regular military latrines have been dug. Thus otherwise impossible living conditions have been made more bearable.

The lack of food presents the most difficult problem. The larger group at Anacostia, comprising probably 15,000 men, has been fed with some regularity, though the leaders of the camp usually do not know from one meal to the next where the necessary food is to be obtained. Organized pan-handling on an extensive scale has helped a great deal in this respect. Several wealthy women residing in Washington have been prevailed upon to donate funds for the purchase of food. Some small merchants have voluntarily contributed provisions. Other donations both of food and of money have been received from other cities. The fare is none too appealing and not always sufficient, but these men until now at least have been getting something to eat. But there has

been real hunger among some of the smaller groups, particularly among the Californians, who have been sleeping on the capitol lawns, and the Communists, who are quartered on New York Avenue near the White House. These latter groups have literally been living from hand to mouth. Last Friday noon, for example, Roy Robertson, leader of the California unit, had only \$5 on which to feed his five to six hundred followers.

Female camp-followers, though still few in number, have been active. Twenty-five to thirty of them may be seen entering the camps after dusk every night. How many more may slip in unobserved it is not possible to say. These women must give themselves without charge, for very few of the veterans have any ready cash. The women are of the lowest sort, and there can be little question that thus far only the lack of proper medical inspection has concealed the spread of venereal disease. There is only one medical station in any of the bonus settlements, that at Camp Marks, and even there no provision has been made for prophylactic treatment. But these things must not be mentioned publicly in Washington.

Who are the bonus-seekers and where have they come from? They are mostly farm workers, fruit pickers, itinerant factory workers, and other unskilled or semi-skilled laborers, and they come from every section of the country. I do not believe that a single State or a single industry is unrepresented here. However, a large minority of the men are skilled mechanics, white-collar workers, and even professional people. I have met an office manager, a factory foreman, two real estate dealers, a dentist, and three newspapermen in the bonus army. These men I encountered only by chance. I was shown the rosters of some of the camps and there were the names of many other representatives of the middle class, an editor, a grocer, a trucking contractor, a traffic engineer, several lawyers. It is these people who have taken charge of the Washington show and who have given the bonus army what discipline it has. Thus the movement is essentially bourgeois and not proletarian, at least in outward form. This explains in large measure the patriotism and flag-waving of the bonus-seekers. These middle-class representatives have become the leaders of the movement, and in that capacity, although they have been most outspoken in their profession of loyalty to American institutions, they have had their past records painstakingly investigated by the Department of Justice and other government agencies. Such seems to be the inevitable fate of all rebels in this country, however mild or law-abiding they may be. Nevertheless, these leaders have had a profound effect upon the rank and file of the army. Uninspiring as the man is, Walter W. Walters, commander-in-chief of the B. E. F., has a large and devoted following among the Anacostia men. During the demonstration on the capitol plaza Saturday, although he talked the most hollow nonsense, the veterans greeted him with tremendous applause, cheered his every word as though he alone had the power to bring them the bonus. Roy Robertson in another way demonstrated the influence he has over his several hundred followers. He was able from the time that he arrived a week ago until Congress adjourned on Saturday to keep his men constantly marching around the capitol plaza. They could at any time have deserted his "death watch," for he had no way of disciplining them, but they elected to remain faithful to this man with a broken



neck and persuasive personality. Yet Robertson frankly admitted to me that he had no plan, no program, no philosophy whatever; he was simply bent upon keeping his picket-line going until Congress had quit.

These middle-class leaders have been seeking to mold opinion also through publication of a well-edited and ably written weekly newspaper calling itself the *B. E. F. News*. The bonus question, of course, receives the most attention, and from the standpoint of propaganda the question is very cleverly discussed. Along with this discussion, there is editorial criticism of Mr. Hoover, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and Wall Street; all are blamed, in the order named, for the failure of the bonus drive. Moderate in tone at the start, the *News* has lately become more violent in its language. For example, in the most recent issue was published an editorial entitled *Are You Curs and Cowards?* This article, indeed, comes very close to calling for direct action. "Where," it asks, "is this American manhood we boast about? A dog in the gutter will fight to feed its pups. Yet millions of Americans are standing idly on street corners, or slinking up back alleys, afraid to demand what God intended them to have. . . . For three years you have been worse than the serfs and slaves of old. For three years you have cringed and fawned and begged for crumbs. And all the time you had the power within yourselves, if you only had the intelligence and courage. . . . Why stand you thus, when all is within your power? Are you truly curs and cowards? Or are you men?"

The *News* sells for five cents a copy, and there are very few veterans here who can spare that much money. But the residents of Washington, particularly the government employees, must be reading the paper and its *Curs and Cowards* editorials. More than 75,000 copies of a recent number were sold on the street corners of the city.

There is no doubt that Washington officialdom from Mr. Hoover down is badly frightened by the presence of these former soldiers. The President revealed his feelings last midnight. Vice-President Curtis earlier in the week called for a company of sixty marines to guard the Senate. They were dispatched to the capitol only to be ordered back to their barracks as soon as General Glassford, the chief of police, learned of their arrival. A few weeks ago the District of Columbia commissioners sought to maneuver Glassford into the position of having to oust the veterans from the city and to assume responsibility for that action, but the orders were withdrawn when Glassford demanded that the orders be given him in writing. More recently the Capitol Police Board publicly charged that the pickets on the capitol plaza were violating the law and suggested that it was Glassford's duty to prevent such law-breaking. The officials have tried in many ways to rid the city of these "Bums of 1932," as they call themselves. They have pleaded with them, argued with them, and threatened them; jobs have been promised to a few of the leaders and "free" transportation has been offered to the entire army by act of Congress, the fare to be repaid by the veterans out of future bonus payments. But all to no avail. General Glassford quickly gave up his initial attempts to persuade the men to leave, and has since been giving virtually all his time to the men and their needs. Though not a wealthy man, he has donated several hundred dollars toward feeding the army.

But while most of the higher officials are obviously

frightened, the government employees, who make up the bulk of Washington's population, are frankly in sympathy with the veterans. The reason for this is not readily apparent. It may be that the relatively lower standard of living obtaining among the government clerks has given them some understanding of the anxiety attending unemployment and loss of income. It may be that the residents of Washington, hearing every day as they do of new monster "relief" projects running into the billions of dollars for the benefit of the banks and the railroads, feel that an injustice is being done the veterans. Or it may be that their attitude is simply a natural expression of sympathy for people of their own kind and class. This sympathy reveals itself in many ways, in the comments one hears in government offices and among spectators at the various parades and demonstrations of the veterans, in letters to the daily press and to the *B. E. F. News*, in the numerous small donations of food and money received at the bonus camps from Washington residents. The other day about 150 of the veterans marched down Pennsylvania Avenue. A few of the marchers were shouting: "Congress must not adjourn!" A clerk in a clothing store stepped out to view the parade. He heard the shouts and in a sneering voice called out: "Oh, the damn fools; they think they can stop Congress from quitting." He retired very hurriedly under the barrage of biting comments from the crowd along the curb. The ordinary people of Washington may not be able to help the veterans, but they are ready to defend their cause.

Despite rumors floating about town that the Hoover Administration intends to oust the bonus-seekers, by force if need be, now that Congress has adjourned, I very much doubt that this will be attempted. A major part of the Republican Presidential campaign was to be based on the myth that under Mr. Hoover's able guidance the country has been free from violent disturbances and that the constituted authorities have not needed to call out troops to keep the unemployed loyal and obedient. This line of attack has been seriously compromised by Vice-President Curtis's error in calling out the marines and by Mr. Hoover's panic-stricken demand for police protection. If bayonets were now to be used against jobless men, even ex-service men bearing petitions, the political result would certainly be disastrous for Mr. Hoover. Nevertheless, the rumors persist, and upon high authority in the War Department it is said that the army, "though not looking for trouble, is ready for this or any other emergency."

It may be that the bonus forces will disintegrate of their own accord. The Washington summer months are long and hot; the Anacostia flats are notorious for their mosquitos, and the high cost of feeding such a large group of men may ultimately make it impossible for the residents of the city to continue to carry that burden. On the other hand, a majority of the men have no homes to which to return, and if they had there would be no assurance that they would be better off there than here. In all likelihood a large number of them will remain on through the summer, starving if necessary, yet clinging hopefully to the belief that in Washington, capital of the nation and source of munificent relief for the banks and railroads, they will find the help they need. But whatever happens this summer, there is every reason to believe that the veterans and other unemployed will be here in greatly increased numbers before Congress reconvenes in December.



# The Ottawa Conference and World Trade

By ROBERT A. MACKAY

*Ottawa, July 19*

THE hopes of the British Empire are centered this month on Ottawa. The Imperial Conference summoned to meet here on July 21 is the goal toward which empire "free traders" have looked for generations. It is no less the means whereby empire governments hope to revive the flow of trade and business men to enlarge their markets, and farmers and other producers of primary products hope to raise disastrous price levels. Nor is Ottawa without interest to the non-British world. If trade is revived within the empire, or if it is diverted from present channels by removing internal tariff barriers or erecting new barriers against the outside world, the consequences of Ottawa may be far-reaching.

Hitherto trade within the empire has been shackled by the conflicting tariff policies of Great Britain and the dominions, the dominions being as devoted to protection as Great Britain formerly to free trade. While slight breaches in favor of British products have been made in dominion tariff walls by means of preferential tariffs the net increase in empire trade has not been very great. Until this year Great Britain has been unable to aid dominion trade by tariffs, except in a few minor cases under the "safeguarding" policies initiated after the war to protect certain new industries such as the motor trades. On the two earlier occasions when the Conservative Party attempted to introduce tariffs and preferences for empire products, that is in 1905 and 1923, the electorate drove the party from office. The issue was revived dramatically by Mr. Bennett, Canadian Prime Minister, at the Imperial Conference of 1930 when he bluntly demanded preference for preference from the British Government. Though his offer was unacceptable to a Labor Government elected on a free-trade platform it stirred English politics to their foundations. The financial crisis of last summer which drove Labor from office and brought into power a government predominantly protectionist has induced Great Britain to pick up the gage thrown down by Mr. Bennett. The new government as everyone knows has committed Great Britain to protection. The new tariff act exempts empire products until next November, that is until after the Ottawa Conference. For the first time, therefore, a British Government comes to the conference table ready to do business with the dominions on the basis of preferential tariffs. Whether a bargain can be struck is the question which the various governments are asking themselves as they gather at Ottawa.

Even enthusiasts in the cause of empire trade are compelled to admit that there are unpleasant obstacles still in the way. First and foremost is the tremendous stake which the empire as a whole has in trade with the outside world. This is especially true of Great Britain which in the years 1929 to 1931 sold on the average more than 55 per cent of her exports outside the empire. Its special interests in

two areas are worth noting. With the Argentine it does more than 5 per cent of its total external trade. British investments there are reputed to run from five to six-hundred million pounds, which is at least 10 per cent more than those investments in Canada. Over half the ships that enter Argentine ports are British ships, and British capital controls Argentine railway and water transportation. Combined with these material foundations for an expanding market Britain possesses the good-will of the Argentine people as perhaps no other nation does. With the exception of the Irish Free State no self-governing dominion is as vital to British foreign trade as is the Argentine but scarcely less important is the Scandinavian bloc. With the three countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, Great Britain does more than 7½ per cent of her total external trade. Though its investments in these countries are not great, their proximity as a source of supply, their comparative prosperity, and their growing importance as a market for manufactures make them a vital factor in the recovery of British foreign trade. Nor can it be overlooked that the products of both the Argentine and the Scandinavian group compete in British markets with dominion products, particularly wheat and meats from the Argentine, and wood products and butter, eggs, and bacon, from Scandinavia.

Canada, no less than Great Britain, is dependent on foreign markets and sources of supply. In 1931, for example, more than 63 per cent of Canadian exports went outside the empire, and despite the American tariff wall, more than 42 per cent to the United States. Moreover about half of Canada's trade outside the empire is with the United States. No other empire country, indeed, is so economically dependent on a single foreign country as is Canada, though all the dominions are vitally concerned with holding and extending existing foreign markets.

Under these conditions any attempt to confine empire trade to empire channels is out of the question. It is equally clear that any policy which would impair foreign markets though it held out the promise of an alternative market within the empire would be highly dangerous. It would be merely swapping horses in midstream during the present depression. Since the economic interests of the various units of the empire differ greatly it is scarcely possible to fit all to a single fiscal pattern. As things stand today an imperial Zollverein is quite impossible and it is little likely to receive any consideration at Ottawa. At the most, all that can be hoped for at Ottawa is a series of agreements to fit the different needs of the different member states of the empire. In view of the vital interests of certain members, especially Great Britain, in foreign trade, it is scarcely likely that such agreements will be completely exclusive. Great Britain at any rate has intimated that it hopes to make Ottawa merely the starting-point for a wider series of tariff agreements, and if so it is scarcely likely to enter into any agreements which



would completely exclude foreign nations as long as bargains are possible.

A second stumbling-block to success at Ottawa is the clash between the market interests of Great Britain and the economic policies of the dominions. Apart from coal, the products for which Great Britain seeks a market are manufactured articles. On the other hand, the dominions, and especially Canada and Australia, are committed to building up their secondary industries by means of tariffs. In the past they have been reluctant to open their markets by means of preferences to goods which would compete with home manufactures. "Canada first," "Australia first," "South Africa first," and now "Ireland first," indicate the dominant note in tariff-making and there is little evidence that any of the dominions has suffered a change of heart. Preferential tariffs under these circumstances are often of little value to manufacturers. To Mr. Bennett's offer at London in 1930 to raise tariffs 10 per cent higher against the outside world, Mr. Thomas aptly replied "Humbug!" So high were Canadian tariffs that the 10 per cent difference in the case of non-empire goods made little difference to the British manufacturer. The difficulty has been further illustrated within the past few weeks by the complete failure of a conference between British and Canadian cotton manufacturers called to agree upon a policy to be laid before the Imperial Conference. The British representatives reported back to the British Government that the demands of the Canadian manufacturers made the entrance of British goods into Canada virtually impossible, to which the Canadian delegates retorted that the British manufacturers were trying to dictate Canadian tariff policies and that any lowering of the Canadian tariff would ruin the Canadian industry. And there are many manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic who think likewise.

As for the dominions, though they are becoming increasingly industrialized, their chief aim at Ottawa is to obtain sheltered markets in Great Britain for their primary products. Of these wheat and wool bulk largest, and wheat especially is likely to come in for a great deal of attention at Ottawa. Yet the promise of better prices in a sheltered British market for these products is largely an illusion. In both cases, the quantity produced in the dominions is much greater than the needs of the empire and the surplus would have to go at world prices. Moreover, unless the dominion producers were able to hold back their offerings on British markets, the very pressure of quantity would drive prices down to the level of world prices. Other methods are being investigated, notably bulk purchases by the British Government and compulsory quotas of empire products for British millers and woolen manufacturers, but the advantages of either seem highly questionable.

There remains a large number of products of which the empire produces less than its needs, as for example: soft woods; such agricultural products as bacon, butter, eggs, fruits, cotton, tea, coffee, and cocoa; and such non-ferrous metals as copper. It is in such products that preferences are likely to be forthcoming, if at all, from Great Britain. Yet Great Britain must ever keep in mind its foreign trade. It must beware of antagonizing foreign customers or making it difficult for them to sell its goods, or of erecting tariff barriers which would drive up manufacturers' costs. Preferences even in these commodities are likely to be extended

only with caution and the net effect on dominion trade may not be very great.

Next to tariffs, currency questions promise to occupy the attention of Ottawa. There has been much talk of creating an empire currency bloc with a view to encouraging trade. Indeed the Canadian Government is committed to initiating discussions on the matter. Proposals are numerous. Silver has its votaries even in political circles on both sides of the Atlantic, but it is doubtful if it has many supporters or will gain a serious hearing. Other schemes propose a single bank of issue for the empire or a central bank to serve as a clearing house or even to control credit throughout the empire as the Federal Reserve Bank is supposed to do for the United States. The obvious location for such a bank would be London. Yet such schemes overlook the patent fact that certain of the dominions at least are in no mood to surrender financial autonomy any more than they are political autonomy.

Other schemes propose that the dominions should tie their respective currencies to the pound sterling. But the problem is by no means simple. Not the least difficulty is the present wide variation in the value of empire currencies. The Canadian dollar is above sterling in relation to the American dollar and of course in relation to gold; the Australian pound is far below. South Africa is still on gold. Only the Free State's currency has followed closely the ups and downs of the pound sterling. Moreover, none of the empire governments which are now off gold have quite made up their minds what to do about it, whether to remain off indefinitely, or whether to stabilize on the gold standard and if so at what rate. Canada, moreover, is particularly interested in the case of any change because of its heavy borrowings at New York and its extensive commercial relations with the United States. Canada might desert the dollar at its peril.

The prospects of success at Ottawa are not great, but it would be a mistake to think they are negligible. Great Britain, it must be remembered, has taken the plunge for protection and is undoubtedly prepared to grant preferences to the dominions, in a considerable variety of minor products at least, for a definite *quid pro quo*. Moreover, political reputations are at stake, particularly that of Mr. Bennett, who may be regarded as the father of the conference. Mr. Bennett has been known to take the bit in his teeth, and he may do it again with respect to tariffs, despite Canadian manufacturers. There is also the possibility of extensions in the existing preferential agreements between the dominions. But whether it succeeds or fails the conference can scarcely be ignored by the outside world, let alone the empire. The United States in particular is likely to be affected. Substantial preferences in favor of British and Canadian automobile industries are not improbable. Canada might perhaps agree to erect a stiff tariff on coal, particularly anthracite, in favor of British coal. British tariffs on minor foodstuffs such as fruits and cured meats with preferences for the dominions are not impossible. Such steps would certainly affect American exports. Yet Ottawa must not be looked upon merely as a menace to the trade of other countries. If by reducing barriers within the empire the trade of British nations can be increased and not merely diverted, and their prosperity thereby promoted, the effect upon world trade and world prosperity should be beneficial. The welfare of



a quarter of the globe is of advantage to the other three quarters. If the conference adopts the short-sighted policy of restricting trade for temporary advantages by erecting worse tariff barriers then the consequences will be harmful

and Ottawa may prove to be another nail in the coffin of world trade. But it may equally as well mark an advance toward recovery, not only for the British empire, but for the world as a whole.

# Wilson Was for War in March, 1916

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

**A**MERICANS who raise their hands in self-righteous horror when some new atrocity in pre-war European diplomacy is revealed usually have small knowledge of the history of American diplomacy during the same period. They do not realize that the State Department is the most autocratic Foreign Office in the world and, potentially at least, one of the most irresponsible. Furthermore, the President of the United States has large powers in the direction of foreign affairs, extending to the use of confidential agents responsible to no one within the government but himself. He can conduct negotiations about which even the State Department may be ignorant.

The most famous confidential agent of a President in American history was Colonel E. M. House, adviser to President Woodrow Wilson. These two men had a pretty firm control of American foreign policy during the crucial period, 1914-17, when we were seeking to maintain our neutrality in the World War. They were responsible for the lapses from impartiality characteristic of the diplomacy of that difficult period. They had the power to keep us out of war or put us into it. Since it still is generally admitted that the American people did not want to participate in the World War, their every act should be scrutinized in the light of that fact. Their remissness in handling their heavy responsibility is notorious. One of the most striking examples of flagrant disregard for frequently expressed American opinion occurred during the early spring of 1916, long before Wilson sought and won reelection on the ground that he had kept the American people out of war.

In late December of 1915 Colonel House started on one of his periodical trips to Europe at President Wilson's behest. His ostensible object was to sound the Powers on the prospects of peace. Never very friendly toward Germany, House at this time was so thoroughly prejudiced that he entertained the idea of not visiting Germany at all. Ambassador Gerard had communicated messages that seemed to indicate that Germany was in no mood to talk peace. Ambassador Page at London felt that there should be no temporizing; that we should at least acquiesce in the Allied desire for the complete military defeat of Germany. Eventually House did visit Germany, though his prejudices prevented him from assessing the situation objectively, and whatever he might have accomplished, given greater patience and insight, was made impossible in advance by his attitude. He was entertained in London by Ambassador Page, who gave a dinner with Lloyd George, Reginald McKenna, Austen Chamberlain, and Lord Reading present. In Colonel House's diary we read:

Page started the conversation by saying that Mr. Chamberlain and others had asked him "what the United States wished Great Britain to do," and he requested me

[Colonel House] to give an answer. I replied, "*The United States would like Great Britain to do those things which would enable the United States to help Great Britain to win the war.*" ["Intimate Papers of Colonel House," Vol. II, p. 124. My italics.]

This was in January, 1916, *before he visited Germany*. When shortly thereafter House made his trip to Germany he naturally enough found little to his taste. When he told Jules Cambon how he had parried the German remarks, he recorded in his diary that Cambon "was pleased with the answers I had made, and seemed to accept them as interpreting the position of the Allies" ("Intimate Papers," Vol. II, p. 158). He told Cambon that "the lower the fortunes of the Allies ebbed, the closer the United States would stand by them" ("Intimate Papers," Vol. II, p. 163). House was supposedly representing a *neutral* Power, the United States.

The visit to Germany was a mere gesture, empty of meaning. It was vastly more important to House that he be well received in England and France, for it was necessary to set the stage for his real mission. Before he sailed, President Wilson had agreed with him that it was the duty of the United States to prevent a German victory. The great question was how this was to be done. House had given the matter a great deal of thought and he had corresponded a bit with Sir Edward Grey on the matter. He had eventually evolved a formula to cover the case and it had been indorsed in its tentative form by President Wilson. It was this formula that he now was in a position to urge upon the Allied governments. He chose to present it to Sir Edward Grey.

The essence of the formula was that it guaranteed to the Allies the assistance of the United States in defeating Germany. It fell into two parts: (1) it envisaged the possibility of joining the Allies in forcing terms on Germany in a peace conference; and (2) it envisaged the possibility of the United States entering the war on the side of the Allies to bring Germany to terms by force of arms. House phrased the matter roughly in a letter to Grey, dated October 17, 1915:

In my opinion, it would be a world-wide calamity if the war should continue to a point where the Allies could not, with the aid of the United States, bring about a peace along the lines you and I have so often discussed. What I want you to know is that, whenever you consider the time is propitious for this intervention, I will propose it to the President. He may then desire me to go to Europe in order that a more intimate understanding as to procedure may be had.

It is in my mind that, after conferring with your government, I should proceed to Berlin and tell them that it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war, provided the weight of the United States,



thrown on the side that accepted our proposal, could do it.

I would not let Berlin know, of course, of any understanding had with the Allies, but would rather lead them to think our proposal would be rejected by the Allies. This might induce Berlin to accept the proposal, but if they did not do so, it would nevertheless be the purpose to intervene. If the Central Powers were still obdurate, it would *probably* be necessary for us to join the Allies and force the issue. ["Intimate Papers," Vol. II, pp. 90-91.]

The formula was evolved without knowledge of, or even consideration of, the Allied secret treaties. Colonel House had moved through Europe without catching more than a vague intimation of the existence of those treaties. He apparently did not want to know about the matters they comprehended. On December 22, 1915, he wrote to President Wilson: "The Allies will take care of the territorial and indemnity questions, and we need not go into that at this time. If we start with such discussions, it would involve us in controversies that might be endless and footless" ("Intimate Papers," Vol. II, p. 107). All this is true, but it strikes us now as rather high irony! And that House and Wilson were ready to proceed to the most extreme commitments ignoring such crucial matters bespeaks appalling naivete. House and Wilson, knowing nothing about the true aspirations of the Allies, were prepared to throw the whole strength of the United States behind them to defeat Germany and insure an Allied victory. And they were prepared to carry matters to this pitch when the sentiment of the country they were supposed to be representing was against war! President Wilson was prepared to concur in the following agreement, modifying it only by the italicized words in the following transcript. This copy was made by Sir Edward Grey for the records of the British Foreign Office and printed in his memoirs, "Twenty-Five Years," Volume II, pages 127-28. It is also printed in House's "Intimate Papers," Volume II, pages 201-2. On the British side it was made with the knowledge and consent of Asquith, Prime Minister; Grey, Foreign Minister; Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions. On the American side we find House, Wilson, and, apparently, after it was all over, Lansing. Lloyd George for one did not know that Wilson could not make war without the consent of Congress. Colonel House (letter to G. S. Viereck, February 13, 1932) says the point was clear to Grey. But how about Balfour and Asquith? And what stand would they have taken if the matter had come to an open issue and Wilson had failed to deliver "the goods"? The agreement reads as follows (the italicized words were inserted by President Wilson):

#### MEMORANDUM

(Confidential)

Colonel House told me that President Wilson was ready, on hearing from France and England that the moment was opportune, to propose that a conference should be summoned to put an end to the war. Should the Allies accept this proposal, and should Germany refuse it, the United States would *probably* enter the war against Germany.

Colonel House expressed the opinion that if such a conference met, it would secure peace on terms not unfavorable to the Allies; and if it failed to secure peace, the United States would *probably* leave the conference as a belligerent on the side of the Allies, if Germany was un-

reasonable. Colonel House expressed an opinion decidedly favorable to the restoration of Belgium, the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and the acquisition by Russia of an outlet to the sea, though he thought that the loss of territory incurred by Germany in one place would have to be compensated to her by concessions to her in other places outside Europe. If the Allies delayed accepting the offer of President Wilson, and if, later on, the course of the war was unfavorable to them that the intervention of the United States would not be effective, the United States would probably disinterest themselves in Europe and look to their own protection in their own way.

I said that I felt the statement, coming from the President of the United States, to be a matter of such importance that I must inform the Prime Minister and my colleagues; but that I could say nothing until it had received their consideration. The British Government could, under no circumstances, accept or make any proposal except in consultation and agreement with the Allies. I thought that the Cabinet would probably feel that the present situation would not justify them in approaching their Allies on this subject at the present moment; but as Colonel House had had an intimate conversation with M. Briand and M. Jules Cambon in Paris, I should think it right to tell M. Briand privately, through the French Ambassador in London, what Colonel House had said to us; and I should, of course, whenever there was an opportunity, be ready to talk the matter over with M. Briand, if he desired it.

(Initialed) E. G.

Foreign Office, February 22, 1916

This is one of the most extraordinary documents to be found in the annals of American diplomacy. Its negotiation is an example of secret diplomacy of the purest water. It was negotiated by a man who had no official standing in the government, who was merely the President's secret agent. The document was ratified on March 7, 1916, by a President who, only a very few months later, went before the American public and won an election on the ground that he had kept the country out of war! The word he inserted, "probably," was the only loophole he allowed himself in case he should fail to persuade Congress to follow the course he had marked out. And even that word was not entirely designed to protect him from the wrath of the American people should they ever realize how irresponsibly they had been committed to the Allied cause; it was partly designed to protect him from the wrath of the Allies should he be unable to deliver American men, money, and materials to the Allies *at their demand*.

How are we to describe this astonishing document? George Sylvester Viereck, writing in *Liberty* for March 19, 1932, calls it a "secret treaty, made without the knowledge and consent of the United States Senate. . . . I beg the reader's pardon. It was not a 'treaty' but a 'gentleman's agreement.'" He then, very correctly, compares it to the agreements between England and France in force at the beginning of the war. Under these documents Sir Edward Grey was able to deny that England had any treaty obligations to France. They implied only a moral obligation. Yet whatever one may take to be the proper method of stating the obligation, it was sufficiently strong to carry England into the war, as all critical students of the problem now admit. To make it easier for true-born Britons to meet an obligation which they were assured many times did not exist, the Belgian issue was raised and played up. It is



highly likely that if the House-Grey agreement had been evoked, its forthright and unmistakable meaning would not have been presented to the people as a reason for their participation in the war. Some more emotionally and morally exciting reason would have been discovered, particularly since the American public had to be heavily propagandized to accept war at all.

But the Allies never found occasion to use the scheme. It is interesting to speculate why. In the first place, there are the obstacles cited by Grey in the memorandum itself. Apparently it never became worth while for the British to try to overcome them. Secondly, it is obvious that with this revealing glimpse of the true state of mind of the American leaders, it was better to gamble on their entering the war anyhow than to invite them in and consequently incur a definitely implied obligation. The Allies were willing to gamble on Germany provoking America to war. They won on this bet, as we all know. In the intervening months they were able to play a game that was rather one-sided; they knew that the Americans were prejudiced in their favor and that they could go a long way without provoking them to war. In spite of this they very nearly overplayed their hand in the fall of 1916. It would be interesting to know how often their obviously offensive courses, such as the black list, were justified in their inner counsels by appeal to the evidence of the agreement between Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey.

If on their side the Allies made no use of the agreement other than as a psychological revelation, it was not because of any reluctance of Wilson and House to carry out their part in it. In writing of the negotiations House noted in his diary:

The . . . point that came up was how the British Government could let us know they considered the time propitious for us to intervene, without first submitting the question to the Allies, and if they did not submit it to the Allies, how to avoid the charge of double dealing.

The solution I suggested for this was that at regular intervals I would cable Sir Edward Grey, in our private code, offering intervention. He could ignore the messages until the time was propitious, and then he could bring it to the attention of the Allies as coming from us and not as coming from Great Britain. ["Intimate Papers," Vol. II, p. 175.]

This procedure was followed. House cabled Grey on three occasions. On March 10, 1916, immediately after the Gore-McLemore resolutions advising that Americans be warned off armed merchantmen were defeated at Wilson's desire, the first cable was dispatched ("Intimate Papers," Vol. II, pp. 220-21). This was not acted upon by Grey because of the attitude of the French, who were hostile to peace suggestions. On April 6, 1916, a second message was sent, drafted by President Wilson himself. This was at the height of the Sussex crisis when relations with Germany were very strained anyhow. Wilson's message read: "Since it seems probable that this country must break with Germany on the submarines question unless the unexpected happens, and since, if this country should once become a belligerent, the war would undoubtedly be prolonged, I beg to suggest that if you had any thought of acting at an early date on the plan we agreed upon, you might wish now to consult with your allies with a view to acting immediately"

("Intimate Papers," Vol. 11, p. 231). Of course Grey took no action. In 1925, on thinking it over, House saw how foolish it had been to expect action at this time. The last effort was made on May 10, 1916. This was after the American victory in the Sussex difficulties. It now seemed proper to tax the British with violations of international law, or to make an attempt to bring about peace. This effort also came to nothing and the agreement was considered dead by House and Wilson ("Intimate Papers," Vol. II, pp. 278-79).

President Wilson was deeply annoyed by the seemingly cavalier attitude of the Allies and felt that the time had come to make some move outside the agreement. His feeling against the Allies became more and more hostile and reached its highest pitch in the fall of 1916 around election time. If the Germans had not deeply affronted Wilson in the early months of 1917 by insisting on immediately resuming submarine warfare, there is every likelihood that he would have forced the Allies to pull in their horns and even to make peace. The election of November had made it clear that the American people would support him in any peace-making venture, even if not in war. He was unable to retain his strategic hold on the situation long enough to carry out this program, but he did carry the country into war!

The actual outcome, motivated in so complicated a manner, is of secondary importance here. The fact remains that it was not the fault of either House or Wilson that the American people were not carried into the war on the basis of a secret document negotiated by Wilson's personal agent, modified in a trifling fashion by the President, and then agreed to by him, which had no legal standing whatever. President Wilson was willing to put the American people into a war in which they had no interests at stake by means of that secret diplomacy which he was later so fulsomely to denounce. He was willing to dispose of the people he was leading with all the disregard of their true interests characteristic of any Czar or Imperial Majesty in history.

Such a power has always been within the reach of the American President. President Roosevelt utilized it to make us virtually a party to the Anglo-Japanese alliance. There is no reason on earth why the power could not be used again. There is no legal barrier to a President committing the men and money and materials of this country to any scheme that might engage his personal suffrage. For example, it is within the bounds of possibility that an American President might commit this country to a definite course of action in the Far East and in any situation growing out of the difficulties in the Far East, without the knowledge and consent of his Secretary of State, his Cabinet, Congress, or the people at large. When the time came to invoke such an agreement it would be "put across" to the accompaniment of a great deal of hollow talk about our moral obligations and the sacred word of the American people. We might, for instance, find ourselves committed in advance to an imperialists' war against Russia in company with Japan, France, and Poland. The people would be told that they were embarking on a war in "defense of civilization against Russian barbarism." Years later they would discover that they had really fought because they had previously been committed to such a course by a President who took full advantage of the terrifying powers available to him. *These powers should be investigated and immediately curtailed.*



# What I Believe\*

By CONRAD AIKEN

TO ask a man what he believes is perhaps tantamount to asking him why he lives; and to expect from him an answer even approximately complete is like serving him with a writ of habeas corpus. Explanation would not be complete short of extinction; it would involve a kind of suicide. For a more relative and tentative answer it would be convenient, certainly, to have a creed, to belong to a sect, to be a member of a political party, to subscribe to one or another system of morals, or merely to prefer one kind of civilization to another. In the absence of any such useful short-cuts, and faced by an interior and exterior world which appears to be a confusion of relationships and relativities, and of which the values are constantly changing, one first of all, instinctively, takes refuge in what Mr. Santayana has called "animal faith." One is "here," simply, involved in a scene and sustained by it. We are born of a system, and into it, and our birth is our first act of acceptance. If we are helpless in that first of all acceptances, we are not demonstrably much less helpless in our later ones. Not being myself a metaphysician, or skilled in dialectics, or expert in epistemology, I gladly leave to others the task of estimating what margin we have, if any, as free agents in this institution—as also the question whether, in accepting or refusing, believing or disbelieving, choosing to live or to die, we are not compelled to our choice by forces beyond our control. Will it be safe to say that it is the function of the sane, or healthy, to live, or believe, and of the insane, or unhealthy, to disbelieve and die? And in this respect can we say that belief is perhaps merely a measure of energy, as courage is perhaps a measure of desire?

I am speaking, of course, for the moment, of belief only on the plane of animal acceptance, or animal faith—we might simply call it the desire to live. This is the fundamental act of faith, and for many people I see no reason why it should not be sufficient. Merely to be alive, even on the simplest plane of consciousness, is a tremendous business. That this act of faith varies in quantity or quality needs no saying—and that it varies even in the individual, from day to day, all of us know who are at all in the habit of observing our own behavior. In accordance as our energies are raised or lowered, and external and internal stimuli presented or removed, increased or diminished, we form, break, or alter our habits and appetites. If this is true in general, it is particularly true in the absence of any major beliefs—or Beliefs—whether religious, moral, aesthetic, social, or intellectual. But whether with or without any such fixed "direction," the man who becomes a failure in his work or personal affairs is not the same man as when he was successful. At such times there is a rapid selective shedding of many of our more purely "automatic" acceptances—lowered energies call for a lowering of the budget; habits which had before seemed useful or delightful now seem burdensome; we may abandon a whole system of social observances and substitute another; change our scene; or, in short, cease to

believe in the efficacy of a clean collar or good manners or pleasant surroundings or clear-headedness. The animal faith, weakened, tends to concentrate itself more and more in the primary instincts—it wants merely to eat, to be warm, and to sleep. In short, with an impaired belief, or desire to live, it retreats, in such degree as it feels necessary, from consciousness. Since consciousness has entailed suffering, it wants to move down the scale toward unconsciousness, or death, unless arrested at some intermediate stage by a group of lower or simpler appetites which will enable it still, in a fashion, to exist.

To many, this state of things must appear very disagreeable. It is perhaps not pleasant to think of one's behavior as so automatic, or thermostatic, or to conceive of consciousness as in any degree a kind of function of biological success. Nor do I claim to know that consciousness *is* merely a function of biological success—one would have to define success, and I prefer to evade that, merely observing that there are many degrees of consciousness. The predicament, however, is a real one; and appears to become worse as the individual moves up the scale of civilization. In direct ratio as this occurs, and as he becomes more conscious, not only is he farther and farther removed from the level of simple animal faith, or the level on which he can quite simply accept it, but also his credulity is itself weakened. More and more his faiths must recommend themselves to reason; with each successive plane of awareness new terms for faith must be found—less concrete, more abstract, more comprehensive. From religion he perhaps moves to philosophy, from philosophy to science—and from science to what? In recent years we have seen that even when he has reached the realm of pure observation, he is still sometimes not content—here we have the extraordinary spectacle of the scientist endeavoring to force a shotgun marriage between science and mysticism. This is interesting, if only because it so conveniently proves how strong is our inherited will-to-believe in something vaguely "divine." The morning walk to the laboratory almost inevitably takes us past a church.

But this is very probably only a momentary regression, a moment of atavistic despair. It is only a racial habit that makes us—in a romantic and nostalgic sense—demand more of science than it can give. Granted that we must become aware of the limits of possible knowledge, that we can never look a First Cause in the face, and that the infinite everywhere precedes and succeeds the finite which is our little field of observation, nevertheless the fact remains that the limits of knowledge are ultimate, not immediate, and that we can never reach them. We have, literally, all the room in the world. The conscious life of man becomes therefore an absolutely unanswerable, but relatively answerable "Why?" In short, I can see no reason why man will not presently give up all major beliefs, including a belief in his own importance and destiny, and simply surrender himself to what is perhaps the first principle of his own present state as a conscious creature—an inexhaustible curiosity.

It will be gathered, from this brief résumé, for which I

\*The seventh of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues. EDITOR, THE NATION.



claim no originality whatever, for it is much-trodden ground, that I myself do not believe—or, at any rate, very much!—even in that last resort of belief, Man. I mean, in any ultimate sense. He is an ephemerid. In what direction he chooses collectively to evolve, biologically or mentally or socially, is of little or no instant concern to me—I do not vote for one course rather than another, for I do not care sufficiently to assume any responsibility. To such immediate and practical questions, for example, as his election of a communistic or capitalistic organization of society, I do not consider myself wise enough or farseeing enough to have an answer. If I chose to use my influence one way or the other, it would be for personal reasons rather than theoretic.

This does not mean that I am not interested, and keenly, in that problem, as in all other problems involved in man's evolution. In fact, this brings me naturally to a statement of the one sort of belief which it seems to me possible for the emancipated man to cherish—namely, as I hinted above, a belief in consciousness. Consciousness is our supreme gift. Not only does it contain—in every sense—all that we value, but also it is the fundamental and indeed the only means by which we are *able* to value. To see, to remember, to know, to feel, to understand, as much as possible—isn't this perhaps the most obviously indicated of motives or beliefs, the noblest and most all-comprehending of ideas which it is relatively possible for us to realize? To understand all is not merely to forgive all—it is also to accept all, and on whatever plane one wishes. If to be a genius is to be, as someone has said, an extender of man's consciousness, then there can be no monopoly of genius by the few; it is

the common inheritance of all mankind—a property, or possible property, in which we all share. Weininger made some admirable remarks about this. "The great man," he said, "is not only the truest to himself, the most unforgetful, the one to whom errors and lies are most hateful and intolerable; he is also the most social, at the same time the most self-contained, and the most open man. The genius is altogether a higher form, not merely intellectually, but also morally." And then he proceeds to identify genius with consciousness. "Consciousness and consciousness alone is in itself moral; all unconsciousness is immoral, and all immorality is unconscious. . . . Universal comprehension, full consciousness, and perfect timelessness are an ideal condition, ideal even for gifted men; genius is an innate imperative, which never becomes a fully accomplished fact in human beings. . . . Genius is, in its essence, nothing but the full completion of the idea of man, and therefore every man ought to have some quality of it, and it should be regarded as a possible principle for every one. . . . A man may become a genius if he wishes to."

Weininger is here speaking for the race. Consciousness is the highest, the only morality: it is the morality which contains all other moralities, the aesthetic which contains all other aesthetics—to achieve it in the maximum degree is not only to solve most incidental problems, it is also in itself the supreme delight of which we are capable. If we begin by understanding ourselves, as far as we can, we progress thus toward an understanding of man and his potentialities.

This seems to me a sufficient field for belief and will. Let us be as conscious as possible.

## A Program for Revolt

By DEVERE ALLEN

THAT the mood of political rebellion is widespread and is reaching proportions which exceed the customary preelection grumbling of agrarian elements, must be clear to everyone. That it is taking a more radical turn, with a definite trend away from the laissez-faire liberalism of previous election years, was indicated by the Cleveland conference of the League for Independent Political Action held on July 9 and 10. Here was no flirtation with Rooseveltian progressivism, vintage of 1932; here was no program of boring from within; here instead was a positive program of assault from outside the ranks of the Republican and Democratic parties. Those who "wish to arrest the cause of inevitable change," said Dr. John Dewey to the gathering, "will support the Republicans, while a union with the Democrats is the logical course for those who wish the appearance of progress without its reality."

The conference adopted a platform of its own, intending to urge it upon the various candidates for Congress to whom it expects to give substantial aid in the fall campaign. While this was based in a large measure on the Four-Year Presidential Plan which the League published last January as an educational document, it departed from the longer plan at a few points and was considerably more thoroughgoing. Its cogent six hundred words stood out in sharp contrast to the declarations of other political groups, not reaching quite

half the length of the deliberately short platform of the Democratic Party. The League's platform affirms the solidarity of the League with the worker and farmer and declares for direct federal unemployment relief; a thirty-hour week to increase employment; unemployment insurance; old-age pensions; drastic taxation of large incomes, inheritances, and speculative land values; public ownership of "such public utilities as water power, gas and electricity, coal, oil, and railroads;" tax relief for farm property; aid to cooperatives; generous farm credit through refinancing by the government of small farm owners under the amortization plan; creation of a federal marketing agency; lowered tariffs. It favors the reorganization of the entire banking system, with full publicity for all transactions; establishment of the postal savings system as a people's bank to cover all departments of the banking business; stabilization of prices at a higher level but with due protection to real wages; free speech legislation; abolition of the injunction in labor disputes; calling of a national constitutional convention to modernize the government; drastic disarmament; abolition of compulsory military training. In foreign affairs it calls for revision of the Versailles Treaty; fullest cooperation with the League of Nations and entry into the World Court; recognition of Soviet Russia; cancelation of war debts in return for European cooperation in disarmament; abandonment of our mili-



tary interventions in Latin America and elsewhere; and the initiation of world economic conferences to reduce tariff barriers and promote world trade and monetary cooperation. The question of prohibition, because of a desire to emphasize its comparative unimportance, was definitely relegated to a minor role, the conference stating that "on democratic principles we recognize the right of the people to vote effectively on the abolition or the modification of the Eighteenth Amendment," but going on to state that "We condemn the Republican and Democratic Parties for subordinating urgent economic issues to the liquor question."

The opposition to any indorsement of Norman Thomas and James Maurer, anticipated by some observers inside and outside the League, did not materialize. There were a few who voiced their belief that such an indorsement would be unwise from the viewpoint of strategy, but most of these confessed their intent to vote for the Socialist national ticket on election day. Not only was the League's support proffered to the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates of the Socialist Party, but, following a clause safeguarding the League's partial difference from the Socialists in its long view of political development, the Socialist platform was described as the best of those offered by the various parties. The precise wording of the preamble on the Thomas indorsement was as follows:

While we do not necessarily support every feature in the ultimate program of the Socialist Party, we do believe that in the present election the candidacy and platform of Norman Thomas and James Maurer are infinitely preferable to those of other parties, and we therefore urge all our members and friends to work and vote for them.

One of the most significant portions of the platform is that section of the preamble dealing with a call for local organization. This has been the League's central conception of its immediate usefulness, beyond the constant education of the electorate in the need of a new political alignment. This paragraph says:

The creation of strong local and State parties committed to a program of protecting the interests of farmers, manual workers, and white-collar folk is, however, absolutely basic, and no national movement can develop without them. We urge, therefore, that all our members and friends use their full efforts to assist in organizing their wards, their cities, and their States, and thus build the new party from the bottom up. In many localities this will mean active cooperation with the Socialist Party; in others, such as Minnesota and Chicago, with the Farmer-Labor Party; while in other localities our members should help in forming new groups for this purpose.

The specific reference to the white-collar worker was elaborated later in an address given by Professor Paul H. Douglas of the University of Chicago, one of the founders and a vice-president of the League. Numerically, he pointed out, the white-collar workers are the most important class in society, and it is up to them to decide whether they are to line up with the farmers and manual workers or with the owners of industry. In Europe, he said, they have often been found on the side of reaction, and their general tendency in the United States has been the same. There was every reason, Dr. Douglas held, why the white-collar workers should join in the movement for a new social and economic order. Even in boom times, they have not been well paid;

they have found during the depression that they have a genuine stake in the stability of industry because they have suffered loss of jobs or pay cuts just as have the manual workers; and the investments they labored for and pinched to save have been wiped out.

Despite sweltering heat the meetings were held with an excellent attendance and a keen interest on the part of the local press and public. Cleveland was carried for La Follette in 1924, and although the pseudo-liberalism of Franklin D. Roosevelt has attracted many Cleveland progressives to his colors already, and influenced others to swallow him under protest, by no means have all the liberals in the city thus yielded. The Saturday afternoon meeting held at the Women's City Club was crowded, and when Howard Williams and John W. Herring, the League's secretaries, excoriated the spurious liberalism of Roosevelt and called for a change of tactics toward the old parties, there was instant and enthusiastic applause. Through the following sessions both the heat and the interest were maintained at the same high level. Oswald Garrison Villard analyzed the collapse of leadership at Washington, and Professor Dewey, speaking on "Democracy Joins the Unemployed," asserted:

We have permitted business and financial autocracy to reach such a point that its logical political counterpart is a Mussolini unless a violent revolution brings forth a Lenin. The business of forming a new party is the business of educating the people until the dullest and the most partisan see the connection between economic life and politics.

Representative Paul John Kvale of Minnesota, the lone Farmer-Labor congressman, discussed convincingly the problems facing an independent in Congress and laid particular stress upon the grave conflict between the Executive and Congress, which has been at the bottom of the entire fight during the present session.

The conference was closed on Sunday evening by Walter J. Millard, the expert on proportional representation and the problems of municipal government, who warned the gathering that the mere organization of a new party would not take us to the promised land, that there must be a complete making-over of certain forms of our government. A. J. Muste, head of Brookwood College, won the gathering's approval with a frank address contending that labor must be the basis of any worthwhile new party, and James Dick, a textile worker from New England, deeply stirred the audience with his story of the plight of the textile workers who have come to such a pass that many girls are actually earning, he stated, only one dollar and sixty-five cents per week.

Although the conference was not large, politically considered, members of the League came to attend it from almost every State of the East and Middle West—from Utah, Colorado, Connecticut, Minnesota, and Florida. The national committee of the League now consists of sixty-seven members representing twenty-six States. Possibly the most important single outcome of the conference may be a more representative congress of various political groups which, it is hoped by the League, will be summoned early next year.

From the beginning, the League itself has not been a political party, nor has it ever intended to become one. It has steadily believed that its work of education could, however, bring nearer the day when a large mass political movement of the workers and farmers might emerge and either take power or at least establish itself as a substantial oppo-



sition. Whether that can be rationally hoped for in the near future depends, probably, less upon any organization whatsoever than upon the turn of events over which there is no control. But if such a movement becomes a genuine possibility, the League means to be ready as a unifying factor.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter should not like to be classed with those well-fed clergymen and warmly clothed public speakers who proclaim the spiritual blessings of depression. But it has been responsible for one material blessing for which he cannot help shouting, namely the fact that there are fewer and slower automobiles on the highways on summer Sundays. Before October, 1929, a week-end in the country took on the sinister aspect of a training period for the ordeal on Sunday evening which could be counted on to wipe out the effect and even the memory of relaxation and a fresh breeze, particularly if one happened to be riding with a driver who felt obliged to pass every car in sight and considered all roads one-way thoroughfares.

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HOW the roads have changed. The long lines of traffic, two and three cars wide, that once led up to the bottle necks of cities have almost disappeared. The air space from exhaust to exhaust is appreciably longer and sweeter. Our great roads are in a way to become paths of pleasantness instead of noisy, malodorous streams of machines full of speed-stricken human beings. For speed, too, has lessened. Keeping up with the Joneses does not require as much speed as it used to, for the Joneses haven't a new car either. To be sure, one still meets the driver in his new car who passes other cars on blind curves, and the Drifter still feels that those little signs should read more often than not: Slow Down—Fool Ahead. But one has only to look at the figures from Detroit to see how much scarcer is the man who buys a new car every year. The two-car garage these days is likely to contain one 1928 motor-car and Johnny's scooter.

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WITHIN six months, in fact, the Drifter has seen more relics of the machine age on the public roads than he thought existed. A new top from Sears Roebuck put on at home does wonders for a 1925 Buick, and though the hills must be negotiated more slowly, still it does get to the top and there's no instalment to pay next month. For the first time in years one is able to see what the models of three years back looked like and the Drifter suspects that the garage, that useful refuge which in the new-car-every-year days retreated into alleys and didn't even bother to have a mechanic available on Sunday, is experiencing a boom. As for the Model T, the species seems to be increasing in number as the vintage grows progressively more ancient. The Drifter is looking forward with great anticipation to the day when he will meet upon some magnificent four-span highway one of those ancient motor-cars in which four people sat back to back and father in a white linen duster did the cranking on the side.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Roosevelt and Water Power

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial on Governor Roosevelt this week you have probably inadvertently run into a serious error in fact. You state, in effect, that while Governor Roosevelt's power policy in New York has been satisfactory to you, he has not yet made any suggestion as to the embodiment of this policy in national terms. In his speech delivered at St. Paul, Minnesota, on April 18, 1932, he dealt with two subjects in what seems to me perfectly specific terms. The first was the tariff and the second was water power. With regard to water power he stated his New York State policy and following that said:

It is neither radical, nor a violation of any principles of sound business, for me to state in definite terms that public servants with a proper regard for the interests of the people themselves must exert every effort to restore the fundamentals of public control. And this applies not only in every State capitol but also in the control by the national government over those great sources of power which fall under the jurisdiction of the national government.

Those who have read the papers these past few days have seen an example of the vast national scope of the public-utility structure. Interrelated companies stretch into literally dozens of States. Investors, customers, and management constitute a national community of interest of enormous importance. I wonder if it is not true that even those far in the upper reaches of such a structure would not themselves recognize the soundness of national public protection of all of the associated factors in this structure.

A very deep study over many years makes it clearer to me with every passing day that where a public service like the transmission of electricity passes beyond State lines and becomes interstate in its actual operation, in such a case the control cannot effectively be maintained by States alone or through agreements between neighboring States. That problem is national in its scope and can be solved only by the firm establishment of national control.

Electricity is a great unifying interest doing more to make us a united nation than any other material factor. To control it for the common good requires national thinking by a national party.

New York, July 13

RAYMOND MOLEY

## I Teach Socialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A business man recently asked me if the high school carried a course in socialism. And when I replied in the negative, he asked why and if I did not think it would be a wise thing. Undoubtedly it would be exceedingly wise—from the standpoint of society.

I teach socialism, for I believe it is the only effective break-water—if we are not already too far out to sea—for that ever-growing wave of revolution bearing on its crest the chaotic driftwood of a completely new order, the new regime, which, from all appearances, could be ushered in in the United States only with a liberal baptism of blood.

I teach socialism because I am, I fondly hope, fairly sane. How any teacher of high-school history and sociology, pretending to think at all, can still mouth piously the old fetishes relative to the two good old parties is beyond my comprehension. I therefore teach socialism deliberately, because the ideal of



that doctrine seems to me more nearly in accord with the modern scientific approach to a problem—used everywhere but in politics and business.

I teach it because at least a large minority of high-school students is ready for a badly needed change. That minority is thoughtfully, if somewhat gropingly, aghast at the mess of our imperialistic capitalism and at every turn is asking "Why?" and "What?" and asking it of its teachers. And what are the teachers answering? Almost invariably nothing.

In short, as a teacher, I am trying earnestly to teach the Golden Rule, and I hope the life of Eugene V. Debs will continue to be my inspiration.

Dearborn, Mich., May 25

ANNE TEMPLAR

The De Reszkes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am collecting material for a biography of Jean and Edouard de Reszke and I am anxious to obtain first-hand accounts, in letters or otherwise, of incidents and anecdotes, in which they figured. No bit of information or recollection will be without importance to me.

Material sent to me at 26 Grove Street will be respectfully treated and promptly returned.

New York, July 10

CLARA M. LEISER

In an Indian Prison

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers will be interested in the following letter written by Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya on the train while she was being removed from the Bombay prison to a prison in Belgaum. The letter, addressed to some of her friends in India, has been just received in this country. The text follows:

Aboard the train, April 19, 1932

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am writing this on my way to Belgaum, where I am being removed. I suppose you know I am in "C" class. It is good. It is the only way one gets to know what prison life really is. The treatment of political prisoners, I think, must be taken up immediately by all English people. It is a perfect disgrace. Fancy government openly saying that no difference is to be made between ordinary convicts and political prisoners! This raises a big international question that cannot be ignored. We are now deprived of all writing materials and the women are allowed no underclothes. Each sari that we wear weighs five pounds and we are supplied two of these and two blouses. Our bedding consists of one coir mat and a very rough blanket. So we have to use our spare clean sari as a bedsheet and cover both. Then, the abusing of prisoners in foul and filthy language by every official from the superintendent to the warders is dreadful.

Within four days of my incarceration I saw enough to determine me to place this matter before the jail committee when it came round. So Miss Slade and I put all this before the committee, which made some strong remarks in their book. It so upset the jail officials that Miss Slade and I were immediately shifted to another part of the prison and completely isolated from the others as a punishment, and now I am being finally removed to Belgaum.

It is interesting being in "C" class and sharing the general life. I have been losing about one pound a day. But I expect I shall get used to it in course of time. I don't know when I shall be able to write again as I can only send one letter once in three months.

[Signed] KAMALA

New York, June 22

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

The Balance Sheet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The inclosed "budget" for 1932-33 of my brother, managing 160 acres of good, unencumbered Indiana land for his father's heirs and 200 acres under a \$2,000 mortgage for his mother, is an interesting commentary upon the seriousness of the agricultural situation in the corn belt. Considering that this document typifies the situation of millions of other farmers of the Middle West, it is obvious that neglect of it by our political and financial leaders is a certain road to national disaster.

Here is the budget:

Mother's farm			
Fertilizer .....	\$40.00	1,400 bushels corn at 20¢..	\$280
Ma's tax .....	234.27	900 bushels oats at 15¢...	135
Interest .....	137.50	Cash rent .....	35
Home tax .....	37.00		
Home interest...	120.00		\$450
	\$568.77		
Estate Farm			
Fertilizer .....	\$35.00	1,000 bushels corn at 20¢..	\$200
Tax .....	300.94	800 bushels oats at 15¢...	120
		Cash rent .....	35
	\$335.94		\$355

This budget includes the 10 per cent penalty, as the first instalment will be due Monday. (Cost of labor added and subtracted does not alter the figures.)

Berkeley, Cal., July 1

E. C.

The Cause and Cure of Crises

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ray Vance says in his article, Has the Crisis Run Its Course? that a "combination of physical and financial conditions brought on the panic." So far, so good; but it seems that a more definite explanation is in order. Before me lies a graph covering 141 years of our history, based on authentic data. It was prepared by the Cleveland Trust Company, and has been, at least in part, widely copied. On the seventeen depressions therein noted (during 117 years, from 1812 through 1929) eleven were consequent upon or connected with the three major wars. In connection with each war three depressions are pictured and named—one at the beginning of the war, followed by the "primary post-war," then the "secondary post-war" depressions. The "debt repudiation" depression of the early 40's and the depression of 1884 are each near enough to the first two of these major wars to be fairly counted as part and parcel of the dislocation. This list omits four depressions attendant upon the French-English-Indian warfare, the French hostilities so-called, and the Peace (sic!) of Amiens. No account is taken of the Mexican imbroglio, the accompanying depression of which was slight. The remaining six depressions were of short duration—four named as "panics," two not named at all, such was their unimportance. Generally speaking, the three primary war depressions were deeper but less protracted than the secondary depressions; the exception being the 1929 depression, which saw the line running a bit lower than that which began in 1920, touching, that is, a new low. To sum up, this graph shows approximately 24 years—exactly one-fifth of the 120 years that have elapsed since the outbreak of the war of 1812—as having been given over to financial depressions varying in duration and



severity. If it is true that the present one is the worst we have ever experienced, the more need there is for assessing the blame.

In this comment the writer is far less concerned with the possible duration of depressions than with showing how they are hitched up to the stupidity, the futility, and the crime of war, but nevertheless comparisons are intriguing. We are nearly through the third year of the "secondary" depression—in point of fact, the *third* depression consequent upon the world war.

The secondary depression of the war of 1812 lasted four years and that of the Civil War six years; and Mr. Vance tells us today that recovery is "more than a year away." Even that prediction will be welcomed by many who are deeply submerged in the mental depression that always accompanies financial trouble. I would be more definite and say a year and six months away, counting from the first of July, which will bring us into 1934, a period in the gamut of depressions that (in seven out of eight I have been studying) has *lifted* the lowered line of the graph in its journey toward the norm; the one exception came in 1826 when the line of the graph approached but did not quite succeed in reaching the normal level. And the fortunes of the ninth war depression since 1812 are still in the lap of the gods.

Aside from the light that this graph sheds upon the character and the duration of recurring cycles as they affect human activity, its pictographic record presents the most damaging and convincing case against war that could be desired by even the most skeptical militarist or the most timid and cautious pacifist. Here we have undeniable proof of what war connotes in the matter of a country's financial stability—a practical argument telling us why this business of settling disputes by mass murder should stop. Not the duration of depressions but the major cause of them ought to occupy the thoughts of Americans right now.

New York, June 27

BLANCHE WATSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You publish an elaborate article by Ray Vance purporting to prove that the crisis has run its course and that before long we are going to start on another boom.

It seems to me that Mr. Vance's article is based on one fundamental misconception. He tells us how "current debts have been sharply decreased" and "debts and open book accounts and instalment purchases reduced even more sharply." "The supply of goods available for consumption has been sharply reduced" and so on. All this is based on the theory that our present depression is caused by overproduction of consumption goods. But it is not. It is caused by overproduction of the means of production. Mr. Vance does not attempt to prove to us that the ability of the United States to produce steel has been in any way reduced since 1929. We can produce as much or more of every metal; as much or more electric power; we have as many railroads and car factories, automobile and truck factories, cement plants, cotton mills, coal mines—everything, all the way down the line.

There appears to have been very little overproduction of consumers' goods in 1929. Much of the distribution was in the hands of big concerns, which could look ahead and adjust their orders according to their future needs. The whole system, from producer to ultimate consumer, had been speeded up and goods went right down the chute. But with production goods it was different. It was considered a crime to suggest that we could have too many steel mills or automobile factories. Now we have them, and there is no possibility of running them at more than half time; so we are in for a long period of chronic depression.

Pasadena, Cal., July 1

UPTON SINCLAIR

## Finance

### Ottawa Seeks a Formula

**L**AUSANNE settled reparations with a proviso, and at Ottawa the representatives of the British nations are grappling with the problem of expediting trade within the empire. If they succeed in doing so the outside world will almost certainly benefit; for while every effort will be made to stimulate commerce between Great Britain and her possessions and dominions, the most far-sighted leaders of British opinion recognize that a policy of trying to reserve the British markets exclusively for the British would be foredoomed to failure. Great Britain, though she must import one-half to two-thirds of her total supply of foodstuffs, cannot eat all that the dominions produce, while the dominions, though they import huge amounts of finished goods, cannot absorb all that the mother country manufactures.

So, on the eve of the conference, we find the London *Economist* maintaining that the only wise policy for Ottawa to pursue is to attempt a lowering of tariffs all around, instead of raising them against third parties. That fine free-trade journal points out that if the purpose of international trade is to obtain the greatest advantage for all concerned tariffs are scarcely necessary to achieve this result. It will be best achieved where no barriers exist. But while the protectionists of South Africa and Canada might never be able to find a logical answer to that proposition, they are far from accepting it. Statements of the dominion representatives, prior to the conference, have quite generally indicated a determination to look out for the local infant industries and to give them the measure of protection they need in order to reach maturity.

The middle ground is occupied by groups like the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, which assert that British industries should enjoy a larger measure of tariff preference against foreigners in the dominion markets, and that even the preferential tariff should be low enough to give the British a fair competitive chance with the local manufacturer. At the same time, care should be taken (in a manner not specified) not to alienate those great markets which both the old country and the dominions enjoy in the outside world. One of the few concrete suggestions made thus far has to do with "complementary production," meaning, apparently, that the dominions and possessions shall refrain from developing industries which can be better developed in Great Britain. Why, to cite an imaginary case, should Canada strive to outdo Sheffield in cutlery, or Australia to equal Manchester in cotton textiles, when the two dominions can obtain better goods and cheaper goods by purchasing them with wheat, wool, and crude copper?

The answer to that question is to be found in the simple statement that the territorial division of labor—each region producing those commodities which soil, climate, available materials, and human aptitudes best fit it to produce—does not work according to theory. One reason why it does not is the impossibility of keeping the output of foods and crude materials in balance, throughout the world markets, with the manufactured products for which they are exchanged. It is a significant fact that the raw-materials countries are debtor countries; the money they borrow disguises the fact that they are piling up a deficit in the international balance sheet until the crash comes and they find that they must produce two tons of materials to pay a debt which one ton would formerly pay. The remedy, as they see it, is to free themselves of the foreign creditor by doing their manufacturing at home. Will the Ottawa conference find a better remedy?

S. PALMER HARMAN



# Books

## Strict Acre

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Who dares dispute Apollo's golden speed  
Or grip the lathered harness in his fist?  
Let him presume upon a lesser reed;  
Let him accomplish a more tranquil tryst.  
Ah risk no trespass on that cloudy acre  
Where those ethereal hooves in thunder gleam:  
Content you with one spark the Lightning-Shaker  
Sheds on your broken, brief Icarian dream.

Rather pursue the pungent yoke and furrow  
And drop the barley seed and spread the oat  
Than tempt the peril of the sudden arrow,  
The shaggy god and the capricious goat:  
The Samnite in his little field may bruise  
His heel on some gold head of Syracuse.

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Thus boasting thus grandiloquent he stood  
thus eloquent thus orotund he spoke  
thus posing like an acrobat he paused  
thus like an actor loosed his syllable  
the bright, the brief, the brave, the seeming certain,  
and smirked

upon that stage of his own making  
There in the dirty wings on dirty sawdust  
against the trumpets of a vivid world.

## The Artist as a Youngish Man

*The Journal of Arnold Bennett. 1896-1910. The Viking Press. \$4.*

SEVERAL romantic young persons of my acquaintance have taken stern exception to Mr. Bennett's diary. He is so mercenary, they say; he not only counts his words as he writes them, but in the first week of January of every year he totes up the number of words he has produced the year before and carefully writes down just how much, in hard cash, his work has brought in. If Mr. Bennett had been a house-builder, and had noted the price of the materials he bought and the profit he had made on them, it would be perfectly permissible. For house-building is a trade. But writing novels and magazine articles is, bless all our little hearts, an art! An artist mustn't think about money or words; he must, every time he sits down to write, go into a trance, summon his muse, allow her to manipulate his typewriter, and with the greatest amazement finally read what she has written. After a while it turns out that the novel is finished; the compositor, who sets it in type, knows how long it is, but of course he does not discuss such vulgar matters with the author; the publisher, who issues the book, pays the royalty checks, but the author tosses these mundane mementos into the waste-basket or into the lap of his

wife, who manages his affairs. No artist, so the legend runs, can properly conduct himself in any less casual manner.

Arnold Bennett was not that kind of artist. About half his working day, so his diary informs us, he spent writing magazine articles for money. The other half was spent usually in writing a novel—for which also he received money in rather sizable sums. No artisan ever worked harder or more faithfully at his trade; few English novelists have written novels which surpass those of Mr. Bennett at his best. That all the while he was writing he should have been conscious of just how far he had got, and that he should have asked in advance the price that an editor was to pay him for an article, does not make him any less a fine writer, any less an artist, any less a born novelist who could not help writing because writing was his trade, his profession, his art, and his first passion.

The other count against Mr. Bennett, as revealed in his diary, is that he was not an interesting person. His was, it is said, a dull, middle-class mind in a complaining, vulgar body. And that, also, I should deny. He was surely middle-class, and he wrote mainly about middle-class people. His love of luxury, when he finally had money to buy it, was middle-class, too. But he was not dull, and his vulgarities were the result of his curiosity, which never ceased to motivate him, about people, about things, about life. In his diary he writes about himself; about how he felt, what he ate, whom he talked to, the women he made love to, the books he read, and about how he valued what he wrote. His estimates of music, plays, and books are always interesting and often just. His description of places is no less so. He is reasonably aware of what sort of man he is: "My leading sentiment is my own real superiority, not the inferiority of others." "I am so wrapped up in myself that I, if anyone, ought to succeed in a relative self-perfection." "I do not like to think that I am dependent spiritually, to even a slight degree, on anyone. I do not like to think that I am not absolutely complete and sufficient in myself to myself." "I went to bed with influenza, but found that I hadn't got it." Of "Clayhanger" he said, with considerable modesty, "I really doubt whether, as a whole, this book is good. It assuredly isn't within ten miles of Dostoevski." And he had another sort of modesty: "H. W. Massingham wrote me yesterday inviting me to contribute to the *Nation*. No editorial invitation has ever flattered me as much as this." He wrote quickly and steadily, but that he did not write carelessly is indicated when he says: "Having finished a novel I could not cut it down, because I should have satisfied myself that it contained nothing inessential. . . . The notion that anything can be taken from a finished work of art without leaving a gap seems to me monstrous."

Finally Mr. Bennett has been described as a man without feeling. Although he declares himself entirely self-sufficient, he made two significant entries in his diary which might prove the contrary. On Friday, June 15, 1906, he wrote: "At 5 p. m. on this day, in the forest of Fontainebleau, I became engaged to marry Eleanora." The next item, dated Friday, August 3, is as follows: "At 11 a. m. on this day, at Caniel, my engagement to Eleanora was broken off." If he had thought less of the breach, surely he would have written more. But where on other occasions he is not above boasting of his triumphs with women, here he recorded the bare facts only. No boasting of his success; no explanation of his failure. Eleanora Green's name is not mentioned subsequently in this volume of the diary. And his next entry was dated July 19, 1907, nearly a year later, incidentally two weeks after his marriage to Marguerite Soulié.

It is enough to say of Mr. Bennett that he is in his diary nearly as interesting as his most interesting character, Edwin Clayhanger. He is a good deal like several of his characters.



They were curious as he is, they were a little solemn about themselves, they were observing, fond of money, hard-working, reserved. He told more about them than he does about himself. That perhaps is the diary's most serious limitation.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## Westermarck on Ethics

*Ethical Relativity.* By Edward Westermarck. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

WE commonly say that a certain dish is "good," that a certain poem is "beautiful," and that a certain action is "right." The forms of the three statements are identical, but in the case of the first nearly everyone would admit that we do not, when we use it, actually mean to affirm what is literally implied. It is merely a figure of speech, a way of saying that we "like" the dish in question, and we do not intend to assert that the latter possesses an objective gustatorial "goodness" independent of ourselves. In the case of the "beautiful" poem the world is, on the other hand, pretty evenly divided between those who maintain that the statement which affirms its "beauty" is a statement of exactly the same kind as the statement that the dish is "good" and those who would declare that "beauty" is an objective quality which certain persons may and certain persons may not have the ability to perceive, but which exists quite independent of the fact that any individual does or does not "like" the poem in question. And when we come to the "rightness" of an action, most writers on ethics, at least, would affirm that it assuredly is essentially different from the "goodness" of a dish, and that such "rightness" most certainly is an objective quality.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that it is perfectly possible to deny that the objective "beauty" of a poem and the objective "rightness" of an action are any more demonstrable than the "goodness" of a dish, and the result of such a denial is, of course, to proclaim a thorough going relativity. If "beauty" and "rightness" are objective qualities, then aesthetics and ethics are, potentially at least, normative sciences. If, on the other hand, the conceptions of "beauty" and "rightness" are, like the conception of gustatorial "goodness," merely examples of the fallacy of misplaced concreteness, then it is logically as absurd to attempt to erect a normative science of aesthetics or of ethics as it would be to attempt to prove that *escargots à la Bordelaise* (or corned beef and cabbage) either is or is not "good."

Though Professor Westermarck does not use precisely this illustration it will serve, I think, to suggest in as brief a form as is possible the subject of his discussion, and it is hardly necessary to add that he argues in favor of an uncompromising relativity. In "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas" he studied moral opinion genetically; here he attempts to defend philosophically and psychologically the position which he was formerly led to take up. Moral judgments are, he maintains, the result of a specific class of emotions which he calls "moral emotions," and the apparent objectivity of these judgments is merely the result of an illusion. "The main contentions in this book" are "that the moral consciousness is ultimately based on emotions, that the moral judgment lacks validity, that the moral values are not absolute but relative to the emotions they express." In other words we regard as "moral" those things of which we approve, and we approve of those things which are in accord with our individual taste even though—as Professor Westermarck would insist—taste in such matters is a thing infinitely more complex than taste in food and, unlike this latter, is capable of being very profoundly influenced, not merely by custom and habit, but also by intellectual considerations which give form and consistency to a group of tastes.

A monograph of this sort cannot, of course, exercise an influence comparable to that exercised by the same author's earlier genetic studies. Its general effect is of something largely academic while "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas" belongs with, for example, Sumner's "Folk Ways" and Havelock Ellis's "Studies" among the books which, in determining the intellectual atmosphere of the earlier twentieth century, played a part perhaps disproportionate to their purely philosophic importance. Nevertheless, "Ethical Relativity" is an essay which ought to be read by everyone interested in the attempt to analyze the intellectual implications of the widespread willingness on the part of the general public to accept some such formula as that which states the identity between mores and morals. And in this connection perhaps the most interesting of Professor Westermarck's contentions is that which he opposes to the objection that "moral relativity" leads to moral anarchy. We are, he says in effect, no less guided by our tastes because we know that they are *merely* tastes, and there is no reason why our moral preferences should be any less effective because we recognize them as nothing more than preferences. Our ethics, in a word, may be relative, but they are relative to a total situation of which we are a part and therefore have as much stability and as much urgency as it is desirable that moral principles should have.

There are, I think, certain objections which might be raised to this convenient way out of the dilemma into which we seem to be led by an acceptance of the belief that morality is a relative matter. So far, however, no one seems to have suggested a better one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Revolution as a Fine Art

*Coup d'Etat: The Technique of Revolution.* By Curzio Malaparte. Translated by Sylvia Saunders. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

REVOLUTIONS, coups d'état, general strikes, terrorism, sabotage, barricades, skirmishes, massacres, executions—these are among the most fascinating episodes of the great human tragi-comedy. Torn from the intimate connection with the main propelling force of class and group interests, however, their descriptions are no more helpful to understanding social history than would be the mere photograph of a dynamo to an understanding of the nature of electromagnetism. "Coup d'Etat" fails primarily because it provides such descriptions without revealing those intimate connections which would give them genuine meaning.

"Coup d'Etat" is written vividly, with flashes of wit here and there, and this explains the *succès de scandale* the book has achieved in Europe. The author, the Italian Fascist Curzio Malaparte, candidly confesses:

... the object of the book is not ... to discuss the political, economic, and social programs of the conspirators, but to show that the problem of conquest and defense of the state is not a political one, that it is a technical problem ... that the circumstances favorable to a coup d'état are not necessarily of a political and social order and do not depend on the general condition of the country.

In another passage he points out that the technical problem consists in getting hold of the most vital arteries of the nation's economic life—the railway stations, postal and telegraph services, ports, power plants, gas works, and water mains.

History is thus made very easy. The disintegration of the Czarist army, the misery and destitution of the masses, the desire for peace, the land hunger of the peasantry, the growing disappointment of the industrial workers, as expressed by the growth of Bolshevik influence in the Soviets, the struggle for



power between rival groups of the revolutionary intelligentsia—all these factors can be summarily dismissed. The coup d'état of November, 1917, succeeded because Trotzky knew how to apply the right technique. The author stresses his argument with numerous "quotations" for which he gives no sources. During his struggle against the opposition, Stalin, according to Malaparte, referred to Trotzky as "a wretched Jew," and Trotzky, nothing daunted, called his rival "a miserable Christian." Just like that.

In the light of the fact that Trotzky's technique of the coup d'état is so easy to understand, and, according to Malaparte, so easy to apply anywhere, one wonders why those tactics were not employed successfully by the Italian and Polish Communists in 1920, or by the German Communists between 1919 and 1923, and finally by Trotzky himself in 1926-27? Since Signore Malaparte dismisses political and economic circumstances as determining factors, he is forced to find other explanations. The Germans and Italians—well, they simply were "ignorant of the methods, the tactics, and the modern technique of the coup d'état of which Trotzky had given a new and classic example." The Polish Communists understood Trotzky, but being mostly Jews, they did not have the guts. This applied also to Trotzky's followers during his struggle against Stalin.

Only Mussolini knew how to apply Trotzky's tactics. But there is a little hitch in Malaparte's epic picture of Benito's rise to power—that is, aside from his always too obvious embellishment of historical facts. The author says modestly that "it is not known" why the King refused to sign an order establishing a state of siege when the March on Rome was started. Malaparte knows that Madame Kollontai loved the sailor Dybenko "for his transparent eyes and for his cruelty"; but he does not know, that is, he affects not to know, what every historian knows, that the Italian Army Command, which hoped to establish a military dictatorship, was conspiring with, and giving all the necessary assistance to Mussolini, who, of course, later double-crossed his allies, as he double-crossed all his other associates. All of which was not exactly identical with Trotzky's "technique."

Despite his often grotesque distortions of the Russian events, the author is actually much less severe with the Bolsheviks than with the heroes of the counter-revolutionary coups d'état outside of Italy. But he is much too cautious to give more than a faint hint of the actual class origin of his contempt for Kapp, Primo de Rivera, Pilsudski, and Hitler.

The fact of the matter is that the so-called "fascist" coups d'état in the other countries can hardly be said to have revealed very much in common with the Italian brand. Mussolini and his original following of adventurous dissenters from the various radical and revolutionary groups, mostly déclassé intellectuals, ex-workers, and war veterans, had placed themselves at the disposal of the manufacturers, financiers, and land-holders for the double purpose of cowing the workers and destroying all the organizations headed by their former rivals in the radical camp. Having finished the job, they had no inclination to step aside as dismissed bullies who were no longer needed. They established a dictatorship of the fascist section of the intelligentsia over both workers and capitalists (and the rest of the population, for that matter)—ready to seize their former backers rudely by the throat whenever such a gesture was necessary for the maintenance of their own power. Neither the Kapp nor the Rivera dictatorships had anything in common with this essential feature of a fascist regime. Both the German and the Spanish coup meant simply the reestablishment or the strengthening of the old Junker and militarist rule—with the famished intellectual "outs" altogether removed from the picture. Pilsudski's coup of 1926 was likewise a purely military and quite "respectable" affair, while Hitler, in the opinion of Malaparte, is merely a hired agent in the service of the

German manufacturers and Junkers—with no actual intention of reaching out for an exclusive fascist dictatorship, Italian style.

Malaparte's chapter on Hitler contains some very caustic and challenging remarks about dictators in general. It is a reasonable conjecture that the bitter sarcasm of some of these passages was aimed not exclusively at the eloquent Austrian yokel. The author no doubt was out to vent his spleen at the incomparable Master, Mussolini himself, who is apparently more feared than loved by his immediate entourage.

Malaparte has been known in Italy as an author of a volume of fascist lyrics. If in this line of his endeavor he has shown as much imagination as in his treatment of historical facts, he has done his country a great wrong by deserting the muses.

MAX NOMAD

## "Faust" a Hundred Years After

*Faust: Parts One and Two.* by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by George Madison Priest. Covici-Friede. \$5.

OUTSIDE of Germany Goethe is known chiefly as a human figure; the art disappears behind the man. So it is with Leonardo, outside of Italy. But in the latter's case it is time that has withered and destroyed the Florentine's works of art. In the case of Goethe, it is not time but the translators that have withered and destroyed them.

Germans have had Shakespeare in the thoroughly adequate translations of Wieland and the Schlegels; but English and American readers have had "Faust" only through Bayard Taylor's funereal version or the equally stilted and lifeless attempts of half a dozen other scholars. It was the misfortune of "Faust" to become from the very start a prey to the dust-grubbing professoriat; the peculiar complexity and the philosophical breadth of the whole called into existence an exclusive "Faust" cult which has continued for a century to approach this Teuton Bible with fear, trembling, and footnotes. From the beginning the work was embalmed and enshrined; and today in all countries but Germany it is almost as sublimely unpopular as Joyce's "Ulysses."

George Madison Priest is a professor of German; but that fact has not prevented his writing perhaps the one really readable translation of "Faust" available today. He has not tried, indeed, to break with the tradition of meticulous and scholarly interpretation; nor has he modernized or jazzed up the text; but at the same time he has won a frequent freedom in his English equivalents to Goethe's packed lines which sets him well apart from his predecessors. He follows the German meters, as Taylor did; but he has far more understanding of the free *Knittelverse* of the opening passages, and his rendering of Goethe's difficult dimeters and trimeters has a true musical and verbal effect. He handles Gretchen as the fresh and eloquently simple small-town girl that Goethe made her; not as the mincing Boston debutante of Taylor's version. The translation of such great descriptive passages as "Vom Eise befreit" is vivid and sensitive; the rendering of many difficult philosophical stanzas in Part Two is safely grounded on the interpretations of the best analysts of Goethe's thought.

But even with these general excellences of rendering, much of the vitality of the original work is lost in the translation. In the first place, Professor Priest sees fit to translate the German *du* and *Ihr*, which are intimate and direct, into the English "thou" and "ye," which are stilted and obsolete. From Goethe's typically undecorated and everyday human vocabulary we pass into a realm of elaborate literary circumlocution. The strong and immediate emotions of "Faust" are translated into



a cloaked Quaker language. Immediately the drama loses half of its vitality. And Professor Priest continues this emasculating process by using endless grammatical inversions to equalize the length of his lines exactly with the German, or by stuffing them up with such rhetorical garbage as "e'en," "forsooth," "ere," "o'er," "fain," "fore," "ne'er," and the schoolboy constructions which use "did see" when they mean to say "saw."

Professor Priest's version will be a joy to those American readers who have despaired of ever getting through Taylor, and who still suspect that "Faust" is not entirely dust. But it will not make Goethe's drama a compelling reality to those many people who lack an elaborate preparation in classroom methods of interpreting and devitalizing the masterpieces of the world. Until a translator can do for Goethe what Scott-Moncrieff did for Proust or what Constance Garnett did for Dostoevski, the English "Faust" will remain a mere solemn exercise in cultural history—a thing difficult to defend when bright young Communist critics try to throw it in the ashcan.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

## Amber-Tinted Elegance

*The Chinaberry Tree.* By Jessie Fauset. Introduction by Zona Gale. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

FOR once, a book has been advertised too modestly. "The Chinaberry Tree" has been recommended by its publishers, and by Miss Gale, its sponsor, as a revelation of the life led by educated Negroes. But it is considerably more than that. Though faulty, it is the work of a remarkable psychologist who can be congratulated not simply because her material is interesting but because she has understood so well the human factors involved in it.

The greater portion of "The Chinaberry Tree" is devoted to the love affair of two colored high-school students who do not know that they are brother and sister. This dramatic theme, singularly enough, is the least exciting part of the story. We learn most about Miss Fauset's book as a whole not through Melissa and Malory, or their narrowly averted incestuous marriage; but through Laurentine, the beautiful apricot-colored dressmaker who is the book's real heroine and symbol of the world it depicts; Laurentine, who sat as a child under the Chinaberry Tree and wondered why other children, either white or black, wouldn't play with her.

The best part of the story lies in the background. Colonel Holloway, a wealthy white factory-owner, while still a college student falls in love with his mother's Negro maid. He marries a white woman, but his real love is given to the colored girl, whom he handsomely establishes in a white house with green shutters, a well-kept garden, and the Chinaberry Tree. His daily visits to her are concealed from no one. Their love is a scandal to both black and white inhabitants of the Jersey town. And Laurentine is their child. She is brought up in comparative luxury, but is a double outcast. And the passion which animates her is closely allied to the passion which animates the book. What does the illegitimate mulatto grow up to want? Respectability. Once she cries: "Oh God, you know all I want is a chance to show them how decent I am." This might serve as the motto for "The Chinaberry Tree." It is so much the book's real theme that once recognized it helps to explain the striking gentility of certain passages, as well as the exceptional importance attached to small material comforts that most white people would take for granted. The sympathetic white reader, once he appreciates the difficult position of this refined colored girl, by transferring an allied psychology to the book itself will perceive the drama beneath even such a line as "The food was wholesome, well cooked, and attractively gar-

nished." It is a world in which such little things mean much: a touching world, its humility displayed through its pride. The book attempts to idealize this polite colored world in terms of the white standards that it has adopted. And here lies the root of Miss Fauset's artistic errors. When she parades the possessions of her upper classes and when she puts her lovers through their Fauntleroy courtesies, she is not only stressing the white standards that they have adopted; she is definitely minimizing the colored blood in them. This is a decided weakness, for it steals truth and life from the book. Is not the most precious part of a Negro work of art that which is specifically Negroid, which none but a Negro could contribute?

We need not look far for the reason for Miss Fauset's idealization. It is pride, the pride of a genuine aristocrat. And it is pride also that makes her such a remarkable psychologist. However many her artistic errors, Miss Fauset has a rare understanding of people and their motives. I suppose there is no better way to come to understand others than to be extraordinarily sensitive one's self. Every great psychologist has been a thin-skinned aristocrat. Considering the position of a sensitive, educated Negro in America, it is no wonder then that an aristocrat like Miss Fauset has idealized her little world, has made it over-elegant! Inspired by the religious motive which so many Negro writers seem to feel, she has simply been trying to justify her world to the world at large. Her mistake has consisted in trying to do this in terms of the white standard.

"To be a Negro in America posits a dramatic situation." Yes, and to be one of Miss Fauset's amber-tinted, well-to-do, refined Negroes—not having to deal much with whites, but surrounded on all sides by the white standard—posits a delicate psychological situation. It is for this reason that few white novels have anything like the shades of feeling to be found in "The Chinaberry Tree." Every moment speaks of yearning. That is why, once it is seen as a whole, even its faults are charming, for the story they tell is poignant and beautiful, too.

GERALD SYKES

## Our Economic Muddle

*Is Capitalism Doomed?* By Lawrence Dennis. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

*Money for Tomorrow.* By W. E. Woodward. Liveright. \$2.

NO American writer has dealt more brilliantly or provocatively with the flaws and absurdities of our economic order than Lawrence Dennis. While most economists are busying themselves with the question of maintaining the volume of credit and preventing a repetition of the speculative orgy of 1928-29, or are seeking to correlate production and consumption, Mr. Dennis challenges the fundamental assumptions upon which modern capitalism rests—the possibility of obtaining speculative profits by "judicious investment" and the practicability of compound interest over an extended period of time. We have all been hoodwinked, he assures us, by "the fallacy that money can be made by investment selection or stock trading"; a truly scientific investment policy would seek to approximate the average return on all invested capital—about 3 per cent.

Sooner or later, Mr. Dennis believes, the combination of credit inflation and compound interest is bound to bring capitalism to its knees. As long as credit does not outrun real wealth, no particular hazard is confronted; but as the economic structure ages, the burden of indebtedness begins to weigh more and more heavily upon the productive forces in society. The deflection of too large a portion of the national income into the pockets of the well-to-do classes leads to overexpansion of factories and other productive units, while the relative decline in



purchasing power of the working class reduces the demand for the aggregate output. The fate of agriculture during the past decade may be taken as a case in point. The farmer's misfortunes have not come, as is often asserted, because he has not been business-like enough, but rather because he has attempted to transform agriculture into a "business" by capitalizing it upon the basis of potential profits.

The section on foreign investments is in itself worth more than the price of the book. Written prior to the investigation of the Senate Finance Committee, it levels a withering fire not only upon the international bankers who foisted tremendous quantities of worthless paper upon a gullible public, but also upon American commercial policy in general, which sought to build prosperity on foreign trade which was supported solely by paper credit. As a substitute the author suggests widespread social expenditures financed by increased taxation. Even waste, in this sense, is held to be far sounder as an economic principle than savings accumulated in the hands of the few through public "economies."

Traditional critics will undoubtedly find many points at which they will disagree violently with Mr. Dennis. Nevertheless, they will find themselves very much on the defensive as regards his fundamental thesis, which after all is merely a twentieth-century version of Karl Marx. The book deserves a wide reading, and would probably have one if it were not for its unfortunate style. Written to provoke controversy, it is likely merely to antagonize less robust souls.

"Money for Tomorrow" is also Marxian in many of its broad criticisms of the capitalist order. Popularly written, it seeks to reveal the esoteric mysteries of economics to the man on the street. This approach may account for, although it scarcely excuses, a disregard for exact economic terminology, and the naive acceptance of some very dubious proposals for remedying the existing situation.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

## Prisoner of War

*Time Stood Still.* By Paul Cohen-Portheim. E. P. Dutton Company. \$3.

**I** DO not pretend to know anything about the mental processes of a general. I have never met one except in print and there the processes resembled an actor's post-mortem on a play that has just closed its run. "It would have been a good show if I had had the lead. The rest were a bunch of hams." Nevertheless, I can imagine a general's feelings as he reads, reads about, or at least hears about the pacifist war books with their printings as big as army divisions. I can imagine him saying: "The trouble with this war—there were too many damned civilians in it."

In their greed for big armies, in their demand for conscription, the generals spoiled the good old trade. Citizens had no stomach for military glory when they starved on rations and cowered under the sky, deadly now with raiding airplanes. Either the civilians will stop the next war, if we can assume that common sense is really common enough; or they will be too much involved to support the general's army.

All civilians suffered in the last war, those at home along with those in the trenches. But the civilians who suffered most were perhaps those whom the outbreak of the war trapped in a hostile country. The war spirit, of course, is never very discriminating. Among the many thousands of Germans, Austrians, and Turks-by-statistics who were confined in the internment pens in England, were many who had settled in the country, had married English wives, and had English children; many, too, who were there through mere clerical errors which the authori-

ties were too busy, too suspicious, or too patriotic to rectify.

In "Time Stood Still," we are given a remarkably sane, judicious, and interesting report of what happened to the civilian war prisoners of England, by a writer who is restrained, tolerant, and sensitive. In fact, if the book fails in any respect, it is perhaps in being too tolerant. In the effort to keep it from being an indictment of the English people, his admiration for whom has survived his evil experience, he represses his emotions and mutes the horrors. He remembers that the same sadism and hysterics characterized the treatment of interned prisoners in his own country. But the few instances in the book where we can regret this repression show up as the defects of an undeniable virtue.

Mr. Cohen-Portheim was in London at the outbreak of the war designing costumes for the opera. A cultivated Viennese artist, at home in France and England, he had many English friends, among them people of influence. The latter did what they could to guard him from discomfort and humiliation but the propaganda against the "uns and biby killers" had done its work. His friends could not protect him and he was herded into an encampment in the Isle of Man. From here, when he had become acclimated and, by relative standards, comfortable, he was transferred to what was called a "gentleman's" camp, gentility being determined by the amount of money at the inmate's disposal.

The gentlemen included some few fourteen-carat aristocrats, but the mass were petty business men. The ineradicable love for distinctions worked itself out here and the three camps into which the three thousand men were divided soon established an aristocracy, a middle class, and a proletariat, or rather a Bohemia. What is even more astonishing, the barbed wire between them became as potent as international frontiers in developing within each group a definite nationalist psychology with patriotic illusions and hatreds. Deprived of any practical opportunities to hate a nation de jure they hated the nations de facto that lived in the neighboring barbed-wire inclosures.

The greatest miseries were the congestion which made privacy impossible; the celibacy enforced for four years; the idleness which induced a morbid search for hobbies and distractions; the constant supervision; and the destruction of the sense of responsibility. Each of these in turn elaborated other types of suffering. The congestion and want of privacy, for instance, resulted in psychopathic irritations with one's neighbors; celibacy resulted in peculiar neurotic friendships, although there was no overt, physical homosexuality. And to the general suffering each man added the morbidity of his personal tragedy. The English wives, for instance, turned one by one from their interned husbands. Patriotism made betrayal honorable. There were suicides and lunacies, and this dreadful level of misery was not even stable. It was disturbed by crises in the persecution, by regulations and the usual guard tyranny. Reverses brought revenges in the form of additional restrictions. The new rules were usually called reprisals against German atrocities. English public opinion was convinced that the Germans were torturing interned Englishmen, while they were coddling their interned Germans. Toward the end, the food stringency led to what was nothing less than gradual starvation for these prisoners.

By a high quality of interpretative insight, by philosophical detachment, and by the many resources of his sensitive and cultivated mind, Mr. Cohen-Portheim makes this terrible story continuously absorbing. These qualities, which he has already shown in his volume, "England, The Unknown Isle," give the incidents of the book extensions into every corner of our civilization. While it is not a work of genius like Cummings's "The Enormous Room," which gave an account of a French war prison, it goes far beyond that masterpiece in making clear the psychological corrosions worked by war upon every element of western humanity.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER



## Shorter Notices

*Your Mexican Holiday.* A Modern Guide. By Anita Brenner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The American tourist is beginning to find Mexico, following the trail blazed a decade or more ago by writers, painters, and poets, who wanted, if not permanent escape, at least relief from the drab dullness of Coolidge prosperity, Volsteadism, and our machine-made civilization. An up-to-date guide book to supplement the recent prolific literature concerning our Southern neighbor has been needed. Terry's "Mexico," which was not without merit, has long since become obsolete and the "revised" edition was a transparent bit of publisher's racketeering. Now Anita Brenner, an American born in Mexico, who has lived there a large part of her young life, has written a superb traveler's *vade mecum*. Apart from its wealth of indispensable up-to-the-minute information concerning what to see, wear, eat, and drink, and how, it is packed with pertinent background material which within its limits helps to make the complexities of the Indo-Hispanic culture vivid and more intelligible. Virtually everything that any voyager to Mexico may seek—be it archeology, architecture, art, beer, crafts, fishing, hunting, mountain-climbing, music, primitive cultures, sea- or sun-bathing, *tamales* or *tequila*—is to be found in its well-ordered three hundred pages, supplemented by excellent maps and diagrams. Veteran and novice alike will be the better equipped for the Mexican adventure by the possession of this admirable little volume.

*The Faraway Bride.* By Stella Benson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

The author of "The Faraway Bride" insists upon the parallelism of her book and the story of Tobit in the Apocrypha to the point of including the latter in an appendix. The acknowledgment was not, perhaps, strictly necessary; but knowledge of the source only adds to the distinction of the retelling. This time Tobit and the subsidiary characters are not Jews in a foreign land, but white Russians living the life of exiles in Manchuria and Korea. And out of this the author has constructed a comedy of extraordinary warmth and reality. The novel more than deserves the prizes that have honored its unusual distinction.

*Tom of Bedlam's Song.* With Introduction and Notes by David Greenhood. San Francisco: Helen Gentry.

There is no more amazing poetry than the almost divine poetry of madness, for as Mr. Greenhood says, "in imagination we go with them, whose whole selves are our half selves." And the best of the poetry of madness, as has long been known, is the prized but too little read Tom of Bedlam's song. There were many of these songs, most of them, of course, of little literary value.

For many years previous to the Restoration [writes Mr. Greenhood], Bethlehem Hospital was obliged from time to time to release certain patients who had no private income and who were not too dangerously insane to fare as they might in the world. These were the Toms of Bedlam, and, of course, they led strange careers. The common attitude toward madness being one of amused wonder, these roving lunatics gathered alms by being the song-and-dance men of their time.

The edition printed in this beautiful little book is a combination of the famous stanzas chosen by Alice Meynell along with certain others having the full flavor of beggars' slang and poetry. Here is the best possible grouping of the stanzas and a complete bibliography of all references to this prized song, sev-

eral passages of variorum, Francis Thompson's favorite stanzas, and many very illuminating notes on the text. The introduction by David Greenhood is a charming piece of critical prose. The illustrations have caught the full flavor of the poem, a difficult achievement. The illustrator exhibits a fine taste and subtle imagination. The book itself, hand-printed by Helen Gentry, is an artistic piece of work; it will be mentioned, probably, among the best of such books. As for the poem, it speaks for itself in such lines as these:

With a thought I took for Maudlin,  
And a cruse of cokle pottage,  
With a thing thus tall,  
Sky bless you all,  
I befell into this dotage.

I slept not since the Conquest.  
Till then I never waked,  
Till the roguish boy  
Of love where I lay  
Me found and stript me naked.

*The Golden Mountain.* Marvellous Tales of Rabbi Israel Baal Shem and of his Great-Grandson, Rabbi Nachman, Retold from Hebrew, Yiddish, and German sources by Meyer Levin. Illustrated by Marek Szwarc. Cape and Ballou. \$3.

Mr. Levin has cleverly linked together a handful of stories to furnish a legendary biography of the Baal Shem Tov, a pious and genial sage who was the founder of the Chassidic sect. To these folk-tales the author has appended several more literary narratives reputed to have been written by Rabbi Nachman, the great-grandson of the Baal Shem. The latter, weighed down as they are with a rather complicated symbolism, are less attractive than the legends which cluster around the elder saint, but they serve to emphasize some points in his teachings. The writing is generally simple and agreeable, the author attempting, not always successfully, to retain the folk character of the original. A helpful preface offers an introduction to Chassidism and its founder which should stimulate the reader to further explorations. The stoutest rationalist, if he can respond to poetry at all, must find a charm in these tales, each of which holds in its fantastic wrappings a kernel of spiritual truth.

*The Indian Peasant Uprooted.* A Study of the Human Machine. By Margaret Read. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

Last year (1931) a Royal Commission on Labor in India issued an eighteen-volume report of an investigation which had lasted about two years. This presented more material than any but the most specialized student would care to explore in full, and Miss Read has therefore summarized it in a small book, endeavoring to liven it up for the general reader. Industrial workers in India are persons squeezed out of village life by economic pressure rather than attracted by the profits of a new kind of labor, and their center of interest tends to remain in the villages. Although India is one of the eight great industrial countries of the world, her workers suffer all the evils of a young industrialism. No more striking fact could be mentioned in that connection than the infant-mortality rate in the city of Bombay, where cotton mills are numerous: during the year 1927 it was 319.12 per thousand (in 1921 it was 672.12). Some careless errors appear in the book, as on page 6, where cotton weaving and spinning are said to employ a total of 337,000 persons, of whom 118,000 are in Bombay City, 70,000 in Ahmedabad, and 232,000 elsewhere in the Bombay Presidency! To say nothing of those employed in other parts of India! The different industries are studied separately. The book is useful and will go a long way toward satisfying everyone but the sociological specialist.



*Rural Russia under the Old Regime: A History of the Land-lord-Peasant World and a Prologue to the Peasant Revolution of 1917.* By Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.

Rural Russia before 1917 was substantially all Russia. This book may be considered, therefore, a history of Russia up to the recent revolution, though it pays scant attention to the succession in the dynasty and the stumbling to greatness of the Russian Empire. It is a very valuable book, but unfortunately not a readable one. Mr. Robinson shows by instances throughout the book that he can write with distinction and charm. But the scholar too often interrupts the writer. Conclusions are obscured by qualifications; the narrative is halted by a constant discussion of sources and evidence. The rhythm approximates, not deliberately of course, that of the slow effort of the peasant to free himself from oppression. Mr. Robinson demonstrates convincingly how Czardom took for granted that it must live by oppression, always allying itself with a class that conceived its situation in the same terms. The abolition of serfdom in the 1860's was an attempt to help the landowning class, which suffered in international competition by the inefficiency of its slave economy. After the revolution of 1905 Czardom sought to strengthen itself by fostering a class of capitalist peasants. In this record of consistent class favoritism by the old regime is to be found the explanation for the vengeful class consciousness of the Russian people after the revolution of 1917.

*The Paradox of Plenty.* By Harper Leech. Whittlesey House. \$2.50.

One of the bright young newspapermen who, as the Federal Trade Commission's investigation revealed, helped along the propaganda work of the power trust, has written a book on the thesis that "this is not a depression, it is a mishandling of the greatest era of plenty the world has ever known." This realization synchronizes fittingly with the collapse of the Insull outfit which supplied this Chicago *Tribune* writer with some of the information which he then passed on to the public as his own. The book which, incidentally, is dedicated to one of the well-known high-pressure Insull publicity men, is a curious medley of shrewd observations and banalities. It shows the influence of the electrical environment and yet exhibits sufficient detachment to assert that "The Man of Prey is the authentic sire of capitalistic civilization. . . ." The author clearly has first-hand information on the subject. He concludes with a plea for "a simpler world." Anyone who has attempted to explore the mazes of modern public utility structures will second the motion.

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1932

No. 3500

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

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THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE has adjourned for six months. How little progress! What a faint response to the desires of the great masses of the nations of the earth! It is no wonder that Mussolini had read to the conference a message announcing that Italy would refuse to vote on the resolution setting forth the agreements arrived at, on the ground that voting it was a "vain effort," "entirely inadequate when compared to the wishes and hopes of the world." "It is not enough," the message read, "to lay down principles," when "no marked progress is made toward effective disarmament." To this the other nations have an effective retort if the charge made by Hector C. Bywater, in the *London Telegraph*, is true—that Italy is secretly building two cruisers of 6,742 tons, two 615-ton destroyers, and ten small craft, including a new type of submarine. Although seven other nations dissented, and Russia and Germany refused to vote, the resolution was none the less carried by a vote of forty-one to two. The adjournment, so the reports read, took place in an "atmosphere of good humor," accompanied by the feeling that the conference has really accomplished a good deal. The basis for this we shall treat at length in our next issue. Meanwhile it suffices to add that the new German nationalist government has served notice that, unless that nation's armament equality is recognized before the conference reassembles, Germany will not take further part in the proceedings. This brought forth a proper rebuke from the Soviet representative, M. Litvinoff, who rightly declared that the only equality to be sought was equality of disarmament and not that of armament.

"AT THE CONFERENCE I would exclude all experts. . . . They would sterilize the humanitarian impulses of angels." These sound words we take from Senator Borah's latest speech, in which he properly praised the achievements of the Lausanne Conference and favored a new international conference "to deal with any economic and financial question which would have any legitimate bearing upon the economic recovery of the world," with full and complete American participation. As *The Nation* has been urging this for months past, we naturally rejoice to have the Senator advocating it at last. But Mr. Borah, true to his Republican tradition, feels that the sacred tariff must not be touched by this conference, though it has the most vital bearing on the economic recovery of the world; he feels that it should be treated separately by the respective governments after everything else is disposed of—a nice way of putting the cart directly before the horse. But we are disposed to forgive the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations for this because he is bold enough to raise anew the question of further cuts or cancelation of the debts owed to us, on the ground that if it would pay us to do so we should at least carefully study the matter anew. He himself, of course, believes that further debt readjustments would open foreign markets to us, raise our price levels, decrease unemployment, and thaw out the frozen credits of the banks. This is delightful sanity after all the nonsense talked in Congress lately. We are also deeply grateful to the Senator for this solemn warning:

The stakes are tremendous. Delay is hazardous. . . .

If the upward trend does not start before the cold winds of December, conditions will be nothing less than appalling.

WHEN PRESIDENT HOOVER on July 18 signed the St. Lawrence waterway agreement with Canada, he launched not only a project of tremendous economic import to a large part of the country, but he threw into the political arena a veritable bombshell—or perhaps we should say a boomerang. The dilatory negotiations have resulted in a treaty which vitally affects New York State and at least eighteen States of the Middle West. For, after the expenditure of approximately \$800,000,000, if the work already done is included, to make a passage for deep-sea vessels all the way into the Great Lakes, several cities which have hitherto been only inland shipping points will virtually become ocean ports. Naturally, New York is anxious to know whether it loses or gains. But for the lake cities affected, and the region around them, the waterway ought to be a definite asset. There is involved, however, a question not only of commerce but of water power. Governor Roosevelt has been quick to see the importance of the choice between State-produced current and private exploitation, though he has been no more nimble than usual in explaining how, without public distribution, low rates can be guaranteed to the consumer. President Hoover has now promptly claimed all the credit for himself. The treaty will certainly be an issue in the next session of the Senate if not in the campaign. Most illuminating with respect to the political sincerity of



the Republican and Democratic vote-woolers has been the frantic scurrying of both national committees to rush into the platforms a belated waterway plank, *after* the adoption of these platforms by the conventions.

**THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE** has opened with a disheartening demand by Australia, Canada, and New Zealand that Great Britain at once put an embargo on Soviet lumber and wheat. The members of the conference generally believe that England will grant this. Why not, when the government is now so completely dominated by the Conservatives who, under the leadership of the same Stanley Baldwin now heading the empire delegation at Ottawa, broke off relations with Russia in May, 1927. It is now plainly to be a long drawn out question of bargaining. London, it appears, is not satisfied with the terms offered by Canada, and desires larger markets for textiles, electrical goods, and machinery for the lighter industries. Australia also demands that the mother country exclude all competitive imports from Denmark and the Argentine. Failing this, Australia "may exclude from the benefits of preference the whole of Great Britain's great staple industries"—which is mother love with a vengeance. South Africa, too, has stated its terms. Primarily, it opposes any reduction of tariffs. Indeed, the whole trend of the debate is to put on new or higher tariffs and to lower none, and thus to rivet securely upon Great Britain her newly founded protective system.

**THE SUSPENSION** of the Chicago Board of Trade, the principal grain-marketing agency in the United States, by a federal commission composed of the Secretaries of Commerce and Agriculture and the Attorney General is sensational enough to please the most captious. To us it seems as if the three Cabinet members had used a shotgun when they should have used a rifle, if it was necessary to discipline the officials of the Board of Trade for improper practices. As it stands, this action will tend to punish the whole country rather than the individuals responsible for the wrongdoing. The effects will be much more serious than the judges would seem to appreciate, unless we are to interpret the commission's notice that it will entertain an application for mitigation of the penalty imposed after proper hearing and proof that the Board of Trade has mended its ways as a strong hint that the penalty will not be imposed at the end of the fifteen days grace awarded. What makes the situation the more uncomfortable is the fact that there has been, from the beginning of the Farm Board, antagonism on the part of the Board of Trade against the former and its policy. Moreover, the Chicago Board of Trade is the chief market in futures the importance of which has not been diminished by the present credit stringency.

**THE PUBLIC WILL FIND** it difficult to understand the involved questions relating to the approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the concentration of four Eastern rail systems around the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Van Sweringen railroads. As Commissioner Eastman remarks, the public is at present only interested in keeping the wolf from coming through the door. He himself, in his dissenting opinion, is very severe upon the new plan. Congress, he points out, asked the commission to prepare a plan, and then

he adds that "events suggest that it would have been simpler to have asked a few of the larger railroads to agree upon a plan for the distribution of the lesser railroads among them." The majority of the commission urges the scheme because it is "practical." Mr. Eastman points out that it has largely been put into effect without waiting for the commission's decision, often illegally and, in the case of the Pennsylvania, arrogantly, without regard for the commission, the law, or public opinion. He also condemns it as an Eastern scheme, when it should have been part of a united plan for the entire country. Meanwhile, one smiles as one remembers the Clayton Act, the Northern Securities case, and the repeated efforts, decade after decade, to prevent railroads from coming together to limit or do away with competition.

**LONG UNDER ATTACK** by its enemies, the power trust now appears to be losing its friends. The latest blow comes from the Federal Power Commission. Desiring to adopt a more stable policy in issuing licenses for water-power projects, the commission set out a year ago to study the many questions raised in this connection by the Federal Power Act. It had no intention of investigating the financial relationships of the utility companies, for that was "beyond the scope of this inquiry." But it found holding companies playing such a large part in the power industry and the financial arrangements within the industry so involved that it had perforce to look into these relationships in order to get the information it was seeking. In a preliminary report just issued the commission said that it had found ten "top companies" in the industry controlling ninety-one subsidiaries operating in 12,487 communities, these communities having a total population exceeding 42,000,000. The "top companies" were connected by interlocking directorates and by other means. So amazed were the commissioners by these and similar discoveries that in their report they recommended "public control" over holding companies, supervision of all contracts between holding and operating companies, and other measures "providing specifically for the filing of financial and other reports on prescribed forms for full publicity."

**AN ESPECIALLY ATROCIOUS** "third degree" murder by policemen in Nassau County, Long Island, has aroused public opinion to a high pitch in New York City. Already five policemen have been indicted for first-degree manslaughter, and eight for second-degree assault. The victim was Hyman Stark, who was charged with robbing and assaulting the mother of a detective. He and his two associates were horribly maltreated, policeman after policeman pounding them without the slightest regard for their shrieks of mercy. Finally one man who weighed over 250 pounds "rocked" on the body of Stark with one foot on the throat of the victim and one on his body with the result that the victim died soon after being taken to a hospital. Fortunately, there were honest and upright prosecuting officers, and a justice, Steinbrink, who rightly declared that this sort of criminality "reduces law-enforcement agencies to the same low level as the criminal element." Precisely, but that did not prevent a committee of the New York County Criminal Courts Bar Association from taking this opportunity to bring in a report declaring that "instances of such abuses are few" in New York and adding the usual remark



that it would be dangerous to limit police activities for "they must not be hampered" in dealing with criminals. Year after year *The Nation* has appealed to the bar associations in New York to do something to stop this horrible evil, but in vain; the Bar will not clear itself of its share of the guilt. This latest action is the more discreditable to the profession because in the Wickersham report it was stated that "the third degree is widely and brutally employed in New York City."

**A GREAT AND INSPIRED TEACHER**, a scientist of international renown, a diligent, enthusiastic searcher after the truth—this was Dr. Graham Lusk, for twenty-three years professor of physiology in Cornell Medical College, who has just died at the age of sixty-six. Here was an American who really was a world authority in his field of nutrition; whose scholarship was recognized as notably in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh as in his own country; whose presence on an international commission made that body at once distinguished and forceful. But no one who knew him in such a capacity could possibly measure his influence upon his students. He had not only much knowledge to bestow, he had the rare gift of personality and a charm which were never to be forgotten by those who came into contact with him. To these he added, to the very end of his life, an unquenchable enthusiasm, an absolute mental integrity, and a devotion to his work surpassed only by the unselfishness and—in the manliest sense—sweetness of his nature. These may seem extravagant words. They are true and just. We give place to them all the more gladly, in this hour of the complete moral and intellectual bankruptcy of our political leaders and our captains of industry, so that our readers may not forget that there are still great men and noble men among us, and still some teachers at whose feet it is a priceless privilege to sit.

**ACCORDING TO A DISPATCH** duly printed in the daily press this great country of ours is about to be rescued from its present desperate plight by the benevolent activities of an insect. We are not, dear reader, being flip-pant about our President or any of his aids, for we allude quite literally to a certain hexapod, commonly known as the boll weevil, which is reported to be destroying in a highly gratifying fashion the cotton now growing in Southern fields and thus satisfactorily supplying the lack of that drouth or other natural calamity for which all economists are so devoutly praying. We hope, of course, that he will do his work as thoroughly as need be, but it is evident nevertheless that our national government has again been detected in gross incompetence. Why has it spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in destroying this benevolent insect, and in destroying it so effectively that the poor farmer has to depend upon mere chance to provide it for him when necessity arises? In the future, we hope that no boll weevils will be killed. Let them be confined, segregated, and fed at the public expense. Then the next time we are threatened with ruin because we have too much of everything, the remedy will be in our hands, so far, at least, as this particular commodity, cotton, is concerned. Washington will simply have to release boll weevils in correctly controlled numbers and Dixie will be happy again.

## A Great Ambassador

**I**N one of his speeches after the United States entered the war Ambassador Jusserand quoted approvingly a saying of Marcus Aurelius which read, in part: "Never value anything as profitable to thyself which shall compel thee . . . to hate any man. . . ." It was a sentiment which his government and that of the United States should have made their own during the war. They refused, but the Ambassador lived up to it. From the beginning to the end of that struggle M. Jusserand never made a provocative or an imperialistic or a bitter, hate-creating speech. What higher praise could be given to him, save to add that, ■ we pointed out when he retired, he never struck ■ single false note and never undertook to tell the United States how to run its own affairs in all the crowded years in which he served the French Republic in Washington? To this wisdom and self-restraint, he added in his person, modesty, ■ simple bearing, and the charm of the witty scholar.

It was not merely to his own fine qualities and his tact that he owed his success, but to his complete understanding of the Americans, in which he was surpassed only by Lord Bryce, and to his mastery of English—to that his numerous contributions to *The Nation* prior to its present editorship testify eloquently. His whole conduct of his difficult office in the war years shone by contrast with the egregious blundering of the German Embassy which first evidenced the usual German failure to understand the psychology of other peoples, then struck one wrong note after the other, and finally became the headquarters of a group of miscreants whose leader, Heaven save the mark, is now Chancellor of Germany and dictator of Prussia. Jusserand was always the gentleman, the sorrowing patriot, who placed dignity and discretion above all else and therefore nobly served his country. It was not his fault that his country's policies became what they were, and certainly it was no responsibility of his that the high tide of American admiration and friendship—never wholly justified by the facts—has ebbed so quickly.

That the recession pained him to the quick admits of no doubt; his last public utterance to be printed in this country proves that. But he was philosopher enough to understand and be patient. It is to be hoped that he was not too ill to know of the new and finer French attitude at Lausanne, the statesmanlike recession from impossible and hate-creating reparations demands. His satisfaction over that could not in the least bit have been diminished by the fact that the Prime Minister to initiate this wise course was the same Herriot who, in 1924, retired M. Jusserand.

Was his success in considerable part due to his being ■ man of letters? We have often wondered. Certainly Bryce and some of our own literary diplomats, such as John Lothrop Motley, James Russell Lowell, and John Hay, played their parts well when called upon to represent their countries abroad. But the question arises whether that was not rather due more to the largeness of the men themselves, and their freedom from political ambition, than to their polish, their literary skill, or the deep draughts they had drunk at the fountain of letters. At least that country is fortunate, indeed, which produces ■ Jusserand to speak for it in its hour of need.



# Is It to Be Murder, Mr. Hoover?

**I**S it to be mass murder, Herbert Hoover? Murder by starvation, murder by disease, murder by killing all hope—and the soul? We ask, Mr. President, because this terrible fate is now staring multitudes in the face in the sight of plenty and because the responsibility now rests entirely upon you. Congress has adjourned after voting only \$300,000,000 for direct relief—and that only for the States. No one can call it together again for five months except you. Day by day more cities approach the line of bankruptcy; day by day the plight of the individual States of the Union gets worse. In community after community the authorities and the leading citizens can see no hope whatever of heading off the starvation of innocents. And that is murder, Mr. President, cold-blooded and utterly unnecessary murder, far worse than if the victims were to be stood up against a wall and shot down by firing squads. Every death by starvation today—and there are men, women, and children perishing daily because of plain lack of food and undernourishment—must be charged up against the government of the United States, and in the last analysis against you. That is not merely because you are President, but because you as an individual have from the first set your face against direct federal relief to those who through no fault of their own are without work and food. You are deeply and sincerely convinced that if necessary it is better that some should starve than that multitudes should have their characters wrecked, and their initiative killed by a dole.

But Mr. President, are you living in the United States? Do you know what is happening? Do you know that it is no longer the starvation of a few which is at hand? We ask these questions because your statement to the press on July 17 indicates that you are living entirely detached from the actual situation, that you do not know what is happening under the flag of which you are the chief guardian. You stated on that day that you would sign the so-called relief bill granting \$300,000,000 for temporary loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation "to such States as are absolutely unable to finance the relief of distress." You then went on to say that, through this provision, "We have a solid back log of assurance that there need be no hunger and cold in the United States." You added that these loans were to be based only upon "absolute need and evidence of financial exhaustion," and concluded with the statement: "I do not expect any State to resort to it except as a last extremity." Even before you had signed the bill, no less than thirty States, in the face of your language, announced their intention to apply for this money in testimony to their absolute need, financial exhaustion, and their being at the last extremity. Some of the largest States in the Union were among those on the list, and they will ask for all they can get. Only eighteen of the forty-eight States were still to be heard from when you made the bill a law, and some of these are going to apply just as soon as they know exactly what the law contains. Is it any wonder that we ask you if you know what is happening in the United States today?

Again, we ask you this question because your assurance in saying that these \$300,000,000, to be loaned to the States

for "direct" assistance to the unemployed, will save the *cities* leads us to believe that you do not read a single daily newspaper, and that your entourage is concealing the facts from you. Have you not heard that city authorities in St. Louis and the charitable agencies have just turned adrift 13,000 families which they can no longer support, while the city of Detroit has dropped 18,000 who now have nowhere to turn, no assurance that even a single crust of bread will be forthcoming for their support? Have you not learned that the city of Bridgeport, and other cities and towns in Connecticut have let it be known that if the State does not come to their aid at once they have no hope whatever of caring further for their unemployed, their own resources being entirely exhausted? Did you read that eight hundred men marched into the Indiana State Capitol last week demanding food, declaring that if they were not given help they would return 300,000 strong? Have you learned that the police in St. Louis have already fired on a mob demanding bread? Have you not read of the town of Clinton, Mass., where on July 7 "more than three hundred men, women, and crying children crowded the corridors of the Town Hall appealing for food"—only to learn that the town treasury has been exhausted, that it is unable to borrow a cent from any bank, and that it has been, and still is, trying to support one out of every six residents of the town who are destitute? These are not exceptional cases; they can be multiplied a hundredfold and from almost every section of the country. Is it any wonder, Mr. President, that thirty States moved at once? And how long do you think the \$300,000,000 is going to last in the face of this? Do you not yourself read, Mr. President, of the horrible cases of self-destruction of parents who can no longer feed their children? Did you not read of the man in New York who jumped from a bridge because he could not stand the agony of coming home to seven starving children for whom he could not get one cent of relief from city or charity? Has no one told you of Anthony Prasol of Northampton, Mass., father of eight children who killed himself because he had no hope of work or aid, or of the children of the Sandoval family of Oakland, Cal., who died of poisoning because they sought to live on decayed food picked up in the streets? Again, these are not exceptional cases; they can be duplicated every hour of the day all over the land.

The eight hundred Indianians who marched on their legislature declared that they were facing "mass starvation or suicide." That is what the whole country is facing, Mr. President. You have boasted of the absence of bloodshed and rioting in this depression. Beware! Be guided by the signs of the approaching despair of multitudes. We know that the regular troops are ready, and that the National Guard has been specially coached in riot drill. But their guns are no remedy, Mr. President. They will merely add to the horror of the situation. What is to come? Must Americans perish miserably because of your fear that their characters may be sullied by a dole? Is it to be mass murder, Mr. President? The answer rests with you and you alone.



"—WE HAVE A SOLID  
BACKLOG OF ASSURANCE  
THAT THERE NEED BE  
NO HUNGER OR COLD  
IN THE UNITED STATES."

STATEMENT BY  
HERBERT HOOVER  
(FROM THE WHITE HOUSE)  
CYCLONE CELLAR





# The Militarists Take Prussia

CHANCELLOR von Papen did not hesitate long in seizing power in Prussia. Whether he did so with the connivance of Adolf Hitler and the fascists matters little. The republicans of Germany are now confronted with an accomplished fact. The Republic itself survives—but only on paper. More than two-thirds of its people and territory are now under a military dictatorship. The shell of the Weimar Constitution remains, of course, but apparently only to serve the purposes of the militarists. They are emphatically declaring that they acted wholly in accordance with the rules laid down in that document. But precisely the same position was taken by Luttwitz, Ehrhardt, and the other reactionary leaders during the Kapp *Putsch* in March, 1920. They captured the central government by a surprise march on Berlin, established what they called a "Government of Labor," and then sought to justify their coup d'état by declaring that they were merely seeking "to restore the essence and spirit of the Weimar Constitution, which had been shamefully mishandled by the legitimate government." Now the very same groups have seized power, using the very same excuses; but this time the militarists, junkers, industrialists, and other extreme nationalists appear likely to succeed. But it would be the success of machine-gun rule, not of honest government.

In 1920 the reaction was defeated by the discipline of the organized workers. The Berlin Government had been forewarned, but sought to ignore the warnings. It was not prepared to offer resistance when the reactionary troops came through the Brandenburger Tor and marched up Wilhelmstrasse to take over the government offices. The Cabinet fled to Dresden. But the working class was ready to fight and die for the Republic, which was then less than two years old. The leaders of the trades unions and Social Democratic Party promptly published a manifesto calling upon their members to strike. "Everything is at stake," the appeal read. "No business must be run so long as Ludendorff's military dictatorship prevails. Therefore cease work. Strike! Cut off the resources of this reactionary clique. Fight with all means for the maintenance of the Republic. Let there be a general strike all along the line. Proletarians, unite! Down with the counter-revolution!" So successful was the general strike that the industry and business of the entire country was tied up within a few hours, and five days later the militarists and nationalists admitted defeat.

That was twelve years ago. Despite the hardships of the war, the German labor movement, for years the best-disciplined and best-organized in Europe, remained the only stable force in the country. Since then the strength of the labor movement has been eaten away by inflation, continued unemployment, the economic disintegration of recent years, and the wavering policies of its own leaders. Today as never before the workers of Germany are beaten, without hope. A working class cannot subsist on starvation rations for years and expect to retain enough strength and spirit to combat an offensive such as that launched against the German workers and lower middle class by Hindenburg, Von Schleicher, and Von Papen. Therefore, if we except the

editorial outcry of the *Rote Fahne*, the Communist organ, there has been no demand whatever for a general strike to crush the latest attempt to set up a military dictatorship. The workers are taking their whipping lying down. For this reason, and for this reason alone, is the dictatorship likely to remain in power for some time to come.

However, there is still real danger that the new regime may precipitate bloodshed, perhaps civil war. We do not yet know what part Hitler has played in the maneuverings of Von Schleicher and Von Papen. If the militarists come to terms with the fascists, these two groups together can probably dominate Germany without fear of serious or important opposition from the Socialists and Communists. In that event we may see a coalition government in which Hitler and his lieutenants would be given some portfolios, but with the actual power remaining in the hands of the Reichswehr generals. Such a government, though resting in the final analysis upon the bayonets of the army, would have the unquestionably valuable support of the increasingly popular fascist movement. On the other hand, if Hitler should win a majority in the Reichstag elections of July 31 and decide thereupon that he wants all or nothing, there may be trouble ahead. It is hardly to be supposed that the militarists would have taken such energetic measures in Prussia had they any idea that they would soon have to yield their newly-gained authority to Hitler.

Having captured Prussia, will the militarists now move against the other German states? And if they do, what will be the result thereof? A dictatorship for the whole of Germany, or a dissolution of the federation created by Bismarck in 1871? It is worth noting that Von Papen is moving with great caution in his relations with the other states. He must be aware of the deep-seated antagonisms that divide Munich, Stuttgart, and Karlsruhe from Berlin. He must know that there is strong sentiment, particularly in Bavaria, for separation from Prussia. He has his hands full in governing the latter state, and more than full in trying to solve the German economic puzzle. It is likely that he will not seek to make his task altogether impossible by proceeding against the other states, especially when he does not know to what lengths they are prepared to go in resisting an extension of the dictatorship to their territories.

But the sight of a military regime in Prussia is terrible enough. Whatever may be the outcome of this dread-inspiring development, is it not fresh proof of the utter folly of believing that good may come out of the crime of war? Even Mr. Wilson, we believe, were he alive, would have to admit that, with the old guard again in charge in Berlin only fourteen years after the armistice, with democracy collapsing everywhere in favor of dictatorship, with armaments greatly grown since 1914 and the League of Nations weak and ineffective, and with our own country deep in economic disaster, it would be impossible today to claim a single solid gain as a result of our determination to enter the World War in order to make over the world by wholesale murder in favor of the Fourteen Points and the establishment of permanent peace.



# Grave Danger in Detroit

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

*Detroit, July 21*

**D**ETROIT'S bankers and business men are more than thankful that Mayor Murphy's police still have the whiphand in this city. Genuine rebellion is smoldering here. It is constantly manifesting itself in numerous ways. Wherever one goes through the working-class districts one hears positive, angry expressions of dissent, unafraid expressions of sympathy for the radicals. It is not that the Communist movement is spreading, for there is no sure evidence that it is, but the sympathies of the workers and the lower middle class, which a year ago were all for law and order, have now swung around to the unemployed and their leaders. When relief for the unemployed is reduced or cut off for a day or two, feeling among the disappointed and hungry applicants rises to fever pitch. There have been minor riots and threats of worse disturbances. Petty thievery is increasing. Windows of small retail shops are smashed at night and relieved of their goods. Children from the poorer districts have taken to snatching bundles from customers coming out of grocery stores. They run off to barren homes with their booty, or eat it themselves in out-of-the-way alleys. More frequently, grown men, usually in twos and threes, enter chain stores, order all the food they can possibly carry, and then walk quietly out without paying. Every newspaper in town knows of this practice and knows that it is spreading, but none mentions it in print. The press excuses itself on the ground that these occurrences are not a matter of public record. And the chain-store managers refuse to report such incidents to the police lest the resultant publicity encourage the practice.

While the city is quiet for the moment, the bankers, industrialists, and municipal authorities are taking no chances. Henry Ford and other automobile makers are building up private police forces recruited in large measure from the underworld. When for the sake of municipal economy city policemen have to be laid off, the best of them are immediately hired by the automobile companies. It would never do to have trained men who can shoot straight join the ranks of the unemployed. Police Commissioner Watkins has shown that he also means business. He has flooded the city, especially the factory districts, with police spies. At the Briggs plant a few weeks ago he gave the workers a foretaste of the sort of treatment they might expect if in their hunger and misery they should ever forget that they are loyal, well-behaved Americans. The workers' demonstration on Mack Avenue was put down with a show of brutality virtually unprecedented in this depression. Permission to hold the meeting, which attracted 10,000 persons, had been granted by a subordinate police official. A committee of six was elected to seek a conference with the managers of the factory. When the committee started to cross the street the factory gates opened and more than a hundred uniformed policemen swarmed out. At the same moment a score of mounted policemen, who had been waiting around the corner, galloped into the crowd, mercilessly swinging their heavy wooden clubs, and not for a moment

heeding the outcries of the persons whose heads they cracked or who were trampled down by their horses. Incidentally, along with a number of demonstrators, innocent bystanders, and two newspapermen, scores of whom were severely injured, two police spies in the crowd, unable to make known their identity in time, were beaten up by the mounted police.

More significant are the preparations being made for an anti-radical drive scheduled for autumn if the unemployment situation gets no better. The *Chicago Tribune's* new slogan, "Now Beat the Reds," is much favored here in certain quarters. The Board of Education has already started by refusing to let the Communists use the public schools for their political meetings, although other parties are permitted to use the school halls for similar purposes. Department of Labor agents are helping by their campaign against "undesirable aliens." One hundred were arrested today; four hundred more are listed for deportation. The police, too, have of late been increasingly active. They have been picking up suspected radicals in the streets, beating them up in the police stations, and then turning them loose without bringing charges against them. The real stimulus for the anti-red campaign will probably come from the Union League of Michigan, which has asked for and received an official opinion "outlining constitutional freedom of speech." According to the opinion given by Attorney-General Voorhies, if it is applied, the right of free speech will hereafter be denied to the Communists. He declared that "the advocacy of communism is an abuse of the right of freedom of speech, and is, therefore, not protected by either the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States, or section 4 of Article 2 of the Michigan Constitution."

But the symptoms of rebellion are not confined to the workers. Among the better-paid mechanics, shopkeepers, school teachers, middle-class intellectuals, and municipal employees there are also signs of growing unrest. For one thing, there is bitterness and contempt among these people for Frank Murphy, the liberal Mayor, who is generally accused of having sold out to the bankers. Some of the men and women of these groups with whom I talked are frankly seeking a new leader through whom they can express their profound disgust with existing economic and political conditions; others are joining the Socialist Party, or at least have signified their willingness to support that party. There is a very definite revolt among the taxpayers. Some of the more influential property-owners, many of them real-estate speculators, have forced the city to call a special referendum election for August 9. At that time the voters will decide whether they wish to amend the city charter so as to limit the budget for the current fiscal year to \$61,000,000, and to reduce the budget by the sum of \$1,000,000 in each of the succeeding years until a final limit of \$57,000,000 is reached. Last April the city council approved a budget of \$72,600,000 for the current year. The municipal authorities oppose the amendment. The Common Council has already called upon the voters to defeat it, while Corporation Counsel Wilcox said he will appeal to the courts if the amendment wins.



Detroit, one of the first cities to be seriously affected by the depression, showed signs of restlessness as early as the fall of 1930. In September of that year, largely with the help of a group of liberals and with the votes of the skilled workers, school teachers, and city employees, Mayor Bowles was recalled and Frank Murphy elected in his place. The Murphy administration promptly launched an unemployment relief program which has since been criticized as extravagant and poorly administered. Whatever the justification for this charge, it can hardly be denied that the city has been compelled to cut its relief expenditures literally to a starvation basis. When I was in Detroit in the spring of 1931, more than 45,000 families were receiving welfare aid. This spring, although unemployment had increased, fewer than 25,000 families were being helped. It is asserted that many families who still possessed some small means of private support had been weeded out, and that others were dropped because "they were clearly not entitled to relief." But surely not all the 20,000 or more families who were stricken from the rolls had been obtaining relief under false pretenses. There must have been a few at least, perhaps many, who were in dire want and had nowhere else to turn for help when they were dropped. The Welfare Department's funds, which seemed so plentiful in the winter of 1930-31, were exhausted last November. The Mayor appointed an emergency relief committee to raise \$2,250,000 by public subscription. The committee thought it could probably raise \$1,250,000, but not more than that. Ultimately it turned only \$645,000 over to the Welfare Department. Obviously the number of families receiving help had to be cut down.

But the outlook for the year which began July 1 is infinitely darker. Detroit is rapidly approaching the point where it can no longer help any of its unemployed, where it cannot even pay its employees. The new budget provides only \$1,200,000 for welfare aid—winter before last the relief administration was spending twice that much in a single month. Guy A. Durgan, president of the welfare commission, announced a few days ago that 18,000 families would have to be dropped from the relief rolls. Under this arrangement a thousand were to be dropped every day with a week's food allowance, until the number of families being helped reached 6,000. The others would have to look to the county or elsewhere for help. It was planned to dismiss 370 emergency welfare workers and to close seven of the city's thirteen relief stations. In cold print this plan, which Mayor Murphy had approved, looked so alarming that the Mayor felt it necessary to repudiate the arrangement and to declare that the needed money would be found somewhere. Since then, however, another 5,000 families have been dropped from the rolls. More and more people are likely to go hungry this autumn and winter. Can it be held that there is no cause for unrest in Detroit?

Among the mistakes Mayor Murphy made at the beginning of his administration, as I pointed out in *The Nation* of May 13, 1931, was his appointment of James K. Watkins to be police commissioner of the city. It was extremely unwise to place a man of his background and instincts at the head of a police department in an industrial community like Detroit. Frank Murphy is an ardent and doubtless sincere advocate of free speech, but he lacks the courage to restrain his police commissioner, whose activities are destroying what is left of his reputation as a liberal.

Another mistake was his selection of G. Hall Roosevelt to manage the municipal finances. Roosevelt is banker-minded by training and sympathy. He attaches much more importance to the necessity of maintaining the city's credit—so that the city can borrow more money and thus increase its indebtedness to the banks—than he does to the simple needs of the unemployed. When he has to choose between paying the school teachers and the bankers, though he has money on hand to which the former are legally entitled, he uses that money to meet charges against notes and bonds due July 1. The teachers would have to go without, he explained, because he could "not afford to take a chance with the financial integrity of the city. We expect to have money enough to pay both teachers and other employees, as well as meet interest payments, but we haven't got it yet, and it would be taking a chance on default to use \$480,000 for salaries." However sound this may be financially, it has not rid the teachers and other city employees of the notion that Roosevelt has been deliberately and consistently playing into the hands of the bankers. The teachers believe, and with some justice, that they have been cheated. In any case the city is today at the mercy of the banks. Frank Murphy is now taking orders not from the voters he represents, but from Ralph Stone, a Detroit banker representing a group of New York financial houses. At Stone's direction the Mayor has reduced relief expenditures and municipal salaries, and has sought to economize in other directions—invariably at the expense of the workers or unemployed. It may very well be that the city in this respect cannot help itself. But many Detroit residents with whom I talked blame Murphy for not having fought hard enough against the dictatorship of the bankers.

That the Mayor feels uncomfortable in his present predicament is evident. Not long ago there was held in his office a secret meeting attended by Stone, Roosevelt, other city officials, and three members of the common council. Murphy presented to this meeting a draft ordinance calling for a one-third reduction in municipal salaries—he had been reelected only a few months before on the promise that he would not cut salaries. Roosevelt indicated that he was the author of the draft ordinance. Stone, replying to a question from the Mayor, said the proposed salary cut met with his wishes. Councilman John Lodge, asked to introduce the ordinance at a special meeting of the council, said he would do so, but added that he would not support the measure. At the council session the next day it was quickly seen that the ordinance would be defeated. Councilman John Smith, former mayor, delivered a long speech bitterly assailing the bankers and denouncing the municipal administration for meekly submitting to orders from Stone. The galleries, packed with municipal employees, most of them former supporters of the Mayor, lustily applauded the speech. Murphy, admittedly a better orator than Smith, arose immediately and lashed the bankers with even more vigor. But his pitiful effort to work both sides of the street fell flat. The galleries stared down upon him in cold silence.

The ordinance was defeated, but the bankers bided their time. Two months ago a group of industrialists and bankers began a secret study of the city's finances. The other day the results of this study were announced in the form of a new financial plan, authorship of which was credited to Mayor Murphy. Yesterday the Common Council



approved the Murphy plan by establishing a five-day week for municipal employees and cutting salaries  $14\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The budget will be reduced accordingly. In return the industrialists and department-store owners agreed to pay at once the sum of \$7,000,000 in taxes normally not due until December. They will draw 6 per cent interest on their money. The bankers agreed to extend short-term notes, amounting to \$53,000,000, which are held against the city. The plan will take care of Detroit until January 1. Then the city must borrow again. The industrialists have said they will then lend the city \$20,000,000, but they have not yet named their terms.

Unemployment, police terrorism, the dictatorship of the bankers, and Mayor Murphy's weak and vacillating rule have all contributed to the unrest apparent here. Detroit has already witnessed several major manifestations of the growing rebellion. There was first the Ford massacre, followed by a great public funeral for the victims which was attended by thirty to fifty thousand workers. The Ford incident was a signal for a drive against all radicals, but the roundup of the agitators and Communist Party leaders stopped almost as soon as it began. The authorities hesitated to proceed in the face of an aroused public opinion which all too clearly sympathized with the workers who had taken part in the Ford demonstration. However, the plans for an anti-red drive were only suspended until they could be more perfectly drawn. There have been other demonstrations such as that at the Briggs plant. I interviewed a number of persons, shopkeepers, professional people, and others, who had witnessed this affair. Without exception they all spoke well of the workers and denounced the police brutality they had seen. One, a chemist, had even gone to police headquarters to complain, only to be told there that if he did not like the manner in which the police conducted themselves he "ought to join the Reds; you probably belong there anyhow."

The workers and lower middle class would doubtless find other and more striking ways in which to express their reaction to present conditions were it not for the confusion of counsel and division of leadership among the proletarian and bourgeois radicals. There are in Detroit more than a dozen liberal and working-class "movements," all working at cross purposes. They include besides the independent middle-class intellectuals such organizations as the Socialist Party, Socialist Labor Party, Proletarian Party, General Labor Union, Industrial Workers of the World, International Brotherhood Welfare Association, and the Communist Party. The liberals, now clearly disgusted with Murphy, are leaderless. They want to turn to someone else for guidance and direction, but they will not have another man like Frank Murphy. The Socialist Party, though it appears to be making notable gains, is torn here as elsewhere by factionalism, with the non-Marxian faction the stronger numerically. One of the party workers, who because of his position will have to play an important role in the coming Presidential campaign in Michigan, frankly declared in my presence that he considered Norman Thomas a social fascist. Such internal dissension is bound to prevent the Socialists from taking the lead in the working-class movement here. A Socialist leader told me that his party had no criticism to make of the police, a most revealing confession, for it shows that the Socialists are taking no active part in the working-class fight

and thus have not had to contend with the opposition of the police department. Most of the new members of the party are middle-class liberals and white-collar workers. "There are," said a member of the Social Democratic Party of Germany who was visiting Detroit, "too many school teachers coming into the party to do it any good." Nevertheless, this middle-class trend toward a mildly radical party is in itself a significant sign of the times. If nothing else, it means votes for Socialist candidates. I met a number of Detroit voters who, notwithstanding that they had never cast their ballots for any but Republican or Democratic candidates and had never talked with or been approached by a Socialist Party worker, have decided to vote for Norman Thomas in November. A few are accepting Thomas as "the least of three evils"; others have become convinced that a new social order is needed and that the necessary reconstruction cannot be achieved through either the Republican or Democratic machine. If there is no turn in the economic situation before November, Norman Thomas will get a surprisingly large vote here, even larger perhaps than he anticipates.

It is the Communist Party which is making the strongest appeal to the workers. However foolish or futile the tactics of this party may appear to some observers—and that they have often been stupid can hardly be denied—it must be conceded that the party has won the sympathy of a large section of Detroit's laboring population. This does not mean that the party membership is expanding at any phenomenal rate, or that the activities of the Communist leaders are creating votes for William Z. Foster. The sympathy I mention is almost entirely passive; it simply reflects an awakening class consciousness. Were the Communists to depend less upon orders from Moscow, were they to forget some of their doctrine and learn more of the American labor problem and American psychology, and were they by some miracle or other to improve the quality of their leadership, they could, in my judgment, very quickly dominate Detroit, politically at least. As it is, their propaganda has made deep inroads among the workers here. In particular the workers have been impressed by the vigor and promptness with which the Communists are disposed to organize and lead demonstrations against wage-cuts, reductions in relief expenditures, and the dictatorship of the bankers.

The municipal employees may hold their indignation meetings and denounce Mayor Murphy as they have been doing. The school teachers may flock to the Socialist Party. The unemployed may growl and grumble as they stand in the relief lines all night long waiting for the grocery orders that do not come. The Communists may damn Henry Ford and the bankers to the applause of hundreds of spectators in Grand Circus Park and to the discomfiture of the scores of uniformed policemen waiting in areaways and cellars nearby to suppress the slightest sign of a disturbance. But these things in themselves do not greatly trouble the bankers, business men, and municipal authorities of Detroit. They feel, said a prominent investment banker, that they can handle the agitators when the time comes, but they are not sure that the workers and lower middle class, subject as they are to the pressure of unemployment as well as to the promptings of radical organizers, will much longer remain quiescent. They are afraid, this man said, that the blind support which the workers in the past have given to the forces of law and order is being undermined.



# Some Sweet-Smelling Politics

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, July 23*

**T**HANKS to the indiscretion of a Cabinet member in bestowing his confidences, it is already possible for your correspondent to disclose the outline of the Hoover plan of campaign. Speaking to a small group of individuals whom he supposed to be loyal Hoover men, this dignitary revealed that the Hoover strategy would be developed around three main themes, to wit: (1) A general attack on Speaker Garner as "radical" and "unsound," coupled with the whispered insinuation that Roosevelt's health is bad and that the election of the Democratic ticket probably would mean the elevation of Garner to the Presidency within two years; (2) an attack on Roosevelt's own supposed "radicalism," as evidenced by his attitude on electric power and his allusions to "a new deal" and "the forgotten man"; and (3) an organized secret endeavor to persuade Al Smith's partisans in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts that Al was the victim of anti-Catholic propaganda disseminated by Roosevelt workers in the South and West prior to the Chicago convention. This sweet-smelling program, so reminiscent of the tactics which were successful in 1928, apparently will be expanded to allow Mr. Hoover to charge the Democrats with conspiring to "bring back the saloon." I am tempted to douse the entire plan with formaldehyde and present it without comment, but it provokes interesting ruminations. For one thing, there is abundant evidence that the impression of Garner's vulnerability is confined mainly to Administration officials and a few conservative Eastern newspaper editors. Reliable observers West and South of the Alleghenies report that the Speaker's recent controversies with the President over relief legislation strengthened him with the voters. It would be not merely surprising, but astonishing to discover that Hoover and Ogden Mills had gauged public sentiment more accurately than John Garner. Incidentally, our readers might like to know that Garner's insistence on full publicity for future loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was fortified at a critical juncture by a message from Roosevelt, who informed his running mate that he considered the issue of publicity versus secrecy in public business a vital one of public policy, and was prepared to make a campaign issue of it if Hoover vetoed the relief bill on that account. Another reason, unstated but just as real, was the fixed belief among Democratic leaders that secrecy concerning R. F. C. loans would greatly simplify the Republican problem of raising a campaign fund. If some readers are prompted to infer from the latter that national politics does not always proceed on the loftiest ethical plane, I hasten to assure them that the inference is thoroughly sound. Politics is almost as rotten as banking.

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**I**F Washington is not presently the scene of bloody rioting it will be because the unemployed war veterans encamped here exhibit more good sense and composure than the authorities who are attempting to deal with them. And if violence does occur it may be attributed to Herbert Hoover's

fright. The thought is not calculated to inspire national pride, but it seems inescapable. Compare Hoover's behavior with that of Congress. The Senate rejected the bonus bill while 8,000 angry veterans swarmed on the Capitol steps and plaza, shouting demands and threats. Not a soul on the hill except silly old Charley Curtis exhibited a qualm of personal fear when several hundred sullen men were picketing the Capitol for ninety consecutive hours. It did not occur to the reporters to be alarmed for their personal safety—not even to the girl reporters. Yet at the very moment when Senators and Representatives were coming and going through the picket lines, attending to their jobs, the President decided to abandon his traditional trip to the Capitol to sign bills. And when thirty or forty meek and footsore men started to plod past the White House, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, lord of a million guns, lapsed into a panic and threatened to call out the troops if the police permitted this ragged handful to approach within two blocks of the executive mansion! It is interesting to speculate on how Old Hickory Jackson, or Grover Cleveland, or Teddy Roosevelt, or the stiff-necked, lantern-jawed Presbyterian who occupied the White House during the World War would have acted under such circumstances. No sensible person wishes the President to expose himself to actual danger, but the suggestion that any danger to him was involved in this pathetic demonstration is ridiculous. In the same spirit of hysteria the authorities now have ordered the veterans to evacuate all public property within a term of days, on pain of arrest. This is courting trouble with a vengeance. The men say they will refuse, and the thought of 10,000 ex-soldiers resisting arrest is not pleasant. Guts and sanity are needed to avert trouble, but where we look for the white plume we espy only the White Feather.

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**M**R. HOOVER'S peevish telegram declining Governor Roosevelt's request for a conference on the St. Lawrence waterway treaty has been pronounced "a triumph of delicate insult" by one writer and "the outburst of a fat man suffering from prickly heat" by another. Regardless of how it is characterized, it promises to be one of the costliest bits of satisfaction in which Herbert Hoover ever indulged. In answer to his rhetorical declaration that negotiations with Canada "have been under way for nearly three years," he is now confronted with a letter in which his own State Department informed Governor Roosevelt last August that "no negotiations of any kind are going on," and also with later official announcements by this government and Canada that negotiations would be initiated "at once." But the consequences of the President's rashness and spite are not likely to end with a simple challenge to his veracity. To his retort can be attributed the Senate's action in authorizing the Foreign Relations Committee to investigate the history and circumstances of the negotiations. One of the principal issues involved in the matter is whether the power generated in connection with the St. Lawrence development is to be dis-



tributed by the State of New York or by private companies. I assume that the Senate committee will ascertain how that question has been affected by the Administration's handling of the subject, the names of the interested companies, and the relations, if any, of their officials with members of the Hoover Administration. When this is done I am sure we shall be treated to some very edifying facts, and that Hapless Herbert will rue the temper which caused him to send that telegram to his campaign adversary. Of course, certain excuses can be made for him. He simply isn't the type of man who finds it easy to sit down across the table from a man who is running for the same office that he is trying to hold. If cruel chance ever forces Mr. Hoover into such a situation it will be weeks before he can unglue his eyes from his belt buckle.

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IT should be repeated that the Congress which adjourned last week was treated to more ignorant and unmerited abuse by editors, cartoonists, and so-called "business leaders" than any within memory. The list of deaths and breakdowns caused by overwork and overstrain during the session just ended is appalling. Yet when a Senator's day consisted regularly of answering his correspondence between eight and ten in the morning, attending committee hearings from ten until noon, remaining in the chamber from noon until six, and engaging in the necessary reading and study between dinner and bedtime, it was possible for a metropolitan editor to arrive at his office at ten, compose a ringing editorial on Congressional indolence and futility before lunch, and depart for the

golf course at two with the complacent knowledge that he had struck another resounding blow for the Republic! One marvels that politicians generally have abandoned their time-honored custom of shooting editors—and that it has not been adopted by the harried Washington correspondents. The failure of Congress to give fuller consideration to the Costigan-La Guardia bill, intended to revive the starved purchasing power of American consumers, while unfortunate, is easy to explain. Members of both houses simply felt it would be a waste of time and effort to discuss a measure which the President was certain to veto if passed. Indeed, most of them feel that nothing effective can be done to restore normal conditions until the Hoover jinx has been lifted. However, the author of the bill has one concrete achievement to his credit for the session. The author is the brilliant Donald Richberg, counsel for the railway labor executives, and he waged a single-handed and successful fight to prevent Hoover from promoting Wilkerson—the most notorious injunction judge in the United States—to the second highest court in the land. It is true that Wilkerson could be given a recess appointment by the President, but in order to accept it he would be compelled to resign from the district bench in Chicago and face the hazard of rejection by the Senate at the next session. I suspect the valiant jurist will elect to hold on to his lifetime cinch as a comparatively humble United States District Judge. And I suspect that, in so doing, His Honor, Wilkerson, J., can be acquitted of impracticality. It is a fact that Mr. Hoover's brave adventures in the field of judicial enhancement have a way of going sour.

## Soviet Russia—Land of Youth

By HARRY F. WARD

IN the Soviet Union the use of military terms to describe the peaceful activities of everyday life is something more than analogy. The building of socialism is also a war. The "shock brigades" and "storm brigades" in agriculture and industry, the "cultural army" with its "raids" into illiterate and uncultured territory, are waging strenuous warfare against ancient foes of human progress who must now be conquered if the foundations of socialism are to be successfully laid. They fight against ignorance and inefficiency, against indolence and drunkenness, against graft and bureaucracy. They give the pugnacious tendencies of man full expression in constructive activities, as the idealists have long desired. And there are plenty of hardships to be endured, actual dangers to be faced. Just as we were leaving Odessa, the morning paper carried a brief account of a young Kom-somol found dead upon the road, shot by the kulaks against whom he had been waging relentless propaganda.

In these campaigns there are no such periods of inactivity as come to the soldiers in the trenches. While every nerve is still strained to secure speed in construction and quantity in production, a tremendous drive for quality is started. Before the economic base of a Socialist society—the heavy industries and mechanized agriculture—is quite established, a big campaign is launched to build up light industries for consumption goods, to increase and improve the

food supply and the housing. As soon as illiteracy is "liquidated," the whole land, clear to the borders of Asia, is aroused to seek technical education. Such war, unending and without discharge, even more than our modern high-powered campaigns of destruction requires youth to win its battles. It depends upon the inexhaustible supplies of energy and enthusiasm from which each new generation draws its hope for the conquest of life.

Every chronicler of the Russian revolution has noted how it drew mere boys and girls into the soviets, demonstrating that a revolutionary development needs youth for counsel as well as for war. Now the enormous constructive activities compel the giving of large administrative responsibilities to those who were in their teens when the Czar fell and are now in their early thirties. The new enterprises are largely manned, as they were mostly built, by youth. I recall one young engineer of twenty-three who had served a term as administrator of a section of a technical institute comprised of three hundred students and thirty teachers. Before that, he had been carrying on, sometimes for twenty-four hours on end, experimental research in a factory. Hard and tiring? "Yes, but interesting," he said. Now after an enforced rest—with many others—in a sanatorium, he was going to finish his preparations for a full professorship. I remember a young woman down in the oil fields of Baku



who also happened to be twenty-three. She had just graduated from the engineering school, and she was in charge of the installation and operation of machinery in four sections of a new refinery. She was, moreover, respected as thoroughly competent by the American foreman.

It is the youngsters of college age who are the pace-setters for the Bolshevik tempo, who work against time until the job is done, who continually invent new forms of Socialist emulation and mutual aid. In an emergency in the industries they challenge their parents to competition. They lead them into the collective farms in the villages. They are creating the new proletarian writing, painting, and music. Their shock brigades have given a new lead to the Communist Party and are filling its ranks with a type whose propaganda consists in doing rather than in talking. These young people are formulating the answer to the question of what will happen when the older generation of revolutionaries with their self-forgetting enthusiasm is gone. They are engaged in a continuous revolution. Instead of overthrowing established but enfeebled authority, they are destroying and replacing ancient ideas, attitudes, and habits. A great task and a long vision mold them too. To prevent them from becoming engrossed with the mechanics of Socialist construction or falling once again into the treadmill of routine they are called now to achieve a classless society by 1937.

Soviet educators are saying that the youth who have grown up since the revolution constitute a new type of person. They mean new not simply as contrasted with the pre-revolutionary Russian or older Party members, but with the rest of the world. In so far as the former comparison is concerned they certainly have a much clearer-cut mentality, they think more concretely and concisely. When you seek information from them, these younger men and women take out a pencil and ask for your exact questions. Then rapidly they formulate their answers according to an exact outline, and usually you get precisely what you are after in the minimum of time. In one city I remember wasting half the morning trying to get to a busy party executive. It took me three minutes to get to an equally busy Komsomol official, and less than five to get the appointments made for succeeding days to secure the information I was after. They were promptly and efficiently carried out. In another place we sat one afternoon in a factory listening to an apparently interminable report by the Communist Party secretary on the year's work while the chairman tried in vain to keep an increasing number of the workers from slipping out of the meeting. That night we told the Komsomol leaders about it. They laughed. "That's out of date," they said. "We'll get after the party about it."

Remembering the hours spent with small companies of these leaders of the masses in many places, one still feels the impact of their vitality; one realizes also that it is as different from that of other European students as they, in their turn, are different from the students of the United States. The latter, with their doubting fear of life or their inability to find enjoyment unless it is paid for and provided by others, seem strangely world-weary alongside exuberant youth of more ancient lands, with their hikes and rest houses, their unaffected group singing and folk dances. This quality of exuberance the Russians share, but they work while they study and study while they work, uniting theory and prac-

tice not in minor jobs whose outcome is private profit, but in a vast social rebuilding. For this they are all paid a stipend just as our men at West Point and Annapolis are paid, but they earn it by their social productivity. They are enjoying life while they are changing it. Ask them what they are interested in next to their work and studies; every group runs the gamut of life in its answers—philosophy, art, literature, music, nature, sports—and each of these they can discuss with a critical maturity beyond the reach of any similar group of American students. Their greatest weakness is their imperfect view of the outside world to which the propagandist nature of the foreign news in their papers has condemned them. But the nature of their questions about life in the United States, whose technical capacity they seek to overtake and surpass in the next ten years, indicates a suspicion of this weakness and also their ability to think for themselves. They know about the Scottsboro boys, Al Capone, and the dumping of Brazilian coffee, and they ask you concretely why these things are done and what they mean for our future. As they ask these questions and probe for the import of your inquiries about their own activities and attitudes, there shines from their eyes a concentrated and eager intensity such as I have never seen before outside a religious revival or a strike meeting. And this is focused not upon some personal emergency but upon matters of everyday social activity.

Every American to whom I have talked, who has taught these youthful builders of socialism, agrees that the first and main difference between them and the more serious section of American college students lies in the fact that they are dominated by a great purpose. As a Soviet educator put it, "They know where they are going; they know how; and they know why." It is, of course, the Five-Year Plan—and its successors—that has opened up a clear road before them and brought certainty of direction. The building of socialism is not a vague and blurred ideal, but a definite enterprise that is being worked out in blueprints and specifications. They know not only the transitional nature of the present period, but to what it leads. They see a long, hard road before them, and no millennial Utopia at the end of it. They regard the present conquest of the material means of life through new forms of organization as the necessary preliminary to the opening up of a new freedom for the continuous development of all human capacities. Ask them, for example, how they propose to overcome a world-wide difficulty and get students who have become accustomed to a metropolitan environment to live and work in cramped villages, and they will speak first of a debt of honor to the system that has supported them and perhaps of party discipline; then they will add, "But you know we are going to abolish the differences between city and country."

Take the pick of these young builders of socialism, and they equal the best types of any other culture, from Greece to the United States. Biologically they are a select company. Mostly of peasant stock, they are the survivors of a hard and ancient struggle with nature and a poor social environment. They have survived, furthermore, the lean years of famine. Finally, their ruggedness has been filled with the greatest purpose that can enter into man. One feels that in them the life force has once again come to full flood-tide. It is with this fact that those who dream of destroying what they are building must reckon.



# Socialism and Norman Thomas

*The twelve questions put by Norman Thomas to Oswald Garrison Villard and answered by him in our issue of July 20 have aroused widespread comment. We print below a few of the letters received.*—EDITOR THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to ask Norman Thomas to make clear, through the pages of *The Nation*, his stand on the following questions:

1. How do the Socialists propose to overthrow capitalism, and establish a classless social order, without the use of force?

2. Do you believe that capitalism, controlling the election machinery, will ever permit the transfer of power into the hands of the workers by means of the ballot?

3. Do you believe that capitalism, controlling the means of production, will ever permit them to pass into the hands of the workers, unless forced to do so?

4. Do you believe in the confiscation of private property in general, and the means of production in particular, for the workers and by the workers? ("Purchase," instead of "Confiscation," we should consider as too naive to be accepted as an answer.)

5. Do you believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat?  
Chicago, July 21

MAX ALPER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The questions put to you by Norman Thomas in *The Nation* of July 20 are important and interesting. There are questions no less important to be put to Mr. Thomas.

Socialism means to some the ownership by the state of the instruments and the implements of production. To George Bernard Shaw it means also that the subway guard and the "washerlady" shall receive precisely the same income as Messrs. Morgan, Young, Baker, and Hoover—incidentally, also, that the compulsory practice of vaccination for smallpox and diphtheria shall be at once and forever discontinued on the ground that George knows better. What does it mean to Mr. Thomas?

To some socialism means the single tax, with additions and subtractions; to some the expropriation of pretty much all personal property and the gradual approach of the Soviet polity. If Mr. Thomas refers us to the Socialist platform, I don't believe that would be any more conclusive than a reference to the Democratic or Republican platforms.

New York, July 20

ALFRED P. PERKINS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A study of the questions put to you by Norman Thomas and your replies thereto reveals major differences between yourself and the known attitude of Mr. Thomas on five of the twelve points. It is surprising that you should profess ignorance of what "those things necessary for the common life" are. What else can they be but the means of production of food, clothing, shelter, and those commodities which characterize a higher standard of living?

It is extremely difficult to visualize the effects of a planned economy under capitalist auspices. Such a situation prevails in Italy where the state either owns or rigidly controls the key industries, yet Italy faces the same crisis which confronts individualistic America.

Your reply to question eleven calls for a discussion of the reasons for the existence of political parties. Bearing in mind that socialism aims to abolish classes, we must accept present

political alignments as the logical outgrowth of the clash of rival interests. A political party is built upon the aspirations of a particular class or group in society and is characterized by unity of principle and action. Thus, we see in all democratic countries, except America, parties representing opposing interests. In Great Britain, for instance, the Conservative Party is the political expression of the landed aristocracy while the Liberals are spokesmen for the free-trade commercial interests. In America, owing to political immaturity, the class interests are obscured by a precious set of political knaves. Informed people know who owns both major parties and why they so ably serve their masters. What objection can logically be raised to the formation of a political party representative of the working class? The struggle is here; why should not labor cast its hat into the ring with an effective political organization?

New York, July 20

CHARLES R. BRADFORD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Thomas and Mr. Villard seem to be unable to make clear to what extent they agree or disagree. It would be more to the point if Mr. Thomas were to ask Mr. Villard these questions:

1. Do you believe that there is any just way to get money without work?

2. If you do, which of the several kinds of property which confer that right on their owners ought to have the protection of the government?

3. If you do not, what would you do with such property? Tax away its full income value, leaving its use to private initiative, or socialize it?

My sympathy is with Mr. Villard in his distaste for a class party. The Socialist Party should aim at the organization of those who want socialism. They are the people who are socialized, who love their neighbors. Even the working class must rise above its immediate needs to join this fraternity.

Jersey City, July 20

ARCHIBALD CRAIG

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A word of appreciation for your answers to the twelve questions in the open letter of Norman Thomas. Although I very much admire Mr. Thomas as I hear him over the radio, I seem to have your slant on the subjects of his letter.

Canton, Pa., July 22

J. M. JONES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest Mr. Villard's answers to Mr. Thomas, but I confess that I was not satisfied. To the first question, whether our capitalistic nationalist social order is doomed, the answer is "Yes, if it continues at it has since 1914." That implies that if the capitalist order makes some little changes, it may continue indefinitely.

Mr. Villard believes in a careful planning directed toward the rapid socialization of natural resources, but makes special exception of land. Land even at the present time is only owned conditionally, subject to the payment of taxes. Would it make such a difference if the title of the land were vested in society and merely leased at a sum comparable to present taxes? Such a lease could be made for a lifetime, subject to the payment of the amount stipulated and utilization of the land. The only difference would be that the land could not be transferred. Therefore, no profit could be made on it and it would revert to society at the death of the lessee.

Milwaukee, July 21

J. P. SCHROETER



## In the Driftway

THE tall tale is a vital part of the American tradition, as Constance Rourke so admirably and amusingly shows in her book "American Humor." It has been with us since our earliest days, experiencing a new burst of vigor and exaggeration with every major event in our history. Paul Bunyan represents probably the highest point in exaggeration and consistency, but characters and situations similar in their conception if not so consistent in their development are to be found in all parts of the country to match all epochs of their history.

\* \* \* \*

THERE is reason to believe that the tall tale is as vigorous as ever, and the Drifter would be delighted to have further confirmation from anyone who happens to run into a tale as tall as Texas which has sprung out of America's more recent past. The late Great Boom will undoubtedly produce stories of short sales and giant pools as towering as Paul Bunyan's forests, but its ending is still too close for comfort, much less humor, and it will be several healing years, perhaps, before we shall be able to laugh off the twenties as the tallest tale of all. The farm deflation, on the other hand, is of such long standing that it has already begun to produce its tall tales, two of which the Drifter thinks ought to be recorded. The first is already several years old. It concerns a farmer who is showing a visitor around his place. He recounts his mortgages; he tells how much he has lost on each of his crops; he points out his flourishing pigs which are only another expensive investment promising no return. In the course of the tour the farmer and his visitor come upon the hired man. "'Course I don't pay him," says the farmer. "He works for me till he owns the farm and then I work for him till I get it back."

\* \* \* \*

THE other tale is new, so far as the Drifter knows. A farmer who had been unable to meet his mortgage came one day to see the president of the mortgage company which rather than take over the land had allowed the farmer to continue using it. The farmer told the president that he was thinking of moving to another farm down the road. Upon inquiry, he admitted that the mortgage company which owned the other farm had offered to make certain improvements if he would take over the place. The president persuaded him to remain where he was, but only by promising improvements equal to those offered by the rival company. A few months passed. Again the farmer appeared, to tell the president that while he appreciated the improvements that had been made, he had decided to move after all to the other farm. His reason was cogent. The rival mortgage company, it developed, had offered to send the farmer's son to college if he would move to their farm. The president, upholding the best American traditions of competition, said that *his* company would send the boy to college, would send him, in fact, to Alabama Polytechnic Institute. The farmer was touched but not swayed. "I'm sorry," he said, "but the other company's going to send him to Yale."

THE DRIFTER

## Finance

### Some Novelties in Regulation

PUBLIC utility holding companies have recently been brought under an enflaming fire by at least four commissions—those of Wisconsin, Alabama, and New York, and the Federal Power Commission. The Wisconsin and Alabama bodies have ordered that no unearned dividends be paid by operating companies to the absentee holding concerns until it is established that such payments would not impair the financial strength of the operating units. Interest has also been expressed in the amount of service fees paid to the parent companies, as to whether depreciation charges are being adequately maintained, and in general as to whether subsidiaries are being "milked" for the benefit of the controlling interests. The New York commission publicly expressed its disapproval of certain accounting practices of the Associated Gas and Electric System, and the Federal Power Commission came out with a statement favoring regulation of holding companies by public authority.

In some cases the new orders seem a bit beside the point, as when the Wisconsin body seeks to learn from the telephone company of that State the salary paid to Mr. Gifford, head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It turns out that the companies which are forbidden to pay dividends on their common stock have already ceased such payments—a fact which the commission must have known very well. The essential thing is that a vigorous approach is being made to the utility problem through the operating company, from which the holding organization draws its financial sustenance. Possibly no satisfactory general solution can be reached in this direction; a maze of minute regulations would apparently be necessary, dealing with inter-company loans and credits, service, management and engineering fees, and the like.

More important than all this, in the long run, is the fact that a new theory of rate-making is gradually emerging. The Wisconsin company had asked for an increase in rates, instead of which a 12½ per cent reduction was ordered. In support of its decision the commission laid down the principle that in difficult times such as these a 6 per cent return on the company's stock is adequate, and that rates should take into consideration the actual value of the service rendered to the public. A long series of court decisions holds, on the contrary, that 7 and 8 per cent on the invested capital is not excessive, taking into consideration the need of attracting new funds through proved stability of earning power.

But no court has been able to show how it is possible to guarantee a 7 or 8 per cent return on capital in the face of a falling volume of business. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company itself is confronted with that problem. Its operating subsidiaries have not been earning the dividends they have been paying to the parent organization, owing largely to the fact that in the first six months of this year 785,000 telephone instruments have been disconnected in excess of new connections. Further, the electric utilities, which in recent years insisted that invested capital meant cost of reproduction, are now confronted with the fact that the use of such a cost basis, owing to the fall in commodity prices, might actually result in a reduction of rates.

A bill was introduced in the last Congress providing that the public interest and the provision of adequate transportation, rather than a hypothetical return on capital, should form the main basis of railway rate-making. Nothing came of the bill, but it will be heard from again. It bears remarkable similarity to some of the ideas which the Wisconsin utility commission has been airing recently.

S. PALMER HARMAN



# Books and Films

## Misted Memories

*Obscure Destinies.* By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

**O**BSCURE Destinies" is comprised of three long short stories of the pre-war West. Neighbor Rosicky is a simple, low-toned account of the life and death of a Bohemian farmer living on the Nebraska prairie. Old Mrs. Harris, a character-study of three women, depicts as many generations in the life of a family transplanted from the old South to the new West. Two Friends draws a pastel portrait—which the Sherwood Anderson of "Horses and Men" might have signed—of a pair of late nineteenth-century small-town business men. Of these the first, conceived somewhat in the mood of "My Antonia" and "O Pioneers!", is the most successful. Its idealized peasant types, as her readers know, dwell close to the heart of Willa Cather. Her warm sympathy and simplicity of outlook are exactly suited to such an idyll of quiet sentiment as Neighbor Rosicky. The remaining two stories are less effective. Old Mrs. Harris should have been a short novel of the length, perhaps, of "A Lost Lady." At any rate, it seems to require a more complicated, a fuller treatment than has been accorded it. The shortest of the trio of tales, Two Friends, suffers from the opposite defect. It is little more than an anecdote of character into which Miss Cather has infused her beautifully misted memories of the old populist West, as she imagines it to have been before Sinclair Lewis made his way down Main Street. It is too slight for forty pages. On the whole, "Obscure Destinies" will please Miss Cather's admirers; and even those who are bewildered at the jacket blurb which ranks her with "the greatest of living authors" will note with satisfaction that for the moment the artificial, ivory-tower mood of "Shadows on the Rock" has been abandoned. These stories are drawn naturally and without manipulation from that same store of memories which produced those excellent books, "My Antonia" and "O Pioneer!"

With these memories it would be discourteous to quarrel. Every adult is entitled to hold his childhood inviolate. But one should, I think, bearing in mind the natural kindliness of Miss Cather's temperament, swallow her West with at least a few ounces of citric acid. She prefers to remember kindly, patient, intelligent peasants like Rosicky; manly, generous, wholesome farm children like the young Rosickys; gentle, educated, beauty-loving couples like the none-too-credible Mr. and Mrs. Rosen (Miss Cather really should not bother with Jews; her Bohemian touch is surer); and picturesque, democratic, heart-of-gold business men like the two friends, Dillon and Trueman. All her characters dislike pushing, boasting, "progressive methods." The author conceives them as belonging to an era "when business was still a personal adventure." They are her pioneer West. But when one remembers what kind of "progressive methods" were actually used in the winning of the West, one wonders whether these people of Miss Cather's were not entirely eccentric to the period rather than representative of it, as she appears in all honesty to believe. Her West was not built up by the exercise of the nicer Christian virtues, but by blood and iron. The government troops, the railroaders, the packers, and the monopolists of the latter half of the nineteenth century were only by courtesy of Miss Cather's idealism engaged in "a personal adventure." The old West had its humble peasants, its kindly small-town bankers; but for the most part it was the joint creation of masters and slaves.

In the opening years of this century there flourished a now almost forgotten New England writer, Sarah Orne Jewett. While she was far from lavender-and-old-lace, she was hardly

what one would call a realist, even for her time. Preferring always to stress their finer and more endearing qualities, she wrote poignant little tales about simple New England people. She was in her way a skilful and honest writer. When Willa Cather was a young girl, she knew and loved and was encouraged by Sarah Orne Jewett; and of recent years she has done much to rescue her from ill-deserved neglect. The two women as artists are much alike, though Miss Cather is far stronger, more full-blooded and more sophisticated. In both is a foundation of Christian idealism. Both possess a sweetness and a sympathy which are not quite fit for large themes or any very resolute confrontation of life. Both prefer humble and patient people as against "important" or masterful people. While never sticky, they are both what the book trade would call "wholesome." In years to come, I believe Miss Cather will be recognized as a greater Sarah Orne Jewett of the West. She strikes lovely notes, but they are minor. To her better books (and they are her earlier ones) one may turn for a very moving kind of country sentiment, but hardly for a large, true, realistic picture of the time.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

## Keeper of Men

*Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing.* By Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$3.

**T**HE title of Warden Lawes's book is derived from the fact that the sum of the sentences of the 2,500 men who constitute Sing Sing's prison population runs to 20,000 years. But the book is not only a record of Warden Lawes's highly intelligent and successful administration of Sing Sing Prison. It is also a personal record of his whole career as a prison administrator as well as an eloquent exposition of his own penal philosophy. Altogether, the book is an excellently written and moving account of an experience in practical penology. It is bound to establish itself as one of the classic documents of penological literature.

Warden Lawes may be justly proud of his accomplishment. He rose from prison guard to administrator of one of the largest prisons in the country. As he says, Mike the Rat Catcher was more important in his penological education than any theory. When he came to Sing Sing the worst horrors of the early decades of the prison's history were over—the rule of silence, the "cat" and the "shower," diets that included the luxury of two eggs a year for each prisoner—but the prison was far from the well-governed institution it is today, after twelve years of Lawes's wardenship. The prisoner has decent food, the opportunity to work, dramatic entertainments, exercise, athletics—the Sing Sing baseball team, it seems, is particularly expert at stealing bases. The Sing Sing prison hospital is the only one of its kind in the world that has been approved by the American College of Physicians and Surgeons. The prisoners are permitted through the Mutual Welfare League a certain amount of self-government. The American reader has been accustomed by his newspaper to think of prisons in terms of sullen and defiant men, riots, escapes, and executions. It will do him a vast amount of good to be introduced also to the normal course of prison life in at least one well-managed prison. Prisoners are usually well-behaved, and apparently lifers are the very models of deportment. Prison life is a tragi-comedy. Consider, for instance, the prisoners about to be released who are tanning themselves in the sun in order to make themselves look like returning vacationists. Many such droll stories are told by Warden Lawes.



Yet it must not be supposed that prison life in Sing Sing is an idyll. Even if it were there need be no fear that there would be a rush for admission. The cell blocks shut inexorably upon Sing Sing's inmates at night. The problems of prison administration are many and difficult, and often dangerous, but they have been handled by Warden Lawes with very uncommon sense. The secret of his success has lain in his realization of the fact that prison government should be a form of benevolent despotism. He has avoided, on the one hand, sentimentality, and on the other unnecessary harshness. He has fortunately possessed the qualities of the political mind at its best: its flexibility and its tact in dealing with men. A certain amount of experience not only in penology but politics is, indeed, necessary to make the ideal prison governor. At the basis of his penal philosophy is the conviction that at least half of his wards were the victims of circumstances and that therefore they will respond to the ordinary incentives of human behavior.

One of the most fascinating parts of Warden Lawes's book is his account of the operation of capital punishment. He is firmly opposed to it not because he believes in the sanctity of human life but because he regards the death penalty as futile. He has led 150 men and women to execution but he has seen murder continue unabated. He matches the familiar story of the pickpocket who stole in the very shadow of the gallows with a case of a prisoner who stabbed and killed another in the very shadow of the death house at Sing Sing. He points out the fact that he has never received a request to witness an execution from a district attorney who prosecuted the condemned, or the judge who sentenced him. Numerous requests however do come from policemen. To bring home to everybody the scenes at the death house he urges a very interesting revival of the idea of public executions: the broadcasting of an electrocution over the radio. An excellent idea which will be even better when television is finally perfected.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## Three Civilizations in Manchuria

*Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict.* By Owen Lattimore. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

*Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia.* By Colonel P. T. Ether-ton and H. Hessel Tiltman. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.

*Japan Speaks on the Sino-Japanese Crisis.* By K. K. Kawakami. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

*China Speaks on the Conflict Between China and Japan.* By Chih Meng. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

*Japan and America.* By Henry W. Taft. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

*Twenty Years of the Chinese Republic.* By Harold Archer Van Dorn. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

*The Young Revolutionist.* By Pearl S. Buck. Friendship Press and The John Day Company. \$1.50.

HERE are two books about Manchuria, that vast territory of colorful racial history, heterogeneous cultural elements, and rich mineral resources, recent storm center of the world. On this spot three civilizations have met together, and one of them must win out against the other two. There is China of antique continuity; there is imperialist Japan with the most modern army in the world; and there is Red Russia, of unknown force, looking on. It is interesting that China owes her immediate title in Manchuria not to conquest but to having been conquered at the time of the Manchus. Mr. Lattimore states that the Manchus seem never to have penetrated into the eastern part of Manchuria. This eastern country, including Kirin and Liaoning Fengtien or Mukden Province,

"was old Korea," and at one time the Koreans were well established there. "The popular name for ruins of cities and fortifications is still 'Korean cities'." However the recent influx of one million Koreans to Manchuria is due to only one thing: unendurable conditions under the Japanese guardianship at home. Ironically enough, part of Japan's present claim to Manchuria is based upon Korean immigration to the east, though it has been the rule for the Korean immigrant to become a naturalized Chinese as soon as possible for the sake of protection. The rate of Chinese colonization, on the other hand, has been speeded up a good deal by Russian and Japanese business enterprise in Manchuria.

According to Mr. Lattimore—and I think he is right—Japanese leadership in Manchuria is not permanently possible. There must be spiritual adhesion as well as that of force to hold the vast territory of Manchuria. Manchuria is a vital factor to China, to Japan, and to Russia. It is Mr. Lattimore's opinion that Russia will win, rather than China with her ancient civilization or Japan with her new hybrid militarism. "As for Russia, now a very different nation from that which fought Japan or engaged as an apathetic pseudo-western nation in the war of 1914-1918, it is rapidly developing a specifically Russian non-western technique of warfare which is the cause of intense interest and no little alarm to western nations. The Russian army is an engine of unknown power and very great importance."

Mr. Lattimore's "Manchuria: Cradle of Conflict" is the work of a scholar, a thinker, and a man of vision. He has been at work upon his material for a period of years, studying Chinese sources and traveling for personal observation. The result is the best possible book about the actualities of present-day Manchuria, along with some interesting and rational prophecies.

"Manchuria: The Cockpit of Asia," written by two Englishmen, is an opportunist production much different in scope and treatment. Two good journalists, seeing the need of such a book, have pieced together news clippings and digested the books written on the subject. The result is valuable only as a newspaper résumé of what has happened since last summer.

In the companion books, "Japan Speaks" and "China Speaks," Mr. Kawakami and Mr. Meng respectively seem to say "My country, right or wrong." It is unfortunate, since Mr. Kawakami is supposed to be a liberal-minded Japanese. He is not informed, either, on the Korean situation. However, Mr. Meng is as poorly informed on certain historical points and his book is less well organized. It is false to say that "Taoism has been the national religion of Korea." He makes the untrue statement that Korea always "has been under the suzerainty of China," a statement which is contradicted in his own book. On page 199, *The Case for Korea*, written by a well-known Korean statesman, Dr. Syngman Rhee, begins thus: "For more than 4,000 years Korea was an independent and sovereign nation."

In "Twenty Years of the Chinese Republic" Mr. Van Dorn tries to give a broad survey of China since 1912. It has chapters on educational, religious, political, social, and economic progress. Although it contains nothing new or original, it will be helpful to the layman.

"Japan and America" is well documented and factually verified. The author, Henry Taft, brother of ex-President Taft, tells of his conversion to things Japanese through the good-will committees and the Welcome Association of Japan, which invited outstanding and prominent Americans to visit Japan in 1930. In the first part of the book he tells of his journey to Japan, of his entertainment by the royal family, and of informal conferences and good-will speeches in Japan. Then he gives a political survey of the country, with a discussion of the disarmament conference, anti-Japanese agitation, the Im-



migration Bill of 1924. He concludes with the Manchurian controversy in which he is disposed to favor the claims of Japan.

"The Young Revolutionist" is a short novel set in China by the author of "The Good Earth." Ko-sen is a Chinese boy of seventeen, the son of a typical Chinese landowner. He reflects the tortured, restless, and unadjusted China which is looking for a new light. The solution is very plain and obvious. Ko-sen sees the light of the west: "The Master there—I think they told me the Master there is one named Jesus. It is under him we would take service for our country." In many ways it is hard to believe that the author of this book is the author also of "The Good Earth" and "East Wind, West Wind." But in one respect she is more fortunate in her choice of a hero here than in "The Good Earth" for Ko-sen, unlike the peasant, Wang Lung, has been in touch with western ideas and hence is more consistent when his psychology becomes western.

In Pearl Buck we have the best of the missionaries, truly cultured, profoundly sincere, with a great gift for writing. To see a Confucian civilization in decay is to gain the conviction that it needs something, but the reader is made to feel at the end both of "The Good Earth" and "The Young Revolutionist" that China needs but one thing, those Christian doctrines which the west has held for 2,000 years, whereas I have never met personally one original and vigorous-minded Chinese who felt that Christianity at this late date had anything vital to offer China, or could reinspire in the exhausted east another 2,000 years of energetic and creative life.

YOUNGHILL KANG

## Socialism or Drift

*As I See It.* By Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

NOTHING could more neatly reveal the dilemma of American Socialist leadership than this latest book by Norman Thomas. How can a Socialist leader, in these times, withdraw to his study and produce a calm, unhurried volume, based on exhaustive scholarship, charting with laborious detail the possible course of American economic and political life toward a Socialist society? Such a book is desperately needed; were it capably done, it might constitute a landmark in our progress. But today, landmarks of a sort whiz past like telephone poles beside a railway track; and still so limited numerically is the Socialist movement that its ablest thinkers must throw themselves unreservedly into propaganda, organization, and the concrete social emergencies which, if dodged, would precipitate justifiably fatal criticism. And if this book betrays by internal evidence the whirlpool of activity in which its author lives, that fact is not without its compensations. The book has life and movement; it will be read by many who would not approach with a ten-foot pole such works as those by the Webbs or G. D. H. Cole; finally, it will have its own educational virtue by reason of the fact that social attitudes are changed less by the influence of solid exposition than by specific, day-by-day events interpreted and criticized from the radical point of view.

Mr. Thomas opens his book with certain "reconsiderations" of the social scene since the appearance of his previous volume, "America's Way Out." He sharpens the issue between his view and that of capitalist critics, and, by outlining some of the consequences of the depression as it has deepened and has rocked the capitalist structure, narrows at least a little the gap between his socialism and that of some of his critics from the left. On the class struggle he writes:

I believe not only in the obvious fact of struggle between groups with conflicting economic interests, but in the

class struggle between an owning and a working class. . . . The idea of such a struggle is or may be a unifying force in asserting the international solidarity of labor. But I protest when certain self-proclaimed Marxists act as if to believe in the class struggle was a kind of mystic act of salvation by faith, which almost absolves them from hard and intelligent work to organize labor economically and politically, or from the effort to purge labor unions from exceedingly "capitalistic" abuses, and which permits them to fight communism far more enthusiastically than capitalism.

Such words indicate how unwarranted have been the sneering lampoons directed against Mr. Thomas by American Communists; they also indicate how indiscriminating are the praises of dilettante supporters who wish merely to vote for "an honest man." Unlike Communists, however, Mr. Thomas believes that democratic and non-violent methods are "consistent with the class struggle," though he also points out that "socialism is not committed to absolute democracy or absolute pacifism regardless of time, place, and circumstance. . . ." He emphasizes effectively the menace of drift and confusion in the world crisis. Unless a definite program, growing out of a definite social philosophy, is embarked upon, violence will be the inevitable outcome.

One of the most thoughtful chapters is the one on The Acceptance of Violence, in which Mr. Thomas, without indulging in sentimentalism or dogma, makes a strong case for non-violence as a means of social change and decries that "tragedy of history," the way in which "lovers of liberty and justice have always blunted the edge of their own idealism, sown the seeds of new oppressions, debased the shining cities of their dreams by the wholesale violence they have felt obliged to use." In another important chapter on The Essential Condition of Economic Planning, Mr. Thomas probes mercilessly some of the outstanding pleas for a planned economy and exposes the lack of realism in plans which do not allow adequately for the futilities of competition and profit-seeking. In a seven-page Postscript on Politics which bears an uncomfortably close resemblance to an impromptu addendum to a speech, he dismisses in less than thirty words the growing demand for a new mass party of labor and liberal make-up, and editorializes on the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Manchuria, Shanghai, the major parties, the disarmament conference, the collapse of the banks, the war debts, and the urgent task of Socialist Party organization. It may be suspected that Norman Thomas does not completely appreciate the impression of haste, and occasionally of superficiality, his book is destined to convey. Yet when every critical word is said, it holds wisdom for our times, presented forcefully and without equivocation. It will have an influence, apart from the rising prestige of its author, because it deals boldly with issues that Americans can in no wise hope to escape.

DEVERE ALLEN

## Shorter Notices

*Sheba Visits Solomon.* By Helene Eliat. Translated from the German by David Zablodowsky. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Helene Eliat has written an altogether delightful *tour de force* in this story of the historic visit paid by Balkis, Queen of Sheba, to Solomon, King of the Jews. Charming, gay, witty, ironic, "Sheba Visits Solomon" is just about everything one would wish such a novel to be, informed as it is at once with genuine intuition and the sheerest fantasy. Sheba, according to the author, did not visit the fat, elderly, much-married Solomon merely to drink of the fountain of his wisdom. The



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virgin queen was in quest of an heir. But although the king was too courteous to play the cad, he had eyes only for the queen's pretty little lady-in-waiting, the delectable Zud. Zud, however, had ideas of her own, and even Balkis soon saw that she had more to learn from Solomon's Egyptian wife, Tutu, than from the king himself. The occasional glimpses of the dour and aged prophet Nathan, of Solomon sitting in judgment and enjoying his own dialectics far more than the administration of the law, of the lady-in-waiting and her bucolic lover, of the queen Tutu "moral from prudence but immoral in her sympathies," are only a few of the sidelights that make the book a continuous pleasure.

*Nonsuch: Land of Water.* By William Beebe. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$3.50.

Like some men who manage to make religion a joy, Mr. Beebe manages to make science a pleasure and an occasion for literary art of a high order. In this volume, the first of four to deal with his investigations of life in the waters about Nonsuch Island, Bermuda, he continues the genre of scientific writing he has developed. He deals with birds and fishes and snails and crabs, and shows, to paraphrase Heraclitus, that here, too, there are gods and beauty. The book is to be recommended for purposes of information, for aesthetic relaxation—and for emulation by other naturalists.

*Spain in Revolt. 1814-1931.* By Joseph McCabe. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

To the common notion of the Spanish people as a race supinely content to endure despotism and inquisition as long as it was left at liberty to watch bullfights, Mr. McCabe opposes a recital of long, unabated, and noble revolutionary effort culminating in the present democratic success. The defense perhaps was necessary, but Mr. McCabe is too fervent a defender. His style is cluttered and at times almost maudlin; and history becomes an arraignment rather than a judgment in his hands.

*Kamongo.* By Homer W. Smith. The Viking Press. \$2.

This fine book has been handicapped by too enthusiastic reviews, publishers' blurbs, and Book-of-the-Month pronouncements that promise explanations of the universe, of the purpose of life, and of similar problems. It is in fact a well-written, unusual novel based on the author's experiences in search of lung-fish in Africa, with a charming account of the simple and not unfamiliar questions and doubts that come to an intelligent person viewing one of evolution's less successful experiments.

☐ PLAYS ☐ RADIO ☐

### "ANOTHER LANGUAGE"

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## Films

### Nonsense and Satire

**N**ONSENSE, like madness, has its queer logic, and the queerer the logic the more fascinating the nonsense. It needed ■ Lewis Carroll to think of such a perfectly convincing reply as the Mad Hatter's, 'It was the *best* butter,' when his attempt to mend a watch by putting butter into it was questioned by Alice. But there have been few Lewis Carrolls in the world, and it would hardly be fair to measure all attempts at light-hearted and frankly nonsensical entertainment by applying to them the standard set up by the author of "Alice in Wonderland." Who will measure up to it? Not even the Marx Brothers or Joe Cook, delightful as their brand of nonsense often is.

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the author of the story providing the basis for "Million Dollar Legs" (Paramount Theater), and his adapters have clearly fallen far short of producing ■ masterpiece. But they did let their fancy run as far as it would carry them, and the result is a film that at times has ■ quality of freshness and genuine imagination much too rare in Hollywood products. The best moments in the film are the episodes describing the crazy system of government which rules in the Republic of Klopstokia. What with the arm-pulling contests, which is the Klopstokian way of electing ■ president, and the constant popping up of mysterious spies, who include the imitable Ben Turpin, cross-eyed, be-cloaked, and with ■ notebook in his hand, the story starts off in the true mood of reckless extravaganza. Unfortunately, this mood does not last.

While being thankful for small mercies, one cannot help regretting that the film fails to rise to its opportunities in two other respects, aside from its tame ending. Here was ■ story that seemed to cry for a fantastic treatment on the lines of René Clair's "Le Million." Yet all we get in the film is ■ routine linking of scenes with not the slightest attempt to give them a crazy and sweeping rhythm that would reflect the mood of its story.

The other missed opportunity one can hardly hope to see realized in Hollywood. There is implicit satire in the Klopstokian methods of government. But to bring it out and stress its points would have required courage and independence of mind, and when has Hollywood shown that it had any of these qualities or cared for them?

It would be equally idle to expect genuine satire in the pictures which are supposed to satirize Hollywood itself. Recently, we had "Make Me a Star," a picture of life in Hollywood that made fun of imaginary evils while glossing over the real ones. The same formula is to be discovered in the latest picture of this cycle, bearing the eloquent name of "What Price Hollywood?" (Mayfair Theater). If we are to believe the authors and producers of this film, the price of Hollywood is the social downfall and degradation of those unable to resist the temptation of drink, and the perpetual agony and thwarted home life of those who, thanks to their eminence, are constantly exposed to public gaze. Well, well, we had better not ask what it is that drives the Hollywood geniuses to seek oblivion in drink, or who spends countless sums of money whipping up the morbid curiosity of the public in the private life of film luminaries. Let us be content to accept this gentle picture of amiable, warm-hearted, and unaffected people suffering through no fault of their own, thankful at least for the capable acting of Lowell Sherman and Gregory Ratoff, and the less frequent glimpses of her ability which Constance Bennett has been allowed to reveal in this film.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

## Contributors to This Issue

HARRY F. WARD, secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service has recently been making ■ study of conditions in Soviet Russia.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

CLIFTON FADIMAN is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is the author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean student of the literature and philosophy of the Orient, and a member of the department of English of New York University, has written the story of his life in "The Grass Roof."

## Roget's International

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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1932

No. 3501

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**G**OVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S radio speech of July 30 was little more than a reading of the Democratic platform. When the Governor did essay his own interpretations and opinions he revealed for the most part a lamentable lack of any genuine economic understanding. The most hopeful sentences in his address were those promising lower tariffs and pointing out the inherent absurdity in the Republican position of demanding payment of the war debts while at the same time making payment impossible. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Roosevelt went on to remark that if tariffs were lowered the war debts would no longer be a problem, which of course is not true; and even in denouncing the tariff he conceded the heart of the protectionist position when he repeated the silly argument that it is high tariffs that maintain our living standards. He indorsed the idea of an international monetary conference, but showed no signs of understanding the implications of such a conference. And he was guilty of some serious misrepresentations. When he accused the Republicans of not reducing the war debt at a sufficiently drastic rate before 1929 he attacked them at perhaps their one point of strength, for the war debt was consistently reduced at the unparalleled rate of about one billion dollars a year. And when he accuses the Administration of resorting to "the type of inflation which has weakened public confidence in our government credit" it is difficult to know what he means. All of the recent measures that could properly be described as inflationary have had Democratic support, and most of them, like the Goldsborough bill, the Glass-Steagall bill, and the Glass bond-secured currency bill have been either sponsored or chiefly voted for by Democrats.

**I**S PRESIDENT HOOVER merely playing smart politics in turning the Reconstruction Finance Corporation over to his political enemies on the eve of a national election? Or must we look elsewhere for his motive in selecting Atlee Pomerene, former Senator from Ohio, for one of the vacancies on the board of the corporation, thus giving the Democrats majority control? If the Reconstruction Corporation should accomplish everything its sponsors, including Mr. Hoover, have so grandly promised, the Republicans naturally would not care to share the resultant glory and publicity with the Democrats. Hence this effort to shift responsibility for the success or failure of the Hoover relief project to the shoulders of the Democrats suggests that failure of the relief program is anticipated, or else it must be feared in Washington that the Reconstruction Corporation may find itself involved in further scandals similar to that attending the \$80,000,000 Dawes loan. Probably no more effective way of shutting off an investigation of the Reconstruction Corporation's activities could have been devised. Certainly the Democrats will not be over eager to inquire into the affairs of a body whose control rests in the hands of members of their party. In any case, it is just a trifle too naive to believe that Mr. Hoover would be willing, were he at all confident that the Reconstruction Corporation was proving a popular success, to pass on any of the credit for its success to his political foes.

**T**HE CAMPAIGN BIDS FAIR to be remarkable for one thing. It looks as if a candidate for the Vice Presidency would really focus some attention upon himself. Indeed, it looks as if Mr. Garner might prove to be one of the issues. The Republicans see in him a vulnerable point in the Democratic line, in more ways than one. He himself has invited their attack because he has gone out of his way to slash at Mr. Hoover, for whom he obviously has no respect whatever. There is to us nothing attractive about Mr. Garner. In our judgment he weakens his ticket by his tactics, and his desire to make capital by attacking the "reds" is the clearest proof of the weakness of his mentality and the narrowness of his intellectual range. At least, however, it is refreshing to have him speak right out in meeting and squarely pin to Mr. Hoover his complete absorption in saving banks and railroads instead of interesting himself in saving the starving American. Indeed, from his talks it is obvious that Mr. Garner may be a pretty ugly customer after he gets on the stump. It will be at least refreshing if one of the four candidates will speak out and hit straight from the shoulder, even if it must needs be as unsympathetic a figure as Mr. Garner.

**P**RESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES of the minor parties will probably be barred from the ticket in Ohio next November through a series of amendments to the election laws which the legislature enacted three years ago. Only an aroused public opinion and immediate and effective action through the courts will serve to put the names of Norman Thomas, William Z. Foster, and other minor-party candi-



dates on the Ohio ballot. The Socialist Party of Ohio, though its funds are running low, is conducting a vigorous campaign toward that end. Presidential electors, the Ohio Department of State has ruled, can only be nominated by "the delegates to a State convention." However, these delegates must first be elected at primaries, and under the Ohio laws only voters of recognized political parties, that is, Republicans and Democrats, may participate in such primaries. Thus the Socialist candidates appear to be legally barred. Even if this obstacle could be overcome, the Socialist ticket would still, under the 1929 amendments, have to be supported by petitions signed by no fewer than 300,000 registered and qualified voters. The Socialist Party of Ohio is now seeking the necessary 300,000 signatures, and *The Nation* urgently requests its friends and readers in that State to help in this campaign for the sake of establishing equal rights as between the political parties. Though they must take their fight to the courts, the Socialists feel that if they can obtain the needed signatures that fact will make a tremendous and perhaps convincing impression on the State and legal authorities.

**I**F THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE to which the League of Nations has now invited the United States is finally convoked, it seems likely to set a record, assuming that it adheres to the terms of the invitation, as the most futile and farcical of all the international conferences of the last decade. The conference is to meet on the official understanding "that the questions of reparations, of debts, and of specific tariff rates (as distinguished from tariff policy) will be excluded." It is to meet, in short, only if the delegates agree not to utter a word about the three most vitally important measures that a world economic conference could discuss. Perhaps the distinction between tariff rates and tariff policy may turn out to mean something; more probably it will mean merely that the conference will agree on some pious general declarations which will bind no one. The conference will discuss "monetary matters," and the United States is assured that "within its scope will be the question of silver." Thus Senators from the silver States are placated. But what will, what can, the conference decide about silver? If it merely attempted, as has been hinted, to encourage the increased use of the metal as subsidiary coinage, then it would be sanctioning the clear economic waste of using silver where paper would do better. If it actually proposed a bi-metallic standard, which is the only other real alternative, then the moment such a proposal seemed likely to receive serious consideration there would be a raid on the gold reserves of every country still on the gold basis that would promptly throw every one of them off. The statesmen who are calling and discussing the conference have thus far given no evidence that they have the remotest notion of its probable implications or effects.

**G**ERMANY IS DETERMINED to increase its armaments, even to the extent of violating the Versailles Treaty, if the other nations do not soon reduce their military and naval forces to comply with the pledges given to the German delegation at the Paris peace conference. This warning was issued by General von Schleicher, Minister of Defense, who is the real power behind the present Berlin Government. Such action had been hinted at before by the

German press and by German delegates at the various disarmament conferences in Geneva, but heretofore the government has always sought to smooth over the diplomatic storms which followed the suggestion that Germany intended to rearm. The latest threat from Von Schleicher quite naturally disturbed Premier Herriot and the French foreign office. They addressed a number of formal protests to Berlin, expecting perhaps that the same diplomatic denials would be forthcoming. But for the first time since the war the Berlin foreign office stood fast; it declared very frankly that Von Schleicher had the full support of the government. This decision was bound to come not only because a militaristic regime now rules Germany, but because the German people long ago lost their faith in the hypocritical disarmament pledges of the other nations. For this France must bear a large share of the responsibility. The unceasing French cry for "security before disarmament" has been the chief stumbling block, at least in Europe, to execution of the provision in the Versailles Treaty for reducing all armaments to the levels forced upon Germany by that treaty.

**I**N OUR MELLOWER MOMENTS we have been expecting apologies to emanate from the participants in the arms conference at Geneva; but the only one that has come to our notice is that of Eduard Benes, spokesman for Czechoslovakia. According to the Associated Press, in one of the closing sessions Mr. Benes "made a public retraction and apology for his assertion two days ago that bombardment from the air is barbarous and inhuman." This graceful *entre' acte* was staged, it appears, "on the complaint of the British Air Ministry, which asserted that British flyers never had been guilty of barbarous actions." Now in our naive fashion we had actually worked ourselves up into believing that modern aerial warfare was a bit uncivilized if not downright indelicate. We feel immensely relieved. Our chief discomfort now is a patriotic one. In their development of nice and considerate bombs, which have none of the horrible messiness of the aerial equipment of other countries, the British have stolen a march on us. It fairly burns us up to realize that when an American airman drops one of our old-fashioned bombs on, say, a Sandinista hospital in Nicaragua, it puts our airmen in a reactionary light. The late Lord Thompson once declared, in answer to a disturbed questioner at a meeting of the Foreign Policy Association in New York, that when dealing thus with recalcitrant native populations, the Air Ministry was careful to blow up only revolutionaries. The only thing to do is to turn over all future jobs of bombing to the British, whose selective bombs in Irak, the Northwest Frontier of India, and elsewhere have supremely qualified them to perform the rite of pacification.

**I**F THE NATIONAL ECONOMY LEAGUE succeeds in its drive to reduce the yearly federal expenditure for the Veterans' Bureau by \$452,000,000, the American taxpayer as well as the organization itself will be in line for congratulations. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the claims upon the government by veterans who have become disabled in the pursuits of ordinary life have mounted to a menacing degree. Our approval of this phase of the League's activity is qualified, however, by the fear that the movement may go on to assail all efforts at drastic taxation in the higher brackets designed to pay for essential social services.



It is preposterous for Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who is directing the campaign, to declare that our local, State, and federal taxes have "already reached the point of confiscation"; we can imagine what amusement such a reckless remark would excite among our British cousins, who know what taxation really is. Nor can we agree with General Harbord, another leader in the crusade, when he says that not only the Eighteenth Amendment, but "the tariff, the foreign debts, are for the moment incidental and subsidiary to the fight against mounting taxes." We strongly suspect that most of the League's moving spirits have been distinctly inconspicuous in the struggle to cut down sharply our shameful waste in armaments.

**W**ELL, THE RED SCARE, which we have all been expecting as part of the Hoover general staff strategy, is well under way. Not only did the President try to explain his ruthlessness with the bonus army on the ground that its members were being unwittingly influenced by Communists, but we have in the same week dispatches from various portions of the country to the effect that wicked Communists are at work trying to destroy the banks of the United States by starting lying rumors about them. A raid in Pontiac, Michigan, produced, according to the police, correspondence to show that the occupant of a room was a party to a widespread conspiracy to destroy the credit of the nation's banking institutions. This undoubtedly clears up the whole mystery of why it is that we had some three thousand bank failures in 1931 while Canada did not have a single one. It is Moscow's fiendish brain which, with ghoulish glee, is at work in our midst. As our readers are well aware, every bank in the United States that failed has been honestly, ably, and in every way correctly managed, and in not a single case have the bank officials been derelict, or have the institutions been borne down by the evil influences of the depression. Thanks to the vigilance of the police and the Department of Justice, the reputation of our bankers is now spotless beyond question. Our congratulations go out to the valiant detectives who are not only balking the miscreants from Moscow but are vindicating a much-maligned group of American business men.

**T**HAT BRAVE INDIAN, Vice President Curtis, recently sped across the country to Los Angeles to open the Olympic Games. At Las Vegas, according to the United Press, "Armed guards protected Vice President Curtis today as he sped to Los Angeles by rail after police arrested six persons in the crowd that watched him leave." Hecklers interrupted Mr. Curtis, and one of them shouted, "Why didn't you feed some of those ex-soldiers?" Vice President Curtis, it will be remembered, was the one who first had the courage to summon troops to combat the bonus army in Washington. They were ordered back, to be sure, at the insistence of General Glassford, who thought they were not necessary, and it remained for Mr. Hoover to prove that Curtis was right when he himself issued the call to arms which finally routed the invaders of Anacostia. We are glad to report that Chief Charles met the Las Vegas question with the same courageous finality. His reply was: "I've fed more than you, you dirty coward." Obviously, being Vice President is not as funny as Morrie Ryskind and George S. Kaufman think it is.

## The End of Hitler?

**W**ILL Adolf Hitler's smashing victory in the Reichstag elections ultimately prove his undoing? Reports on the voting of July 31 show that his National Socialists have won 230 seats, more than twice the number they had in the Reichstag elected two years ago. This gives the Hitler movement the largest representation any party has had in the German parliament since the republic was founded. But it does not give the fascist leader enough votes to control the government. Even with his Nationalist allies he lacks a governing majority. Hitler may now attempt to seize power by revolution, though this is exceedingly doubtful, for the time for direct action has apparently passed. Moreover, Hitler himself has repeatedly declared that he means to set up his dictatorship only by "legal" means. It appears, therefore, that the fascist leader must now either join a coalition with the Hugenberg Nationalists and the Catholic Center or refrain from entering the government, allowing the Van Papen Cabinet to remain in power through his sufferance.

By remaining outside the government, playing only a passive part in the affairs of Germany during the next few months, Hitler's influence would be largely negative. True, the large bloc of fascist votes in the Reichstag could be used as a club to hold over the present regime, but there are not enough fascist votes to put into effect any part of the Hitler program. And the fascist party is a party of action. It has grown fat on Hitler's extravagant promises. If its leader now fails to produce concrete results, fails to take energetic action leading to early improvement in the German economic situation, the party may very quickly turn upon this false messiah. On the other hand, if Hitler elects to enter a Nationalist-Catholic coalition, he will presumably be permitted to join only on terms laid down by former Chancellor Brüning, leader of the Catholic Center, without whose votes no coalition government can be erected. There is little doubt that Brüning would accept nothing in the Hitler program except that which is economically and politically sound. In brief, the greater part of that program would be unceremoniously rejected. But this again would mean that the action which has been promised the fascist voters would not be forthcoming. Hitler's impressive victory in the Reichstag elections virtually commits him to action; but, short of adopting violent measures, there is no way in which he can effectively act. Will the impoverished middle classes continue to follow his unproductive leadership much longer?

Even with Hitler's wings clipped the danger for Germany would not be over. The Von Papen-Von Schleicher regime has no votes in the new Reichstag. It might be willing to give way to a coalition government which it could dominate, but it may be doubted that it would retire for any other reason. General von Schleicher no less than Hitler means to rule Germany. He is probably willing to do so with the consent of the Reichstag and the cooperation of the moderate and nationalist parties, but if this cooperation is withheld and the Reichstag decides to oppose the present regime, that would in our opinion simply bring about another dissolution of the parliament, this time perhaps without provision for new elections.



# Cowardice and Folly in Washington

WE should be the last to deny that a government must seek to keep order and that the challenge of the appearance of the Bonus Expeditionary Force in Washington was a serious one. But there are good and bad methods of handling every situation, good and bad police actions, wise and stupid, kindly and brutal ways of removing each and every menace to public order. According to our information from eye-witnesses, the bloodshed and forcible expulsion of the veterans was due both to folly and to cowardice. From the very beginning General Pelham D. Glassford, a retired regular officer who is the superintendent of police, has shown courage, intelligence, and sound common sense in handling the bonus army, and has been actuated also by commiseration for the desperate plight of the men who assembled in Washington in the exercise of their constitutional right to assemble and to petition for a redress of their grievances. If General Glassford had been given a free hand we should never have witnessed such incredible scenes as took place in Washington—seven hundred and fifty regulars, with tanks, tear-gas, and all the paraphernalia of war, brutally and ruthlessly running some 10,000 veterans out of town, burning their pitiful shacks, and incidentally gassing innocent civilians, newspapermen, detectives, without the slightest consideration for the plight of these destitute thousands after their eviction.

Obviously somebody blundered and blundered badly. Given a weak and timid man in a difficulty of this kind, and he is bound to be the first to turn to ruthless use of power, the first to do the wrong thing—and Mr. Hoover is both weak and timid. What was it that brought about the bloodshed on the day it happened? There had been weeks of tolerance; then great vacillation on the part of the commissioners of the District of Columbia who issued orders to evacuate the veterans and then revoked them and rode roughshod over General Glassford. On the day before the trouble, Wednesday, July 27, there was a sudden consultation in the White House with Secretary Hurley and Secretary Mills present, and action was decided upon. The troops were all in readiness about the sacred White House and the eviction began, with the results known. Even before that the White House had announced that it was considering the declaration of martial law and of calling out the army, but no one believed that this would be done until General Glassford had been allowed to try to move the men out.

Instead, the President, using as his excuse that the presence of the men was delaying the demolition of this property "necessary in order to extend employment in the District," issued his orders. At the very moment when, after consultation with the police, the commander of the veterans was trying to induce his men to go quietly, the White House turned a simple evacuation of a few half-demolished buildings into what the *Baltimore Sun* editorially describes as a "pitiful and brutal conflict between desperate homeless men and saber-swinging cavalry, with tanks in reserve"; as "a movement for the complete and ruthless clearing out of the whole 'army' from the District, the mild 'conservatives' and the 'radicals' alike." The President, in his afterthought, de-

clares that there were many Communists and men of criminal records among the veterans who misled these innocents "unaware of the character of their companions." But if this was the case, why had not the police removed the criminals long ago? As a matter of fact, neither the presence of criminals nor Communists had worried General Glassford. Indeed, that officer immediately gave an interview in which he said: "I handled the situation for nearly two months without bloodshed. In carrying out orders issued this morning I am sorry to say that they resulted in the death of one man, serious injury to another, and injuries to several policemen." The orders, of course, came to him from above. With the same sympathy and commiseration which has moved him from the beginning, he declared that the only result of the army's action was that the veterans "will still be on the police, but not so well-handled." He is the only official who has expressed even the slightest concern as to what may happen to the unfortunates who are now without any place to lay their heads, or any possibility of sustenance. It would seem, if there is any humanity left in Mr. Hoover, that he would at least call upon the Red Cross to take these victims of official ruthlessness in hand. We admit, of course, that they are not the victims of an act of God; none the less, there must be some humanitarian agency which could take care of these men before they become really desperate.

As it is, no official statement can conceal the fact that the higher officials of the government lost their heads. And so, for the first time in our history, police and troops fired on and bombed their fellow-Americans in the streets of the capital. Indeed, if further proof of the state of nerves of the government is needed, we can cite the official statement of General MacArthur, Chief of Staff, who was so silly as to say that if President Hoover had not acted, "another week might have meant that the government was in peril"! Yes, our great American Government—not that of Colombia, or Salvador, but *ours*—was actually within a week of falling because of the presence in Washington of some 8,000 or 10,000 homeless, half-starved, unarmed victims of our social disorder! How strong his faith in our government!

Of course, we are aware that the *New York Times* type of mind rejoices. In the clubs and Wall Street there will be applause; it will be once more explained that it is really humanitarianism to "treat 'em rough" at the start. A little early bloodshed will serve notice on the country that the regulars are loyal, that the government will stand no nonsense and will shoot to kill whenever trouble appears. That, we shall be told, will save a lot of bloodshed. We wonder. One cannot be too sure. Sometimes ruthlessness works the other way. The law-abiding people of Anacostia booed and hissed the troops, and so did some of those in the city's streets, when they saw the way they had behaved and the application of the torch—and the troops threw gas-bombs at them. The people of the United States will not take kindly to the sort of military rule they have been in the habit of calling Prussian. At least, however, they have clear warning of what may come to pass, how slight is the distance to a military dictatorship, and how ruthless it will be.



## Progress at Geneva

IN many respects we sympathize with the criticisms directed by Germany, Russia, and Italy against the Geneva arms conference, which took a six-months' adjournment on July 23. These governments pointed out that the conference had taken no step toward the reduction of armies and navies, and that it had failed to abolish "aggressive weapons," grant Germany juridical equality with France, or solve the Franco-Italian naval problem. As we said last week the outcome is on the whole a bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, the very fact that the conference has been able to accomplish something demonstrates that its efforts have not been wholly in vain. It should not be forgotten that these disarmament negotiations have taken place during one of the most critical periods in world history. Every country, gripped by the depression, has vainly attempted to protect itself by nationalistic measures whose only effect has been to create international animosity and to intensify the depression. Moreover, in the Orient a "war" has been fought between Japan and China, while in Latin America there have been renewed threats of war between Bolivia and Paraguay. In Europe new apprehensions have been aroused by the establishment of a Junker dictatorship in Germany and the high-handed overthrow of Social Democratic rule in Prussia.

Under such circumstances, it would have been easy for the arms conference to have adjourned in open bitterness and complete disagreement. Fortunately this result has been avoided. It is true that the conference has not concluded a general disarmament treaty; but it has adopted a number of important provisions which may be embodied in such a treaty when the conference reassembles next January. Thus, the governments have agreed to the abolition of all bombardment from the air—an extremely important provision, especially from the standpoint of civilian populations. They have sanctioned the French proposal for the internationalization of civil aviation, as the one effective means of preventing civilian craft from being converted to military use upon the outbreak of war. They have decided to limit the size of land artillery and tanks and to prohibit all forms of chemical, bacteriological, and incendiary warfare—all of which is good as far as it goes, but, if adopted, only makes war a little less horrible. Finally, they have agreed to establish a permanent disarmament commission to supervise the execution of the disarmament treaty, when finally completed, and to act as an organ of conciliation when any government believes that its security is threatened by the armaments of a neighboring power. During the next few months committees also are to study the best means of securing a reduction in the present size of armies and navies, of securing the limitation and reduction of military expenditure, and of controlling the private manufacture of arms. Although this list of accomplishments does not secure any immediate relief from the burden of armaments, the Geneva conference, we repeat, has succeeded in keeping alive the goal of disarmament in a period when it might easily have been abandoned, and in taking certain steps toward insuring that the goal eventually will be realized.

During the next six months the United States will have

an opportunity to take three steps which in our judgment will greatly facilitate the work of the arms conference when it reconvenes. In the first place, the American Government should reexamine its naval and military policy to see whether it really conforms to the doctrine laid down by President Hoover that in view of the anti-war pact armaments must be used only for defense. It is clear to us that there is no danger threatening the "defenses" of the United States which justify building up to the parity levels of the London naval treaty. It is also clear to us that the simplest and most far-reaching means of securing naval reduction lies in abolishing the battleship. If England and Japan consent to such abolition, no one can argue that the United States should retain the battleship for "defensive" purposes. Likewise, the Hoover disarmament proposal of June 22 should be amended so as to discard the provision increasing the American army to 200,000 men. Congress should also radically amend the National Defense Act of 1920 under which the American army today consists of a skeletonized force, manned by an excessive number of officers, the purpose of which is to throw six field armies of 4,000,000 drafted men into Europe immediately upon the outbreak of war. The assumption that the American army is to be employed primarily in fighting battles in Europe is utterly inconsistent with the principles of the anti-war pact. The American army should be transformed into a genuine defense force, thus saving millions of dollars to the taxpayer and proving our sincerity.

Secondly, the United States should assist in strengthening the procedure for the pacific settlement of disputes. Until an adequate means of peacefully composing international difficulties is established, it is unlikely that the world will achieve a large measure of disarmament. *The Nation* does not believe that the United States should become involved in any system of international sanctions; but it does believe that it should work for the development of international organization, based upon pacifist principles. We hope therefore that President Hoover will send a strong delegation to the September Assembly of the League, to consider what joint action, short of the application of sanctions, should be taken upon the report of the Lytton commission concerning the Sino-Japanese dispute.

Finally, we again enthusiastically support Senator Borah in urging the American Government immediately to convene an international conference to attack world economic problems, including the cancelation of all war debts. A year ago no French cabinet would consider wiping out the Young plan because of fear of being immediately overthrown. Last month, however, M. Herriot, realizing the disastrous consequences of failing to settle the war-debt question, consented to the virtual abolition of reparations. The very audacity of the move changed the attitude of the whole world toward France and greatly strengthened M. Herriot's political position at home. Opposed as it is to a Republican victory this November, *The Nation* is frank to admit that Mr. Hoover's prospects for reelection would be greatly increased if he followed M. Herriot's example and made a bold effort at solving the international economic problems. Will Mr. Hoover have the courage and the imagination to act?



## "Only a Novel"

THE literary section in the current issue of *The Nation* is devoted especially to reviews of novels—commonly regarded as the "lightest" kind of reading and hence the most suitable to that season of the year when the mental energy of the population is supposed to be at its lowest ebb. Many generations of novelists have fought against the assumption that works composed in the genre which they cultivated were necessarily inferior to other forms of literature, and perhaps few people today really believe that they are, but prejudices die hard and there are a dozen conventional phrases still current which imply apology. Ask the average man with a book what he is reading and the chances are that he will reply, "Only a novel."

The truth of the matter is, however, that fiction is not merely the most popular form of *belles lettres*; it is also the one with which men live most intimately and by which they are most commonly and continuously influenced. The very artistic—and therefore artificial—perfection and beauty of the lyric or dramatic forms make them somewhat remote. The more admirable they are, the further away they seem, and it is not the greatest or the most enduring works of art, which, at any particular time, come most pertinently "home to men's hearts and bosoms." They lack the concreteness, the superficial verisimilitude, and the immediate relevance of the novel. They may exalt us and they may take us beyond or above the ordinary concerns of our daily life. But they do not, like the novel, make themselves a part of it to such an extent that what we read in, for example, a Theodore Dreiser or a Sinclair Lewis, seems merely an extension of our daily experience.

It was, indeed, out of the need for a literature of just this kind that the novel was born, and it did not at first know what to call itself. Defoe's proto-novels were merely fake memoirs. Richardson wrote his with the deliberate and avowed intention of illustrating his moral ideas by means of realistic fables. And if the novel soon freed itself from the narrowness of Richardson's mind it has remained surprisingly true to his fundamental conception, for it has usually been something either more or less than pure art.

For the very reason that the novel is "impure" it has been able to become the vehicle for many things. Every great social, or moral, or political enthusiasm has used it, and no inconsiderable part of its history might be written in terms of the "movements" which have employed it for their own purposes. It has been taken possession of time and time again by tactics similar to those now being employed by the Communists who are proclaiming that only "Marxian" novels ought to be taken seriously, and though it has always proved itself more enduring than any movement, much of its vitality has resulted from the fact that it could be thus taken possession of and used.

For this reason literary critics have tended either to distrust it or to reserve their praise for the rare examples of what they have been pleased to call "pure" novels—for Flaubert, perhaps, or, more recently, for André Gide or Marcel Proust. In them they have admired qualities not dissimilar to the qualities of great poetry or great drama—

namely, style, detachment, unity, and harmony. Accordingly, they have proclaimed these the only real novels and, in a sense, they are right. But they have foolishly expected that they should also be the ones most read or admired, and they have forgotten that however admirable the virtues praised may be they are not the ones which the novel originally sought or the ones for which the novel has generally been read.

The stream of fiction is a muddy stream; it has borne along in its current all sorts of things which artistically should not be there. But it is largely because of these extraneous things that it has been read; largely because of them that it has exerted upon the lives and opinions of the public a more direct influence than that exerted by any other kind of writing. Poetry reflects and influences the deepest and subtlest of our feelings. From the poetry written in any age might possibly be deduced the spiritual state of the greatest spirits of that age. But the novel gives the very form and pressure of the time.

Primarily, in other words, we go to the novel less for art than for information and experience. In the case of no other form of literature does both the pleasure and the profit deducible from it depend so largely upon what we are being told and upon what we seem to be going through. In no other form do defects of almost any kind seem of so little importance provided only we are able to gain some sense of familiarity with a type of character, a way of life, or an attitude toward society with which we were unfamiliar before.

No one not ashamed to admit that his education is incomplete need apologize for reading "only a novel." No one who feels that there are things for him still to learn about the manners and thoughts of his contemporaries need think that he is wasting his time merely because he has turned from "serious" books to a piece of fiction, even though that piece of fiction may possibly be neither of permanent value nor of great artistic excellence. For art, precious and indispensable as it is, is not the only thing we live by or for. It represents the quintessence of experience and, sometimes, the transcending of experience, but experience is the crude stuff out of which it is made, and there is no form of literature which is so nearly the equivalent of experience as the novel.

Perhaps youth is and ought to be the time when most novels are read. Few mature men read them at the rate of one a day as many young men have done for a year or two at a time. Youth is, after all, the time when the need for experience is most acutely felt and the time when experience is most likely to seem capable of containing the answer to every vaguely felt need. Later one is more likely to realize that even the widest experience is unsatisfactory and, for that reason, to feel more and more strongly the charm of those purer forms of literature which so obviously provide more than vicarious experience. But few men are wise enough or experienced enough really to dispense with the novel, and whoever has given up reading it must confess that he has lost interest in the mere life of his times.



# The St. Lawrence Treaty

By RUTH FINNEY

*Washington, July 26*

**N**O issue with more fascinating possibilities than the new St. Lawrence treaty has ever been presented to the American people as the basis of a nation-wide political campaign. By advocating the treaty, a candidate may please some of the farmers, some of the railroads, some of the power companies, some of the municipalities concerned. By insisting that the treaty as it stands today has delayed rather than hastened final settlement of the St. Lawrence dispute, a candidate may strike a responsive chord among some of the farmers, some of the railroads, some of the utilities, some of the cities.

This treaty, which must be ratified by the United States Senate and the Canadian Parliament before becoming effective, is looked upon with favor by farmers in the northern block of midwestern States because they believe it will mean cheap transportation for their products. States a little farther south, which expect to benefit more from shipping their goods down the Mississippi, look at it askance, fearing it does not permit diversion of enough water from Lake Michigan to maintain a nine-foot channel in the river. Railroads and those who have invested in them do not enjoy the prospect of increased water transportation from the West. But that is true in regard to development of both the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. Erie, Pennsylvania; Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Gary, Indiana; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Duluth, Minnesota; and Chicago, Illinois, may all become deep-sea ports, open to 90 per cent of the world's ocean commerce, if the St. Lawrence waterway is opened. On the other hand, Buffalo, where all lake ships must now stop to transfer their cargoes, will lose much of its importance.

And then there is the question of hydro-electric power, a question full of ifs, ands, and buts. Cheap and plentiful power from the St. Lawrence would make possible electrification of the New York Central Railroad between Buffalo and New York, a contingency earnestly desired by that railroad since its competitor, the Pennsylvania, has undertaken extensive electrification work. The General Electric Company, close ally of the major utility groups, would supply the equipment for such a project. Construction of a generating plant by the State of New York, which can borrow money more readily and more cheaply than any corporation at present, would insure low-cost power to make the enterprise a success.

On the other hand, the State's plans for utilizing the St. Lawrence power call for development in a way that will "benefit the people of the State as a whole and particularly the domestic and rural consumers to whom the power can economically be made available." Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt and his Power Authority have been taking this provision seriously and laying plans for either selling power to a private utility company under contracts guaranteeing low rates to domestic and rural consumers, or distributing the power direct to municipal and district purchasers. The Niagara Hudson Power Corporation of the Morgan group

of utilities, serves northern New York at present and urgently wants St. Lawrence power on its own terms, an aim it apparently will not accomplish while Roosevelt directs the policies of the State. It furthermore does not want a low-rate yardstick established in its territory.

On the other side of the international line, opinion is quite as much divided in regard to the treaty. The same conflict of interest exists there between farmers desiring cheap transportation and the railroads. Montreal, now an important shipping center, is unwilling to relinquish its importance to other cities farther west. And the power problem is just as complicated on that side of the line.

The St. Lawrence development will produce 2,200,000 horsepower of new hydro-electric energy. Half of this will belong to Canada and half to the United States. All of Canada's share will go to the Province of Ontario with its large and prosperous public power development and its low power rates. The share of the United States will all go to New York where Roosevelt's plans call for making cheap power available alike to industry and small consumers. Both facts are extremely distasteful to the Province of Quebec, where private power companies, some Canadian and some American, including the Aluminum Company of America, are strongly entrenched. Quebec has very low industrial power rates and has already lured a number of American firms desiring to take advantage of them across the line into the province. If low industrial power becomes available in New York, the advantage of moving to Canada obviously diminishes. So Premier Taschereau of Quebec denounces the treaty as "a national crime" and promises to block its ratification as long as possible.

The document which has been in the making for many years and has caused such uproar upon completion, is a short, terse compact opening the way for construction of a twenty-seven-foot ship channel in the St. Lawrence River the entire distance between the Great Lakes and the sea, at a total cost of \$543,429,000, including works for generation of power. Of this total cost, the treaty provides that \$272,453,000 shall be borne by the United States and \$270,976,000 by the Dominion of Canada. It allows credit for work already done in essential parts of the seaway, with the result that the United States must still expend \$257,992,000 while Canada's share is \$142,204,000.

Two important matters were in controversy between the two countries in addition to this allocation of costs, and on both of them the United States has surrendered to her northern neighbor. Canada was anxious that two power dams be built in the river instead of the one large dam recommended by United States engineers and particularly by engineers of the State of New York. Construction of one dam would have meant a greater amount of Canadian land flooded in the adjacent reservoir, and construction of dikes around a number of small Canadian towns. Construction of two dams adds approximately \$70,000,000 to the cost of power generation, and almost doubles the cost of annual maintenance. Action of the United States in agreeing to the



two-dam plan considerably increases the amount New York must expend as her share of the project.

The second matter in dispute concerned diversion of water from the Great Lakes. In the treaty the United States has consented that no waters shall be diverted without permission of the International Joint Commission beyond the 1,500 cubic-second feet for Chicago's drainage canal allowed by the United States Supreme Court. At the time the court's decision was handed down, construction of a nine-foot channel in the Mississippi River had not been undertaken, but the decision left the way open for discussion of further diversions of water. The treaty closes the door to this possibility, unless consent is given by the International Joint Commission, of which half the members are Canadians.

For over a year, New York has been asking the federal government to enter into an agreement with the State as to the share each shall pay of development work in the international section of the St. Lawrence. The Dominion of Canada entered into such an agreement with the Province of Ontario. After much supplication, the United States State Department began a series of conferences with members of the New York Power Authority looking to division of costs, but these conferences were broken off abruptly in June, with a statement that President Hoover would decide New York's share of the necessary expense. New York has heard nothing more from the federal government, and the treaty was signed with its status still undetermined.

For years, private power companies have turned greedy eyes toward the potential energy of the mighty St. Lawrence, but since that portion of it capable of power development constituted the international boundary between New York and Ontario, the State and the province have each asserted ownership of half the bed and banks of the river, though neither could make use of its property until Canada and the United States, with preeminent rights to control navigation, should agree on development of the river.

During the past few years, with such an agreement in sight, New York has taken definite steps, under guidance of Governor Roosevelt, to establish for all time its claim to this great resource and to develop it as a public project. Roosevelt's plans, furthermore, have called for cheap power for general use. At present, the average rate paid by domestic consumers in Canada, including both public and private power plants, is 2.29 cents a kilowatt hour. In the United States the average domestic rate is 6.03 cents a kilowatt hour. Differences on either side of the St. Lawrence are even more marked because Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission is in control of one bank of the river and Morgan-owned utilities are in control in New York.

Proceeding with this program, New York created a State Power Authority early in 1931 and directed it to generate New York's St. Lawrence power as soon as international negotiations permitted. Sale of this power, greater in quantity than the amounts capable of being generated at Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals together, was to be made to private utility companies at the switchboard, and Governor Roosevelt promised New York that no sales would be made except by contracts guaranteeing low retail rates to domestic and rural consumers.

Since only one company, the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, has lines extending to the St. Lawrence, Roosevelt announced an alternative plan providing for public dis-

tribution and sale of power if satisfactory contracts were not obtainable. He proposed to take advantage of New York laws permitting the State to designate utility transmission lines as common carriers, and thus assure distribution of St. Lawrence power without the expense of building public transmission lines. The final step in his alternative plan called for legislation permitting cities and rural districts to purchase power and distribute it locally.

The entire plan, however, was dependent in two respects upon action by the federal government. Construction could not start until navigation plans were completed and an international agreement reached. And construction could not profitably be undertaken at all if arrangements were made requiring New York to spend an excessive amount in generating power. The State had means at hand to control retail power prices, but first it would have to sell at wholesale prices great enough to cover costs of generating.

In view of this situation, Governor Roosevelt wrote to President Hoover in June, 1931, immediately upon creation of his Power Authority, asking that New York be represented in all negotiations concerning the St. Lawrence. A month later, having received nothing but a routine acknowledgment from the President, Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the Power Authority, wrote again, urging the necessity of conferences between the State and federal governments to settle their problems before negotiations were undertaken with Canada. Throughout the summer and early fall, New York continued to ask for conferences. Finally, on October 14, Walsh wrote to President Hoover pointing out that "the federal and provincial governments of Canada had reached a complete accord regarding issues corresponding to those upon which the Power Authority, representing the State of New York, feels it essential to seek an understanding with you."

Hoover referred the letter to the State Department, and on October 28 negotiations between the federal and State governments began. At that time, a member of the Canadian Parliament disclosed, treaty negotiations were already under way between his country and the United States. Scarcely had conferences between the Power Authority and the State Department been undertaken when the latter served notice that it would expect New York to pay \$150,000,000 as its share of the St. Lawrence development. Members of the Power Authority protested that this amount exceeded the cost of all works for navigation and power on the American side of the river, would frustrate the purpose of the State to provide cheap electricity for homes and for industries, and would drive large American industrial concerns across the Canadian border. Negotiations continued through the winter and spring. Secretary of State Stimson, himself a New Yorker and member of the law firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam, and Roberts, legal representatives of the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, went to Geneva, leaving the conferences in charge of subordinates.

At length it was agreed orally, according to the Power Authority, that \$150,000,000 was too large a sum to levy against New York. However, no alternative sum was agreed upon, and on June 7 of this year members of the Authority were suddenly notified that the policy of the federal government in all these matters would be decided by the President. Protests from the Power Authority against concluding a treaty with Canada before the domestic problem had been settled went unanswered. Word leaked out that the treaty



was ready for signature. A telegram from Governor Roosevelt to President Hoover asking a conference before the matter was concluded met with curt and sarcastic refusal. Four days later Hoover announced that an agreement with Canada had been reached. His announcement, hastened apparently by Roosevelt's telegram, came the day before ad-

journalment of Congress, and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee at once arranged for investigation of the whole affair during the fall recess. Governor Roosevelt expects to air his grievances before this committee and ask that Congress fix New York's contribution to the St. Lawrence project on an equitable basis before ratifying the treaty with Canada.

## Southern Labor Stirs

By A. J. MUSTE

*High Point, N. C., July 22*

AT about eight o'clock on the evening before last I was standing with Lawrence Hogan, hero of the Marion strike of 1929 and southern representative of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, on the main street of this Carolina industrial center. A group of workers were unfolding to Hogan, whose appearance and talk marked him as a "native," the details of the "general strike" which had occurred the previous day. Suddenly we noticed a disturbance a block away. We found that a group of about twenty-five men, mainly young, had just forced their way into the Rialto moving-picture house, the finest in town, without paying any admission. They contended they were unemployed and without money, but nevertheless entitled to their movies! By the time we arrived at the theater enough State troopers had thundered up on motorcycles to stop further unpaid admission to the theater.

A few minutes later, as we stood on a near-by corner talking to some former Marion strikers who had moved to High Point, every light in the city suddenly went out. Every wheel operated by electric power had stopped. It was about fifteen minutes before light and power were turned on again. Next morning the papers explained that a fuse had blown out in the power station. It was a patent subterfuge; we learned for a certainty that trouble had occurred with the electric motor driving the machinery in the Diamond Hosiery Mill, one of those on strike. The version given by the unemployed was that some of their number, deprived of a chance to see the movies free, resorted to another form of direct action and ruined the motor in the hosiery plant "to teach the big fellows that we hain't going to stand for no more bad treatment."

High Point began its industrial career as a wood-working and furniture town. It experienced a post-war boom, the population rising from 14,000 in 1920 to nearly 40,000 today. In addition to expanding its furniture industry, it lured hosiery, cotton, and silk mills seeking to escape union conditions elsewhere. It claims 125 manufacturing plants with an output, before the crash, of \$52,185,880 annually and a pay roll of \$10,000,000 paid to approximately 12,000 industrial workers, the total gainfully occupied in the city amounting to nearly 17,000. Because of unemployment, short-time work, and repeated cuts, wages have almost reached the vanishing point. The furniture industry is "shot to pieces." A representative of the United States Department of Labor to whom I talked yesterday described it as "another one of these dying industries, the result of changes in the home life of Americans, the use of steel furniture in offices, and similar developments." Hosiery is per-

haps a little better off, but a number of hosiery mills furnish only one or two days' work a week. Striking hosiery workers expressed themselves as able to live on a wage of \$2 per day, provided they had five days' work per week. I had just left the head of the city welfare department who had shown me grocery orders of four dollars per week issued to a medium-sized family when I met a cotton-mill worker who had such a family to support and who told me she was making \$4 for a 36-hour week. She went on to say that she might as well not be working at all. The same city official informed me that nearly 1,400 families, one-seventh or more of the total in the city, were on straight relief or being furnished work by the city.

This is the all-too-common story of a population being forced gradually toward starvation. The two factors had an important bearing on the "revolutionary" outburst early this week. The leading hosiery firm is the Adams-Millis. Mr. Millis is on the city council. Mr. Adams is the big gun. His company leads every wage-cutting move, then the others are "forced" to follow, and when the cut has gone the rounds, Mr. Adams begins another one. Mr. Adams is bitterly hated by all the workers. They tell you that he recently built a house costing \$85,000 on property costing \$65,000. There are indications that the townspeople generally share this feeling at least in a mild degree. Secondly, the furniture workers charge that many of them have been loafing for months because cheap labor was brought in from the farms to replace them. City authorities assert that they made special efforts to prevent this, and that most of the employers "cooperated splendidly," but they admit that the cooperation was not complete.

This was the set-up at the beginning of the week when the Guilford Hosiery Mills announced a further wage reduction. The workers in the boarding department promptly walked out, and the other departments followed suit. Like a flash, word spread to other hosiery plants and in one after another every single worker shut off his machine and went on strike. As the hosiery workers poured into the streets—there were between four and five thousand of them presently—a wave of excitement swept through the little city. There was not a family which was not directly affected. The unemployed furniture workers, nursing an old grievance against those who had taken their jobs, spontaneously marched to the furniture mills, overpowered guards, unceremoniously tossed a couple of protesting employers out of the windows of their own mills, and drove the workers into the streets. The cry went up to shut down every plant in town.

Next, the crowd marched to the Duke Power Company's plant and shut off the power. Some of the workers



began calling Negro servants in private houses to come out on strike, and a few answered the call. Cars and buses were commandeered and the crowd went out to shut down hosiery and furniture mills in the surrounding towns, Thomasville, Kernersville, and Lexington. At this point a total of 150 plants had been shut down and 20,000 workers called out.

During the evening, crowds marched around the city having a gay time. There was talk of entering bakery and food stores, but nothing came of it. The authorities had advised business places and stores in the downtown section to close. State troopers were arriving in considerable numbers. Plainclothesmen had caused the arrest of a number of young fellows—"hoodlums," they were said to be—who had been especially active in closing down mills. The crowds were exhausted from excitement, and went to bed.

Here was a "general strike" in a conservative Southern city. Beyond doubt it was unpremeditated. There is no unionism in the town. No Communists had been active. Furthermore, the move was carried out by workers who consider themselves patriotic Americans, who are violently anti-red, who have been taught to regard strangers with suspicion, and who have no labor philosophy. Of course, policemen, state troopers, and detectives followed us about. But these paid guardians of law and order were less relentless in following our car with its New York license number than hosiery workers who didn't want any "outside agitators" "making trouble." They think it was because of the presence of "outside agitators" that shooting occurred at Gastonia and Marion in 1929. It was they who called the police to take Beulah Carter, a Durham hosiery worker sent into High Point as investigator by the Hosiery Workers Union,

into custody and who were talking of running her out of town the next morning. Within the past few hours some Communist organizers have come into town and been arrested, and it is quite possible that a known Communist in High Point is safer behind the bars than on the streets in working-class neighborhoods.

My impression is that the city authorities have so far handled the situation cleverly. They have used no "rough stuff." They have built up a suspicion of any "outsider" who might advise the strikers, who are utterly inexperienced, although these same authorities state they would welcome an American Federation of Labor union. They have driven a wedge between the hosiery workers, the other trades, and the unemployed, so that the hosiery workers themselves urged the others to go back to work after the first day—which practically all of them did. The leader of the hosiery strikers, of whom there are now 5,000, has issued statements denouncing "hoodlumism," pledging maintenance of "law and order," stating that they have had no advice and leadership from outside and desire none. Privately he states that he realizes the need for organization, but that the time to talk about that will be when this strike is settled.

The employers, or at least most of them, have offered to rescind the recent wage cut, provided the workers agree to a survey of wages paid elsewhere in North Carolina and to accept a cut if the differential is proved to be unfavorable to High Point's competitive position. The workers answer that they know when their wages are not enough to buy food with, without surveying other towns, and are demanding that the wage scale of April 1 be restored. The recent cut was the second since that date.

## Sex Wins in America

By MORRIS L. ERNST

FOR its first hundred years the United States was unafraid of sex. It was free of literary taboos except for a taboo against blasphemy. Though it did not approach sexual matters in any mood of high joy or open gaiety, nevertheless amorous excitement was a portion of literary diet even though accompanied by some of the feelings of a naughty boy hiding from his teacher. Those men who drafted our federal Constitution bulged their cheeks in naughty giggles when reading the works of Fielding or Sterne. The plays of Congreve were presented without expurgation. Sexual literature was openly sold in all the States and territories, and in all probability the manufacture and sale of so-called dirty postcards had not even made an appearance. Bootleggers were not known.

The very early tariff acts contained clauses intended to bar foreign obscenities. This manifestation was more anti-foreign than anti-sex. Public dress was, of course, strictly circumscribed—so strictly that in many portions of New England a maiden was not allowed to wear her hair in braids. It was too provocative to the youth of the land. But this was strictly Puritan—a reaching for outward decency and public conformity.

Up to 1870 neither the great classics of all languages nor the writings of contemporary authors were hauled off

to the headquarters of vice agents in a frenzied search for material which might corrupt the young. Literary freedom was curtailed only for women, who were deemed unable to cope fully with the frankest literature of the day. White men were considered immune from corruption. The reading of Negroes was of course restricted. In some States it was made a crime to offer even a Bible to a Negro. The restrictions on both Negro and feminine reading were obviously attempts to preserve male, white supremacy.

And then around 1870 the lid was clamped down on matters of sex. A new era began. The name of Comstock has been indelibly attached to this second period. He was the leader. He was a symbol for all those who were sexually repressed. His diaries indicate the pathetic distress of an incurable analerotic. He suffered with a horrible guilt, all through life, when he felt that he had thus sinned against God. But his immediate backers were the wealthy bankers of the day. Delightful old harum-scarums like J. P. Morgan acted as founders of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Censorship spread over the land like a prairie fire. The government declared that use of the mails was a privilege and not a right of the people and that no obscenity should go into a mail pouch. State after State declared that



obscene matter was illegal. But in not a single legislative hall was a definition of obscenity attempted.

The only specific, identified, objective ban was the one laid upon contraceptive information and apparatus. Up to 1870 the entire press had run advertisements of methods of birth control. Suddenly our American scene underwent a change. Contraceptives had to be smuggled into the offices of doctors and under the counters of drug-stores. Advice as to proficient and aesthetic methods of preventing conception was taboo even to the medical profession. This important field of public health acquired such bad odor that the medical profession became cowardly before the danger of being called lewd or obscene.

After 1870 the surreptitious printers began to flourish. In the period that followed, thousands of postcards depicting the sexual act in normal or in so-called perverted positions were printed and sold to men, women, and children. Books banned from the mails were in great demand. Condemned works sold at high prices and excessive profits. Theatrical products permitted all through the civilized world, even in England, were suppressed. "Sapho," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Captive," "Maya," "God of Vengeance," excited the vice-hunters. Burlesque shows and semi-nude chorus girls were not interfered with, but "Strange Interlude" could not open in Boston. The works of Walt Whitman, freely distributed from 1855 to 1888, were suppressed in the latter year. The "Arabian Nights," the "Decameron," portions of the Bible separately printed, "Hagar Revelly," "Ulysses," and scores of other books were haled into court.

And in this clash of interests all of our reading became more frank. Not that we have yet come to the kind of bawdy and robustious sexual reading that Washington and Jefferson and Madison enjoyed—but we are on our way.

The vice-hunters acted as the advertising agents of sex. Several books that would have sold a paltry few thousand were printed in the tens of thousands because Mr. Sumner was shocked. Try as he would to keep the names of the attacked volumes out of his annual reports, the press spread the news, and by word of mouth people whispered about "The Well of Loneliness" or the Dennett pamphlet. The former became a Lesbian bible and sold in excess of 100,000 copies, and the demand for the latter kept pace with each step in the legal proceedings. Boston went on rampages. Hundreds of volumes were attacked in the Boston Book Massacres. "An American Tragedy" was convicted by a judge and jury, and the highest court of the State sustained the conviction.

Books and plays were the early windmills for our censors. And then came their great opportunity—the movies. Six States were persuaded to create political boards of official censors. Millions of feet of film were cut each year. In one State a hairpin was deleted—too stimulating to men in these days of bobbed hair. New York tries to ban pictures of corrupt politicians. Kansas says no liquor may be shown. Many decisions were oddly paradoxical. Massachusetts, convicting the salesman of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," voted down State censorship of the movies. New York attacked Lesbian themes such as "The Well of Loneliness," but Boston never even batted an eye at female perversion. The federal courts acquitted the publisher of "Hagar Revelly" and the New York courts within three months condemned the book. Books were legal in Chicago

but banned in New York, legal on a Tuesday and illegal on a Wednesday. The ban indices of the two great federal agencies—Post Office and Customs—seldom agreed. Y. M. C. A.'s ordered the Dennett pamphlet by the thousands, while the directors of these Y. M. C. A.'s, sitting as directors of vice societies, tried to suppress it.

Certain plays ran an entire season on Broadway and on tour, but a screen version of them was not allowed. Sexual material was permitted at times if sold in expensive bindings, but attacked if sold at two dollars a volume. The rich had either been corrupted or were not worth saving. Judges, clerks of the courts, and jurors seldom returned the copies of the books containing alleged obscenity presented in court by the vice societies. Liberals in the general fields of economic thought sided with the Comstocks in their crusades against sex. Walter Lippmann was the standard-bearer for some of the bitterest campaigns conducted against sex magazines and theatrical productions. Many who stood with Jefferson in his plea for a wide-open market in economic thought shied away from sex.

It is amazing that many people who belong to an organization such as the Civil Liberties Union are afraid of the right to spread sexual ideas. They endeavor to preserve their attitude of freedom of thought by opposing the obscenity laws, but are outraged by what they call "pornography." This they cannot define, but they accept its prosecution as a social need. There is plenty of hiding-space behind the weasel words of any law. The twilight zone between obscenity and pornography is beyond human vision. The creed of anarchy or the fighting gospel of communism, many liberals contend, should be allowed free dissemination. A change in government even by force holds no horrors for them. Let everyone express his ideas without any interference. The danger to the State is slight, and even if it were great, did not Jefferson say that a revolution every decade or so is good fertilizer for a vital commonwealth? But men and women, their sexual libidos—hush, hush, there you will find danger. The hearth, the young are threatened. Men may not go home to their wives, and wives may be educated up to a curiosity about diverse sexual experience. Very few men in or out of the scientific professions have stood up in the community and shouted: "Where is the proof that any of this sexual material is injurious? Is it not merely a matter of taste? Can obscenity be defined, and if defined, is it not a word of subjective, changing content? Is a specific voltage of sex to be allowed in a book, and on the silver screen a smaller dose? And what about the famous First Amendment to the Constitution, called the Bill of Rights, which we all have been brought up to think guarantees complete freedom of thought?"

For nearly sixty years the Constitution was forgotten. The Supreme Court had been shocked by the Comstock exhibits of 1870. The mails were closed to obscenity; this in spite of the fact that in 1835 Clay, Calhoun, and Webster had all declared in stirring Senate debate that any censorship of the mails was not only unconstitutional but highly dangerous. But that occurred when an attempt was being made to use the mail censorship in order to prevent Abolitionist literature from seeping into the South.

The Supreme Court whittled away a large hunk of the Constitution when the censorship of the movies was sustained. On that occasion the hedging was more difficult.



It had to go so far as to say that the movies had nothing to do with ideas, that the screen was merely an exhibit, like a flea circus, and hence any State could license and regulate and censor to its heart's desire. Six States and many cities have done so. Pictures portraying pacifists have been banned in Pennsylvania and New York, which has virtually destroyed their national market. Ridicule of Volsteadism is not permitted. The movie censors have persistently censored ideas.

For nearly fifty years, from 1870 to 1920, campaigns were waged against everything connected with sex. Thousands of dollars were poured into the vice societies. Police officers were prodded into action by these extra-legal agencies, which were often endowed with special powers and at times were authorized to retain a portion of the fines resulting in cases in which they had been the entrappers. But the tide swept on. From the Comstock point of view the citizens were rushing faster and faster to purgatory. The censors failed to recognize that the styles in obscenity had changed even as women on bathing beaches had dropped off their flounced sleeves and their cotton stockings. One-piece suits appeared on the beaches and in our novels.

And then in true American fashion the first real signs of a shift appeared. We have always been a people of anarchistic tendencies. Law has never been sacred. We nullify whenever the lawgivers, judges, or legislators hand us a statute not to our liking. We even agree with Emerson that immoral legislation should be disregarded. For a time nullification is quiet and orderly. We profess admiration for laws which may protect others, but like the censors of books we are certain that we ourselves cannot be harmed. And then comes a time when the courts balk at the hypocrisy of the land. Judges and jurors cannot longer subscribe to oaths of office and see the laws flouted. And from the benches come the decisions which whittle away the objectionable statutes. Thus do the courts reinterpret so as to save us from further open defiance. Many courts, after 1915, started to sense the mood of the people. Judges were in a devil of a pickle. What they condemned one summer they found on the newsstands the following winter. "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glynn, was suppressed in Boston by the highest jurists. One year later, if they reread it, they must have wondered what they had been shocked at. Legal decisions affecting literature were overridden by the people.

Since 1915 the leading vice agency of the United States, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, has failed to gain a conviction in a single case where a book was published with an established publisher's imprint or where the book had been openly sold by the retailers and reviewed by the press. In other words, acceptance by the ordinary book trade and book public was regarded by the court as a standard in testing obscenity. The testimony or the blush of a paid attorney for a vice society was no longer convincing. "Hagar Revelly" was the turning-point. Since that conviction the vice societies' victories have been restricted to surreptitious prints, postcards, little scraps of paper stealthily disseminated by people with a sense of guilt.

Let us look at the battlefield and the lines the Comstocks have withdrawn to. They attacked Gautier's "Mlle de Maupin." After a bitter struggle the court held the book to be a classic—legal and pure, even though the highest court of New York had commented on the fact that the

avowed purpose of the volume was to make light of virtue and to glorify fornication. The clerk who had been arrested, sued, and recovered several thousand dollars from the society for false arrest and malicious prosecution. Cabell's "Jurgen" was next brought on the mat. One of the ablest criminal judges declared it to be immune. It was too sophisticated. Too few persons would understand its subtleties. Petronius's "Satyricon" was haled into court. A long opinion was handed down. This was aged in the wood. It was pre-Comstock stuff, hence legal. "A Young Girl's Diary" and "Women in Love" received honorable mention from the judges. Juries were bored by the reading of "Replenishing Jessica," and length and boredom were accepted as reasons for immunity. "The Well of Loneliness" dealt with homosexuality. The theme shocked the censors. But our wise judges refused to condemn any book on its theme alone. Mary Ware Dennett sold thousands of copies of her pamphlet, "The Sex Side of Life," dealing among other things with the subjects of masturbation and venereal disease. The pamphlet even said that the sexual act was the greatest physical joy of man. Without setting up possible alternatives, the censors threatened Mrs. Dennett with jail. A jury conviction had to be overturned by the judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals. Sex education took a big spurt.

After ten years of suppression a new attempt was made to legalize Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming." A magistrate said that times had changed, but the vice agents still thought that maybe the grand jurors would not agree with such heresy. A grand jury read the book and refused to indict. The book was cleared. Dr. Marie Stopes's books were the cause of many men and women going to jail a decade ago. But in 1931 not only was "Married Love" (it sold 700,000 in England) allowed into the United States, but the federal courts permitted the importation of the author's other books, "Wise Parenthood," "5,000 Cases," and "Contraception." What were we coming to? "Contraception" is a book giving pictures of various contraceptive devices. For decades the medical profession had believed that the best European knowledge on the subject of birth control must be smuggled into this land of the free. The bootleggers of the standard works of Holland, Germany, and England were promptly put out of business by this decision of Federal Judge Woolsey. And to cap the climax, the federal authorities have generously and wisely admitted "The Sex Factor in Marriage." This book, written by Dr. Helena M. Wright and sold for two dollars, treats of sex as a joy and a gay thing. The pleasure motif is the chief consideration of the author. The book is not a classic. It is not old. It is not sophisticated. It is not technical. It is not a bore. And still it is openly sold.

Frank sexual-education tracts may be legally sent through the mails. Homosexuality is an admitted theme. Books dealing with birth control may be imported. Contraceptives may be sent through the mails to doctors or druggists if for prevention of disease as well as for prevention of birth. Classics encouraging infidelity have been approved by our high courts. Crudities of expression, scatological references, have been held to be neither lewd nor lascivious. The campaigns of the sex-hunters in the United States are virtually at an end unless the vender of the picture or the tract enters the courtroom with an air of guilt and with the taint of stealth.



# Explaining to Dmitri

Ex-Prince Dmitri Vichovich

4268 Third Avenue

Leningrad, U. S. S. R.

DEAR DMITRI: I have your letter asking me to explain to you the political situation that affronts, as you so neatly phrase it, the American people. I shall do my best, but you must understand that I am confronted with a grave difficulty: that of not understanding it myself. You have probably confused me with Walter Lippmann, who explains everything in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Lippmann explains everything to everybody's satisfaction, with the possible exception of the man who writes the *Herald Tribune* editorials. Either the latter gentleman does not read Mr. Lippmann (which is, of course, incredible) or he isn't convinced by what he reads (which is even more incredible). Most incredible of all, however, are the editorials the gentleman writes for the *Herald Tribune*. These are so incredible that nobody understands them, not even Mr. Lippmann, though he would probably venture to explain them anyway.

But, *Gott sei dank*, you have not asked me to explain the *Herald Tribune* editorials or Mr. Lippmann, and I am duly grateful. You want to know what has taken place in the arena of American politics, and I shall try to give you a brief summary.

Practically all the conventions (including the Culbertson two-bid) have been held, and the list of the simple homespun nominees is truly formidable. The G. O. P. (which you must not confuse with your own dear G. P. U.: the G. P. U., as I understand it, puts people out of their misery quickly, whereas the G. O. P. prefers the slow torture of starvation) has nominated Herbert Hoover again. He is, of course, the logical candidate, having done nothing at all in the past four years. During his administration, his personal fortune has shrunk from four million dollars to seven hundred thousand. If these figures mean anything, in four years more Mr. Hoover should be able to leave the White House and take up permanent residence in the Poor House. This gives the American people as fine a chance for revenge as they have had in years, and the Republicans are counting heavily on this motive to keep them in power.

The Democratic convention was enlivened by a "Stop-Roosevelt" movement. We shall not know until November just how successful this movement was, but the general impression is that anti-Roosevelt men scored a triumph when they succeeded in nominating John Nance Garner as Roosevelt's running mate. It is a little too early to tell in which direction Roosevelt is running—toward Garner or away from him, though a study of Roosevelt's previous tactics leads me to believe that he is not running, but straddling. He straddles as well as Mr. Hoover, and, from any distance at all, it is almost impossible to tell them apart. This point is being taken advantage of by the Republican propagandists, who keep asking "Why change Hoovers going downstream?"

Immediately after his nomination, Mr. Roosevelt flew to Chicago, and then made a trip in a small boat along the New England shore line. This seems to prove beyond a

doubt that he is physically fit to cope with the problems of the Presidency. Only his mental fitness for the office is now open to question. Mr. Farley, his campaign manager, insists, however, that Roosevelt is eminently qualified to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and there may be something to what he says.

The Socialist Party nominated Norman Thomas, who has none of the false pride that occasionally pops up in American nominees. If it's a Presidential year, he runs for President; if it's just a gubernatorial year, he runs for governor. Mr. Thomas will poll a large vote, including mine, which usually goes to Al Smith. But the fact that Thomas is the ablest of the candidates will count heavily against him. The American people have a tradition to maintain, and you can rely on them to maintain it. Heywood Broun is not running this year, but may do a show instead. Those who saw Broun's last show want him to stick to his political career, but, after all, there are no chorus girls in politics.

The Communists are going to have a ticket in the field, but you, naturally, know more about that than I do. I doubt that they have a chance, as the only Communists in America are those who are beaten up by the police, and when the police get through, a Communist is lucky if he can register, let alone vote.

The Prohibitionists had a convention, but have not nominated anybody permanently yet. They are dickering with Borah, but you know what happens to anybody that dickers with Borah. It is true that Borah is not satisfied with the Republican prohibition plank. Neither, however, was Nicholas Murray Butler. But the difference between the two men is that Borah, though dissatisfied, decided to remain in Washington; Dr. Butler, immediately after the convention, sailed for Paris, where he had no difficulty in putting through a wet plank. You can say what you want about Dr. Butler (unless, of course, you're a student at Columbia) but he's nobody's fool.

Some other items may interest you: Senator Norris has come out for Roosevelt, but then even Achilles had his heel. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt will edit a magazine for babies. This I take to be a tactical error, as babies can't vote. . . . And young Jimmy Roosevelt has shown that blood will tell by issuing a statement on one day and denying it the next. . . . Paul Block is not expected to cut Jimmy Walker's salary for 1933, as the proposed reduction is to apply only to city employees. . . . And Julius Klein, of the Department of Commerce, has issued another statement to the effect that business is better. Dr. Klein's statements, like those of the department stores, are issued on the first of every month, but you can take 98 per cent off. This tops Macy's by quite a bit.

Well, there's the news. I hope you can make something out of it. Give my regards to Sonia, Petrovich, Babushka, and the others. And tell them not to worry about us. There is no depression here. Out of 120,000,000 people fully 100,000,000 are still working.

Yours, etc.,

MORRIE RYSKIND



## In the Driftway

COLONEL Frederick Stuart Greene, New York State Superintendent of Public Works, has recently been upheld by Judge Pound of the Court of Appeals in his two-year fight to keep the Perlmutter Furniture Company from blotting out a large section of the landscape with a huge billboard. The billboard in this case was set up for the edification of travelers approaching a beautiful new bridge which Colonel Greene had just finished superintending; and it is easy to understand that Colonel Greene felt as badly at having his new bridge violated by Mr. Perlmutter's billboard as an early American connoisseur would feel at having one of Mr. Perlmutter's overstuffed Grand Rapids sofas set down within the chaste paneled walls of his eighteenth-century living room. Colonel Greene not only felt badly. He got very mad, and since the land on which the billboard stood was private property, he decided to build, on State property in front of the sign, a lattice-work screen in the exact proportions of the billboard.

■ ■ ■ \*

THE injunction with which the beast, in the guise of the Perlmutter Furniture Company, sought to estop beauty, in the person of Colonel Greene, was upheld in a lower court. But in a higher court, beauty won, as we have come not to expect. "No adjacent property-owner," ruled Judge Pound, "has the vested right to be seen from the street in his back-yard privacy." And this extraordinary decision ended with the following sentences: "Beauty may not be a queen, but she is not an outcast beyond the pale of protection or respect. She may at least shelter herself under the wings of safety, morality, or decency."

■ ■ ■ \*

JUDGE Pound's decision is not the first one of its kind. Another judge in another part of the country has only recently discovered a paradoxical thing called the public's privacy, and has ruled that billboards have no right to invade it. The implications of both decisions are amusing and startling to contemplate. If Colonel Greene can protect his highways from billboards why cannot the Drifter rid his varied path not only of all the trade names and claims which now scream at him as he goes by, but also of the architectural monstrosities, large and small, which line that path from Maine to California? We shall soon be reading of property-owners "taking the rap" for perpetrating a horrible bungalow, and the Drifter knows of at least three service stations whose owners he would like to have sent up. The day may even come when the innocent bystander can hale into court one of those crimson-nailed, gum-chewing denizens of our public thoroughfares and prosecute her on the grounds of violating the aesthetic Bill of Rights, firm in the knowledge that the American Civil Liberties Union will see him through to the Supreme Court if that is necessary. It is true, of course, that a new species of censorship based upon beauty would work hardships on certain worthy causes. Nine out of ten nudists, for instance, would be banned, not because they were indecent, but because they were plain to the point of illegality.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### God Save Us, Indeed!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Surely Paul Y. Anderson is much too generous when he writes that "No one whose cerebral development exceeds that of a soft-shell crab could possibly listen to the proceedings for ten minutes without being impressed with their trashy and degrading character." For like most radio bunk, the conventions were broadcast because people like that sort of thing.

One might argue that had the recent movement to broadcast murder trials been successful, its effect would have been to debunk sensationalism in our courts, or that our scandal sheets debunk rather than promote scandal and scandal-mongering. But the tragic fact remains that thousands of *intelligent* men and women, stimulated by mob excitement, were enchanted by what they already knew to be political bunkum.

God save us from television!

Los Angeles, Cal., July 7

H. JEFFERY SMITH

## The Doom of Pessimism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his review of "The Doom of Youth," by Wyndham Lewis, Joseph Wood Krutch observes that a very distinct advantage of Lewis's ideological system, so far as its "pure entertainment value" is concerned, is its unpredictability—as compared, for example, with Marxism, since "one always knows what a Marxian is going to say." Does this mean that Mr. Krutch is prepared to expound a seriously Marxian interpretation of any phenomenon under the sun—of Greek mythology, let us say, or Shakespeare's tragedies, or Tolstoy, or Abraham Lincoln, or the American Civil War (to mention only subjects on which eminent Marxians have made observations)? Or does Mr. Krutch's remark mean anything at all—except that Mr. Krutch himself is not a Marxian? Is an irresponsible unpredictability, in his eyes, the test of a sound ideological system? And would he recognize the possibility that might be tempted to feel, no matter how unjustly, that after decades of corrupt self-pity and complacent world-weariness one always knows exactly what a romantic and pessimistic individualist is going to say?

Northampton, Mass., June 29

NEWTON ARVIN

## Against War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among all the international conferences of recent years on war, the forthcoming congress called for August 20 to 22 by a committee of distinguished European writers holds out hope of vigorous action on a new united front. Headed by Romain Rolland, Albert Einstein, Henri Barbusse, and George Bernard Shaw, it has already organized a formidable support.

An American committee has been formed to organize the American delegation, with Theodore Dreiser as its chairman. Fifty delegates are wanted. Will *Nation* readers who have friends in Europe planning to be in or not far from Paris August 20 to 22, advise them to get in touch with the Congress headquarters? The address is Kampfkongress gegen den imperialistischen Krieg, Berlin-Charlottenburg 4, Schlüterstrasse 33, Germany. Full information will be sent from there.

New York, July 31

ROGER BALDWIN



# Books

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

And there I saw the seed upon the mountain  
but it was not ■ seed it was a star  
but it was not ■ star it was a world  
but it was not a world it was ■ god  
but it was not a god it was a laughter

blood red within and lightning for its rind  
the root came out like gold and it was anger  
the root came out like fire and it was fury  
the root came out like horn and it was purpose  
but it was not a root it was a hand

destructive strong and eager full of blood  
and broke the rocks and set them on each other  
and broke the waters into shafts of light  
and set them end to end and made them seas  
and out of laughter wrung ■ grief of water

and thus beneath the web of mind I saw  
under the west and east of web I saw  
under the bloodshot spawn of stars I saw  
under the water and the inarticulate laughter  
the coiling down the coiling in the coiling

mean and intense and furious and secret  
profound and evil and dispatched in darkness  
shot homeward foully in a filth of effort  
clotted and quick and thick and without aim  
spasm of concentration of the sea

and there I saw the seed upon the shore  
but it was not a seed it was a man  
but it was not a man it was a god  
magnificent and humble in the morning  
with angels poised upon his either hand.

## Kaoru the Incompetent

*The Lady of the Boat. Being the Fifth Part of The Tale of Genji.* By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

ONE of the most amazing things about Lady Murasaki's masterpiece is that it gets better as it goes along. One might have guessed that the cries of praise which critics sent up over the first volume several years ago would be followed, as new volumes appeared, either by qualification or by silence. But no such thing. Each instalment has been given its special superlative, and there can be no doubt that this fifth one will in its own way demand—and get—encomiums.

One reason for all this might seem to be that Lady Murasaki worked on every page of her story with the greatest care. Though long it is unpadded. There will be more than half a million words of it by the time the sixth and last volume is here; yet it would be difficult to open the work anywhere and find it slow or meaningless, or anything indeed but compact

almost to the point of epigram. The conversations are everywhere dramatic; the landscapes are always as precise as the finest prints; and the story never pauses for an instant, though it may charmingly digress.

The only other reason would be the old one of genius, and I suppose it is the best. It is difficult to believe that anybody who could not write like this by nature could ever learn to do so by art. Art is long, but not that long. Or at any rate it is true that in all the time during which westerners have written novels they have not advanced to the combination of qualities which this Japanese lady achieved with apparent ease a thousand years ago. Even Proust, who has been compared with her in an attempt to prove that she deserves high place, could have learned from her, if he could have learned from anybody, to keep somewhat nearer than he did to the human center. Possessing all of his subtlety, and—unless it is Mr. Waley's English that should be praised here—possessing all of his resources in language, she has in addition that kind of sympathy which can be found more often in persons who are not at all clever than it can in persons like herself, and she has a beautiful abundance of common sense. She is quite ■ fascinated by manners, quite as addicted to the aristocracy, as Proust; yet her reader never feels that he is being conducted through a mob of gilded eccentrics. Her people may not be the kind one knows, yet each of them, no matter how remote his manners, becomes immediately familiar and remains a friend.

"The Lady of the Boat" begins after the death of Genji, who as hero held the preceding four parts together. The interest is now divided between two young men, Kaoru, Genji's reputed son, and Niou, his grandson. But Lady Murasaki, far from being handicapped by this multiplication of heroes, gains by it, since she knows so well how to distinguish between Kaoru and Niou and how to play them off against each other. Both of them are exquisite and captivating gentlemen with whom every Japanese lady falls in love, yet they are as different as Hamlet and Casanova, Kaoru being rendered incompetent in gallantry by ■ certain seriousness which makes him hanker after monkhood, and Niou being saved from the appearance of promiscuity only by ■ delicacy which matches his impetuosity. The volume is concerned chiefly with the love of these heroes for two sisters, Agemaki and Kozeri, who themselves are scrupulously distinguished—though, since ladies are more alike in romance than gentlemen are, an even finer brush is required to draw the line between them. The story of these four is isolated by a masterful stroke of art from the other great story which runs through the "Genji" series like a mural background. This other story is thronged with people, and is in effect the history of a whole court, the incessant bustle of which is always audible above the murmuring of whatever lovers may occupy the foreground at a given moment. The resulting harmony is something which only the greatest novelists have been able to create—which only a great novelist, indeed, ever thinks of attempting. The lesser novelist may exhibit his ingenuity in the devices he employs to make his characters few; but he misses the ultimate triumph when he shuts the multitude away, for the multitude is mankind.

Readers may wonder whether Kaoru, whose reluctance to lose himself in love is made so perfectly clear, ever experiences the passion for Agemaki which Lady Murasaki says he does. If this passion is not credible, then the book does have one fault. But the wisdom of its sentences, the excellence of the poems which are scattered everywhere through it, the brilliance of its landscapes, the warmth of its wit, and the depth of its understanding will more than make up for any such detail. And Mr. Waley's English will be always ■ reason for reading farther.

MARK VAN DOREN



## Men of the Sea

*Three Fevers.* By Leo Walmsley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

LEO WALMSLEY'S English fishermen are simple people, and his account of their lives is limited almost entirely to their activities at sea and to their work preparing equipment ashore. Occasionally, it is true, he shows one or another of them at home, but they seem somewhat staid there, and ill at ease, as though they were conscious of being watched; bantering their womenfolk, drinking tea, or commenting about the weather, they seem determined to behave as one feels fishermen at home should behave. The real drama of their lives, the author seems to say, or at least any drama worth writing about, is not in their domestic or financial or sexual problems, but in the nature of the work they do. The three fevers that grip them are cod fever, lobster fever, and salmon fever, each attacking the members of the Lunn family (and all the fishermen on the coast) before the last has entirely spent itself, and each bringing its special complications and its special dangers. Mr. Walmsley evidently knows these risks and complications, and the people who share them, very intimately. He seems to draw upon a great store of technical information for his effects; if we are a little vague about the essential differences between his characters, for example, by the time the book is finished, the various and frequent storms they endure are sharply differentiated. And to show how one storm differs from another is perhaps more difficult than to indicate the differences between people—at any rate, it is a more unusual accomplishment. When it is said that the descriptions of simple manual tasks—of launching the boats, of drawing in the nets or the lobster pots—are cleverly and clearly given, with a minimum of waste on the technical explanations, the outstanding features of this first novel are roughly stated.

What is significant is that the author, admiring the recklessness and daring of his characters, communicating his admiration and the reasons for it with great skill, reveals no such daring in his approach to the physically safer, mentally more precarious occupation of writing. He describes at great length Marney's determination in drawing in the last line while a storm is threatening them all, and he lets the reader know what risks (of which the fishermen are clearly conscious) lie behind this determination, but he draws back from the emotional crises of his characters' lives with a caution he would presumably despise if his characters revealed it. So he edges away from conflicts—other than that of man against nature—when they threaten, taking refuge in an off-at-a-tangent comment, or in a blank, impersonalized observation; or he solves a dilemma too easily by changing the subject. And so, too, he checks the flights of fancy and the minor extravagances that disturb his patient, detached realism. The loss is all the more apparent because such modest attempts as he gives are invariably pleasing:

For a time we were silent. Despite that, we were conscious of the approaching wind and its significance, we watched the line coming on board with undivided interest. The fascination of a fisherman's life is that he reaps his harvest from an unseen world through whose insecure and perilous crust he throws down his sacrificial gifts for a reward that may be small, or may be great, but is always uncertain.

This is a long way from the imaginative daring that threatens "Moby Dick" on every page, but it is at least similar in kind. There are enough of these passages to indicate that much may be expected from Mr. Walmsley if he will bring to his own craft some of the recklessness he admires in another.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## The Crisis Stands

*The Crisis of Capitalism in America.* By M. J. Bonn. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

The crisis was ultimately due to the misuse of capital. The savings which the production surplus has yielded, or was expected to yield, had been spent in the construction of new production plants of constantly increasing capacity, in the hope that the consumers on whose behalf this vast apparatus was to operate would grow up automatically. The capitalist world in which we live has formed the habit of conveying credit, the elasticity of which is exceedingly large, mainly into channels of production. It is still obsessed by the pre-capitalistic notion that consumption is an evil which represents a more or less unavoidable kind of extravagance. Apart from consumer-financing which constitutes only a comparatively small part of total consumption, the fact remains that production is over and over again expanded with the aid of credit derived from or built up on savings—in particular, by the construction or expansion of costly plants which can turn out goods as cheaply as estimates proclaim only if they are fully employed—whereas consumption is left to itself. . . . So it comes about that production is governed mainly by technical considerations, and far outsteps consumption both in time and quantity, since it has secured for itself technical perfection, but not financial success.

SO Professor Bonn describes the cancer at the heart of capitalism. To my mind, and to the mind of a gathering number of students, it is a sound diagnosis. Capitalism in the sense of a system devoted to the saving and investment of private capital seems to have about run its historical course. Capital has accumulated, in the form of cement, steel, lumber, bricks, machines, and serialized processes, to a point where we have approximately all of it we need for a high standard of living in America, and far more of it than the domestic market can absorb in terms of purchasing power. This applies to booms as well as to slumps. Looking abroad for other markets, we find lumber, cement, and steel piling up not only in Europe, but in Asia, South Africa, South America, Japan, and Russia—in some countries already in excess of the domestic market. There are new factories all over the old dumping grounds. Part of our recent prosperity was due to the producers' goods we sold to build and equip these factories.

What good is a pile of capital if there is no place, broadly speaking, to invest it profitably? The civilized world after one hundred and fifty years of thrift, savings, self denial, and financial buccaneering has built its capital structure. The job is done. The next great historical move obviously is to use the structure at approximate capacity to throw off consumers' goods.

This means more income for consumers and less for savings and reinvestment. Such is the only formula which the future can utilize. But it is a formula alien, heretical, and self-destructive to capitalism as such. Capitalism can only accept it by ceasing to be capitalism and turning into—shall we say?—consumerism. Capitalism has never given a damn for the purchasing power of consumers, but has kept the machine going by providing jobs through expanding the industrial structure. The structure is now overexpanded, and the capitalistic formula has run out; or, to be more precise, the structure has exceeded the limit of market demand, and the formula is about to run out. (There may be one more business cycle in it, or there may not.)

Crisis, indeed. Professor Bonn does not carry his argument quite to the point indicated above, but his analysis moves remorselessly in that direction. To quote again:



America has behaved in much the same way as did German industry when it borrowed so heavily. Both saw only one-half of a period of time: the half during which, with the aid of credits, one creates new production plants and therewith furnishes work, pays wages, reaps profits, and gives new impetus to production. Meanwhile they completely forget the second half of the period, during which the new factories ought to be producing, but, owing to the restricted marketing potentialities, are unable to do so to the full extent. In place of the hoped for low working costs, they are burdened with comparatively high capital charges and high working costs. . . . So long as this false financing was going on, it helped bring about a trade boom.

Professor Bonn, like J. A. Hobson, knows what he is talking about. His book is clear, penetrating, and sound. It tells America what is the matter with her, and in doing so tells capitalism what is the matter with it. An alternative title might have been "Tombstone for a Dying System." He propounds no remedies, an honest course to take, for there are not any. We can, of course, bury the corpse and change the system. This thought, however, our good professor does little more than hint at.

As I write, the stock market heaves upward, commodity prices increase spottily, employment gains in a plant here and a plant there. Defenders of the old formula are on their knees praying that the corner has been rounded. Perhaps it has. What of it? A little relief; a few deep breaths; a flurry of speculation. The market for producers' goods has reached its approximate ceiling. Nothing has been done, or can be done under the old formula, to broaden and stabilize the base of consumption. Back of flurry, optimism, and temporary activity, implacably the crisis stands.

STUART CHASE

## A Romantic Note

*The Devil Is an English Gentleman.* By John Cournos. Farrar and Rinehart. Two volumes. \$3.75.

OBSERVERS of the swing of the literary pendulum have confidently been awaiting the emergence of a new romanticism; a romanticism chastened by the bitterness of realism, but still throbbing with that infinitely satisfactory vitality that comes with its akinness to the intensely human world of ideal dreams. The lugubrious barrages issuing from the neo-humanists ensconced in their academic fortresses have apparently resulted more in deafness than conviction, and every faint tinkle of a romantic note is the more refreshing if for no other reason than the pleasant contrast.

The pain of a realism that approached a sadistic limit has paved the way for a new romance. John Cournos's "The Devil Is an English Gentleman" is an attempt to do away with that pain, or, in other words, to follow the new trend. He has written two romantic volumes, but unfortunately, instead of taking into consideration the realistic epoch that shattered the purple dream of the Victorians, he has simply resurrected it, even to the obnoxious color. Like Ernest Dowson, Mr. Cournos in a mild way would like to fling roses riotously with the throng, but he has forgotten that the roses of that vintage smell mostly of decay.

Mr. Cournos has conceived a romantic plot of noble proportions. He has gathered together the lives of three generations of English gentlemen. He has interpreted them in terms of their loves. Their dreams and their individuality are the basic texture of his work. Their growth and decay is the growth and decay of their single personalities. The self of his characters develops from within, oblivious to external abstract



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forces and circumstances. Their self is the whole, and all that matters.

Yet, as Mr. Cournos unfolds his people, or rather lets them unfold themselves, one is increasingly conscious of the fact that these are not beings created by an insight looking from the perspective of post-realism. They are rather the reflections of one who has tried to restore a dead romanticism that grew too lush and went to seed in terms of realities that it tried to hide. The characters of Mr. Cournos find themselves in situations which could develop into a new individualism and a new romanticism compatible with the present. Instead of following this excellent possibility, he is content to drag Thaddeus of Warsaw out of his deserved grave, set him down in red plush drawing rooms and let him exchange stilted profundities with sad-eyed females—and all of this with considerable tiresome verbosity that ends in a tennis match between once-impassioned lovers and ex-almost mistresses.

H. A. BRINSER

## Two Against the World

*The Rueful Mating.* By G. B. Stern. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

**G.** B. STERN'S newest novel has been warmly praised by reviewers as intelligent and discriminating as Rebecca West and Lewis Gannett, and many bookstores class it with "The Good Earth" and "The Fountain" as a best seller. It concerns a little girl, Halcyon Day, who at the age of twelve was fêted and spoiled in New York as a child prodigy given to the production of dreadful tripe miscalled poetry, the forcible removal of that child by a disgusted English father to a good healthy English background where he fervently hoped she would soon "find her level," her growing-up, and marriage.

It is possible that the author seized upon this story as a useful vehicle for poking fun at all the various English methods of educating good healthy little girls, and at all the different adult attitudes toward that strange creature whom Agnes De Lima once aptly called "Our Enemy, the Child." The ridiculous elements of any hoary institution, often accepted as uncritically by those accustomed to them as we accept our skyscrapers and chewing gum, are immediately apparent to an outsider. Halcyon was an outsider by virtue of her precocious notoriety which had removed her from the companionship and pursuits of childhood, and by virtue of her four years' residence in New York. The concussion that she made upon the good healthy English background to which her father brashly transported her, and the concussion that that background made upon her, furnish Miss Stern with abundant opportunities for the humorous exposure of the worst elements in the English system and the worst consequences of being a child prodigy. The value of this exposure is somewhat marred by Miss Stern's hearty liking for caricature. The stodgy unimaginativeness of Captain Day and his sisters is as boundless as is the fatuity of New York worshiping its twelve-year-old celebrity; and one gathers at times that Miss Stern confuses the state of being a child prodigy in America with the state of being a child in America. Nevertheless, the diligent reader will find numerous clever jabs at a good healthy English childhood and at American sentimentality. But 184,000 words seem to me rather more than a writer as accomplished as Miss Stern should take for an exposition that could have been more effectively made in a magazine article.

One must assume, therefore, that she was writing a good, solid, substantial novel, one of those enchanting books that can go on and on forever because they create a world of their own, a world in which the reader finds excitement or emotion, or surcease from his own world. Such a book must make one

believe in it, whether as reality or fantasy. And here again I am at a loss. The quite improbable plot might well be supposed to represent a child's wish-fulfilment dream, an escape from the cut and dried responsibilities of life. And yet the impossibly good and noble, if prankish and diverting Eden, a child actor whom Halcyon fortunately encounters soon after her arrival in England and whose path thereafter crisscrosses hers by courtesy of a large number of coincidences, this noble Eden is represented as attaining his nobility as a result of unflinching devotion to the realities of duty.

And here, apparently, we encounter the central theme of the book, the essential flimsiness of a spoiled little girl who is an awfully good sport but whose aspirations outrun her experience, and the essential nobility of the child supporter of a family who never forgets duty and so bounds into fame. This theme embedded in something very long, whether a wish-fulfilment fantasy, or a good substantial novel, or a satire on Parents Versus Children, I'm not sure which, is aided on its course by a large assortment of whimsical people who somehow don't seem to come alive in spite of skilful tricks of showmanship, by a large assortment of unexpected happenings, and by a nice selection of sensitively rendered English scenes. But for this reviewer these concomitants do not fuse together into a world.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Shorter Notices

*Gingertown.* By Claude McKay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Claude McKay approaches the problems of the American Negro, in novels, poems, and short stories, realistically. He does not plead for his people. He is not so much trying to win sympathy for them from the outside as he is attempting to reveal them to themselves. "Gingertown" is a collection of short stories which those who enjoyed "Home to Harlem" will want to read. Here there is a wider range of subject material; and there are several different backgrounds—Harlem, Jamaica, Broadway, homes, churches, and cabarets. No one of these stories is as good as "Home to Harlem"; but there can be no question that McKay stands in the front rank of the writers of the so-called Negro literary awakening. The arrangement is unusual; in general, the stories grow increasingly better as one reads the book through.

*Fathers of Their People.* By H. W. Freeman. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

The author of "Joseph and His Brethren" has gathered under one title what are, in actuality, a series of short stories about Suffolk farm characters. The stories are idyllic, and even if they are not profound and moving they possess a pastoral warmth which is effectively sustained for retrospect by the sudden explosion of the war at the end of the book.

*The Book of Living Verse.* English and American Poetry from the Thirteenth Century to the Present Day. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt Brace and Co. \$2.50.

Mr. Untermeyer forestalls criticism of his selection of poems for this book by telling us that the intent of this collection "is immediate and intuitive instead of analytic," that he offers here poetry which he believes to be "living" regardless of its period or of its subject matter. "Living verse" has for the editor that combination (as well as communication) of passion and personality which is, for him, a touchstone of passion. The collection is not for scholars, but for those "who lack intimacy with the great body of English and American poetry or immediate leisure to pursue the acquaintance." Mr. Untermeyer



is offering, in other words, a short-cut to an appreciation of poetry through bringing together in one volume the lyrics (and the poems are almost all lyrics) which because of mood, subject matter, or beauty of form, or all three, have long been enjoyed by students of poetry.

With respect to the earlier periods, Mr. Untermeyer's selection was really made for him; this poetry has been in anthologies over and over again, and Mr. Untermeyer has shown little inclination to vary the selection. As for the poetry of modern times included here, we have the editor's own judgment as to what is best, and the selection is somewhat curious. There are some rather startling exclusions and some rather startling inclusions. Humbert Wolfe is well represented; Louise Bogan, ■ much finer poet than most, is not included. The book represents Mr. Untermeyer's feeling for what is "living verse"—the feeling of Mr. Untermeyer and of the earlier editors of anthologies.

*The Running Footman, or the Sentimental Servant.* By John Owen. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

When the great lords of England had young men to run before their carriages in all manner of weather, it is to be supposed that the state of the young men's lungs would be pitiable; even more pitiable would be the state of affection of young men who were considered lowly in the servants' hall. For of course such young men would love slightly above their station. Upon these threads a not very interesting story is woven, in ■ style which is wordy to little purpose. There is no reason why the novel might not have been historically sharp and keen, but the events run so quickly into heavy sentimentality, which the subtitle anticipates but does not excuse, that the footman's last race is not harrowing but only pointless.

*Mrs. Taylor.* By Marjorie Worthington. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

What happens to ■ proper and well-to-do American woman in the prime of life when she loses her successful husband? Nothing; she simply continues being proper and well-to-do, and in due time accumulates another successful husband. "Mrs. Taylor" is a cold, meticulous, and not in the least improbable portrait of such a woman, well content with her fine suburban home, her servants, her garden, her smart clothes, her baths, her bridge parties—a sterile woman, but of course one of the very best people, afraid of nothing but life itself and capable of everything except grandeur and ignominy. Mrs. Worthington's novel is to be commended for its faithfulness of portrait and for its simplicity and precision of style, but lacking as it does any suggestion of social criticism or moral evaluation it falls short of genuine distinction.

*The Getting of Wisdom.* By Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

Originally published in 1910, "The Getting of Wisdom" bears the hall-mark of the author of "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony." One understands how so quiet a story laid in ■ girls' boarding school in Austria passed almost unnoticed, its exquisite profundity unappreciated, its psychological insight missed in the simplicity of the tale which has no dramatic high spots. In the light of the great trilogy and of that fine musician's novel, "Maurice Guest," recently revived, it yields its rich significance. It is worthy to stand beside those others, for, though far less ambitious in scope, it achieves an equal perfection. Little Laura is a child of imagination without sentimentality, of intellectual realism without practicality. She is proud and feels that she is superior, as, potentially, she is. She is also the shameless opportunist. She suffers; she toadies; she has her short-lived triumphs and her painful humiliations. She is forever out of step with the staid commonplaceness of her sur-

roundings. She is the ugly duckling, the passionate child. She is a true daughter of Richard Mahony with some of Mary's blood in her system.

*Lives.* By Gustav Eckstein. Illustrated from line drawings by Hokurai. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

In his biography of Noguchi, Dr. Eckstein revealed himself as ■ writer of individual mind and manner. "Lives," which bares the privacies of a family of rats, a macaw, ■ pigeon, three turtles, nine canaries, a gardener, and some cockroaches, gives evidence that in Dr. Eckstein, if he chooses to cultivate this field, America has in reserve a scientific writer far above the measure of ■ William Beebe. "Lives" is continuously delightful for its alert observation, its buoyant wit, its jaunty style.

*The Mexican Immigrant—His Life-Story.* By Manual Gamio. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

Here is one of the important books for those who desire to understand our southern neighbors. It supplements Dr. Gamio's previous scholarly volume, "Mexican Immigration to the United States," with seventy-seven personal narratives of Mexicans who for one reason or other came to the United States, tell why, and what they found here. It is, in short, a series of human documents—the "confession" idea served up with the wisdom of an ethnologist and under the academic *imprimatur*.

*Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters.* By Ray Stannard Baker. Vols. III, IV. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$10.

The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Baker's biography cover the years of Wilson's governorship of New Jersey and his first administration as President down to the opening of the World War. Aside from the abundance of detail with which Mr. Baker, drawing upon the great collection of Wilson's pa-

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pers, illuminates nearly the whole of this period (there is less about the Baltimore convention, the subsequent campaign, and Wilson's controversy with McCombs, his party manager, than was to have been expected), the volumes are particularly important for the light they throw upon Wilson's systematic preparation for political office, his conception of a dominating personal leadership, his unwillingness to be drawn into the Progressive movement, his skilful handling of Bryan, his aloofness from practical politics and lack of concern for campaign machinery, his readiness to talk down to the crowd as the Presidential campaign approached its end, the unfavorable impression which his campaign speeches made upon business men and financiers, the weakness of his first Cabinet, and his amazing declaration regarding American foreign policy. On these, as on other matters, Mr. Baker allows himself a freedom and frankness in criticism which contrasts rather strikingly with the reticence of his previous volumes, and his criticisms are prevailingly just. On the other hand, his depreciation of the influence of Colonel House in the campaign of 1912, while perhaps warranted, suggests at least a touch of bias. The volumes leave Wilson's character and leadership still a problem.

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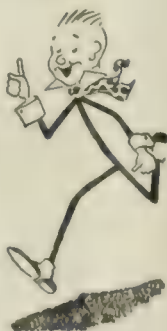
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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1932

No. 3502

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**MURDER AND TERROR** are still the order of the day in Germany. The hope of the moderate elements that the period of terrorism would end with the Reichstag election campaign has not been realized. It is true that there has been a decrease in the murder rate; seventy-nine persons were killed on the streets in the first twenty days of July, or approximately four a day, while since the election the killings have dropped to about two a day. But other acts of terrorism are increasing in number. Hundreds of persons have been assaulted on the streets; hand grenades have been thrown into scores of houses, causing considerable property damage; newspaper offices have been raided and wrecked by gangs of hoodlums wearing political party uniforms or emblems. Until now the Von Papen-Von Schleicher regime has refused to take the necessary measures to suppress this gangsterism. It has talked at length about restoring order, but it appears to be afraid of offending the fascists, who are charged by the moderate and Socialist press with being primarily responsible for the continued terrorism. Even Adolf Hitler seems unable to control his followers. Fired by his wild promises, they are now demanding action, are indeed acting upon their own initiative. There can be little doubt that a vast majority of German citizens, traditionally law-abiding, desire peace and order, but it appears almost certain that the political gangsters will drag Germany into civil war with their bloody tactics. At the moment of going to press the militarists are attempting to pacify the Nazis by offering their leaders a few Cabinet posts. This may satisfy Hitler, but will it appease his followers?

**B**USINESS HAS BEEN WATCHING the stock market so nervously for many months that the recent sensational recovery there could not fail to attract wide and immediate attention, but it is doubtful whether, even so, the general public realizes the extent of that recovery. Up to August 6 the average price of fifty representative stocks, including railroad and industrial issues, had risen, according to the compilations of the *New York Times*, 68 per cent in one month. This is probably, in terms of percentages, the greatest advance that has taken place in a similar period in the history of the stock exchange. The advance becomes even more impressive when one considers some prominent individual stocks. Thus United States Steel had risen 101 per cent, General Electric 133 per cent, J. I. Case 198 per cent, International Harvester 184 per cent, Anaconda Copper 216 per cent. Now, as Will Rogers has remarked succinctly, "As dumb as we are we know we can't get prosperous that quick," and this remark is confirmed by the *Times's* weekly business index, which for the first week of August showed physical volume of business at 53.9 per cent of "normal", the lowest point it has reached so far. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hoover has taken not a single fundamental step that might help to bring about recovery. Our prohibitive tariff remains as high as ever; we remain adamant on war debts. The problems of railroad receivership, of unpayable farm mortgages and other debts, also remain. Nevertheless, the stock market's rise, even though dangerously rapid, cannot be dismissed as of no general importance. At the very least it represents a significant recovery of the financial community's nerves; it both reflects and encourages a recovery in basic commodity prices; the rise in securities in itself protects the solvency of many financial institutions, and increases business confidence.

**MR. HOOVER HAS BEEN TAKEN** at his word by the directors of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In signing the new relief bill, one section of which provides a fund of \$300,000,000 for loans to the States, the President said that loans would be extended only in cases of "absolute need" and upon "evidence of financial exhaustion." When Illinois asked for an immediate loan of \$10,000,000, it was given only \$3,000,000 for unemployment relief in Chicago. We do not know how the latter figure was determined, but we do know that Chicago has been compelled to spend that amount every month to feed its hungry. Detroit likewise has been helped with a meager loan. The \$1,800,000 it obtained will barely meet the municipality's indebtedness to the grocers for food already distributed. Four Ohio counties have together been granted a loan of \$852,662. But when Pennsylvania asked for \$10,000,000 it was politely informed that it had not done its "full duty with respect to the furnishing of funds for relief purposes." Why this distinction between Illinois and Pennsylvania? Is there any proof that Illinois is closer to financial exhaustion than Pennsylvania? Certainly we know of none. And why such a niggardly policy in extending financial assistance the need of which is only too tragically apparent? Must delegations



from Chicago, Detroit, and other cities run to Washington every month to beg for help? To our mind this miserly policy, which the financial position of our government does not justify, not only defeats the spirit in which Congress voted the \$300,000,000 fund, but compels the nearly exhausted cities actually to cut their relief to a starvation basis.

**R**OBERT P. LAMONT, HAVING RESIGNED his position as Secretary of Commerce, is to become the new president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, succeeding Charles M. Schwab. This is interpreted as meaning that the steel industry as a whole will adopt a more aggressive policy in combating the depression. There can be little doubt that the industry stands in need not only of an aggressive policy but probably also of an entirely new policy. The industry has done very little toward developing new markets for its products. It maintains no research laboratories as does the electrical industry; suggestions and ideas for new uses of steel have come chiefly from the outside. The practice of the steel companies in fixing prices of rails and other products, which they erroneously disguise as a method of "stabilization", is now proving injurious. The automobile companies, which at the moment offer virtually the only market for steel goods, are refusing to buy beyond their immediate needs because they feel that they should be permitted to take advantage of a "buyers' market" in steel, but such a market is denied to them because of the price-fixing practice. Again, the steel industry has long supported the protective tariff system, although lower tariffs would very greatly benefit its home customers and enable the latter to buy more steel. While the industry needs a more aggressive policy, it is not certain that former Secretary Lamont is the man to direct that policy. Indeed, it is reported from Washington that his lack of aggressiveness in administering the affairs of the Department of Commerce was primarily responsible for his resignation.

**T**HE B. E. F. HAS GONE HOME, thanks to President Hoover's tear-gas, Mayor McCloskey's clowning, and the canniness of those "men in high places" who realized that the price of transportation west from Johnstown—soft cushions, free meals, and all—was little enough to pay to get rid of 8,000 homeless, hungry Americans. In the approved American fashion, the responsibility has now been shifted to the cities farther west where the desperate attempt to get rid of the bonus army continues. Whether that succeeds time will soon tell. But the Administration cannot be very happy to hear that Walter W. Waters, self-appointed leader of the veterans, is to stump the country with the story of the events of July 28. "I intend to take the story of 'the battle of Anacostia' to the people. This story is more important than the bonus." Throughout the country, unfortunately, there are all too many McCloskeys, too many demagogues, too many troop commanders with bombs to use, too many, in fact, of the various key performers who have made the B. E. F. incident one of the sorriest occurrences in our history. There are, on the other hand, only too few General Glassfords as is so well set forth by Paul Y. Anderson in his admirable story, elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, of the bonus army's expulsion from Washington. Meanwhile, the incident has set one precedent. For the first time, lobbyists have been driven out of Washington with sabers.

**T**HE STATE MILITIA HAS BEEN CALLED out in Indiana to suppress disturbances or threatened disturbances among the miners. This has happened twice in the last few weeks. On the last occasion Governor Leslie deemed it necessary to declare martial law in a section of the coal country. In Ohio, the militia has been on duty for weeks. Battles between guardsmen and miners are reported with disturbing frequency. Workers have been found murdered along lonely hillside roads. Bridges have been dynamited, railroad tracks torn up, other property damaged or destroyed. In Arkansas the national guard was mobilized when five hundred union coal-diggers attempted to stop non-union operations in the Johnson County mines. More than a dozen men have been killed in Kentucky in the last several months. Mine guards in West Virginia not long ago fired upon a group of union sympathizers, killing a miner and seriously wounding several others. Similar reports have come from other sections. Men are being shot to death almost every day in the coal country as the mine war goes on. And the disorders appear to be increasing in number and in violence. We are told that there has been little unrest, few disturbances among the workers in this period of depression. The mine war offers most tragic evidence of the falsity of this misleading optimism.

**D**EMANDS FOR GOVERNMENT ECONOMY spring primarily from the fact that the owners of property are having to pay higher taxes. Among the many groups bawling for economy one specializes in attacks on "government in business." Addressing this group recently, Robert R. McCormick, owner of the *Chicago Tribune*, charged the proponents of government ownership in Congress with "sacking the nation by confiscatory taxation." But persons who think as Colonel McCormick does ignore the fact that government enterprises, when honestly and efficiently operated, tend to reduce, not to increase, our taxes. The town of Iola, Kansas, which has a municipally owned electric light, gas, and water system, has this year been able to reduce its tax rate to the lowest point in seventy-three years. More than two-thirds of the municipality's revenues come from the profits of the city-owned utilities. By next year Iola's indebtedness will be wiped out and the property-owners will have to pay no taxes at all for local purposes. Iola will then have joined other tax-free cities, such as its neighbors Chanute and Colby, both of which likewise have municipally owned utility systems. Let those who are forever denouncing "government in business" as a cause of higher taxes first investigate the facts; the true causes lie elsewhere.

**A**S WE GO TO PRESS Governor Roosevelt faces one of the great tests of his career: he is about to try personally Mayor Walker with a view to settling whether that agile gentleman shall or shall not remain in office. The Mayor is very brash and is rejoicing that at last he has an opportunity to cross-examine the wicked men who have been persecuting him, as he asserts, solely to make political capital. But he comes to Albany under the handicap of the overwhelming indictment of himself contained in Mr. Seabury's rebuttal of Mayor Walker's answer to his first communication to the Governor—a rebuttal which left Mr. Walker as stripped to the world as any member of a nudist colony. Not in years has there been a finer bit of dialectic destruc-



tion. Whether he removes the Mayor or not, the Governor is bound to be criticized; one camp or the other is certain to accuse him of playing politics. On the other hand, if he decides the evidence is sufficient for removal, it is within his power to give the country one of the most salutary lessons as to what constitutes official honesty that could be imagined. Even if the Governor decides that the evidence is not sufficient to warrant his exercising the power of removal, it is still within his right to flay this particular official. There is already some comment on the fact that this hearing is scheduled for the same day as that upon which President Hoover is to give us his speech of acceptance. Without having seen that precious document, we have no hesitation in saying that what is going to happen in Albany is a thousand times more important and is certain to be a thousand fold more interesting and illuminating. We do not flatter ourselves, we are sure, in saying that we are certain that we could write Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance in advance, about as it will appear, grammatical errors, platitudes, pussy-footing, self-praise, misrepresentation, and all the rest.

**WE CONGRATULATE MISSOURI** upon Colonel Bennett Clark's capturing the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate in last week's primary—another instance to prove that the primary does give a good man an opportunity to win the approval of his fellow-citizens without licking the boots of a boss. The son of Champ Clark, Colonel Clark showed superb courage throughout his fight. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* put it, "there is no such word as evasion in this candidate's vocabulary." He came out flatfootedly for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and for drastic reduction of the present tariff schedules, which he declares to have been actuated by "indefensible avarice" and to constitute one of the main causes of the depression in which we are living. He went straight into the zinc-mine district of his State, which is insistent upon the tariff on zinc, and then and there he said: "I will not help any living human being to rob the American people merely because he happens to live in Missouri." As for the zinc tariff he declared that it had brought only "bankruptcy for the mine-owner, starvation for the mine worker, and penury for the merchant who depended on their trade." In addition, Colonel Clark advocated the five-day week and disarmament, and opposed the continuance of the Farm Board. An excellent officer in the war, Colonel Clark is a thorough-going peace man. Now that he has passed the first hurdle, we urge upon every *Nation* reader who lives in Missouri the need of sending this brave and unfettered man to the United States Senate.

**AUSTRIA HAS LOST** its strongest statesman. Whatever else one may think of Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, who served the new republic as Chancellor from 1922 to 1929, one must concede that his shrewdness, firmness, and foresight time and again saved Austria from chaos and possible extinction in the confused decade that followed the collapse of the former empire. On August 2 Monsignor Seipel died at Pernitz, still a relatively young man—he was only 56—and still a power in politics. When this Roman Catholic priest came to the chancellorship in 1922 there were many who predicted that Austria would not long survive the inflation and economic disruption of that turbulent period.

Seipel, however, went begging in the capitals of Europe, and finally came home with the \$135,000,000 loan from the League of Nations. But in turn he had to bind Austria to preserve its economic and political independence, and it was this pledge, given in writing, that blocked the Austro-German customs union which was proposed last year. Ever an ardent nationalist, though in the beginning moderate in politics, Seipel was hated by Socialists, Communists, and extreme nationalists alike. In May, 1923, he was stoned by a nationalist mob on the streets of Vienna, and in the following year he was shot by an unemployed worker. Toward the end he moved far to the right and became an open supporter of the Heimwehr and of the fascist theory of the state. But if we cannot admire his political views, we shall, nevertheless, remember him for the strength and honesty of his character.

**THE CELERITY WITH WHICH IL DUCE** jumps from one role to another must prove puzzling even to his American admirers. His stand for more drastic disarmament at the Geneva conference came closely upon the heels of a financial stringency which had all but paralyzed some of the Italian banks. Faced with these difficulties the dictator on July 21 called the results at Geneva "vain" and "entirely inadequate when compared to the wishes and hopes of the world." Writing for the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, however, the ardent peace champion now declares that fascism "rejects pacifism, which implies renunciation of struggle and cravenness in the face of sacrifice. . . . Only war carries all human energies to the height of tension and gives the seal of nobility to peoples that have the courage to confront it."

**A NOBLE-SPIRITED SCHOLAR** passed from this earth when G. Lowes Dickinson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, died on August 3 in London. Were countries sane enough to reward the most unselfish, the wisest, and the most high-minded of their citizens, Lowes Dickinson would long have held one of the highest offices in the gift of Great Britain. An ardent advocate of peace, he had the courage to remain so when war came, not being accustomed to sloughing off his principles and ideals to suit the happenings of the moment, and especially not in obedience to an insensate and brutal patriotism. So he became in 1914 one of the most unpopular men in England, together with Bertrand Russell and Ramsay MacDonald. That unpopularity did not disturb him. He continued to preach the truth as he saw it and the wisdom of his entire course has long since been completely justified by the events since the Armistice, especially his opposition to harsh reparations or retaliatory measures against Germany. One of the first Englishmen to condemn the Versailles Treaty, he had worked from the beginning of the war as the President of the Union for Democratic Control for a peace that would be worthwhile and should make forever impossible the repetition of what he, in one book, called "The European Anarchy" and in another, "The International Anarchy." His book on "War: Its Nature, Cause, and Cure," is one of the best of the volumes in opposition to wholesale murder. More than that, he was a scholar in his own right and no mean historian to boot. Especially at this juncture, the world can little afford to lose an unofficial statesman of the high type of G. Lowes Dickinson.



# Economic Ignorance at Ottawa

THOSE who have been wondering lately just what is wrong with the world could hardly find a more instructive answer than that supplied by the daily reports of the discussions of the Imperial Conference at Ottawa. There is not a single statesman at that conference who talks as if he had ever in his life opened even one elementary economic textbook. So far as Ottawa is concerned, not only contemporary liberal economists, but all the classical economists from Adam Smith's day, have written in vain. Behind the statement of every premier lies the crude mercantilism rampant before the eighteenth century. There seems to be hardly a popular fallacy regarding foreign trade which the statesmen at Ottawa do not warmly embrace.

Whatever may have been the defects of the classical economists in other fields, the soundness of their fundamental analysis of the real gains possible through foreign trade remains beyond dispute. Their conclusion, as summed up by John Stuart Mill, was that "the only direct advantage of foreign commerce consists in the imports. A country obtains things which it either could not have produced at all, or which it must have produced at a greater expense of capital and labor than the cost of the things which it exports to pay for them. . . . The vulgar theory disregards this benefit, and deems the advantage of commerce to reside in the exports: as if not what a country obtains, but what it parts with, by its foreign trade, was supposed to constitute the gain to it."

The statesmen at Ottawa have been talking, without intermission, precisely the language so properly derided by Mill. Mr. Baldwin, speaking for Great Britain, presents a table of exports and imports with the dominions, and as these show an excess of imports over exports, remarks, more in sorrow than in anger, "From these tables it will be seen that the visible trade balance in favor of the dominions is nearly £100,000,000." "The tables," he adds, "show that the United Kingdom has been doing her share in encouraging the trade and industry of the dominions; that she takes a very large proportion of dominion exports, for many of which there would seem to be no other outlet available in the world." Whereupon Mr. Havenga, speaking for South Africa, retorts that Mr. Baldwin's figures are certainly misleading as applied to his own country, because the Baldwin figures of British imports from South Africa include re-exports and gold. It is true that the gold that South Africa sends to Great Britain comes from South Africa's own mines; still, Mr. Havenga doesn't think they should be included. "As far as the Union is concerned," he replies, "the position is that South Africa in 1930 bought from Britain more than £29,000,000 worth of commodities which enter into competitive trade, while Britain bought from South Africa less than £12,000,000 worth of such goods, and this favorable position of Britain in the competitive trade of South Africa is the normal position." And all the other dominion governments put forward similar arguments.

Consider the implications of this. Each delegation to the conference talks as if the goods its country buys from the other countries represented in the conference were bought, not because that country needed them, or could not get along

without them, or could get them only at a higher price elsewhere, but as if it bought the goods simply as a favor to the selling countries. To buy goods from another country is considered to be not only a friendly but a generous act. To permit oneself to be sold goods from another country is to tolerate, it would seem, almost a hostile act. In brief, when each delegation thinks of the advantages of foreign trade to its own country, it thinks always of the selling class; it thinks of the profits of its business men, not of the savings of its consumers. The reason for this is only partly that producers are better organized and better able to bring various forms of persuasion and pressure on statesmen than consumers are. The whole tendency of statesmen, who in this respect merely share popular prejudices, is to think of social wealth almost solely in terms of money, so that the profits of manufacturers as such seem real, while the real welfare of consumers seems too intangible for serious consideration. It was with this in mind that William Graham Sumner spoke of the consumer long ago as "the forgotten man." It is to be regretted that Governor Roosevelt, though he has appropriated the phrase, has not really understood it.

But even if we confine ourselves to the interests of sellers, what are we to say of the Ottawa discussions? In the negotiations between England and Canada, both talk of granting each other tariff "preferences". The effect of such preferences must depend, of course, upon what is meant by the word. If it means merely lower tariffs within the empire, then it must be welcomed as a very important step in the right direction. But if preference is to be achieved rather by higher tariffs to the outside world—which seems at present more probable—then it can only make the present plight of the world still more desperate. The Canadian representatives talk blandly of switching \$100,000,000 more of their yearly purchases to England, deflecting \$50,000,000 of them from the United States. Here again the attitude is that imports, like kisses, go by favor—that buying is a matter of whim, that the same goods can be bought as cheaply and conveniently in England as in the United States. And no Canadian statesman has pointed out so far that if Canada buys \$50,000,000 less goods a year from the United States, the United States must, in the long run, buy \$50,000,000 less from Canada. Would there be an immediate market in England for these lost exports? Or would Canada, which depends comparatively so much more than we do on foreign trade be distorting and disorganizing that trade at the very time that it can least afford to do so?

In deploring the stupidly medieval economic notions that prevail at Ottawa, we do not mean to imply that we consider them any worse or essentially any different than those held by our own Administration. The recent Ottawa discussions merely throw a brilliant light on the short-sighted national selfishness and on the practically universal lack of understanding of the simplest economic principles that prevails among the world's statesmen. They tell us too plainly, not only why those statesmen have been unable to stop the progress of the greatest economic crisis in a century, but have done so much to prolong and intensify it.



## The Stimson Doctrine

WHETHER or not the new Stimson peace policy actually prevents war between Bolivia and Paraguay, and there is every reason to believe that it will, it must be considered an important addition to the peace machinery of the world. Nineteen members of the Pan-American Union have jointly informed these two South American countries that "they will not recognize any territorial arrangement of this controversy which has not been obtained by peaceful means, nor the validity of territorial acquisitions which may be obtained through occupation or conquest by force of arms." This is the same doctrine which Secretary Stimson laid down last January with respect to Japanese aggression in Manchuria. At the present writing it is not certain that both parties to the Gran Chaco dispute will heed the warning of the Pan-American Union. Paraguay has unconditionally accepted the conditions set forth, but Bolivia, to whom possession of the Gran Chaco territory means free access to the sea, something for which that country has been fighting ever since the War of the Pacific deprived it of its only maritime provinces half a century ago, has so far withheld its acceptance. It is to be doubted that Bolivia can long oppose the united will of its neighbors.

Obviously the Stimson doctrine, to be effective, must have the support of all the countries directly or indirectly concerned in a given controversy. In Manchuria this support is lacking. Japan, of course, is openly opposed to the application of this new doctrine there. But of much greater significance is the attitude of Great Britain, France, Russia, and other Powers interested politically or financially in the Far East. They have not formally rejected the Stimson doctrine, but neither have they accepted it. If they refuse to join with the United States in withholding recognition of Japanese gains in Manchuria achieved by means of the recent hostile invasion, the new policy can have no meaning in that area. With respect to the Gran Chaco controversy, on the other hand, all the countries concerned, except Bolivia, have announced their adhesion to the new policy.

There is some question as to what effect the Stimson doctrine as embraced by the Pan-American Union will have on the Latin American policy of the United States. In his note of January 7 to Japan and China, Secretary Stimson spoke of treaty rights as well as territorial changes. The Union's note of August 3 speaks only of "territorial acquisitions." We have presumably come to the end of our period of territorial expansion. In the immediate past the United States has used military force to achieve other ends, to impose its will in financial and similar matters upon reluctant Caribbean and Central American countries. The policy enunciated in the joint note of August 3 will not serve to check such intervention. Under the terms of that note the United States is still free to send marines into a Latin American country, ostensibly to "protect American lives and property," but actually to collect debts or to acquire new treaty rights. Happily, in the last few years there has been a decided trend away from this policy of intervention. None the less, if the Stimson doctrine prevents war between two South American countries, it must be regarded as a valuable step forward.

## Vacations

RECENTLY the *Manchester Guardian* held a contest for its readers on the subject, "Why I shall return to Shrimpton this year"—Shrimpton being the symbolic name of the spot to which vacationists return year after year. The burden of the answers was unmistakable. In Shrimpton the vacationer was somebody. The postmaster remembered him; the villagers doffed their hats. For a brief time, at least, he was filled with a sense of importance.

And whether he goes to Shrimpton or the Tyrol, the man on vacation likes best to select some place and form of recreation that will put him in a romantic or important light. Given the chance, he will try to approximate that ideal of existence which every busy human being carries about with him from Monday to Saturday, from nine to five, fifty weeks of the year.

Would the slave of an industrial civilization be a gentleman farmer? He arranges, for his vacation, a setting of meadows and stone fences where day by day at so much a week he may survey his acres, observe the intimate unfolding of a rose, watch the hay-cutters at their fragrant task, and pretend that the over friendly pup that follows him around is that one-man dog that every man secretly believes is waiting for him somewhere in the world.

Or has he always fancied himself as a soldier of fortune, of whom it might be said that the world is his home? He boards a steamer, he goes to as far a place as he can get back from by a certain all-too-certain Monday morning. And though the route and all the reservations may have been made in advance, Thomas Cook himself could not deprive him of the illusion of being a vagabond—he sips his aperitif in that late golden sunshine that seems perennially to linger about sidewalk cafes with all the nonchalance of habit and a miraculous forgetfulness of the filing cases and typewriters that are in reality only six or seven ocean days behind him.

The precious days slip by. The gentleman farmer watches his crops. The carefree world traveler sips his aperitif. The man who would really like to spend his life in the solitude of mountains catches his fish in the lonely stream. In the heart of each a poignant regret grows more poignant as the vacation end approaches. More poignant and at the same time somehow more pleasant. Toward the end, in fact, though not one of them would admit it, the life of a gentleman farmer in winter comes to seem a little bleak; the world traveler wonders if, after all, homeless world travelers are really happy. As for the mountain fisherman, the fish are not biting so briskly as at first and he begins—secretly—to tire a little of both canned soup and solitude.

And so it is that on those certain Monday mornings most vacationists return—not solely for economic reasons, and more willingly than they would care to admit. The truth is that most human beings are too timid to climb down from their whirling merry-go-round unless they feel sure of getting back to it safely in a few weeks' time. Or would it be more charitable to say that perhaps they know, with an inherent wisdom, that one man's adventure is another man's rut?



# Tear-Gas, Bayonets, and Votes

## *The President Opens His Reelection Campaign*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, August 6*

HOOPER'S campaign for reelection was launched Thursday, July 28, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Third Street, with four troops of cavalry, four companies of infantry, a mounted machine-gun squadron, six whippet tanks, 300 city policemen and a squad of Secret Service men and Treasury agents. Among the results immediately achieved were the following:

Two veterans of the World War shot to death; one eleven-weeks-old baby in a grave condition from gas, shock, and exposure; one eight-year-old boy partially blinded by gas; two policemen's skulls fractured; one bystander shot through the shoulder; one veteran's ear severed with a cavalry saber; one veteran stabbed in the hip with a bayonet; more than a dozen veterans, policemen, and soldiers injured by bricks and clubs; upward of 1,000 men, women, and children gassed, including policemen, reporters, ambulance drivers, and residents of Washington; and approximately \$10,000 worth of property destroyed by fire, including clothing, food, and temporary shelters of the veterans and a large amount of building material owned by a government contractor.

The political results are less impressive. Indeed, among high officials of the Administration there is fast-growing apprehension that the great exploit was planned and executed with more daring than judgment, and that, as a campaign effort, it may prove to be one of the deadliest boomerangs in political history. That fear already has found expression in two public statements by the gallant Secretary of War, Pat Hurley, seeking to justify the employment of gas bombs, tanks, sabers, bayonets, and fire against unarmed men, women, and children. One of them, as I shall presently show, is such a tissue of known and demonstrable falsehoods that utter panic must have prompted it.

The circumstances surrounding the use of troops and modern implements of war to evict these people from their miserable hovels and to drive them from the capital force me to the reluctant conclusion that the whole affair was deliberately conceived and carried out for a political purpose—namely, to persuade the American people that their government was threatened with actual overthrow, and that the courage and decisiveness of Herbert Hoover had averted revolution. It is no secret that Mr. Hoover and his advisers hope to make "Hoover versus radicalism" the leading issue of the campaign. The presence of the unemployed veterans and their families in the capital presented an opportunity to show the country that the danger of "insurrection" was real and that the Administration had prepared to meet it. To accomplish this object it was necessary to provoke actual conflict, and that is what the Administration proceeded to do. A simple review of the salient facts would seem to make this apparent.

For several weeks the men and their families had been encamped in Washington, some occupying abandoned and

partially wrecked buildings and shacks on downtown plots owned by the government, but a large majority existing in crude shelters erected by themselves on a large government-owned field on the opposite bank of the Anacostia River. Excepting a small unit of Communists, which the main body promptly outlawed, the behavior of the men was characterized by extraordinary discipline and restraint. To one who visited their camps many times and talked to scores of them, any suggestion that they constituted a threat against the government is preposterous. Even the Communist gestures were confined mainly to two futile attempts to parade before the White House, which got them nothing but broken heads, jail sentences, and fines. The attitude of the great majority was one of good-humored and patient fortitude under incredibly primitive conditions of existence. In a thousand ways they exhibited the instinct to make comedy out of their own vicissitudes—an instinct as characteristic now as it was in France. The so-called "bonus army" in actuality was an army of unemployed men who believed they had a special claim on the government and came here asking the government to give them relief unless it was ready to provide work. Bonus or no bonus, they would not have come if they had had jobs. Any assertion to the contrary is ridiculous.

Save for the feeble gestures of the isolated Communist group there was no trouble until that fatal Thursday, due in part to the remarkable tact and common sense of General Glassford, the chief of police, in part to the discipline enforced by the leaders of the camps, and in part to the essentially law-abiding instincts of the men themselves. The worthy Hurley mouths indignant phrases about "panhandling" and "forced tribute from citizens," but in all my visits to the camps I was never asked for anything more valuable than a cigarette—and I am a fairly prosperous looking citizen. As soon as Congress adjourned there was a steady exodus of the campers, as attested by the daily statements of the Veterans' Bureau, dutifully reported by the Associated Press and Administration newspapers. Responsible officials repeatedly declared it was only a matter of days until all would be gone.

But suddenly someone high in authority decided the government must have immediate possession of the partially razed block bounded by Third and Fourth Streets and Pennsylvania and Missouri Avenues, where about 1,500 were existing in abandoned buildings and makeshift huts. Most of these people were from Texas, California, the Carolinas, Nebraska, West Virginia, and Florida, which are not exactly hotbeds of "radicalism." Instructions went from the Treasury to the District commissioners to have the police evict the squatters. On two occasions Glassford convinced the commissioners that the police had no authority to conduct such evictions, and pointed out that the procedure for eviction is definitely prescribed by law. On Wednesday there was a conference at the White House attended by Hurley, Attorney-General Mitchell, and General Douglas MacArthur,



chief of staff of the army. On Thursday morning Glassford was informed that Treasury agents would begin evacuation of a part of the block, and that if anyone resisted eviction he was to be arrested for disorderly conduct. This meant that the actual eviction would be done by the police, and so it worked out. Someone had devised a technicality for getting around the law. Glassford's protests were unavailing. It was obvious that irresistible pressure had been applied to the commissioners.

One building was emptied with little difficulty of all but one occupant—a legless veteran whom Glassford permitted to remain until the Veterans' Bureau could take care of him. An hour later, at noon, three men, one carrying a large American flag, started a march across the block, followed by several hundred. When the leaders encountered a policeman he grabbed the flag. There was a scuffle, and one of the marchers was hit on the head with a nightstick. He wrested it from the officer and struck back. Other policemen rushed toward the spot, and there was a shower of bricks from the marchers in the rear. I was standing about forty feet away, and it looked like an ugly mess, but the cops kept their heads and no shots were fired. Glassford dashed into the heart of the melee, smiled when a brickbat hit him in the chest, and stopped the fighting in a few seconds. Within two minutes the veterans were cheering him lustily. Two policemen had been badly hurt by thrown bricks, and several veterans were bleeding from the clubbing they had received and from accidental hits from within their own ranks.

The trouble was resumed with more serious consequences two hours later when a policeman attempted to bar several veterans from a building which, in fact, had not been prohibited to them. They rushed him and he shot. A fellow officer coming to his assistance was hit with a missile and likewise opened fire. Still others joined in. Glassford, on the second floor of the same building, commanded his men to stop shooting, and the policeman who had fired the first shot and who apparently was hysterical, whirled and aimed his revolver at the chief. In this encounter two veterans were fatally wounded, another received a flesh wound, and a bystander got a policeman's bullet in the shoulder.

It was soon afterward that Glassford made an illuminating statement to reporters. He said: "The trouble began when I was compelled to enforce an order which I considered unnecessary. In a few more hours this area could have been evacuated peacefully."

The truth of this statement seemed evident. The men had been advised by their leaders to move, better quarters had been promised, and plainly they were ready to follow Glassford's counsel. The trouble was that someone in authority had determined to force the issue. Two District commissioners reported to President Hoover that the civil authorities were "unable to maintain order," and within a few minutes infantry, cavalry, machine-gunners, and tanks were on their way from Fort Myer and Fort Washington—although they were delayed an hour in the rear of the White House while an orderly dashed back to Fort Myer for the tunic, service stripes, and English whipcord breeches of General MacArthur, the valiant chief of staff having steeled himself to lead the offensive in person. Again we have a significant disclosure from General Glassford, the one of-

ficial whose judgment, courage, and knowledge of conditions had been conspicuous.

He did not tell the commissioners that the police were unable to handle the situation—on the contrary, he told them the police could handle it "unless the field of operations was to be expanded"; he did not ask for troops, was not consulted about calling them out, was not informed they were coming, and was not consulted by their officers when they arrived. In short, the whole affair had been taken out of his hands by someone higher in authority, someone resolved on an actual clash between the regular army and the encamped veterans. The publication of the orders disclosed that this "someone" was Herbert Hoover. Before me is a statement by Secretary Hurley which contains the following words:

No one was injured after the coming of the troops. No property was destroyed after the coming of the troops except that which was destroyed by the marchers themselves. The duty of restoring law and order was performed with directness, with effectiveness, and with unparalleled humanity and kindness.

Let us see. When the troops arrived they actually were cheered by the veterans on the south sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue. A cavalry officer spurred up to the curb and shouted: "Get the hell out of here." Infantrymen with fixed bayonets and trench helmets deployed along the south curb, forcing the veterans back into the contested block. Cavalry deployed along the north side, riding their horses up on the sidewalk and compelling policemen, reporters, and photographers to climb on automobiles to escape being trampled. A crowd of three or four thousand spectators had congregated in the vacant lot on the north side of the avenue. A command was given and the cavalry charged the crowd with drawn sabers. Men, women, and children fled shrieking across the broken ground, falling into excavations as they strove to avoid the rearing hoofs and saber points. Meantime, the infantry on the south side had adjusted gas masks and were hurling tear bombs into the block into which they had just driven the veterans. Secretary Hurley states that "the building occupied by the women and children was protected, and no one was permitted to molest them."

What he means by "the building" I do not know, because scores of shanties and tents in the block were occupied by women and children. I know that I saw dozens of women grab their children and stagger out of the area with streaming, blinded eyes while the bombs fizzed and popped all around them. I saw a woman stand on the Missouri Avenue side and plead with a non-commissioned officer to let her rescue a suitcase which, she told him, contained all the spare clothing of herself and her child, and I heard him reply: "Get out of here, lady, before you get hurt," as he calmly set fire to her shanty.

"No one was injured after the coming of the troops," declares the veracious Mr. Hurley. I saw one of his own blood-splashed cavalymen put into an ambulance, apparently unconscious, as several of his comrades pursued a fugitive into a filling station, trampling a woman in their charge. Simultaneously an ear was shorn from the head of a Tennessee veteran by a cavalry saber. As a matter of fact, there was hardly a minute when an ambulance did not dash in and dash off with a victim. I was in that hapless mass of policemen, reporters, and spectators at Third and C Streets a few minutes later when an order was given from a staff officer's



car, and a company of infantry came up on the double quick, tossing gas bombs right and left. Some exploded on the sidewalk. Some fell in front yards jammed with Negro women and children. One appeared to land on the front porch of a residence. Two small girls fell to the sidewalk, choking and screaming. But the veterans were beyond the street intersection, more than fifty yards away, held at bay by the cavalry. This gas was intended for spectators—and they were fated to get many another dose intended for them before the night was over, although the police suffered even more—they had no masks. Meantime the legless veteran had come hobbling out of that inferno of gas between Third and Fourth Streets and Pennsylvania and Missouri Avenues. His eyes were almost closed. He had been lying on his bunk when the first bomb landed in the building. He had taken off his artificial feet because his stumps were chafed from too much walking, and it took time to strap them on. He was the last to emerge. From his personal belongings he had rescued only his blanket and a copy of his poem. But “no one was injured” and “no property was destroyed,” according to the gallant soldier-oil magnate of Tulsa!

According to Messrs. Hoover and Hurley, it was necessary to evacuate this block in order to “give way to new buildings to be built under the construction program authorized by Congress. This new construction was designed to give employment to the unemployed of Washington and vicinity.” As a matter of fact, inquiry at the Treasury discloses that the plans call for no buildings on this block. It will be used for a park and parkway. Its part in relieving unemployment consists in this: that forty Negro laborers and a crane will be used in razing the remaining buildings. Moreover, it develops that an undertaker, whose place of business still stands on the site, has appealed from the judgment in a condemnation suit, and the labor of leveling the block may not be completed for weeks.

Secretary Hurley defiantly announced that “statements made to the effect that the billets of the marchers were fired by troops is a falsehood.” On the day when he first made this declaration it appeared in dozens of newspapers which also published a graphic Underwood and Underwood photograph of an infantryman applying a torch to a veteran’s shanty. I am only one of numerous reporters who stood by while the soldiers set fire to many such shelters. In the official apologia, the Secretary asserts that “the shacks and tents at Anacostia were set on fire by the bonus marchers before the troops crossed the Anacostia Bridge.” I was there when the troops crossed. They celebrated their arrival at the Anacostia terminus of the bridge by tossing gas bombs into a throng of spectators who booed and refused to “get back” as soon as ordered. About fifteen minutes after their arrival in the camp the troops set fire to two improvised barracks. These were the first fires. Prior to this General MacArthur had summoned all available reporters and told them that “operations are completely suspended,” that “our objective has been accomplished,” that “the camp is virtually abandoned,” and that it would “not be burned.” Soon after making that statement he departed for the White House. When the two barracks ignited by the soldiers had been burning fiercely for at least thirty minutes, the veterans began firing their own shelters as they abandoned them.

On the high embankment which bounds the plain opposite the Anacostia River, thousands of veterans had gath-

ered, and with them mingled thousands of Anacostia residents, all intent on the lurid spectacle below. Promptly at midnight (General MacArthur had gone to the White House more than an hour earlier) a long and shadowy line of infantry and cavalry advanced across the fiery plain toward the embankment. Sabers and bayonets gleamed in the red light cast by the flames. Virtually everyone had deserted the camp; it seemed incredible that the offensive would be pushed still further. It seemed so to the veterans and the residents of Anacostia—but an officer had told me earlier in the evening that the strategy was to drive all the campers “into the open country of Maryland.” Presently, that familiar fizzing and popping broke out along the face of the ridge, and there was a rush of veterans and spectators toward the streets of Anacostia. Near the top of the incline is a house occupied by a lone woman. In this house a veteran had rented a room for himself and his wife. It was not that he was too much of a mollicoddle to share the ruder comforts of the camp below—it was simply that his wife expected to become a mother within a month. As the advancing line of bayonets ascended the slope and reached the yard where the landlady and her boarder were standing (the wife continued to sit in a wicker chair), the woman of the house screamed that this was “private property” and that she would appeal to the police for protection.

“To hell with the police. They ain’t got nothing to do with this business,” the sergeant replied. “Get these people out of here.” The woman insisted (I was standing in the weeds fifteen feet above), and the sergeant finally consented to allow the veteran’s wife to remain, but her husband had to move on with the rest of the throng, which appeared to consist of about one-third veterans and two-thirds residents of Anacostia. It had retreated about fifty feet before the advancing bayonets when several gas bombs were tossed *backward* into the yard. The expectant mother and her hostess fled indoors.

For many blocks along the embankment similar scenes were being enacted. With “unparalleled humanity and kindness,” the troops tossed scores of gas bombs into the vast crowds lining the hillside, driving them back to the main thoroughfare of Anacostia. Automobilists, unable either to turn or back up, abandoned their vehicles and ran from the stinging fumes and menacing bayonets. Within five yards of the main business corner a veteran carrying an American flag failed to move rapidly enough, and I saw a gleaming blade sink into his hip. Moaning, he staggered toward a drug store, still clutching his flag.

Chief Glassford, who was in the best position to know, has said that it was “unnecessary.” But, although a brilliant soldier and an even more brilliant policeman, he is not a politician. The politicians had decided it was necessary. It was necessary to dramatize the issue of “Hoover versus radicalism.” One hitch has developed. The President has asserted that less than half of the campers were men who had actually served under the flag, and Hurley assures us that the disorders were led by “reds” and “agitators.” How unfortunate, then, that those killed were bona fide veterans of the World War, entitled to honorable burial in Arlington! But how much more tragic it is that, in a crisis like this, the United States Government should be under the control of such a trio of adventurers as Hoover, Hurley, and Mills!



# Our Cast-Iron Constitution

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

**I**N the present atmosphere of depression a great many criticisms of fundamental economic or political institutions are being made. Programs are offered from all sides; we must do this or that to prevent disaster, proclaim the eager prophets who hasten forward with their schemes of reform. Economically, the magic phrase "a planned society" is heard. We must have old-age pensions, we must have compulsory unemployment insurance, we must be able to fix prices and control the processes of production and consumption. Politically, we must abolish lame-duck sessions of Congress, inaugurate proportional representation in national elections, secure responsible cabinet government. The vast social and economic changes which have been introduced by twentieth-century industrialism dictate a new society. Individualism must give way to socialization. Social life must cease to be anachronistic, the old machinery must be scrapped.

Thus the argument runs. Since social change is necessarily a slow and painful process, it may be taken for granted that great obstacles will have to be overcome before any program of social reform is realized. But there is one additional factor which must be taken into account in America in the formulation of any program which is to have a completely realistic basis. It is that almost all changes that are currently proposed probably cannot be accomplished under existing constitutional limitations. Either they are so obviously unconstitutional that no responsible Congress could so much as consider them, or their constitutionality is open to so much doubt that the Supreme Court would certainly invalidate them in passing them under review. Here, indeed, is a dilemma, but there is no sign that it is receiving very much attention. In fact, there has never been so complete a divorce between economics and political science. One would hardly suppose from reading such popular critics of our economic system as Stuart Chase, James Truslow Adams, or George Soule that there is such a document as the Constitution.

The reply has always been made to those who have expressed general dissatisfaction with existing American institutions, that the Constitution itself provides a remedy. It can always be amended. It is true that the way of amendment is the only safe way to secure permanent fundamental changes but, alas, the apparent way out is a very illusory one. Indeed, it smacks of the Bourbonism which counsels the people to eat cake. It so happens that the Constitution of the United States is like unto the law of the Medes and the Persians of which it was said "it altereth not." Even in the writings of such conservative constitutional commentators as Charles Warren and Robert Luce are to be found intimations that in this kaleidoscopic twentieth century the process available for amending the American fundamental law is not flexible enough. From the point of view of its adaptability, Bryce classified the American Constitution as "rigid." Nineteen amendments have been appended to it, but, as is well-known, ten of these have been adopted at one time in pursuance of an agreement made before its ratification, and three have been secured only as the result of civil war. If the Constitution has been able to function at all,

it is because so many changes have been wrought in it by a process of "interpretation." It is true that this interstitial modification of the Constitution which has resulted in its partial adaptation to the needs of the nation in the past is still available, but it is far too slow for the rapid pace of our own times.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the defects of the present methods of amending the Constitution which are provided for in Article V. The only method that has proved at all workable is that of Congressional proposal of amendments with ratification by the State legislatures. Special State ratifying conventions have never been used. The attempts of some States to provide for ratification of amendments by popular referendum were held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. But it is to be doubted whether popular participation of this character in the amending process could lead to very much. Forty-eight popular referendums, or forty-eight specially elected conventions assembled in forty-eight separate States, represent an unbelievably cumbersome procedure. The fathers after all were thinking only of thirteen States. It is true that the trouble would be worth-while if very much could be accomplished by single amendments, but only piecemeal changes could be wrought in the Constitution in this way. After much travail only a mouse could be born. A single amendment could necessarily effect only a single change, and it may seriously be doubted whether any genuine social reorientation could now be realized in this manner. Even if it be assumed that a whole new constitution could be submitted by Congress in the form of a single amendment, that obviously would be no way to adopt a new scheme of government. It would simply be a case of taking or leaving what was offered. A constitution must be the result of a process of proposal and counter-proposal, of bargain and compromise.

The only method known to political science which is suited to a thoroughgoing constitutional revision is the general constitutional convention, but under the present Article V it is next to impossible to assemble one. To secure independent but simultaneous action on the part of the necessary two-thirds of the States is an almost insuperable task. The fact is that more than thirty-two States, or the necessary two-thirds, have at various times since 1899 petitioned Congress, as required, to call a constitutional convention, but too many constitutional riddles have been involved for Congress to feel impelled to act. How long do the State petitions to Congress for a constitutional convention remain good? Must all the petitions request the same amendment? Must a petition request a specific amendment, or may it request a constitutional convention for general revision? Can Congress forestall a constitutional convention by submitting the desired changes to the State legislatures? These questions have remained entirely academic because there is no judicial way of settling them. In fact, however, they are not very often asked, because the very idea of a constitutional convention makes everybody nervous. The last one this country had in 1789 is too intimately associated with a period of



revolution. No court can control a constitutional convention which, representing the people in their sovereign capacity, is supreme. It is recalled, moreover, that as a matter of fact the Convention of 1789 disregarded the Articles of Confederation, so that the present Constitution may be said to have been illegally adopted. State constitutional conventions which work under the implied threat of the federal military power may be one thing—in fact, many have been held, according to one estimate, once in every thirty-three years; but a federal constitutional convention would be quite another. In a very interesting book, "A New Constitution for a New America," published a decade ago in another period of depression, William MacDonald urged the calling of a general constitutional convention to adapt the fundamental law to new needs, but unfortunately under the present provisions of Article V it is next to impossible to assemble such a body.

The conservatism of the fathers has been amply demonstrated in recent years by such scholars as J. Allen Smith and Charles A. Beard. This conservatism undoubtedly manifested itself in their rejection of the principle of majority decision in the amendment of the Constitution. But it is equally true that they were no less ridden by the bugaboo of State rights. They made the amending process particularly rigid to make it difficult for a small group of States to disturb the status quo. As the result of this jealousy of the States, it has been made possible for thirteen States whose population is in the neighborhood of only 5,000,000 (less than that of the City of New York) to prevent a constitutional amendment which may be desired by all the other States whose population exceeds 100,000,000.

Communists and other malcontents have immemorially been treated to the commonplace that in America the adaptation of our institutions to new needs is always possible through orderly constitutional change. But constitutionally these needs are really incapable of adequate satisfaction. Is the Constitution born of revolution to be superseded only by revolution? The probability of its recurrence is not lessened but increased by the likelihood of its being only a "bourgeois" revolution. Among communists such a revolution is spoken of with ridicule and contempt. It is supposed to be the lowest of all possible types of revolution. All the objectives which it can possibly accomplish are held to have been attained in 1789. Such a belief, however, can hardly be justified by even elementary school history. The work of 1789 was not done, alas, in the spirit of '76. The United States is the one country already supposed to have democratic institutions which could actually profit immensely from a bourgeois revolution, so anachronistic are its political institutions.

The likelihood of any form of revolution depends, of course, upon a whole complex of social and economic forces. But as far as political science is concerned, the only way such a result can be prevented is to deal in time with the amending process of the American Constitution. Many amendments have been offered in recent years, but none of them is as important as the alteration of the amending process itself. It may be regarded as the last counsel of peaceful change. It is, indeed, the amendment of amendments.

The amendment of the amending process itself would pass all problems into social solution. It could enlist the most general support because it would in itself be a definite commitment upon no issue except the desirability of social change. But there is at least one problem, that of prohibi-

tion, which may not be solved adequately until the present Article V is itself revised. Repeal still has many obstacles in its way. But prohibition might be sacrificed in a general trade of social purposes. The citizen who is a dry may still want some form of farm relief so badly that he may perforce reconcile himself to the possibility that some of his fellow-citizens may be allowed to drink. Hard bargains may be driven under the spur of economic necessity. But prohibition would no more be directly involved than lame-duck sessions or compulsory unemployment insurance or fixing prices.

While the revision of Article V would constitute only a preliminary step to the adaptation of American institutions, it would in itself result in one immeasurably important political reform. A new and more flexible amending process would change the whole character of American constitutionalism. The power of judicial review has too often placed great obstacles in the path of American social progress. The Supreme Court of the United States has acted as a third and decisive legislative body which has constituted the bulwark of conservative interests. Yet there is nothing inherently evil in the power of judicial review itself. Even under a due-process clause of wide application, the power of judicial review could not result in judicial usurpations of legislative authority if the effects of unwelcome judicial decisions could be removed by a constitutional amendment, adopted under an easily workable amending process. Only once has this been possible in American history under the present amending process, when the Sixteenth Amendment was adopted after the income-tax decision. In no other instance has the issue been focused with sufficient sharpness, or been of sufficiently immediate catastrophic importance to arouse public opinion to the point where the almost insurmountable obstacles of the present amending process could be overcome. For the rest, popular rights have rather been gradually and interstitially undermined by a series of decisions whose tendencies could not be arrested by amendments of general import. But under a modernized amending process, the power of judicial review might even be retained. In a federalism such as ours judicial review serves a legitimate purpose of controlling state divergencies from national regulations; where capable of control, it would even be welcome as a temporary check upon possible excesses of legislation. A power of judicial review acting as a brake would be a totally different mechanism from one acting as a throttle.

No definite scheme of a new amending process need here be offered. Once its necessity is realized, it will take appropriate shape. As to its exact form, there will naturally be differences of opinion. But in general it may be said that a good amending process should combine a relatively easy method of inaugurating individual changes with a slightly more difficult method of general revision. The extent to which the power of initiating amendments is to be divided between the nation and the States will always doubtless prove a troublesome problem. Two principles, however, may be ventured as vital in all phases of the amending process: A majority should be sufficient to secure either the initiation or final approval of any changes; in both phases, also, popular participation through the referendum should at least always be possible. The need for stability needs to be reconciled with the no less legitimate need for change. Even a slight relaxation of the present provisions of Article V would be a vast improvement.



# A New Crisis in China

By LONG BOW

THE Kuomintang has dominated China since 1926. During these past six years the Chinese people have been promised, time and again, internal peace, termination of imperialist oppression, and economic reconstruction under the leadership of the party. Instead, there has been, since the establishment of the present national government at Nanking, a succession of civil wars, foreign invasions, mutinies and revolts, floods and famine. The burden of taxation has not been lessened, while misery and poverty among the masses have increased in intensity. The forces of discontent are constantly gaining strength and are gravitating around the Communist stronghold in the southwest.

Five years ago the voice of Kuomintang was eagerly heard and enthusiastically echoed throughout the country; its denunciations struck terror to the hearts of warring militarists; its proclamations envisaged the coming of a new day; its leaders, outspoken and heralded by the masses, appeared as apostles of a new faith; it was looked upon as the national fountain-head of regenerating power and influence. Today, the voice of the Kuomintang is feeble; its pronouncements lack the force of conviction; its headquarters are closely guarded for fear of attack; and its leaders are timid and confused.

Bearing in mind that the ruling elements of a nation are hardly better than the ruled and that politics and government administration best reflect the character and qualities of a self-governing people, it will not be difficult to appreciate the task confronting any group of men attempting to revolutionize China. The bulk of the people of China are paternalistic in their thinking and individualistic in their behavior. Everybody is his own government and master. They are stubborn and hard to convince; they are eccentric and cannot be tamely led. The life of China, irrespective of classes, consists of a myriad of small and unconnected circles within a big circle. The Chinese live, toil, and breed incessantly. When hard times come, as at present, they war on their neighbors instead of against ignorance and poverty.

The Kuomintang was originally a loose association of revolutionary conspirators. Actuated by sheer patriotism and possessed of creative imagination, the early leaders claimed the right to direct the destiny of the people through the transitional period. The party laid down a threefold program of nationalism, democracy, and socialism as the panacea for the nation's ills. Its aim was the creation of a modern state in place of feudalistic China. The revolutionary ideology was almost transcendental. To place this program before the people and to carry it out required political realism as a component part of revolutionary leadership. For this the Kuomintang was indebted to the Soviet-inspired Chinese Communist Party and to direct moral and material assistance from Soviet Russia. The part which Soviet agents played in the early days has since become an incalculable element.

Theoretically, the Kuomintang aimed at a socialist-democratic revolution with every class of society as an active participant. The workers, the peasants, the small trades-

men, the merchants were all to constitute the revolutionary masses whose aspirations the party was to represent and for whom the party was to be the mouthpiece. It was felt that in the common struggle for liberation from foreign imperialism the prejudices and conflicts of classes within the revolutionary ranks would be submerged. This, however, proved to be an illusion resulting from intellectual confusion of the leaders. It merely opened the way to the penetration of the Communists whose infallible feeling for the masses and quick grasp of the revolutionary situation enabled them to lay hold upon all mass organizations.

From the very beginning there were evidences of a lack of homogeneous leadership in the party. The majority of the members of the Central Executive Committee were men whose middle-class vision extended not beyond their family doors. They were incapable of discerning the path of the revolution. A handful of radical propagandists constituted the vibrating force of the party. They were powerful agitators but lacked sufficient sense of responsibility to be true leaders. The military became the controlling element in the party. But this group consisted of men who were devoid of political wisdom and were more bold than prudent. They soon came under the sway of passion and adventure. There was no centralized leadership.

The crisis wore on. There were perpetual disagreements and quarrels. Then came the inflated expansion of the party following the northern campaigns. War was designed to bring the party political power but victories blinded its intelligence. More wars meant less intelligence and less sense. The Goliath of militarism may have been struck down but the energy of David was also spent. Exhausted by the costly campaigns for personal glory, harassed by the Communists at the back, and deserted by sincere and forward-looking comrades who became disgusted with the betrayers of revolutionary ideals, what remained of the Kuomintang armies and their satellites deviated from the original path of the revolution and turned for support to the hitherto recalcitrant bourgeoisie. The socialist-democratic revolution had come to an end.

The Kuomintang seemed to be meeting the fate of the Committee of Union and Progress in Turkey. A bourgeois revolution, however, would probably fill the immediate needs of China, and Kuomintang leadership was fit for the task providing it was sincere and honest. But a series of rollicking comedies of politico-military civil wars waged purely for factional reasons seriously impaired the dignity and authority of the party. In the eyes of the merchants of Shanghai and Nanking whose pocket-books sustain the national government the Kuomintang seemed guilty of a breach of promise. They became distrustful of Kuomintang sincerity. Meanwhile, the masses whose yearnings and hopes were unfulfilled expressed their discontent in open revolt.

The cancer that eats deeply into the vitals of Kuomintang and of the political life of the nation is the low standard of honesty and decency in the conduct of public office and officials. Effeminacy and corruption seem to be the con-



comitants of a reformist movement in an oriental society. The so-called modern educated men are no less responsible than the bandit-generals whose minds are still feudalistic. Lacking discipline and moral courage, educated but untrained, the majority of public officials find it to their advantage to become interpreters, stewards, and co-conspirators of the military chiefs.

The revolting circumstances of the last decade have produced in China a new type of young radical intelligentsia. To these independent thinkers the actions and declared policies of the Kuomintang appear ludicrously contradictory. They do not challenge the historical claims of the Kuomintang to being the political trustees of the people's welfare, but they strongly demand adequate safeguards for personal freedom. In matters concerning good government and public decency they are aggressively outspoken. The narrow-minded ruling power of the Kuomintang, however, brooks no criticism, helpful or otherwise. A veritable reign of terror has been inaugurated against young writers of talent and courage. Many of the most promising young Chinese have been destroyed. These wanton persecutions have alienated the sympathy and support of the intellectual class for the Kuomintang and recently elicited the just protest of Western writers.

Meanwhile, there are endless intrigues and chicaneries, perpetual haggling over spoils, constant bickerings and double-crossings, and increasing animosity and bitterness among factional leaders within the party. But Nanking and Canton, with their charges and counter-charges, are regarded as the kettle and pot calling each other black. The people have become estranged. To the masses, the Kuomintang, which was once a cult, is now a disease to be endured and got rid of, if possible. The time for the party to organize its victories and to consolidate its power is lost forever.

While the Kuomintang stews in its own juice the Communist backfire gradually spreads in the neglected areas of southwestern China. Whether a Communist revolution is a historical necessity for the Chinese people at the present stage of their development is, of course, a debatable question. But it is undeniable that the Communist Party has become a vital force in China, biding its time and gaining strength to contend for the supreme power of the land. In their struggle for power they must encounter the same historic forces and national traits of the people which stand in the way of innovation and progress. Both the Communist Party and the Kuomintang have sent thousands of men to death. The difference, however, is that the Communists have capitalized their gains and tried to make life anew, if no better temporarily, for those who survive, while the Kuomintang squanders its gains in perfunctory political luxuries and leaves the survivors in old misery.

Launching its revolutionary undertaking openly in 1927 the genuine Communist Party is now in absolute control of an area of 250,000 square miles with a population of 50,000,000. The Red Army consists of 400,000 able-bodied men assisted by a number of auxiliary units including young boys and girls. Sufficient information and statistics have not yet come to light to present a reliable picture of its inside workings but the following excerpts from the letter of a middle-aged peasant in the interior of Kiangsi gives an impression of what life is like under the Communist hammer and sickle:

Much more has happened here in the last four years than in the preceding forty.

My woman [his wife] died shortly before they [the Communists] came. Ping Heng [probably his brother] was shot on the morning of Wednesday. It was a continued nightmare for all. Ting Tze Lord's [a wealthy landlord] mansion was turned into a yamen [government office] and even the Hu-taos disappeared mysteriously. The back temple [an isolated place for the cripples and feeble-minded] was burned and no one left. On this site now stands a new building where young folks often gather for meeting. Life is strangely new and I have not seen half of the faces of the old days.

I am still plowing my own lot but I had to turn in the title deed in exchange for a yearly lease which is also revocable at any time. Everybody obtains his share of manure from the common pile but we keep our own cows and chickens. Except during the working season [the average working days for a Chinese farmer vary from 150 to 200 a year] we all dig roads, carrying dirt and building dams under supervision. It is said that we will soon have more water than we need for our cauldrons and more roads than our feet can walk.

The incense shop in Pi Ying [a small town] is closed and in its place is now a printing shop with all kinds of pictures, booklets, and pamphlets which are given free. All may sell to and buy from the general store but not between ourselves. There is nothing to buy and sell and no money.

The women folks keep ancestral tablets in their bedrooms and under their beds and worship at night. My two sons and two daughters seem to be busy all the time. They eat and sleep where there are others of their age together. What the girls do I don't know, but the older one seems to be happy. She says she does not need any go-between and she is married already! She is eighteen. The sons join the Young Vanguard and have drill and study every day. They do not study "Great Learning" or the "Four Books" but many others which I do not understand—less do I care to read. We are better off in one way and worse off in another.

Ironical though it may seem, communistic political methods operate most effectively in an economically backward country. If revolutionary disintegration continues in China, time is in their favor. Extremist, self-confident, optimistic in their outlook, cruelly scientific and diabolically energetic, the Communists, zigzagging though they must on account of inferior resources, are superior in human organization. The northwestern provinces are fast being drawn within the Communist vortex and it is their hope that they may eventually establish contact with Moscow through the mainland.

A group of national celebrities have openly demanded partial abdication of political power by the Kuomintang. Out of this may rise a new movement, less idyllic and romantic than the Kuomintang, more direct in methods, definite in purpose, and fascist in character. The situation is complicated by the interests of Western capitalist powers in China which have always played an invisible hand in the making and unmaking of government and which are now in conflict with the Japanese general staff. If a general conflict results, any government in China will be buried in a maelstrom of international politics, and anarchy will help the Communist Party to victory. If the repercussions in Japan continue toward internal revolution there while the world situation gradually improves, the Kuomintang Government may have another lease of life.



## The Arena

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

**D**IFFERENT times, different customs. Were John Wilkes Booth to shoot Abraham Lincoln today, he would be prosecuted for failing to make an income-tax return.

Mayor Walker, if put out of office, will run for the New York governorship. This suggests an interesting possibility. Let Governor Roosevelt, if defeated for the Presidency, run for Mayor of New York. Mr. Walker could then put Mr. Roosevelt out of office, Mr. Roosevelt could run for governor again—why, it could go on for years.

And now if the racketeers will give up a month's pay, everything will be fine.

Suggested added feature for the Olympic games: the monkey-wrench throw. Throwing the wrench into the works at 500 meters. To be participated in by only our leading bankers and politicians.

Governor Roosevelt's nation-wide tour will wind up in California. In the event of defeat he can be in the movies in twenty-four hours.

Speaking further of California and the Olympics, no less than three men broke the record for the 100-meter dash. Let's see—isn't that criminal syndicalism out there?

Governor Eely seems to be slippery.

Progress is being made toward the five-day week, which will be five days more than the workers are getting now.

Since our soldiers are not wanted in either Washington or Johnstown, why not send them to France? They used to be wanted there.

Why doesn't one of the big chain stores build a string of de luxe poor houses around the country?

Mr. Hoover says that no group must be permitted to intimidate the country. The racketeers won't stand for any competition.

If Patrick Henry were to make his choice today, he'd certainly stay right where he is.

If the Olympic athletes, while they are in California, would take up the problem of debt cancelation, and if the Lausanne statesmen, when next they meet, would confine themselves to pole-vaulting—but no, it's too much to expect.

Isn't it about time for some press association to send out a false report of the end of the depression?

Gene Tunney will run for United States Senator. For Ambassador to England: John J. McGraw.

## In the Driftway

**T**HE Drifter has discovered a document of immeasurable value to the (non)working man which he prints below in the belief that it should be framed and hung in every working-class home (if any). It is a "Special Letter" issued by Roger W. Babson, and reads as follows:

### HOW TO GET WORK WHEN THERE IS NO WORK!

First, always keep in mind that the sign, No Help Wanted, is always a lie. . . . When men and women are laid off, it is because they are of *no help* to the concern employing them. . . . *Anyone who can be of real help can always get employment. . . .*

When applying for a position never tell your prospective employer about your own troubles. He probably has ten troubles to every one you have. Do not talk about your family or wife, especially if she's about to have another baby! Surely these things are not the fault of him whom [*sic*] you are hoping will employ you. Never talk against your former employer nor attempt to make an alibi for your losing your last job. One of the first things every employer wants is *loyalty* in his employees. Talk well of your acquaintances, be an optimist on business and life in general. . . . Better business will come when the millions of unemployed change their attitude toward life. . . .

The country will never get out of the present depression by any of us working less. Only by more work and harder work by all of us will prosperity return. *Hence these suggestions:* If you rent a house and cannot get work, ask your landlord to buy the materials, and offer to paint the house, shingle the roof, or make other repairs in payment for your rent. This would at least create prosperity in the paint and shingle industry! . . . Business is waiting only for more sales. If the millions of unemployed would start out today to sell the products of factories which are running on part time, prosperity would return tomorrow. Hence if you cannot *think* yourself into a job, then *work* yourself into a job. The first men and women to be reinstated with pay will be the ones who insist on working even without pay. . . .

Remember that now while unemployed you have a great opportunity to build yourself up physically, mentally, and spiritually. . . . Breathe deeply, drink much water, exercise sufficiently, chew your food, and get a lot of sleep. . . . Spend an hour a day in your public library systematically studying the industry to which you wish to go back. . . . Do not waste time reading the newspapers or listening to the radio. . . . Remember that you have as much time as President Hoover or Henry Ford. The difference between you and them is how you use this time. . . .

Today, with deflation about completed, the need is merely for a determination by us all to go forward and do **SOMETHING** useful—with or without immediate pay!

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**M**R. Babson has neglected one point. If because of lack of food, you are unable to chew it properly; if you faint in the public library from hunger; finally, if you starve to death before the pay begins, remember that you will be making room for some other worker. Remember that "better business will come when the millions of unemployed change their attitude."

THE DRIFTER



# Remember Sacco and Vanzetti

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* seems to be the only journal in the United States that has, to date, consistently, conscientiously, and steadfastly fought the battle for Sacco and Vanzetti. In the midst of dirt and corruption, it has held high up before the eyes of the people an unstained ideal of political morality which is based on a long, honorable, meritorious past. It is with a sense of what *The Nation* is and has been that I appeal to it to continue the fight for Sacco and Vanzetti.

In the first place, let not the twenty-second of August go by this year without the holding of a fitting memorial service in New York and in Boston in honor of Sacco and Vanzetti. In the holding of this service, all contact and friction with the police authorities should, in my opinion, be avoided. This is the best way in which to conquer the respect and the sympathies of the police and in which to submit to the American public, through the press, a dignified presentation of all the new matter which has come to light in the last five years and which goes to prove the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti.

There is one particular phase of this evidence in which I have been specially interested, relating to the two men who were intimately connected with the case in the beginning and who fled to Italy to escape the reign of terror which prevailed in the State of Massachusetts. The story of Mario Buda and Riccardo Orciani, close friends and comrades of Sacco and Vanzetti, partners in all their undertakings, is a human record which for pathos, mystery, and tragedy has rarely been equaled by anything in fiction or real life. I have received a letter from a lawyer in Kentucky who says:

I have never seen Buda's statement as published in the New York *World* of December 2, 1928, and I would like very much to see it, as I read the complete record of the trial, both in the lower court and throughout all the appeals. I have often wondered why Buda disappeared: and especially why he waited until after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti before he made any statement on his own behalf. He must have known from 1921 to 1927 of what was going on in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti appeals, and it is certainly queer that he should have kept so silent, when his silence tended to create the impression that Sacco and Vanzetti were probably guilty.

After a four years' study of Buda's character, I am satisfied that the reason he did not speak was because he could not speak. Nobody invited him to speak, and nobody connected with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, so far as he knew, seemed to take the slightest interest in whatever he might have to say, or seemed to regard it as of any importance.

If Buda had hidden himself, if he had buried himself in some far-off place where he never could have been found, if he had changed his name and otherwise destroyed all traces of his existence, a presumption would have remained against him. Buda did none of these things. Buda simply went home. I was the first person, so far as I know, to reach Buda, and when I questioned him on the case, he told me frankly and willingly everything he knew about it. I have visited Buda's home in Italy, talked with his mother and his other friends and relations, and I have visited Buda twice, once on the island of Lipari and once on the island of Ponza, where he has been held a political prisoner for nearly five years; for four years I have corresponded with him regularly.

The State of Massachusetts put Sacco and Vanzetti to death on the theory that Buda was a participator with them in the crimes alleged. Why does not the State of Massachu-

setts, if it has any self-respect or any belief in the honesty of what it has done, make an effort to bring Buda to justice, either in Massachusetts or in Italy? Why execute two of the "murderers" and make no effort to apprehend the third? The case of Massachusetts against Sacco and Vanzetti was that Buda stole a car, that he hid it in his shed, that he invited Sacco and Vanzetti to use this car with which to commit crimes and murders. If all that was true then all three men were guilty. If that was not true, then all were innocent.

Buda wrote me lately requesting me to send him the excellent book on the case written by the New York lawyer, Osmond K. Fraenkel. He has written me: "The statements made by Johnson and his wife are in many ways untrue. I am going to write an answer to these statements." I doubt very much if Buda, when he was in Italy subsequent to November, 1920, followed the case in its details or had any means of doing so. His interest in the testimony seems now to be awakening, and in Fraenkel's book he possesses the whole thing in a truthful, impartial, and convenient form. He is an intellectual man and spends his time in study. He can see now for the first time from Fraenkel's book just where he stands in the case.

Buda's five years will be up on August 20 of this year. He has against him three additional months. A petition signed by the American friends of Sacco and Vanzetti and addressed to the Italian ambassador in Washington, outlining Buda's connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case, calling attention to the importance of his testimony, and requesting that the Italian Government cancel the extra three months standing against him, would, in my opinion, bring about his liberation.

EDWARD HOLTON JAMES

Geneva, Switzerland, July 15

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once more my calendar reminds me of that grim night in Charlestown Prison when Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were led to the executioner's chair, victims of a legal murder. Am I a sentimentalist that despite the intervening years I still rehearse the weeks of anxiety and strain that characterized the struggle for their lives? Or am I right when I look upon my picture of their death masks and tell myself that men forget too easily; that the curse of our times is not our sentimentalism but the ease with which our capacity for sensation becomes dulled? Are we too tender-minded or too hard-boiled? Are radicals, who criticize the mawkish monuments of present-day civilization, inconsistent in upholding their own martyrs, perpetuating their names and deeds, and holding, year after year, as it were, grudges in stone?

It may be true. But as for me, I can perhaps best celebrate this hideous anniversary by once more reliving for a few days, if only that, one of the soundest emotional stirrings I ever experienced. When I joined the radicals of the world in heaping execrations on the cowardly heads of men like Alvan Fuller and Webster Thayer, I was not giving vent to a petty spleen; I was, rather, adding my single voice to the great, age-long chorus of hatred against smug and intrenched intolerance; I was crying vengeance upon the cruelty, not of a few individuals, but of a social system. No, let the complacent, the dilettante, and the casual radical declare that it is fruitless now to raise a protest; let the purely rational reflect, and thus satisfy their frigid souls, that after all the men are dead and we must grapple with the problems of the living. But there are some of us whose radicalism, whose determination to agitate ceaselessly for a new society from the ground up, began with the clanging



of the iron doors in the dark hours of the early morning of August 23, 1927. For though these men were never demigods, they were gallant and devoted; and if in our time the books of judgment do not record a reversal of the Bay State's black conspiracy, the day will come when justice will be done. No, my anarchist friends, whose philosophy I do not share but in whose lot of social rebellion I gladly participate, we have not forgotten!

Boston, Mass., August 8

PITMAN WALSH

## A Place for Planned Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Over the air recently, the editor of the trade paper issued for the daily press described with braggadocio how the news of the big conventions was gathered. He went into considerable detail as to the army of reporters, editorial commentators, announcers, photographers, telegraphers, et cetera, recruited for the purpose and constituting the highest-priced flower of the profession, the millions of words wired out, and the tens of thousands of film feet consumed. He pointed with pride to the matchless enterprise thus demonstrated at a cost of "over \$200,000 a day."

Since the two conventions together ran nine days, the outlay for publicity, on the basis of this figure, must have mounted upwards of \$2,000,000. At least \$1,000,000 of this could have been saved without detracting one bit from the quality of the service. Was this not a good place for a little planned economy?

Philadelphia, July 8

W. H. Y.

## Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers will not want to be neutral in this crisis. In this year of 1932 they will want to support a fundamental program and a man of outstanding ability for President.

Nation readers are invited to join the Committee of Five Thousand for Thomas for President. By October 1 we hope this will be a Committee of One Hundred Thousand. This committee is composed of men and women not now members of the Socialist Party, who wish to make their indorsement of Thomas for President count in the campaign. The headquarters of the committee are at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

New York, August 6

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

## Contributors to This Issue

LONG BOW is the pseudonym of a Chinese who has until recently been connected with the Nanking Government.

PAUL ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WILLIAM SEAGLE is coauthor of "To the Pure" and author of "Cato, or the Future of Censorship."

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN is coauthor with Morrie Ryskind of the Pulitzer prize play, "Of Thee I Sing."

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

ALFRED E. SMITH, the former Governor of New York State, was the Democratic candidate for President in 1928.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of a biography, "Bitter Bierce."

ROBERT CANTWELL is author of "Laugh and Lie Down."

## NEW YORK WIGMAN SCHOOL . . . OF THE DANCE

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## THE NATION ON WEVD RELIEF BREAKS DOWN IN THE CITIES

by Mauritz A. Hallgren

Wednesday, August 17

8:15 p.m.



## WHAT WE LIVE BY

THE new book by the author of *The Art of Thinking* concerns itself with the art of arts—the art of living . . . *Ars artium regimen animarum* . . . the art of arts is the guidance of the soul.

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# Books and Films

## The Inner Temple

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Every right-run farm should own  
A place where men can be alone.

A toolshed will do well as such,  
Women would not go there much  
To pry into the mysteries  
Of plows and harrows. On his knees  
A man can get down there and savor,  
As all men need to do, the flavor  
Of being of the ancient race  
Of animals and know his place  
Is properly on pungent clay.  
And something holy in its way  
Will rise out of the earth beneath him  
And in a fresh, strange garment sheathe him.  
So when he will go indoors,  
His wife will look up from her chores  
And wonder at him seeming new  
As when their courtship was not through.

## White Housekeeping

*The Diary of an ex-President.* By John P. Wintergreen.  
Edited by Morrie Ryskind. Minton, Balch and Company.  
\$1.75.

**I**N politics I have always found a sense of humor an invaluable asset. There is nothing quite so refreshing, especially in a Presidential year, as the discovery of a book with a real sense of humor about politics. Morrie Ryskind, who I understand was responsible for much of the funny business in "Of Thee I Sing," has continued the Wintergreen epic in inimitable style in "The Diary of an ex-President." My personal opinion is that it should be made compulsory reading for every politician, campaigner, or political office-holder. Some public official should be entrusted with causing such politicians to read a chapter or two every time there seemed any danger of their taking themselves too seriously.

The American political scene grows more complicated almost daily. The grave problems that have been saddled upon our national and local governments by the economic crisis have tended to make self-important political personages even more inflated and, in some cases, demagogic. In reading the naively simple adventures of John P. Wintergreen in the White House, they may find that after all their good fortune or fine public position is usually the result of some special gesture of fortune rather than something which implies any great merit on the part of themselves.

I laughed with John P. Wintergreen and I laughed at him. As a former State executive, I found great humor in some of his White House adventures. No one who has been in public life can possibly escape the humor of President Wintergreen's situation, and I am sure that Mr. Ryskind has manufactured many a genuine laugh for hundreds of thousands who may never sit in the chair of political office and know personally the situations that make a sense of humor so invaluable in such a position.

ALFRED E. SMITH

## On Being Repetitive

*On Being Creative.* By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

**A**S if to prove his point that there is something fixed and permanent in the midst of seemingly universal flux, Dr. Irving Babbitt publishes a new book which is so much like every other book he has printed since "Literature and the American College" of 1908 that one is at a loss how to review it. It is replete with the same notions, the same prejudices masquerading as ideas, the same antiquated methodology that have been characteristic of him all his writing life. The ways of criticizing Babbitt's work were so thoroughly canvassed during the great humanist controversy of 1929-30 that a new approach is hardly at this late date to be found. One can merely reiterate the objections then brought up in the hope that they may by some wild chance penetrate the protective armor humanists seemingly wear when they venture into the world.

Babbitt still envisages himself as the great Harvard Socrates. He still thinks that civilization is a purely verbal structure that can be wrecked or saved by a definition. He still insists that definition is to be striven for by reference to the past usage of a word rather than by reference to the reality it is intended to symbolize. He is still content to base his case on a purely verbal psychology and to insist with characteristic vehemence that he and he alone is being experimental. He is still able to convince himself that he can, following King Canute, hold back the waves of science by dubbing all those he does not like, particularly those which have to do with the study of man as an individual and as a social animal, pseudo-sciences. He is still willing to scramble the ideas of the world in the hope that by a marvel of verbal prestidigitation he will produce something that will save civilization from the fate he sees ahead for it.

All this ludicrous activity is carried on in this new book, which is ostensibly given over to essays on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Johnson, Schiller, Julien Benda, The Critic and American Life, and the title topic, On Being Creative. Thus in writing about Coleridge and Johnson it is quite obvious he is really using them as foils for an essay on the use of imagination in literature. "In dealing with this problem," he writes with his wonderful solemnity, "it seems to me desirable to bring a Socratic idea into relation with a Buddhistic one and then to use the two ideas thus combined in defense of an idea that is central to Christianity." Thus by shuffling around the notions he has cadged from writers of the past he hopes to get the stage set for a return to what he insists is a sounder conception of the imagination than that obtaining for the last one hundred and fifty years. But he makes not a single reference to the work of the psychologists in the field of the imagination. He simply plays around with his jig-saw puzzle until he is convinced that he has exhausted the patience of his audience, and then announces a conclusion he had arrived at long before he set out on his study of Socratic, Buddhistic, and Christian ideas. Indeed, he has only adverted to them in the hope—vain, to be sure, in most cases—that by invoking such impressive authority for his private notions, his readers will be stampeded into accepting his prejudices as Great Ideas.

Coming back to Dr. Babbitt's verbal gymnastics after almost two years of rest from them, one is impressed by their total irrelevance to contemporary life. There is plenty of room for a critic, even a school of critics, whose sole duty it might be to criticize the modern mind. But no school has yet appeared which has shown itself capable of criticizing the modern mind in



the terms in which that mind must perforce operate. The critics who have appeared, like the humanists and the neo-Thomists, simply deny the validity of those terms at the very beginning, and so the points they make are grounded in such a different methodology that they are difficult to apprehend, and when apprehended, usually turn out to be irrelevant. Even the Communist critics are unable to get outside the modern mind in any true sense. They escape, at best, the so-called bourgeois prejudices. They are less bamboozled by certain of the more and less obvious sacred cows of Western European society. The truth is that they are themselves so completely partisans of modernity in most of its phases that they are incapable of criticizing it outside the realm of economics. Personally I have always thought that this is getting pretty near the heart of the matter. It is of the very first importance that we know in what sort of society a given set of ideas was produced, and it may safely be said that the economic system plus the cultural inheritance from the past—the superorganic of Kroeber—will come pretty near to explaining just why certain ideas are held. If this is true, then Dr. Babbitt's notions may be dismissed as a part of the cultural lag. He is still trying to exploit the adventitious and honorific value allegedly inherent in literary or verbal learning as opposed to the learning brought to us by the scientific method. Far from being in advance of the moderns, Babbitt is so far behind them that it is only with difficulty that they can make out what the devil he is talking about.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## The Importance of Henry James

*The Prefaces of Henry James.* By Leon Edel. Paris: Jouve et Cie. 18 fr.

THE body of comment that has grown up around the work of Henry James is exceptional for the lack of common agreement it reveals among his critics. To the general reader his name has come to stand for a forbidding gentility, for a love of long sentences and of hair-splitting analysis, and for an almost mystical concern with problems of deportment. But even among his critics neither his greatness nor his failure is taken for granted. It is not commonly accepted that he was a great writer in the sense that it is commonly accepted that Dostoevski was a great writer; on the other hand, it is not generally held that his work has lost its meaning to us to the extent of that of Huysmans, for example. There is a deep difference of opinion even among those who begin with an assumption of his failure. To Van Wyck Brooks and to the nationalist critics, James has been principally significant as the great expatriate, the most distinguished refugee from American materialism, and his failure is presented both as a result of his pilgrimage and of the combination of forces that led him to make it. The "serious charge" I. A. Richards incidentally mentions against much of James turns out to be that when "the reader has once successfully read it there is nothing further which he can do. He can only repeat his reading." These are two views selected at random; other critics have offered other objections. In these very pages, not long ago, C. Hartley Grattan added a new note of dissent by characterizing James as "beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class" as a part of an argument designed to show that James has little of significance to say to the present generation. There seems to me to be less point in disputing these various views than in indicating that those who are agreed that he failed do not agree why he failed. Nor do they show convincingly *how* he failed. We can be almost persuaded by Mr. Brooks's eloquent argument, for example, until he offers us his proof. When he points to the novels which he maintains indicate

James's decline, we learn only that Mr. Brooks does not like the kind of writing in which James had perfected himself. At the opposite extreme, a devoted admirer like Percy Lubbock can give us a clear statement of his belief in James's greatness, but our skepticism is likely to be aroused as soon as we perceive the vagueness and the rather precious quality of his reasons for believing in it.

Leon Edel is among the admirers, which is to say that he communicates his belief in James's greatness more effectively than he communicates the reasons for that belief. There is little in the present volume that is not well-known to readers of James, but it has a genuine value as an introduction to one of the most searching studies we have of the technique of the novel, and to some of the most remarkable of English prose. According to Leon Edel, James, in writing the prefaces to the definitive edition of his work, "took the attitude of a misunderstood author who wishes to explain what he has tried to do, and why." Examining the facts that led to the prefaces being written, this seems accurate, but examining the prefaces, it is misleading. James was in his sixties when he wrote them; he was generally neglected or forgotten; the fate of his greatest works was, as Leon Edel says, "a small sale, a confused criticism, and stupid letters from friends asking for explanations." After a life of industry comparable with that of Balzac, James felt that more was due him, and he wrote the prefaces in a final and pathetic attempt to clarify his writing to his audience. The edition was not a success and the prefaces have remained almost unread—an ironic, a Jamesian fate for them, and one that he expected.

These are the melancholy facts. But turning to the prefaces, the phrase "misunderstood author" has misleading connotations. No body of writing that I know testifies so eloquently to a simple joy in writing; no author has had a keener relish for the difficulties of his craft. Literature still remembers the terrible cries of anguish that accompanied Flaubert's labor pains, and writers, recalling what hell he went through, still shudder as they sit down to write. More than any other individual, Flaubert succeeded in making literature a stern and lonely and unhealthful profession, inviting only to those willing to abandon everything else for it, and his influence has been so paralyzing simply because he changed the emphasis from what is said to the emotions of the individual engaged in the process of saying. James was one of the few who studied Flaubert's spectacular torments and remained unperturbed. He knew very well that he enjoyed his art, and that his enjoyment lay precisely in a knowledge of the difficulties and in his attempted solutions. That the difficulties were enormous, and that they seemed greater the more closely he scrutinized them, became, in the last analysis, the central source of their appeal.

It is a lack of appreciation of the almost Rabelaisian zest with which he approached intellectual problems that renders so much of the comment on James inapplicable to his work. He was not narrow and specialized and sterile; his later works emphatically do not indicate a decline in his creative powers. On the contrary they reveal a startling development in his imaginative resourcefulness, a more daring and more varied use of metaphor, a greater field of knowledge on which the metaphors were based—signs of at least an unchecked inspiration and of a tireless ingenuity. It was peculiarly in the later works that he could heap analysis on analysis and then analyze his analysis with recklessness and with an unparalleled extravagance of fancy. This is not to say that such extravagance is in itself good, or that the conceits were uniformly successful. A comparison between the relationship of two people and a Chinese pagoda, in "The Golden Bowl," involves so great a strain on the imagination that one remains in doubt as to what James was trying to communicate. I merely wish to indicate the injustice of comment which does not take this extravagance into



account. In Rabelais we consider a similar extravagance, applied to physical functions, amusing; in James, applied to mental processes, we commonly call it unreal.

Leon Edel does not take up these points; he is principally occupied with repeating and commenting on James's theories of fiction. One impression is clearly conveyed by the prefaces: James was indifferent to what is said, and whole-heartedly concerned with the way of saying it. His descriptions of the initial conceptions of his novels (descriptions, incidentally, which in their range of imagery and precision of statement surpass similar passages in Joyce and Proust, the two who have drawn most from James) reveal that for him the material for fiction might be implicit in any chance remark, however slight, in any casual situation, no matter how conventionally undramatic. He never seems to have considered that this might be more revealing of his general indifference to his subject than of the potential richness of the casual. If I can do this much, he seems to say, with this slight and inconsequential situation, what might be done with some of the intense and urgent conflicts that surround you? He made no secret of the ways in which he gained his effects; he did not credit them to some supernatural power or to special and mysterious gifts. He left a detailed record of his experiments in communication, and they are experiments that no one who feels he has something to communicate to others can profitably disregard.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## The Truth about Slavery

*Slave-Trading in the Old South.* By Frederic Bancroft. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company. \$4.

ONE can rely upon Frederic Bancroft to do a thorough and sound job of historical writing whenever he gives us a book, which is unfortunately only rarely. His latest, a study of slave-trading in the old South, is a notable contribution to the history of the slavery system. It is all the more welcome because of the new cult which would whitewash all the leaders of the Confederacy and has now discovered that all the Republicans, who steered the country through the Reconstruction days, were a set of unmitigated rascals without a single redeeming trait or defense. This cult is, of course, primarily carried on by the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Veterans, who have recently declined to meet with the survivors of the Grand Army, and by other professional Southern patriots who have even erected a monument to the jailer of Andersonville. Without in the least desiring to wave the bloody shirt, or to arouse sectional antagonism, it is none the less vitally important that the actual facts as to the institution of human slavery in America should be on record beyond question, lest they be buried under a mass of sentimentalism, in a deliberate, almost nation-wide effort to gloss over the horrors and to give to the whole of the institution the glamor surrounding the petted house slaves in Thomas Nelson Page's novels.

As a trained historian and scholar, Mr. Bancroft has, of course, built his book on contemporary facts, taken wherever possible from Southern sources, with photographs of advertisements and other documents which cannot be gainsaid. He has had recourse also to the testimony of foreign visitors to the United States, and where he has used contemporary Negro testimony he has gone to great pains to find corroborative evidence. It is a dreadful chronicle that he has set forth of wanton human misery; of the destruction of families; of the tearing of little infants out of their mother's arms, and their sale at twenty-five dollars or more to anyone who would take them; of enforced violations of marriage ties, indeed, of the reduction of the

marriage rite among colored people to a mockery and a sham. Mr. Bancroft also deals at length with the fate of the Octoroons and Quadroons who were sold as "fancy girls." He records the case of one mother who thanked God when she heard of the death of her daughter, one of this handsome type, as she was being marched South with a coffle of slavehands to be sold to the highest male bidder to do with as he pleased. Mr. Bancroft is also very unkind in bringing out the record of some of the leading Charleston families whose houses are still among the show places of that city, to show that their wealth was founded on the blood and tears of the human beings that were auctioned off on the block.

In other words, Mr. Bancroft has given us a source book of great worth. No one who desires honestly to treat of the slave trade in the old South hereafter can possibly write of the subject without referring to this monumental work. It should be in every library in the country. Certainly no university library can afford to be without it.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Shorter Notices

*American Literature and Culture.* By Grant C. Knight. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$3.

This book is noticed here only as a particularly distressing example of the sort of textbook one piously hopes is passing. If a book of this sort is not accurate it is nothing, and this book is not accurate. Both the text and the bibliographies are full of errors major and minor. But worse by far is the fact that Mr. Knight obviously does not know what it is all about. He has no discernible literary philosophy of his own and as an eclectic he is pretty feeble. Even the rapid reader will soon discover that he is apt at one point to take one approach as the correct one and a few pages later to accept a diametrically opposed viewpoint. Thus on pages 439 and 440 he gives a long, lugubrious quotation from Wordsworth which he says accurately applies to our present diseased literary condition, and then on page 456 he says, surprisingly, "The outlook for the American novel is a cheering one." Sample opinions are the following: "No American author is more unjustly neglected than is William Dean Howells" (page 378). "... we are tempted to select Mrs. Wharton as the noblest Roman of them all" (page 413). "... the dead-cat naturalism of Zola and the prying naturalism of George Moore" (page 423). "Here and there groups of idealists like the New Humanists or the Fugitive Poets at Vanderbilt University strive to make headway against the confusion of bad taste..." (page 445). "Mr. Lewis shares the common inability of so many contemporary writers to see life steadily and see it whole" (page 449). It is in organizing his material on the literature since 1914 that Mr. Knight exposes his incompetence not only in judging literature but also in assigning relative proportions and defining relations. The students who are given this as a text will certainly get a sorry picture of the literature of their own time. And of the literature of the past they will get the conventional academic view. When will academic pot-boilers cease to clutter publishers' lists?

*The Dark Land.* Poems by Kathleen Tankersley Young. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Dragon Press. \$1.

Miss Young's poems have a certain distinction. They are for the most part written in one mood, the modern mood of despair. The meaninglessness of life, the measurelessness of time, the flux and change of all things are stressed. Miss Young tends to use an imagery which is so unvaried as to become symbolic: rain falling on the streets and on the passers-by dims



lives of which the outlines in the early light were real; snow follows rain, and under its falling all things die into motionlessness. The background of these poems is the city: the streets fade from red into gray blue.

Shall we walk forever in the streets  
Shall we walk forever under the awnings  
And emerge to rain falling, and wade through  
The green lights without remembering  
Why we are here?

Miss Young's form is a kind of free rhythm, basically five-beat but used often with alternating lines of three and four beats. Her poetry is the poetry of statement, of the fine line; it is not musical. Her influences seem to be the Imagist school, the poetry of T. S. Eliot and of Ivor Winters.

*The Life of Horace Walpole.* By Stephen Gwynn. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.50.

Here is one of the most pleasant kinds of biography—a running account based on voluminous correspondence, filled with the gossip and color of an age and the ring of its great names. Mr. Gwynn's latest study in literary biography is written with charm and distinction as well as with fairness and good judgment. The great dilettante of his day, son of a powerful Prime Minister, amateur in politics, in publishing, in literature, author of that absurd but influential romance, "The Castle of Otranto," confirmed bachelor with his extraordinary friendships with women—he who blighted Chatterton's hopes and made the grand tour with Thomas Gray—Walpole comes to life more satisfactorily in this pleasing volume than in any other single-volume account, perhaps, that has been given us. This is owing in part to the delightful selections from the correspondence and in part to the charm of Mr. Gwynn's prose. It is a biography that may be recommended alike to the student of the period and the general reader who does not ask for sensational psychological disclosures (for which Horace Walpole might prove a tempting subject) or a romantic legend.

*They Call It Patriotism.* By Bruno Brehm. Translated from the German by Margaret Goldsmith. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Herr Brehm has told the story of the Pan-Serbian movement which carried through the assassinations in 1903 of the ruling Serbian family and the assassinations of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his morganatic wife at Sarajevo, and ended with the execution of "Apis," the Serbian leader, in 1917. The tale resolves itself into a swiftly moving narrative based, every step of the way, on historical evidence. Nearly all the conversations are founded directly on transcripts of testimony. No spurious facts or details are added and no important ones omitted. The result is history in narrative form which does not, as historical novels have always done, distort the truth. Professor Sidney B. Fay contributes a Foreword and has supplied two maps from his own "Origins of the World War." As pure story for the general reader the book is dramatic and exciting.

*Hindoo Holiday.* By J. R. Ackerley. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Ackerley's visit to Chhokrapur, to act as tutor for the two-months-old child of the maharajah, was evidently a pleasant, somewhat limited experience; at least the information he gives about it is all of one kind. The maharajah's personal idiosyncrasies, his difficulties with the language, his cryptic sense of humor, provide most of the amusement, while the rest of the book is given over to the author's relations with various natives, to inquiries and answers about native beliefs and customs. The information so conveyed must evidently be accepted with reservations; Mr. Ackerley seems willing to sacrifice every-

thing, including the white man's burden, for whatever is picturesque. The comparisons, by Van Vechten and Priestley, between this book and "Passage to India" are unfortunate, for the difference is between a frivolous skipping about over the scene and a serious study of a racial problem.

*They Never Come Back.* By William Plomer. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

This is the story of the visit of a young English artist to Japan, his friendship with a hypersensitive young Japanese student, his relations with the English wife of his Japanese host, and his departure. The externalities of the novel are simple, but the content, which manages to localize the disparateness of races without distorting any of the relationships into a black-and-white relationship of national types, is complex and even profound. The novel is as good as if not better than E. M. Forster's "Where Angels Fear to Tread"; certainly it is more direct than Forster's novel. Though it may not prove a popular success, it should attract the attention that any novel as well written as this one deserves.

## Films

### Concerning Dialogue

THE talking picture has been in existence for four years and is now so firmly established that even the old enthusiasts of the silent picture have lost all hope of ever restoring their favorite to its former glory. And yet criticism of the talking picture as a talking picture goes on unabated. By many of the supposed champions of cinematic art dialogue is still held to be an abomination.

The stock argument against using dialogue in a film is of course well known. Dialogue, we are told, is the natural medium of the stage; but it is wholly foreign to the screen whose appeal is directed to the eye and not the ear. It may come as a surprise to the film enthusiasts of this generation, but will hardly be news to those who remember the history of the modern theater, when it is recalled that barely twenty-five years ago there was a very similar outcry against dialogue. Only then it came from theater reformers such as Gordon Craig and his followers, who voiced the belief that dialogue intellectualized the theater, whereas the true art of the stage expressed itself primarily through visual forms which appeal direct to our senses. Perhaps, after all, the present opposition to screen dialogue is rooted in the same old aesthetic of non-intellectual and "mystic" art, for it certainly cannot be justified on any other grounds. Speech is an integral part of man's being. In a silent film, with its necessary convention of a soundless world, pantomime is appropriate and legitimate. In the sound film realistic pantomime in a realistic setting is a deliberate artifice condemned by its own contradictions.

But, if we must be honest with dialogue, if we must face squarely its particular problem in the sound film, what are we to think of the popular practice which takes a dialogue written for the stage and puts it on the screen in its original form, except for some pruning and compression necessitated by consideration of time?

Obviously, those who resort to this practice fail to see, or pretend not to see, any important difference between the function of speech on the stage and its function on the screen. To them speech is speech, no matter where it is used, provided they can weld it to physical action and set both tripping through their allotted number of reels. The result is the Hollywood picture, something that is neither fish, flesh, nor good red



herring, and that inevitably leaves a rather queer taste in the mouth.

Now, we all know that a stage play, no matter how realistic, never reproduces life as it is. It must needs shape it to fit the mold of the stage. Whatever its material, it remains a play or, in other words, a version of life informed with theatrical pretense and made to unfold itself within the walls of the theater. Speech is the principal handmaid of this theatrical pretense, and the enormous work it does in translating life into the terms of the stage is indeed something to be marveled at. What does it not do? It informs the audience of events that have taken place off stage. It elaborates and fills out action. It makes thinking habitually loud and explicit. It swells and keys up emotion. It decks argument with sparkling wit. And sometimes, as in Shakespeare, it comes forward and glories in its own imagery and music.

It is perfectly natural that stage speech should perform all these various duties. For the stage is limited in its means and, moreover, cannot disguise its fundamental artifice and conventionality. But is it equally natural for this theatrically inflated speech to appear in the real world which is the province of the talking picture? After all, the material of the film is not an acted life, a life on the stage, but the real, honest-to-goodness life of people as it is lived in natural surroundings. And yet what does Hollywood do? It takes a life that has already been fashioned to fit the stage, transplants it back to its original soil, and then leaves it there to swell with all the exuberance of stage verbiage.

No representation of life in a talking picture can ever be convincing so long as it carries the hall-mark of the stage battle of words. Even the so-called "natural" stage dialogue is too inflated to appear natural on the screen. To be used at all it has to be stripped to the bone, reduced to the normal

function of speech, which in nine cases out of ten is only a concomitant of action and not its source or substitute.

And yet even deflated dialogue is not enough. Years of slow development have gained the film a freedom from set scenes, and a power to select and order its primary material that are peculiarly its own. The stressing of dialogue as the main vehicle of dramatic narrative has thrown the film back to the long scenes of its early youth. To be sure, lately the talking picture has been trying to recover this lost flexibility and freedom of movement. But it is not really in earnest about it. It still pays infinitely more attention to the running stream of conversation than to the arrangement of separate units of speech in significant combinations.

More could be said of the use of dialogue as an element of a purely conventional screen art, an art that without violating the essentially realistic nature of its material, would provide means for establishing an intimate contact with the audience, and would rival the stage in imaginative interpretation of life. But this would require a radical change in the accepted form of the motion picture, and the prospects of any such revolution in Hollywood are too remote as to call for immediate consideration.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY



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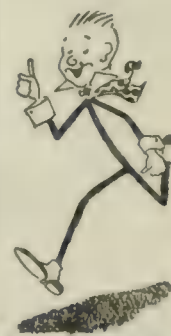
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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1932

No. 3503

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE PRESIDENT CLEARLY BELIEVES that he can continue to get along very well with the same tactics that he has pursued ever since the depression began. He continues to speak of that depression always in the past tense. He has still not a single fundamental remedy to suggest. He continues to throw the blame for everything on Europe; he completely fails to see that Europe's depression could cause depression here chiefly through a diminution of foreign trade—and Mr. Hoover has set his face against tariff reduction or any other measure that would help to revive that foreign trade. Instead, he now puts forward one more scheme for raising ourselves by our own bootstraps. He has called a national conference of the business and industrial committees of the twelve Federal Reserve districts to meet in Washington on August 26. The program for this conference is, as usual, extremely vague; but, in Mr. Hoover's favorite terminology, it will aim toward the "coordination" of this and that, and the "expansion" of that and this, particularly, of course, of "credit facilities." Elsewhere in this issue we remark on the very serious dangers of the desperate gamble that the Administration is now making with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Mr. Hoover's latest proposal is merely to gamble a little more, and while he talks brazenly of the depression as if he had already stopped it, the New York *Times* business index for the week ending August 6 fell to 52.2 per cent of "normal," the lowest point it has yet reached.

A DOLPH HITLER HAS ASKED FOR ALL or nothing, and until now he has received nothing. He demanded of President Hindenburg that he be given not only the chancellorship of Germany, but also that he be clothed with as much real power as Mussolini had after the fascist march on Rome. In brief, Hitler wanted the present government to step aside and let him establish his "legal" dictatorship. Although there was some indication that General von Schleicher, Minister of Defense and boss of the army, was inclined to favor the fascist leader, Hitler's audacity failed to impress Hindenburg. The President, Chancellor von Papen, and former Chancellor Brüning were themselves disposed to let a few of the National Socialists enter the cabinet, but Hindenburg would accept them only on a non-partisan basis, that is, as representatives of the President and not of their party, while Brüning, speaking for the Catholic Party, wanted them in only in order to tame them by compelling them to share in the responsibility of government. Forced on by the more fanatical of his followers, Hitler was in no position to compromise. It was probably against his better judgment that he attempted to bluff his way to a fascist dictatorship. Having failed, he is today more than ever under the influence of those among his lieutenants who prefer direct action to Hitler's "legal" tactics. Thus, talk of a fascist *Putsch* is being revived, but it is doubtful whether a march on Berlin could succeed, for the fascist leaders have delayed so long that the government and the Reichswehr are now apparently in an excellent position to suppress a revolutionary attack from the right.

ONE OF THE CONTROVERSIES that had been dividing Russia and Japan and which many students believed might lead to war has been amicably settled. This was the dispute over the fisheries agreement of 1928, which was intended to regulate the operations of Japanese fishermen in Russian waters and their use of Russian port facilities. But so vague was the language of the agreement that it immediately gave rise to a quarrel between the two governments. Several times relations between Moscow and Tokio approached the breaking point as each country continued to accuse the other of having violated the treaty. The controversy was at its height when Japanese troops invaded Manchuria and appeared to be threatening Russian interests in that area. But the good sense exercised on both sides prevented an open break during the Manchurian crisis. Now, by yielding on most of the points in dispute, the Soviet Government has reached a new agreement with the Japanese, and another possible cause of war in the Far East has been removed. This action is, of course, completely in accord with Russia's policy of peace, for the Soviet Union must guard itself against all controversies that might result in hostile interference with its industrialization program. The policy has already borne fruit in the form of the several non-aggression pacts Moscow has concluded with its neighbors, the latest being that with Poland. Only Japan and Rumania, among its more important neighbors, have thus far refused to sign such treaties.

BURLINGAME  
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WHEN THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT announces its long-heralded scheme for the settlement of the communal problem in India, its specific provisions, whatever they may be, are likely to be overshadowed by the declining prestige of Britain's policies both in India and at home. Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement in the House of Commons on June 27 that the procedure previously followed with regard to the Indian question will be abandoned has, in particular, damaged the British cause. No longer are practical matters to be worked out by large committees and used as a basis for a bill; rather, a joint select committee will be set up, representing both houses of Parliament, and before this committee the various questions will be threshed out. The effect of the new procedure is to reduce to a minimum the opportunities for the expression of Indian opinion and greatly to enhance the power of the British, a state of affairs which even the most moderate Indian opinion can not tolerate. Thirteen outstanding Indian Moderates have given notice that they will no longer cooperate in the making of a constitution unless and until the government resumes Round Table Conference methods. Such prominent delegates to the Round Table Conference as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Srinivasa Sastri, and M. R. Jayakar are included among the thirteen. Once more the British authorities have set back their own cause. And the Congress policy, which formerly seemed too extreme for many Indian Moderates, now stands vindicated in their eyes. As the *Manchester Guardian* has said, the action of the Indian Moderates "leaves the government cut off from politically conscious India. . . . Once again the cleavage between the Government of India and those whose support it must have if representative institutions are to prove workable, is complete."

SPAIN'S MOST SERIOUS MONARCHIST revolt seems to be completely crushed, its instigators in ignominy, and the revolutionary government stronger than before. Let us hope that the energy the new regime has been obliged to expend in thwarting such attempts to stage a royalist come-back may soon be completely diverted to constructive ends. With the plotters of monarchist reaction the new regime has been comparatively tolerant—as Premier Azaña says, it has been "legal and lenient." From now on it will be "legal and severe." That a royalist rule could return seems impossible to any but such disgruntled militarists as the defeated General Sanjurjo and his satellites, many of whom live prudently along the French Riviera or in the region around Hendaye and Biarritz, mourning the collapse of the good old days and smuggling counter-revolutionary funds across the Pyrenees.

OUR DISMAL RECORD OF BANK FAILURES continues, with 808 reported in the first six months in 1932. The tendency nearly everywhere will be to ascribe these bank failures to that anonymous depression which takes the blame for everything on its broad shoulders. But the figures, even on the surface, do not bear out this facile explanation. As the National Industrial Conference Board points out, there were only 714 bank failures in the ten years preceding the World War; during the war there were 456; but during the eleven and one-half years since the war, or from 1921 to June 30, 1932, there have been 10,093. Certainly this is an ironic commentary on the Federal Re-

serve Act, one of the great aims of which was to make bank failures impossible. It is true that by far the greater number of failures has occurred outside the Reserve system. Of the 808 banks to close in the first six months of this year, 204 were members of the system, and 604 were non-member State banks. In the period from 1921 to 1929 State bank failures constituted 86.5 per cent of all bank failures. The lesson of this is obvious. Not until our banks are welded into a single unified national banking system is real progress in averting bank failures likely to be achieved. Branch banking for national banks should be freely permitted at least within State lines and probably within Federal Reserve regions. One of the earliest duties of Congress will be to use its powers over taxation and interstate transactions to compel all banks to become members of the Federal Reserve system. Following that, its duty will be the much more difficult one of seeing that that system is not used as a political instrument.

MR. HOOVER MAY STOP HIS EARS against embarrassing criticism of his action in calling out regular troops to drive the bonus army from Washington, but neither the President nor the country has yet heard the last of that tragic event. When a committee of writers headed by Sherwood Anderson called at the White House to protest against the use of military force Mr. Hoover was too busy to see them. One of his several secretaries, Theodore G. Joslin, received the Anderson group, not to hear their protest, for he refused to listen to that, but to ask them to give further currency to the falsehoods which Administration spokesmen have been spreading concerning the causes of the Washington "disturbances," the details of which Paul Y. Anderson related in *The Nation* last week. As though to answer these spokesmen, who have been attributing the "rioting" to unidentified "Communists and criminals," a commander of one of the bonus camps, J. W. Wilford, filed with the District of Columbia grand jury on the very day that the writers were visiting the White House an affidavit declaring that secret service agents had deliberately provoked the trouble which led to the eviction order. He further charged that "the events of the day of the battle" had been carefully planned at a White House conference a week before July 28. In his statement Mr. Anderson asserted that the President had "set the seal of official approval" on the use of force against workers and the unemployed. The Wilford charges go much further. It is absolutely imperative that Senator McKellar of Tennessee carry through his plan for a Congressional investigation of the tragic affair.

THE UNEMPLOYED ARE DEFEATING themselves by dividing their strength among such a multitude of "movements" and "armies." No sooner had the bonus army, composed primarily of jobless workers, been driven out of Washington than a campaign was launched to organize these men into a "Khaki Shirt" movement. Through this chauvinistic organization the unemployed were promised that their rights would be protected and their interests promoted. But the "Khaki Shirts" do not stand alone. Among their more important rivals are the "Blue Shirts," led by Father Cox of Pittsburgh. As we write, thousands of members of the "Blue Shirt" army have assembled on the outskirts of St. Louis for the convention of the



"Jobless-Liberty" Party. Like the bonus-seekers, the "Blue Shirts" came afoot, by freight train, and by automobile. In St. Louis they no doubt expected to hear Wall Street, the bosses, and the government roundly criticized and denounced, and to be told that only by organizing themselves could they ever hope to obtain just treatment from the bankers and industrialists. It has been the history of the American worker that he has had little to do with older and more experienced working-class organizations when times were good, and has been only too ready to turn to demagogues when times were bad. Or is it that the older liberal and radical organizations have not yet learned enough about American labor to enable them to speak intelligently and convincingly to the workers?

**COAL-DIGGERS IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS** have been betrayed once more by the reactionary leadership of the United Mine Workers of America. Mining operations in Illinois were suspended on April 1 when the operators and United Mine Workers failed to agree upon a new wage scale. Subsequently the officials of the miners' union negotiated a contract providing for a 25 per cent reduction in pay. The contract was submitted to a referendum of the workers, who rejected it by a vote of more than four to one. Undismayed, the union leaders again called for a vote of the miners, and again it appeared that the contract would be rejected by an overwhelming majority. But before the votes could be counted, and in fact while the ballot boxes were being transported from the Ridgely Farmers State Bank in Springfield to the district headquarters of the United Mine Workers where they were to be opened and the votes tallied, the boxes were stolen by two armed men. John L. Lewis, international president, promptly declared that an emergency existed and that under his emergency powers he would have to order the new contract to take effect immediately. Obviously, nothing was said in the Lewis announcement concerning the fact that ownership of the automobile in which the two thugs were riding had been traced to Fox Hughes, vice-president of the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers and one of Lewis's henchmen. It is not surprising that a new revolt against the Lewis-Walker leadership is spreading among the Illinois miners, who are continuing the strike despite the Lewis order.

**THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK STATE** will have an excellent chance this fall to reward an admirable public officer if the Democratic Party is wise enough to nominate Herbert H. Lehman, the present Lieutenant-Governor, to succeed Franklin Roosevelt. Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, who gave up a highly successful banking career to enter political life, has steadfastly refused to play politics and has continued to devote a considerable portion of his private means to furthering public-spirited enterprises such as the construction of adequate homes for the white-collar class of workers on the lower East Side of New York. He has at all times taken an intelligent and sympathetic attitude toward labor and has recently averted, through his mediation, a serious strike in the garment industry. Whether Tammany will consent to his nomination is something still to be decided; it may, indeed, be influenced by the action which Governor Roosevelt will take in regard to Mayor Walker. We are quite aware, of course, that the mere election of even

as good a man as Mr. Lehman will not improve the Democratic Party or make it worthy of public confidence; we abate not one jot of what we have said heretofore about this organization. Those of our readers who feel that it is no longer of any value to vote even in State elections for a good man running on the ticket of one of the old parties will doubtless cast their votes for Louis Waldman, the Socialist candidate. We think it only just, however, to put in print the admirable record which Mr. Lehman has made and the dignity and modesty and freedom from anything like business or political control which he has displayed while at Albany during the last three and one-half years.

**MAYOR WALKER** is getting that hearing he so jauntily demanded before Governor Roosevelt should act upon the charges of malfeasance pending against him. To the accompaniment of welcoming crowds, brass bands, wisecracks, and roses strewn along his path, the best-dressed of all mayors has kept his public entertained by his state journeys between New York and Albany. But against the dignified background of the Executive Chamber, where hearings have been conducted with admirable calmness and directness, the Mayor, stripped of his admiring public, cuts a far less engaging figure, while the picture there being drawn of the way in which America's greatest city has been governed for the past half-dozen years appears even more sordid than it did in the bustling New York courtroom where Judge Seabury first brought it out. As for the Mayor's defense of himself, his reply to the Governor's inquiry into his connection with a certain profitable oil pool is not untypical of the weakness and equivocation of his answers throughout the hearing:

I don't know that—if I did know—but I—my understanding was—in view—there were no questions asked about it. In fact, if I never heard of it again it would have been all right with me. I wouldn't have probably complained about it. I mean, there was no definite agreement about it. "We are in it" was one of those things amongst gentlemen. From the amount that I got could be computed the amount they had, and the amount that I participated in, ascertained—I mean the percentage.

**THE DEATH OF GRAHAM WALLAS** at the age of seventy-four removes a fine seminal mind from the realm of political thought. A member of the famous Fabian Society, along with such brilliant writers as Shaw, Wells, and the Webbs, Wallas was never inclined to solve problems by facile epigram, but had those same qualities of earnest and passionate devotion to truth and conscientious open-mindedness that distinguished John Stuart Mill. His political books, "Human Nature in Politics," "The Great Society," and "Our Social Heritage" emphasized the weakness of mere abstractions in dealing with political questions and the constant need of keeping in mind all of man's attitudes, impulses, and traditions. He tried to find a scientific basis for politics, and if he did not quite succeed in that, he at least succeeded in approaching politics in the scientific temper. In his last volume, "The Art of Thought," he turned back to the need for examining the thinking process itself, and he contributed a very stimulating analysis of the means by which that process leads to new discoveries. His careful and penetrating work, let us hope, will continue to influence social thought through the coming decades.



# Bootstrap Economics

HOW good are the chances that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's gamble with \$3,800,000,000 of the people's money, along with all its related gambles now afoot, will bring back prosperity? Not a fragment of respectable evidence has been produced to show that the scheme is likely to succeed; on the contrary, whatever reading of the economic indices is possible in these confused times points toward ultimate failure. Yet the project is almost universally acclaimed, almost nowhere challenged. A veritable plague of "pools," credit corporations, and the like is under way. There are plans, at least on paper, to take over the Farm Board's wheat and cotton, to finance the purchase of raw materials for manufacturers (who are presumed to be itching to buy, though they cannot sell their finished goods), and to do various things, always with the suggestion that business stands ready to help the R. F. C. get rid of its money and thereby break the back of the depression.

There hangs about this whole theory of business revival an atmosphere of make-believe and hypnosis which the newspapers are doing their best to promote. Clinton W. Gilbert telegraphs the *New York Evening Post* that Mr. Hoover intends to stay in Washington and "personally supervise the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Home Loan Bank Board." The deep impropriety of placing any sort of pressure upon the Federal Reserve, which stands in a fiduciary relationship to the entire country, apparently does not occur to commentators. The *New York Times*, in the spirit of the occasion, puts a two-column head on a front-page story to the effect that trade with Russia is to be revived through the sale of 10 per cent Russian bonds in the United States, without bothering to name the sponsors of the plan or to estimate how much money could be raised on the apparently unsecured obligation of a country, millions of whose defaulted bonds are locked up in the vaults of American banks, when the bonds even of countries not in default are selling in the open market at less than 50 cents on the dollar. Credit, which brought us to the verge of ruin in 1929, is king again; confidence, which was smothered under billions of uncollectable debts, is to be resurrected by more debts; and the public, having tasted once more the profits of a stock market which had seemingly solved the problem of lifting itself by its bootstraps, acclaims this newer New Era, either ignorantly and hopefully or with its tongue in its cheek and a shrewd resolve to cash in on the delusion while the going is good.

The maladies which afflict business are numerous and deep-seated, but it is probably true that the existence of a mass of debt which cannot be supported by current income is the most obvious and pressing one. Since there is no possibility of dealing with the organic difficulty, the practical course is to meliorate the distress caused by debt. One way of doing this would be through outright devaluation of our gold-standard currency—but this proposal, which might make it possible to restore commodity prices to the 1929 level, has not received serious consideration, nor does it now seem likely to. The alternative is to attempt to whip up

prices and business activity to a level where the debt can again be sustained. It is this program on which we are embarked.

Ordinary business prudence would dictate that, before the attempt is made, the chances of success or failure should be carefully weighed, for the consequences of failure may gall the nation for years. If the sponsors of this plan have any reasonable grounds for expecting success they have kept them to themselves, whereas the obstacles cannot be mistaken. One of these is the existence of well-equipped, powerfully financed, and highly competitive industrial units, now 40 to 85 per cent idle, which stand ready to produce additional goods the moment the market can absorb them. An obstacle to materially higher prices for primary materials is the stubbornness with which producers of such materials continue to produce in spite of ruinously low prices. We are raising as much cotton this year as in 1919, more wheat than in 1925. On purely theoretical grounds, the swarm of economists in the departments at Washington could have pointed out to the Administration and to Congress the probability that prices will not advance materially. Professor Frank G. Dickinson of the University of Illinois has recently called attention to the fact that since 1790 wholesale prices have alternately moved upward and downward over approximately 25-year periods. If this cycle continues to hold, the latest decline, beginning in 1920, will have some thirteen more years to go. Depressions occurring during a downswing of the price curve are hard to overcome; stubborn attempts to maintain price levels only serve to prolong such depressions.

Successful or not, no government has a right to engage in such a gamble. No effective protest can be expected from the newspapers or from a public drugged with propaganda and generally ignorant of the facts. Executive heads and directors of corporations, sitting behind closed office doors and speaking in low tones, say that none of the conjured-up prosperity is reaching them. They are still laying off employees, cutting dividends, and refusing to produce beyond the immediate needs of the market. There is not the slightest question that the best interests of the country would now be served if an immediate halt were called on the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation as now conducted. It represents the most dangerous gamble, in terms of peacetime expenditure of money, in which our nation has ever engaged. What will happen if that gamble fails? The special viciousness of those operations at present is that they have no clear terminus; no hint has even been given as to what the government intends to do when, as seems probable, the Treasury cannot any longer furnish the billions that will be needed to continue them. If the aid now being given is withdrawn next year, through exhaustion, and if the prices now being supported through that aid are allowed to slide, conditions are likely to be chaotic. With the failure of the Farm Board, it was widely asserted, the artificial attempts to support prices had come to an end; we had "learned our lesson." But the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is now engaged in precisely the same type of enterprise to the accompaniment of almost universal support. The tragic fact is that we have learned nothing.



## Mr. Hoover Stands Pat

**H**ERBERT Hoover offers his record and his personal philosophy as the two principal reasons for his reelection. The country knows him so well both for his faith and his works that it seems hardly necessary to discuss either at length. The man has learned very little in the last three years, except, perhaps—as is suggested in his speech of August 11 accepting renomination—that flag-waving may get him a few additional votes. And so today he is somewhat more nationalistic in his attitude than he was in 1928. Four years ago he favored a “scientific” tariff; now he comes out “squarely for the protective tariff.” He strongly opposes cancelation of the war debts, though he would swap the debts if he “were offered some other tangible form of compensation.” This offer he merely mentions in passing; what he emphasizes is his unyielding opposition to cancelation. “These burdens,” he declares, using the language of every spread-eagle politician, “must not be transferred to the backs of the American people.” He insists “upon an army and navy of a strength which guarantees that no foreign soldier will land on American soil.”

There are probably many votes in such campaign tactics, for there is some evidence of a rising wave of patriotism in this country, not among the unemployed and the dispossessed, of course, but among those citizens who still have jobs and a little property. But to clinch his argument Mr. Hoover launches another tirade against the radicals, meaning John Garner and Franklin Roosevelt as well as the Socialists and Communists. The President is against “haphazard experimentation,” and refuses to “turn to a state-controlled or state-directed social or economic system in order to cure our troubles.” He remains inflexible in his narrow devotion to that which he calls “the American way.” We must, he declared, “preserve the fundamental principles of our social and economic system. That system is founded upon a conception of ordered freedom. The test of that freedom is that there should be maintained equality of opportunity to every individual, so that he may achieve for himself the best to which his character, his ability, and his ambition entitle him.” If this is a true test, then the twelve million or more of our unemployed must be so lacking in character, ability, and ambition that they are entitled to nothing better than the protracted misery and privation they are now enduring. According to Mr. Hoover, the American system owes these unfortunates nothing more than his illusory “equality of opportunity.” At the same time he asserts in the face of widespread hunger and distress that he has “provided methods and assurances that there shall none suffer from hunger and cold among our people.”

It must be conceded that Mr. Hoover in this speech spoke more pointedly than has his Democratic opponent thus far in the campaign. We know now approximately in what manner Mr. Hoover intends to meet—or to evade—the issues of the campaign. We know how to answer him; we can never be sure just where to find Mr. Roosevelt. Only on prohibition does the virtue of plain speaking clearly lie with the latter. He is “100 per cent for repeal,” and so is the Democratic platform on which he stands. President Hoover, like the Republican platform plank on which he insisted, faces

both ways. He has undergone an eleventh-hour conversion; he does not want to miss the wet bandwagon; but it is still only a half-conversion, and he is still trying to keep one foot on the wagon and one foot on dry ground. The Republican platform, it will be remembered, favors an amendment “which, while retaining in the federal government power to preserve the gains already made in dealing with the evils inherent in the liquor traffic, shall allow the States to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine.” Nobody, of course, can possibly know what this means; it is a flat self-contradiction. If the federal government really allows the States “to deal with the problem as their citizens may determine,” it must relinquish the power “to preserve the gains already made”; if it retains that power, it cannot allow the States to deal with the problem “as their citizens may determine.” Mr. Hoover’s position is only slightly less dishonest than that of the Republican platform. He believes that “each State shall be given the right to deal with the problem as it may determine,” but “that in no part of the United States shall there be a return of the saloon system.” As a test of President Hoover’s good faith, let him draw up and submit to discussion a new amendment to the constitution which would embody these aims. Let him tell how a constitutional amendment would define “saloon.” And as his own Wickersham commission recommended that the present mandatory Eighteenth Amendment be replaced with a merely empowering amendment—the only feasible way, we think, of achieving Mr. Hoover’s present ostensible aims—let him tell us why he dismissed that recommendation curtly and flatly, without condescending even to give his reasons.

## Little Wonder Houses

**A**N enterprising New York department store has put on exhibition a complete and full-sized dwelling. It is called “The Little Wonder House,” and surely there is in it much to be wondered at. It is a two-story, six-room “French Norman cottage.” From the outside one approaches a medieval house of beams, plaster, and shingles. The shingles on the roof are “hand-riven,” of all shapes and sizes, as if our age had never learned how to turn out uniform shingles by machine. They are laid in crooked lines, higgledy-piggledy, as if carpentry had not yet learned to lay shingles in straight lines. The architect apparently would have preferred a thatch roof, as historically more correct, but these shingles, we are told, give the same “delightful effect.” The house professes to be built of rough-hewn beams, as if straight, machine-cut beams were not obtainable, and as if we had never learned any better method of construction. The beams profess to be held together by wooden pegs which project an inch or so from the beam construction, as if steel nails were not obtainable, or even saws to saw off the wooden pegs, or even competent joiners or fitters. And why all this elaborate dishonesty, this extravagant forgery? So that the house might be “picturesque,” so that it might be “quaint,” so that its occupants might play at living in the fifteenth century. All they would need to make the masquerade complete would be fifteenth-century costumes.

But inside—once they have got past the hammered wrought-iron lamps over the front door, the dove-cote, the



"peasant" open fireplace with its great hood, the swinging crane for the kettle, "the random-width oak-plank floor," the alleged "French provincial type" furniture—inside, the inhabitants can begin to play furiously at living in the twentieth century. They are not, thank Heaven, expected to cook in the open fireplace. The kitchen has an electric stove, with electric clocks to regulate it automatically; it has an electric ice-chest, electric fans, electric toasters and waffle-irons, an electric mixer, a built-in electric dish-washing machine. And wonder of wonders, as you approach the kitchen door it swings open for you, automatically, because it is equipped with a mysterious photo-electric cell. In the rest of the house are, of course, not only electric lights, telephone, and radio, but air-cooling and conditioning units. And the bathrooms are 1932 design.

So complete a *reductio ad absurdum* of all historical forgeries is this fifteenth-twentieth-century house that it is difficult not to believe that it is simply a deliberate hoax perpetrated by one of the new international architects. "Here am I," the cottage seems to say, "I represent the zenith of what is now possible in twentieth-century living convenience. I could not have been as good as I am even a year ago. Isn't it ridiculous that I should be so up-to-date inside and so completely medieval outside? Wouldn't it be just as sensible to build a fourteenth-century state carriage around one of the new V-8 Ford automobile engines? By emphasizing and caricaturing this childish historical reminiscence now so rampant in domestic architecture, maybe I can persuade you to get rid of it once and for all."

And yet it may be that the "new international" architects, the "functionalist" architects, themselves have something to learn. The Little Wonder French Norman Cottage is fake picturesque, post-card quaint, and yet it recalls historically a style that did have authentic beauty. How much authentic beauty has the average factory, which is structurally "honest" and built according to "functionalist" doctrine? Or how much, even, have the more pretentious houses designed in accordance with the latest dogmas of the "functionalist" architects? Those that do not suggest a sawed-off section of an ocean-liner remind one of a packing box with windows or a good hen-coop on stilts. The code of the functionalists, it should by this time be obvious, rests on an ill-digested half-truth. Utility and structural honesty are, unquestionably, tests of good architecture. But they are tests which ought for the most part to be applied negatively, and not erected into fetishes or allowed to become exclusive aims. "Honest" architecture is as much to be desired as honest statesmanship, but architecture that is merely honest is no more necessarily great than a merely honest statesman is necessarily a great statesman. To know that any structure or design or detail is useless, tricky, or misleading is to find real aesthetic enjoyment impossible. But it does not follow that because any framework or mechanism exists or is necessary it must be revealed and pronounced ipso facto beautiful. The steel skyscraper might be no more improved by exposed ribs than the Venus de Milo. It is not necessary that the outer shell should reveal the framework or structure, but merely that it should not belie it. If the functionalists want to make such monstrosities as the Little Wonder House impossible in the future, let them, without retreating in their courageous battle for sound design, be not ashamed of frankly aiming for beauty in design also.

## Mr. Stimson on Peace

SECRETARY Stimson's admirable address on the present status of the Kellogg Peace Pact, before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York on August 7, has very naturally echoed around the world, for it is a remarkable statement of what the United States Government thinks has been accomplished thus far by the Pact of Paris. It has especially stirred the authorities in Japan, and well may they be aroused if Mr. Stimson's words are taken at their face value. For he has made it clear once more that the American Government has not the slightest intention of recognizing the validity or legality of a single act of Japan's in Manchuria. Indeed, Mr. Stimson recalled that on March 11 last forty-nine out of fifty nations, constituting the Assembly of the League of Nations, with Japan alone dissenting, indorsed the action of the United States. No one could have been more careful than was Mr. Stimson in his every reference to Japan. But it is the facts and, let us hope, a guilty conscience, which make Japan wince whenever this matter comes up.

For the rest, Mr. Stimson's speech was extraordinarily well reasoned in its analysis of what has thus far been accomplished by the new attitude of the world toward war. It was not in the least a partisan or a campaign utterance, but merely a careful lawyer's analysis of the gains achieved. It is impossible to have heard it or to read it without being convinced that the Secretary desires to bring this new policy to complete fruition at the earliest possible time. And though the nations affected have not yet given the highest proof of their approval of the treaty by wholesale disarmament, it is none the less a momentous happening when an American Secretary of State solemnly reiterates his belief that war is not only outmoded, but impossible at the present state of the world's history as a means of settling international disputes. The Kellogg Pact, he stated again and again, "rests upon the sanction of public opinion, which can be made one of the most potent sanctions of the world."

Mr. Stimson pointed out that the old conception of international law was based upon the idea that each war was a private fight from which every neutral was barred. Now, instead of a war being nobody's business, it is everybody's business. A neutral nation not only has the *right* to speak out if it chooses but even has a *duty* to do so in order to preserve peace, lest even a tiny blaze again become a world-wide conflagration. Again, Mr. Stimson asserted that as long as the signatories of the pact support the American policy which the Hoover Administration "has endeavored to establish during the past three years of arousing a united and living spirit of public opinion as a sanction of the pact . . . consultations will take place as an incident to the unification of that opinion." We unqualifiedly agree with Mr. Stimson that if this policy is carried on by the nations in the spirit in which he spoke, the world will have taken a tremendous step toward peace. At the same time we must point out that as long as there are a million more men under arms than in 1914, and disarmament conferences lead rather toward increase of armaments than genuine disarmament, Mr. Stimson lays himself open to the charge that he is describing rather an ideal state than an existing one.



# Private Profits in Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, July 17*

**R**ECENT reforms which legalize the sale of agricultural products by Soviet collectives are regarded in some quarters as a Neo-Nep or a resurrected New Economic Policy which will pave the way back to private capitalism. The peasants, whether they are individual cultivators or banded together in kolhozi or collectives, are now permitted to retain a greater part of their harvests and to sell it at uncontrolled prices on the open market. The government has encouraged the selling operations of collectives by exempting them from taxation and by urging communities to supply market stalls, tea rooms, night lodgings, legal protection, and cultural facilities to peasants who come into town to dispose of their wares.

Very pressing circumstances impelled the government to introduce these far-reaching reforms. During the winter and spring of this year many districts in the Ukraine and in other republics lacked sufficient food and fodder. Horses and cattle died in large numbers. Thousands of peasants have been coming to Moscow and other large cities for work and nourishment. Such acute shortages are transitory. In fact, within a fortnight—by the end of July—the crops will have been harvested in most stricken areas, and the problem of feeding men and animals will have been solved for the time being.

But the issue is much more fundamental. The deficiency in bread was not due solely to a bad harvest last year. The depleted meat supply cannot be explained only by the death of cattle from hunger. Policy plays an important role in these questions. The root of the trouble lies in the faulty conduct of the state's grain-procurement campaign. Grain procurements are the purchase of the country's annual agricultural surplus by the state. That surplus has totaled as much as one-fourth of the entire crop. Its collection is the Soviet Government's largest single economic activity. But it was woefully mismanaged last year. The total seeded area in the Soviet Union in 1930 was 98,500,000 hectares; in 1931 104,500,000 hectares. This may justly be recorded as an achievement of collectivization and of Communist propaganda and organization. Weather intervened, however. Five large regions experienced drought, and the 1931 cereal crop fell sharply from the total of 83,700,000 tons in 1930. The government overlooked this fact. Despite the smaller yield, it took more out of the villages in the bad year than in the good year. The figures of state purchases of grain were 22,900,000 tons in 1931 against 22,100,000 in 1930. Despite the smaller yield, moreover, the government exported more in the bad year than in the good year. The figures are 5,058,000 tons of grain for 1931 as compared with 4,768,000 tons in 1930.

Now I know all the extenuating circumstances. I know that the Soviets must export in order to buy foreign machinery for the continuation of their successful industrialization program. They had to create a large military reserve to meet any contingency in the Far East. They had to feed the cities. Just at present, however, I am interested

in the result of Bolshevik policy. The result was that many peasants who had given up their grain to the state at a low price immediately after the harvest were without bread later in the year and had to purchase it at higher prices than they had sold it—if they could get it at all. Peasants buying bread—that is the anomalous picture which Russia presented in recent months. Peasants, moreover, were deprived of so much grain through the state's procurements that they lacked seed for the current season, and when the government subsequently lent them seed they ate at least part of it. The practice of taking every last ton of cereals out of the village in order to meet the state's needs is destructive of the government's best interests, and will have to stop if agriculture is to progress. Moscow must curb the zeal of young Communists and rural administrators whose greatest pride is the execution of the plan of grain procurement irrespective of whether or not the given kolhoz or individual remains without food, fodder, and seed. Heretofore, too, shortsighted officials have compelled the peasants to sell to the state every additional ton which a good harvest brought them. This killed the peasants' initiative. The Communists tolerated such tactics for two years—to their own hurt. Today they are thundering against them. Improvements have been ordered. Most important is the May decree which reduces the volume of grain procurements from 22,900,000 tons in 1931 to 18,000,000 tons in 1932. (One can only hope that a bumper crop, which is unlikely, will not tempt the Kremlin to raise the figure.)

Now the peasants will not only keep more of their grain. The government has also been procuring meat, eggs, poultry, vegetables, fruit, etc. Previously, the peasants had to sell to the state their entire surplus of these products as well. Now the government's meat-procurement schedules have been reduced even more drastically than those for grain. A larger proportion of all agricultural goods, in fact, will stay in the hands of the peasants. They can market as much of it as they do not want themselves. This is the greatest innovation introduced by the May reforms.

The objection of the peasants to procurements was not merely that the state took all they did not eat and often much of what they should have eaten, but that it paid them a very low, cooperative price varying, last season, from one ruble twenty kopeks to two rubles per pood (thirty-six pounds) of grain. At the same time, however, the small quantities of grain that reached the open market brought anywhere up to twenty rubles a pood. The peasant felt that he was being cheated. The peasant, moreover, complained bitterly that though he sold his produce to the state at cooperative prices, he had to buy the little city goods he could lay hands on at highly inflated prices.

The May reforms enable the peasant to ask inflation prices for that part of his crop which he retains. A queer situation results: a kolhoz has a harvest of 10,000 poods. It keeps 7,000 poods for itself. It gives 2,000 poods to the state and gets only 4,000 rubles for them. It sells 1,000 poods on the market in free trade and gets 20,000 rubles



for them. I have asked a score of Soviet agricultural experts here whether the mujik would not protest against such an arrangement and demand the total abolition of federal grain collections so that he could obtain a commercial price for his entire marketable excess instead of only for the smaller part of it. The answer was invariably in the negative. The peasants, I have been assured, will simply regard the state agricultural produce procurements as an exorbitant tax and will be content if the Bolsheviks let them take a reasonable price for what remains after the procurements have been sliced off.

Nevertheless, the tendency under the recent reforms will be for the government to procure less from the collectivized and individual peasants. The volume of goods going to market will therefore increase. But the state has very definite requirements. It is the sole exporter. It must feed the army. Heretofore, it has borne the responsibility of supplying the cities with bread and other articles of food. It procured the country's surplus produce and distributed it to the population on ration cards at low cooperative prices. Bread cards seem synonymous with scarcity. As a matter of fact, the ration system functioned, crudely to be sure, when relative plenty existed. It broke down this year in consequence of insufficient supplies. Many smaller towns have been taken off rations and must depend on the city markets and bazaars. Even in Moscow, which is favored above most other localities, rationing brings little more than bread, except, and the exception bulks large, in the case of important factories which have fairly well-stocked cooperatives. In giant construction centers, too, and at scores of big and pivotal plants throughout the country, the state is still feeding its employees and workers on the ration system. But quite a number of these industrial enterprises are taking steps to secure an independent food supply. They are organizing their own grain, dairy, rabbit, and vegetable farms which produce for them and only for them. They are making contracts with collectives for direct agricultural sales in return for manufactured commodities which they undertake to obtain for the peasants. The future promises further progress along this line. Rationing of everything but bread will probably disappear very soon. Ultimately bread will likewise be released for exclusive distribution through the collective and private markets that are quickly springing up in the cities. This will take time but it is the only logical possibility if the present policy is maintained.

The fact that the state grain farms are expected this year to yield the government 2,474,000 tons as compared to 1,770,000 tons in 1931 indicates the probable line of development. The government will try to obtain more and more grain and other produce for export, for the army, for the canning industry, and for isolated industrial enterprises from its own state farms. This will reduce the contributions which the collectives and private cultivators will be called upon to make to the state's procurement totals. If some day the state farms or sovhozi can meet all the government's needs, grain procurements can cease entirely, and the peasants will market everything they do not consume.

As involved as all this must sound, the reality is much more involved. It is complicated, for instance, by the problem of technical crops (cotton, flax, hemp, etc.) and leather. If the state procures less grain or meat or fish the general public pays a higher price for them on the market. But if

it procures less of the technical crops and leather it must itself go into the market and pay the peasants inflation prices. For the government textile and shoe factories are the chief consumers of these articles. Will the government pay the growers of the technical crops a new price above the present cooperative level or will it satisfy them by distributing sufficient quantities of commodities to them at low prices which stand in normal relationship to what they obtain for their crops? The policy has not yet crystallized itself. I am inclined to believe that Moscow will adopt the latter course and keep price standards down; the Kremlin fears further inflation.

Inflation is an excellent focal point from which the whole Soviet agricultural situation can be viewed. The Soviets will stubbornly refuse to admit in so many words the existence of inflation in the U. S. S. R. Nevertheless, the ruble is greatly depreciated and the authorities recognize this fact by selling goods in Torgsin stores and accommodations in certain hotels for foreign valuta instead of Soviet currency, and by charging either 30 cents (the par equivalent would be 60 kopeks) or 2 rubles—200 kopeks—for the same glass of coffee in the Metropole Cafe. To be sure, the distribution of goods through cooperatives has protected considerable sections of the population from all the evil effects of an enlarged circulation. But now that the cooperatives sell less and the markets more—at inflation prices—every family's budget tends to rise. One would naturally deduce, therefore, that the circumstances attendant on the new agricultural reforms will force the government to increase wages, print more paper currency, and give free rein to inflationary tendencies. Wages have been mounting steeply and so, incidentally, has the maximum salary in the Communist Party. Yet the recent decrees with all the accompanying changes should, in the end, check inflation and improve the purchasing ability of the ruble. The chief weapon of the Soviet Government against inflated currency is not fiscal manipulations or additions to the gold supply but an increase in the volume of merchandise. Indeed, most of the Bolsheviks' economic difficulties will disappear the moment the goods famine is eliminated.

The government is making heroic efforts to swell the volume of consumers' goods. This is one of the aims of the second Five-Year Plan, but before the first is finished, circumstances are compelling the Bolsheviks to reach out for the goal of the second. Foundries built to manufacture locomotives or rails are devoting part of their time and all of their scrap metal to the production of pails, anvils, nails, knives, forks, spoons, etc. Heavy industry, in other words, is coming to the assistance of the light industries which were neglected between 1928 and 1931. All light industries have increased their production appreciably this year. Small artels of artisans and even individual private artisans are being encouraged to stimulate their output. Every possible source of manufactured commodities is under official instructions to raise production. And the more goods that come to market the more prices will fall. At the same time, the government's decrees favoring collective and individual peasant trade in agricultural produce have already increased the supply of foodstuffs. Even in a bad year, when the peasant is inclined to keep the little he has for his own table, the May reforms have started a considerable flow of village products to the city. Prices, naturally, are dropping. Reduced prices



of agricultural and factory foods must check inflation, because the population will need less paper money for its purchases.

City products are called upon to perform still another function: to persuade the peasant to sell. He is pleased to receive more rubles for his surplus. But if he cannot convert these rubles into goods he does not want money at all. He may boycott the new bazaars unless the state offers him its most effective inducement: goods. The order has therefore gone out from highest quarters that every available shred of factory product is to be shipped post-haste into the villages. At least 40 per cent of the output of light industry, and 80 per cent in some branches, has been earmarked for rural consumption. The cities, formerly favored by the Bolsheviks, are being denuded of goods for the sake of the countryside. Yet that which the city surrenders disappears quickly in the great Sahara of the peasant goods scarcity.

The government is the chief producer of factory goods and can, through its trusts and syndicates and through the cooperatives (all of which have revised their prices upward) distribute these goods in the villages without the intervention of a middleman. But the revival of the small independent artisans, and above all the appearance of peasant trade, provide a fertile field for private merchants and "speculators." Moreover, given the present scarcity, any article can be sold at 100 per cent profit if its purchaser is ready—and many are—to step just around the corner into the arms of another person who wants the same commodity but cannot buy it. There is a great deal of this petty speculation in the Soviet Union. In winter, when the peasant may not wish to drive into town for the sake of a few eggs or a hen or two, the function of the middleman will broaden.

The recent innovations leave the business of distribution of food products in a state of chaos. Again the most effective solution is a plentiful supply. In the meantime "bagmen" carrying food into the towns will multiply. They will not dare to open stores. The collectives are being urged to shun the "speculator" and to organize new forms of marketing. Today, each kolhoz and individual farmer comes into the city market. They may prefer the services of a "speculator." But if the village cooperative stores evolve an efficient substitute for the "bagman" and themselves engage in gathering up the village surplus (unless the village wishes to send its own representatives to the city market), the evil of surreptitious, petty private trading may be crushed, especially since these same cooperatives, as chief distributors for the state's factories, provide an excellent means of compelling the peasant to use them as his selling agency. If he speculates he will not be allowed to buy in the cooperative. A system of barter may develop.

It is too early to say whether the right to trade, recently granted anew to the peasants, will strengthen the private capitalist elements within Soviet economy. There is nothing essentially un-socialist or anti-socialist in kolhoz merchandizing. Previously, the kolhozi sold to the state which then sold to the ultimate consumer. In the future, to a greater extent than before, the kolhoz will reach the consumer directly. But if the new system is permitted to breed a class of go-betweens then, of course, private trade will have been given a fresh fillip.

The balance between the socialist and private-capitalistic factors in Soviet economy is affected by yet another

change introduced by the May reforms. Communist policy now discourages the collectivization of the cattle, sheep, poultry, and truck garden which constitute the peasant's own barnyard household. Originally, when the kolhozi were formed, machinery and working animals were communized, but the less important items of the farmer's property remained his private possessions. Subsequently, however, local Bolsheviks proceeded to collectivize cows, chickens, vegetable plots, etc. The central authorities connived at their deeds. This is a charitable judgment, for ignorance of such a widespread practice would put the Soviet regime in an even worse light. At any rate, the peasants reacted to the collectivization of cattle and other animals by slaughtering them wholesale. The country witnessed a repetition of the events of 1930, when a similar move by the authorities provoked a similar extermination of livestock. Apparently, the Bolsheviks learned too little from that costly lesson. Perhaps they will take this second lesson more seriously. On paper, at least, they have strictly interdicted further collectivization within the kolhozi. If the new order is observed, the peasants will object less to the collectives.

Eighty per cent of the area sown this spring in the Soviet Union is collectivized or state farm land. This is greater progress than the most sanguine Bolshevik ever expected. I do not believe that free trading will stimulate a flight from the collectives. The kolhoz will be favored over the private peasant in the distribution of consumers' goods, and of tractors, combines, and other agricultural equipment. Assuming, as I do, that collectivized farm economy enjoys innumerable advantages over the primitive private-capitalist tilling of the Russian mujik, there can be no doubt that the peasants will themselves prefer to stay in the kolhozi, especially since the kolhozi may now grow rich through the sale of their excess products. A rich kolhoz will not be persecuted; a rich private peasant or kulak will.

The objection to Bukharin's 1925 summons to the individual peasants to "Enrich yourself" was that it threatened to create a well-to-do class of peasants whose fundamental interests would be anti-Soviet. But bolshevism does not prohibit the enrichment of socialistically organized citizens. In fact, its chief aim is the prosperity of all persons whose economic activity is not private-capitalistic. Proletarians and collectivized peasants, since they earn by working and not by exploiting, may own as much property as they can legally acquire without contravening Communist principles. Through the machine-tractor stations, through Communist members, and through the consumers' cooperatives in the village, the Soviets exercise a decisive influence on the kolhozi, and there is no danger, I think, of their becoming capitalist bulwarks.

The New Economic Policy of 1921 created a class of rich peasants, a larger class of peasants who wanted to become rich, and a considerable class of private merchants or Nepmen. Yet such was the strength of the "proletarian heights"—the foreign trade monopoly, the government ownership of industry, etc.—that private-capitalistic tendencies were reduced to insignificance in the cities beginning in 1927, and in the villages after 1929. The "proletarian heights" are today much higher and better fortified. The number of enemies on the plains is smaller. In fact, large armies have descended from the heights to occupy the plains. A reversion to capitalism is altogether unlikely.



# Guesses for Sale

## *The Record of the Professional Forecasters*

By W. H. GARFIELD

NOT the least flourishing business of the New Era was that of "investment counsel." Between 1925 and 1929, as more and more people with less and less knowledge of securities became interested in security speculation, there was an increasing demand for advice. Bond and brokerage houses would have liked to furnish it themselves, for to be both adviser and merchant is very profitable. But they, too, needed counsel. The market had become so broad that it was impossible for them to keep informed on all the issues. What was needed was the advice of experts who professed knowledge of what prices would do, as a result of devoting their full time to the study of securities, instead of part of it to selling them.

This began to be provided by the organizations already engaged in advising on business. It is true that their success in this latter field had not been conspicuous, but that only furnished more reason for trying another which promised to be more lucrative. At any rate, under their auspices a union was arranged between the brokerage-house market letter and the business forecast. The resulting offspring inherited traits from both parents. Market letters left an unmistakable imprint on the financial advisory organizations. From the other side of the family, the services took the assumption that security prices as well as business activity move in cycles.

All the leading stock market advisers—the Babson Statistical Organization, the Brookmire Economic Service, Moody's Investors Service, and the Standard Statistics Company—subscribe to the "long-pull" plan of investment. They believe that the investor makes best of his funds by placing them in stocks when business is recovering from a depression, holding these stocks (for years, if necessary) until prosperity arrives, and then selling to realize the appreciation. At least that is what they profess to believe. It sometimes seems as if the advice "hold for the long pull" means really "hold and hope that everything will come out all right in the end in spite of everything." Certainly the record of the advisory services in the last three years casts considerable doubt on their complete acceptance of the long-pull cycle theory. Buying recommendations have been numerous and frequent, but advice to sell has been conspicuous by its almost complete absence.

During 1927, 1928, and most of 1929 buying recommendations, whatever they were, were of course hugely successful. But as September 3, 1929 (the high point of the market, measured by the Dow-Jones index of industrial stocks) approached, few of the advisory services gave any evidence of realizing that the bull market was nearly over. It is true that the Babson organization, whose leading spirit had been gloomy for almost two years, headed its comment of August 19, 1929, "No Time to Buy Inflated Issues," which raises the interesting question of whether there is ever a time to buy inflated issues. Be that as it may, the organization added: "Not that we think a panic is right around the corner. We do not think so."

The same day, Standard Statistics was assuring its clients: "We do not anticipate a major setback in the general market." Two weeks before, Moody's was singing this paean of progress: "It would appear that the financial and industrial leaders of the country are imbued with extraordinary energy and conviction, each endeavoring to outdo the other in the conception and execution of gigantic projects of consolidation and development, designed to effect economies in operation and increase the productivity and wealth of our industries." The Brookmire Economic Service said, on August 26, 1929: "There is no reason yet to liquidate well-chosen stocks, although for the present new positions should be taken with great caution."

The index reached and passed 381 (the highest point on record) on September 3, without any further expressions of caution. Three weeks of declining prices which ensued failed to shake the faith of the services. They continued to recommend purchase of various issues.

By September 30 Standard Statistics seemed to sense danger and published a vigorous warning. "We would seek," it said, "to further augment cash reserves. We would go through portfolios with a fine-tooth comb and weed out all issues which are not of first-rank merit." Periods of strength were to be regarded "as opportunities for lightening loads." None of the others was similarly alarmed. Indeed, on the same date Moody's published a list of stocks to buy, advising subscribers to "take advantage of the current period of weakness to round out their list of holdings."

Prices continued to decline during October, 1929. By the 28th Standard Statistics had shifted its position: "We see no justification whatever for disposing of intrinsically meritorious issues at present levels. . . . In the case of high-grade issues . . . we see no reason why purchases should be further deferred." (In its advertising some months later Standard Statistics frequently quoted from its advice of September 30, 1929, but never, to my knowledge, from that of October 28, 1929.)

Standard was not alone in its confidence. "The time has come," the Brookmire said, "to use part of the investor's cash reserves to purchase common stocks." Moody's could "see no cause for alarm whatever for the investor." Only Babson was still skeptical. "Do not invest those liquid funds yet," he cautioned.

The next day the storm broke. Sixteen million shares changed hands in the worst panic in the history of the New York Stock Exchange. The Dow-Jones index closed 30 points lower than the day before. Moreover, in subsequent days there was little evidence of any rallying tendency. This had a sobering effect on the forecasters. Nothing seems to destroy their faith in the "long pull" like a few weeks of declining prices. By November 11, 1929, Moody's thought: "It is better to delay any buying until the situation clears." Standard Statistics suddenly found that it had been advising no buying, and said: "We continue to advise against pur-



chases of the general run of stocks." Babson wrote that "clients should have patience and watch for the bargains which we know still lie ahead." Only Brookmire published a list of stocks to buy. On November 13, two days later, came the lowest prices of the year, with a drop in the Dow-Jones index of 11 points to 198. The initial break in the big bull market, then, caught all of the forecasting services unawares. None of them had considered it sufficiently imminent to make any attempt to have clients sell all, or even any substantial portion, of holdings. They failed in the first test.

They were allowed several other chances. Between November 13 and December 7, 1929, the index of average prices recovered 65 points to 263. In the interval all four organizations advised purchases of stocks. All four failed to take advantage of the December high to counsel sales. More than a week later Standard Statistics ventured this cautious comment: "It is now our opinion that all stocks except those which the holder is willing to carry over a period of at least six months, irrespective of intermediate fluctuations, should be disposed of." Here the exception vitiates what might have been good advice if the organization had not been so anxious to "protect itself." For who would not be willing to hold stocks for another six months if encouraged to believe that a profit could be realized in that period? And the following week the organization definitely advised "against disposing of intrinsically sound stocks."

After a recession to 230 on December 20, 1929, the Dow-Jones index advanced until, on April 17, 1930, it stood at 294, the highest point after the panic. In this interval there were several selling recommendations. Brookmire on February 3, 1930, advised "some selling now," but said, "Hold your best stocks." Standard Statistics commented on February 17: "We . . . suggest that advantage be taken of current strength to sell those issues which in comparison with others in the same category and of approximately equal merit are priced unusually high on the basis of prospective earnings for the first half of 1930." This might have been good advice, had clients been able to figure out what securities were meant.

The Babson organization gave its clients on March 3, 1930, this counsel of perfection: "Don't neglect to take good profits in stocks whenever they are available." On April 14, just before the peak was reached, it remarked: "The buyer must now be prepared for reactions and be very selective in his thinking"—the meaning of which is obscure, but which I cite because of its mention of "the buyer" rather than "the seller" to indicate the attitude. On the same date Standard Statistics said: "We would not disturb strictly long-pull commitments . . . we would, however, accept trading profits during periods of strength on a fairly liberal scale." Unfortunately just three days of strength followed.

Even after the April high point was reached, Brookmire's advised sales, once on April 28, 1930, and again on May 19, 1930. But on June 9 and June 23 they instructed clients to use some of the funds for new purchases. The index declined to 211 on June 24 and subsequently recovered to 240 on July 28. But save for the Brookmire recommendations mentioned above, no sales were suggested by any of the other advisory services. And Brookmire on July 14 advised clients to invest 5 per cent more of their funds.

During the long decline of the index from 240 on July 28, 1930, to 157 on December 16, 1930, the Brookmire service was again the only one to suggest sales. On August 11 it said: "We now believe it is advisable to work back toward the more conservative position advised in April and May," and gave a list of stocks to be sold. The Babson organization advocated the inauguration of a buying program on September 15, 1930, with the heading "Stocks will Advance this Fall," and had suggested investment of 50 per cent of the common stock fund by the end of the year. Standard Statistics, with many qualifications, advised purchases on October 14. Moody's abandoned, for the time being, buying advice and headed their November 10 comment "Tax Sales Ought Now to Be Considered." Otherwise, they warned emphatically against selling stocks held for investment. After August, 1930, the Brookmire service adopted a policy of waiting. No one suggested sales to avoid a further decline, but the market continued to go down until December.

Nor were any sales suggested on the next rally, which culminated on February 24, 1931, with the index of stock prices at 194. By that time the Babson organization had forgotten its enthusiasm of the previous fall. It solemnly assured its subscribers on February 16 that "conditions are not yet right for a stock-market boom. There is no rush, therefore, to buy good stocks." February 23 found Brookmire's saying: "We are not recommending the use of additional reserves now," although some buying had been suggested a week before. Moody's favored "buying investment stocks, just as we have done for several weeks past." Standard Statistics believed that there was "ample justification for the retention of sound equities. . . . We would strive to effect further accumulation for the next major upswing on moderate reactions."

In the valley between the February 24 peak and the lower one of 156 on June 27, 1931, only one sales recommendation was issued—by Standard Statistics. On March 30 they suggested that "at least a portion of profits accrued thus far in 1931 might well be accepted." Babson's informed clients on June 8, 1931, that "these are special buying opportunities—not a time to unload sound values. We are just as sure that we are near the latter stages of the bear market *as we were sure the bull market was on its last legs two years before we sent up the danger signals in 1929.*" This habit of the Babson organization of being two years ahead of time has proved rather costly to its subscribers. A week later, June 15, 1931, Standard Statistics, without qualification, advised "substantial purchases of carefully selected common stocks at or near the current market."

None of the forecasters took advantage of the June 27 high to advise sales, although Moody's on June 29 wrote that "the coming months are fairly certain to see some further periods of weakness and irregularity." Brookmire's advised clients to wait for better conditions before buying, and Babson's warned against following rallies. Thus passed another opportunity to save clients a further depreciation of almost 50 per cent. For between June 27 and October 5, 1931, the Dow-Jones industrial index dropped from 156 to 86. Instead, however, of advising sales, all the organizations except Moody's (whose clients had presumably long since used all their cash in following their numerous previous buying recommendations) suggested more buying.



The Babson organization, on July 5, 1931, advised clients that 50 per cent of the common stock fund "should now be gradually invested." On August 10 Standard Statistics fell in line with the comment: "Any further important weakness will constitute another real opportunity to accumulate desired issues for long-term holding." Reassured, Babson's came out on August 17, 1931, with the following confident statement: "This is no time for fear concerning any stock which is fundamentally sound. The market will gather strength this fall. Prices should be higher." Brookmire's on August 24 said: "Use one-half of your cash buying power for the purchase of common stocks now."

But on October 5, when the market reached its nadir, Standard Statistics said: "We have no hesitancy in continuing to advocate that investors still maintain adequate cash reserves." The Brookmire service deemed it "the part of conservatism to defer additional purchases of common stocks." Moody's recommended that "liquid positions now held by clients be maintained," without explaining how those liquid positions had been achieved. Only the Babson organization was still confident. It headed its advice "Buy—Don't Sell," and urged clients "to take advantage of these convulsively low prices."

As prices started their next ascent, Standard Statistics followed suit. "Without essential qualification," they said on October 13, 1931, "we recommended a substantial further step in the common-stock accumulation program," and published a list of stocks to buy. Brookmire and Moody maintained their position unchanged.

On November 9, 1931, the index of industrial stock prices reached 116.79, an advance of 30 points, or more than 35 per cent, in little more than a month. Here were potential profits to be cashed by Babson and Standard Statistics clients. But that date found none of the services suggesting sales. Standard Statistics thought that "good common stocks . . . are cheap in the long-term viewpoint." Babson was cautioning new clients to "buy only on weak spots." The Brookmire service advised "clients to maintain reserve buying power for use at a later date," but said nothing about liquidation of the holdings bought in August. Moody's declined to recommend the purchase of stocks, but also failed to suggest sales. The idea that profits can be made by purchases alone still persisted!

Nor did any of the advisers suggest disposal of holdings as the index of prices descended to a new low of 71.24 on January 5, 1932, and recovered to 88.78 on March 8, 1932. Throughout that period Moody's and Brookmire's continued to advise against purchase, keeping cautiously silent about sales. Babson advised additional placement of 10 per cent of the common-stock funds on November 30, 1931, and maintained this bullish position up to the next peak. Standard Statistics began recommending purchases on January 18, 1932, again and continued optimistic through February.

March 8, 1932, was the last conspicuous opportunity the organizations have had, to date, to save money for subscribers by sale of securities. Had any of them taken full advantage of it they would, even though almost two and a half years late, have saved their clients a further depreciation of more than 50 per cent. For between March 8 and July 8, 1932, the Dow-Jones index of industrial stock prices dropped from 88.78 to 41.22. Instead, none of them suggested sales of any stocks, Babson suggesting purchases on

April 18, April 25, May 16, and June 10, and Standard Statistics issuing buying recommendations on June 6 and June 13.

July 8 found Brookmire and Moody still pessimistic, definitely advising against purchases. Standard Statistics was less gloomy, and Babson was openly hopeful, but even they did not suggest purchases. Not until August 1, after the index of industrial stocks had advanced 33 per cent did they scrape up enough courage to say "buy." Moody's climbed on the bandwagon August 8, leaving only Brookmire advising against purchases.

Thus we bring to a close our survey of forecasters who could not forecast. Having missed the opportunity to have their clients cash in on their profits before the market crash of 1929, they had at least seven subsequent major chances to save money for them by advising complete withdrawal from the market. Not one of these chances was used to the full by any of the organizations. Most of them were completely ignored. Instead, they plunged investors in deeper and deeper with more and more buying recommendations. And then, when the market did turn, they were three weeks late in realizing it.

One can surely find in this record sufficient justification for the irony of Lawrence Dennis: "Thus far, economic forecasters have proved that there are just two ways of making money out of guesses about the economic future. The first way is to sell the guesses to subscribers." For investment advice is expensive. The Standard Trade and Securities Service costs \$180 a year, Moody's Investment Letter service costs \$150, Babson's financial service costs \$120, and the Brookmire Analyst, \$60. These are the publications from which I have quoted in this article. It is a curious fact that the record of accuracy appears to have little relation to the cost of the service; if anything, the cheapest service of the four has a little the edge on the others. And it is an open question whether even that has been worth its cost. Would not the average investor, unaided, have done better by following his instinct not to buy on a declining market?

Certainly the foregoing summary can hardly be read as anything but a record of failure. It naturally raises the question why organizations presumably so well equipped for economic research and forecasting should fail so miserably at it. For one thing, until the last three years the difficulty of the task was enormously under-estimated. Despite the advance of statistical technique, the multiplication of available figures, and the development of forecasting practice, economics has not yet, to put it mildly, become an exact science. Even assuming that any one of the organizations could appraise the technical and statistical factors in a given situation correctly, it would not necessarily lead to a correct forecast of what would happen. For the "human element" must still be included, and what a human being will do in any given situation is never entirely certain. Secondly, of the organizations considered, only one has worked out a definite theory of forecasting which it still uses. And the Babson method of forecasting has been for years subject to severe criticisms by students of the subject. The others work on a basis that is but a shade removed from guess and intuition. Thirdly, none of the advisory services, to my knowledge, takes the trouble to keep an objective record of its own batting average. That might be sobering.



# The Mexican Return

By ROBERT N. McLEAN

THE train was ready to go. Hand upon throttle, the engineer leaned from his cab. Behind him were ten plush-upholstered day coaches, loaded with six hundred Mexicans who were "going home." The windows were filled with brown faces, some sad, some eager; along the sides of the cars were little groups of county relief agents and workers from various churches and community houses, who under one pretext or another had succeeded in crashing the gates. Outside, a massed wall of humanity pressed against the iron fence. For one who was going, ten had come to say goodbye. It was just like the other trains which had been leaving Los Angeles on Thursday mornings—like the others but different, because inside the red-plush coaches were different people with different stories of suffering, hunger, and heartache. "All aboard!" sang the conductor, and the train began to move out of the station. As one car rolled by, a mother was seen comforting a little girl of about ten. And then these words, spoken in perfect English, floated through the window: "I don't want to go to Mexico! All my friends are in Brooklyn Avenue school, and I want to stay here!" But the train gathered momentum and swept out of the yards.

The press has had much to say during the past few months about the Mexicans who have gone home, but little has been said about the thousands of United States citizens who have been carried away by their parents to a land which they have never seen. Nor have we faced the fact that many of the parents who are taking these United States-born children out of the country, have been here so long that in their habits and ways of living they are far more "American" than Mexican.

The Mexican labor invasion of the United States—and the subsequent return—is one of the largest and most interesting racial movements in all history. In a time of economic stress such as the present we lose all sense of perspective. We forget why the Mexican came and why he has tarried so long, and we are blind to the injustices which are forcibly uprooting him from communities where he has cast his lot, built his home, and begotten his children. All we can see at such a moment as this is bread lines. And men of dark complexion are holding jobs which "white" men ought to have.

In August of 1931 a new law went into effect in California which makes it practically impossible for a contractor to employ Mexicans upon a public job. That, of course, means the bulk of the cement work and the work with pick and shovel—jobs which have been the recognized portion of the Mexicans for a dozen years. Even if the law permitted the employment of the "bronze" laborer, so strong is the social pressure now being exerted that few employers would care to defy it. At least one paving concern has temporarily gone out of business because it cannot carry on without Mexicans and the law will not permit them to be used. In one California community a contractor took refuge in the town hall in order to escape from a mob infuriated because he was using Mexican labor.

Even in times of economic strain and stress the foreign laborer is entitled to a square deal. Back of the lines of race and blood there are certain facts which merit consideration. The Mexican laborer came to this country to render a particular contribution at a time of particular need. The war depleted for a time our labor supply, while speeding up our industries. We had less labor and we needed more. Bursting shells on the fields of France proclaimed copper king. The large companies operating in southeastern Arizona, the greatest copper-producing district of the world, worked their mines to the utmost, leasing mineral land they could not work to other operators. Mexicans poured into Bisbee, Douglas, Miami, Globe, Ray, Jerome, and Morceni, and have been there ever since. At about the same time large areas of new citrus plantings began to come into bearing, and Mexicans by the thousand came to California to pick oranges. It was of prime importance during the war that transportation should not be interrupted, and Mexicans came over to man the section gangs and tamp the ties. Mexicans have been tamping ties on the railroads of the Southwest ever since, and have spread out along other lines into the North and East. The Mexican laborer came because we invited him and because we could not get along without him.

But it might be thought that after the national emergency was passed and our soldiers had returned from France, the Mexicans could have gone home. Not so. A number of new factors conspired not only to hold here the Mexicans already arrived, but to draw hundreds of thousands of their friends and relatives. First must be mentioned the new irrigation projects. The Roosevelt dam, the Elephant Butte, the Yuma project, the extension of the ditches in the Imperial Valley—all brought vast new acreages under cultivation. The lower Rio Grande valley almost overnight changed from a desert into a garden, and hands beckoned across the river for help to work the crops. The Salt River valley of Arizona, feeling the miraculous touch of water, grew long-staple cotton and called for Mexicans to pick it. When the bottom fell out of the cotton market, the growers quickly switched to lettuce and kept their Mexicans to "chop" it. In the Imperial Valley of California the lettuce acreage grew, until last season a total of eleven thousand cars rolled out of the valley to Eastern markets. Vying with lettuce, cantaloupes demanded Mexican labor, and during last May and June it took 21,400 cars to haul the melons to our breakfast tables. There is a common impression abroad that one American can do the work of three Mexicans. But no race can compete with the Mexicans in picking cantaloupes. Even the Japanese employ them, and the growers say that only a Mexican seems to have that sixth sense which tells when a cantaloupe is ready for the crate.

During the time of our agricultural expansion, the growers of oranges, grapes, cotton, melons, and winter vegetables not only invited the Mexicans, but even bid actively and acrimoniously among themselves for the amount of Mexican labor which was available. And whenever anyone sug-



gested that the supply was beginning to exceed the demand and that perhaps society was paying a stiff price for its Mexican labor in the social costs involved, the growers sped their representatives to Washington to lobby against the various bills which were successively introduced to put Mexico upon a quota basis.

One cannot say or write anything about the Southwest without eventually bumping up against the fact that Los Angeles has grown. But while it grew from a city of less than half a million at the close of the war to over a million in 1930, it was compelled to build new houses and school buildings, lay new sewers and water mains, and pave hundreds of miles of new streets. Often it was in such a hurry about it that the streets were paved before the sewers were laid, but the work had to be done in a hurry and Mexicans did it. While the Mexican laborer was needed in both agriculture and industry, we were glad to have him hold the job in which he was employed. We were perfectly willing that he should do our dirty work for us. We became "labor conscious." We developed the phrase "the work no white man will do"! Americans could not stand the heat of the desert, and so Mexicans tamped the ties and built the bridges.

Americans would not pick cotton—unless they were "cheap white trash"—and so the Mexicans did it. Americans would not labor in the heat with pick and shovel, and so Mexicans speedily filled the ranks of all the labor gangs. Americans would not "chop" lettuce all morning and then spend all afternoon trying to find out whether it was the grower or the contractor who was supposed to pay them. And so it was the Mexican laborers who jumped on the trucks at dawn and drove out to the lettuce fields to chop until noon. We developed a racial superiority toward certain types of labor, which came to be thought of as Mexican jobs. Thus the "bronze" man became the hewer of wood and the drawer of water in the Southwest. Simultaneously the large employers contrived to maintain the labor reservoir at a high level. It paid to keep the Mexicans both numerous and hungry.

Some day, perhaps, somebody with a flare for statistics will try to evaluate the contribution which the Mexican laborer has rendered in the building of an empire in the Southwest. He has done all the common work on practically every one of California's two hundred crops. He has maintained the lines of transportation. Every industry has been dependent upon him. And as is always the case with the common laborer, he has put much in and taken little out. Today, under the strain of economic adversity, we forget that during these years the Mexican has become part of our community life. We forget that his children have been born here and educated in our schools. We forget that he has given his best years to our industries and in doing so has forfeited his place in his own land. We forget that by the sweat of his brow he has earned a place in our economic life. We are sending him home. There is little gratitude in our hearts.

But the most amusing thing about it all—amusing were it not so tragic—is the attitude taken by our own border immigration service toward this army of Mexican laborers. When we needed them we forgot our own laws, closing our eyes while Mexicans crossed the line. There were not enough men to patrol the border, there were no funds for deportation, and anyway the crops were perishing for want

of pickers. As one official said, "I just have to shut my eyes to keep from crowding them off the sidewalk when I come down to work in the morning." It has been estimated that seven out of ten who came over between 1919 and 1929 came illegally; and most of them found it so easy to come that they are unconscious of any wrongdoing. Hundreds say naively: "I just crossed the bridge and nobody asked me any questions." Now the line is practically closed to the common laborer, and our reinforced border patrol, with plenty of money for deportations, is running up and down roads stopping Mexicans and asking dramatically: "How in the world did *you* get across the line?" And unless they can prove a legal domicile they are deported or told that they will be deported if they do not go of their own accord. In all this we have done little law-making. We have, indeed, armed our border service with a new law which makes it a felony for a foreigner to enter illegally. Otherwise our laws are as they were. They have been changed only by interpretation. But always more laws have been made by interpretation than by legislation.

Briefly, then, the Mexicans who are going home may be divided into five classes. First, there are those who are being deported—and Mexican deportations have reached as high as half of all those in the country. Second, there are those who are going because they have been told they will be deported unless they go voluntarily. Third, there is the great class made up of those who know they are here illegally, and who tremble every time there is a knock at the door or an American speaks to them upon the street. Composing the fourth class are those whose way is being paid to the border by county relief agencies, which often make their grants of relief dependent upon the promise to return to Mexico at some later date. And the fifth class is made up of those who have long been out of work, and having sacrificed their homes for a fraction of what they are worth, are using the proceeds to go back to Mexico in the hope that things may be a little better and in the conviction that they cannot be any worse. During the first ten months of 1931 the number returning to Mexico outnumbered those entering the United States by 75,337.

Just what effect will this mass movement have upon the Southwest? And what will be its effect upon Mexico? Nobody expects the present depression to last forever. And when it is over the "white" man who has wrenched the pick and the shovel from the hands of the Mexican laborer, in order to drive the wolf from the door, will drop them and turn to other pursuits. Again there will be "work no white man will do." And when that time comes, unless we are willing to let our crops rot in the fields, we shall either beg the Mexicans to come back or import Negroes, Filipinos, and Porto Ricans. We shall find then that we have exiled both producers and consumers. And what about Mexico? Is anyone so simple as to believe in this period of world depression that Mexico is able to absorb an army of new laborers every month? What are they doing? What of the man who barefoot and with his belongings done up in a blanket left his ancestral village ten years ago—a village where life moves placidly along as it did in the seventeenth century? When he returns driving a second-hand car, will he drop back quietly into the niche from which he came? And if not, into what niche will he fit? What will the Americanized Mexican do to Mexico?



# Civilization and the Poet

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

“THE world,” said Emerson, “seems to be always awaiting its poet,” and though the saying is a true one we are, perhaps, not wrong in supposing that the need of our particular world for “its poet” is more than usually acute. Emerson certainly intended the term to be taken in its widest significance to mean the possessor of one of those articulate imaginations which can communicate a sense that the world of our experience has a unity and meaning, and it is certainly just from the absence of any such sense that we suffer. Our best writers of verse themselves define rather than triumph over the prevailing mood produced by the feeling that we are lost in a meaningless chaos. But the phenomenon is not merely literary and we lack a satisfactory life for the same reasons that we lack our comprehensive poet. Poems and civilization are alike the result of affirmations sweeping enough to make form out of what seems confusion.

Nor is this analogy between the kind of affirmation which makes poems and the kind which makes civilizations merely an analogy. The poem and the civilization are parallel phenomena—one occurring in the realm of thought and the other in the realm of action, but each the result of some passionate faith inclusive enough to give form either to living or to contemplation. Each implies an imagination powerful enough to interpret in humanly usable terms the data present in the consciousness, but each implies also that these data shall be capable of such interpretation; and the first question which inevitably arises in connection with contemporary conditions is the question whether or not the data of the contemporary consciousness is susceptible of such a humanly usable interpretation.

It has long been suspected—justly or not—that an “Iliad” was easier to write in the year 1000 B. C. than it would be today. The anthropomorphic religion and the naive patriotism of the primitive Greeks were in themselves so simply human, so in harmony with instinctive human thought and behavior, that they made easily possible the attempt to see human life as ample, significant, and harmonious. But this religion and this patriotism were themselves possible only because these primitive Greeks knew so little of nature that they could construct a universe made almost exclusively from the materials which they found in themselves and could people it with gods made in their own image. Since their time, knowledge has been constantly busy with the criticism of every structure erected by the human mind. It has been posing ever more difficult problems to the imagination which would arrange that knowledge into a humanly satisfactory pattern, until men have begun at last to wonder whether or not any imagination is equal to the task, whether we have not been overwhelmed by knowledge (or what seems like knowledge) and compelled to witness a triumph of Nature over Art.

Many of the data which the imagination has found it so difficult to find a place for in any humanly useful conception of the universe as a whole are, of course, scientific. The pattern into which we have arranged what we know of

nature is obviously incompatible with those conceptions of man’s place in it which underlie some of the noblest poems as well as some of the noblest civilizations. Science has also encouraged certain tendencies of thought which increase the difficulty since it has promoted, for example, a general distrust of the validity of spontaneous conviction and a tendency to seek out the prejudice behind what seems to us at first sight our most inevitable affirmations. But it would be a mistake to suppose that all knowledge of the sort which makes epic poetry or epic culture difficult has been the result of scientific thought.

The artist himself, hardly less than the scientist, has peered into many dark and unlovely corners. He too has the passion, perhaps ultimately fatal, for knowing; and that passion has led him on, horribly fascinated, from discovery to discovery. Hence the satirist and the realist, no less than the astronomer and the biologist, stand between us and any Homeric conception of the world amidst which we live. Zola, Baudelaire, and Ibsen; Gissing, Hardy, and Dostoevski—these men, hardly less than Darwin and Freud, have disillusioned mankind with the universe and with itself. Though perhaps none of them actually discovered anything, all called our attention to much and made it an inescapable part of our consciousness. Doubtless there are, in all their works, few ugly facts which Shakespeare did not in some sense know. But there was a meanness in human nature and a sordidness in human fate which he could somehow disregard, which he could blithely ignore in a fashion no longer so easy. This meanness and this sordidness have been examined with a care and described with a force which rendered them no longer negligible. Art has acknowledged them; and for that reason they have become, not merely facts, but facts which have taken their place solidly in the human consciousness.

For this reason, also, they must be dealt with, and any imagination which proposes itself as competent to make art out of the modern world must find a place for them, whether the work which it is endeavoring to create be literary or social. There is no golden age of faith, of simplicity, or of ignorance to which we can return—unless, indeed, society as we know it should suffer some overwhelming catastrophe which would break the whole continuity of its development and return the few straggling survivors to savagery. Those eccentric converts to fifth-century paganism, thirteenth-century Catholicism, and seventeenth-century Anglicanism, who propose to live and write as though they were in the heyday of the culture which they have chosen, are mere refugees whom few will follow.

Few would seek to deny that modern life has its compensations, or that many of the experiences peculiar to it are delightful. The very sense of freedom associated with it, even the sense of having escaped the restrictions and the burdens which convictions impose, seems sometimes more than enough to compensate for any losses entailed. But few would refuse also to admit the curiously disjointed or fragmentary character of this life. Whole sections of our experience, both



pleasurable and the reverse, seem not only unconnected with one another, but positively incompatible. Some—like those which arise out of the cultivation of romantic love, of honor, and of our personal integrity—are apparently survivals from a world already dying; others—like those connected with power and speed and freedom, with our plunge into the material richness of the modern world—seem to give us hints of a way of life still imperfectly organized and imperfectly understood; but these two classes of goods are mingled without being combined.

The very cynics, whose documented relativism mocks any attempt to spell Duty or Justice or Right with a capital letter find themselves passionately devoted to defending Communist victims of police clubs or denouncing the Society for Suppression of Vice with bursts of oratory whose appeal is wholly moral. Lovers who rediscover the value of those illusions which are very old nevertheless change mistresses or wives with a facility which is very new and seem determined to live several lives for the very reason that they are incapable of leading one. Even humanitarianism, perhaps the most characteristic of our attempts to live nobly, does not dare to examine the foundations upon which it rests for it is devoted to the task of saving human lives without being really sure that human lives are worth saving.

What appears to be lacking is any logical or even any emotional connection between our various motives, various beliefs, and various impulses; any sense that they are a part of one whole or that they could be put together in any fashion which we enable them to reinforce one another. We are overwhelmed, not only by the diversity of knowledge, but also by the diversity of possible deeds, of possible values, and of possible judgments. Such artists as we have offer us constructions whose essential deficiencies arise out of the fact, not that they are artificial or partial, but that this artificiality or this partiality is so glaringly, so unforgettably evident. And if we babble of the necessity of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole we babble without conviction because we are struck by the fear that the more steadily we see it the less will it appear to be any whole which we can comprehend.

We may realize that the wholeness which seemed to characterize certain previous philosophies or civilizations was illusory, and that the connections between the parts of any previous peoples' experience were purely imaginary connections whose existence was merely assumed. But that realization does not help us very much because it is the inability to imagine or assume any such connections for ourselves which constitutes the difficulty and we do not know even where or how we ought to begin.

But let us grant that art, in the broad sense in which it has here been defined, is still possible; that the apparent triumph of diverse and alien nature is only temporary. Let us assume, that is to say, that a modern world, complete and unified, will emerge. Is that world close enough for us to imagine, even vaguely, what it would be like?

Certainly the prophets who proclaim its coming differ widely enough among themselves, but probably the most polite and respectable among them are those who assure us that civilization is not to be remade but only salvaged and that the new world will be more like the world of the past than the world of this present. Some of them, like Mr. Chesterton, are sure that if only beer flowed as freely as it

once did in Merrie England we should all very happily put our trust in the Pope and all would be well again. Others, like Professor Millikan, have faith in telescopes and confidently expect that we shall some day construct one which will discover the ten commandments written in letters of fire a hundred thousand light years away. But they agree in the essential, which is that we need only to recover a few principles which we have lost in order to get along very nicely in the world we now know. But polite and reasonable as these prophets seem, there is, nevertheless, something singularly tame about their gospels, something plaintive and elegiac about their pleading, something which seems hardly adequate to influence very effectively a world which may not know where it is going but which is certainly going somewhere under the force of impulses not to be controlled by the pious suggestions of frightened respectability. The men who speak most earnestly of the claims of authority are the very ones whose voices most conspicuously lack its ring and it is, paradoxically, those who tell everyone to do as he likes who have achieved the largest following. If leadership is to be recognized by the confidence with which it asserts itself, if art is to be known by the power and the persuasiveness we feel before we can analyze, then the beginnings of the new world which may be forming are to be sought among those who are concerned with nothing less than with mere conversation.

Wherever this world of ours competes directly with the past, it loses. Its religions are anemic and foolish; its poems and its pictures often seem to be trivial and feeble; just in so far as their aims and methods are identical with those of the past. But in certain other activities it exhibits a competence which seems, in comparison with previous efforts in the same field, as nearly superhuman as the competence of Shakespeare seems superhuman in comparison with the efforts of our contemporaries to write tragedy in blank verse. Its instruments for measuring the stars, its machines for hurtling through space, are successful beyond the wildest dreams of previous ages; and the most significant thing about them is not that badly articulated or rationalized faith in their importance which is sometimes expressed by philosophers or humanitarians, but that passionate and implicit faith in the immediate, unassailable value in the thing itself which made them possible.

Whatever else we may say of it, we know that the ecstasy of the pilot is authentic and that it is communicated unreasonably to society. Crowds carry trans-Atlantic fliers in triumph from the field just as crowds are said to have carried Cimabue's Virgin in triumph through the streets of Florence; and each crowd acts for the same reason—because it has recognized a kind of achievement which it can understand. The world is not interested in machines because they save labor or because they increase production. These are the excuses which it makes to itself. It is interested because it is interested, because its heart is there. Concerning them it has made one of those affirmations which really count because the affirmation was made spontaneously and does not need to be defended. In that case the will to believe did not explain its rights; it believed.

Even those of us who are, by temperament and education, most attached to values of another sort and, for that reason, least capable of feeling what many of our contemporaries feel, catch at moments some hint of it. We drive in



their cars, fly in their aeroplanes, and live in their cities. We are caught up by this world, gasp with its excitements, and, by moments, we too, forget the other world to which in quieter moments we feel that we belong. But we cannot completely identify ourselves with the representatives of the present. The very inarticulateness of their philosophy, of their poetry, if you will, baffles us. The world of speed and power and exactitude in which they live is a world which still exists only upon the periphery of the consciousness. It is known chiefly through instincts and reflexes, not through ideas. It is, in other words, a world not yet given form by art, a world which has been directly experienced but never successfully thought out. Since no symbols have been found for its aims or its joys it cannot be substituted for—it cannot even take its place beside—those worlds which have a different kind of existence in the consciousness because they have been symbolized and interpreted in terms appropriate to that consciousness. Yet the materials may possibly be there. Art has, in the past, many times revealed to mankind perceptions, emotions, and valuations of which it had not known itself capable.

No one can say beforehand whether or not the new interests and the new ecstasies are capable of being thus humanized. Certainly it is difficult to conceive any connection between them and those which a Shakespeare celebrated. Certainly they seem less outgrowths of previous interests than something radically different, and it may be that they are entirely inexpressible in terms similar to those which literature uses. Perhaps the tendency of the plastic arts to abandon the imitation of nature for pure geometry is merely one relatively comprehensible sign of a break with tradition which is destined to be more complete than even the most extravagant of the "post-," "neo-," or "sur-" schools can imagine. Perhaps the wildest eccentricities of the "modern" poets may be taken as evidence either that poetry is beginning to grapple with the problem or that it is disintegrating under the realization that the problem is not capable of being grappled with.

But in any event there is no escaping the fact that much of the old world has grown dim. The academicians who plead for standards in art, the versifiers who talk of taste in poetry, the moralists who plead that we still *can* believe what our fathers did—there is not one of them whose voice has more than a spectral quality. Even those who believe them righter than their opponents must confess that the conservators are, at least, no match for those who do not bother even to answer. Vitality is all on the other side and those of us who confess our inability to accept the modern world without reservation or to say what can ultimately be made of it, do feel sure, nevertheless, that vitality of some sort is as indispensable to art as it is to life; and we shall take courage again when we find somewhere some evidence that the values which are dearest to us can be affirmed with a passion equal to that with which scientists, technicians, and mere sportsmen daily make the affirmations by which they live.

It is only in the sense which has been here implied that there can be any meaning to the statement that life is art and that aesthetics can take the place left vacant by religion and morality. To say that is to say only that one work of art may be replaced by another; but the other must still be found. Some unified aim, some hierarchy of values, some

sense that something is supremely worth-while, must impose itself upon us with a self-justifying inevitability.

What we seem to have is an embarrassing profusion of almost equally unsatisfactory possibilities. What we lack among the advocates of each is an imagination strong enough to make that possibility seem inevitable. Nor is it, so long as this is true, worth-while to affirm any abstract faith in art. If love and honor and duty can be salvaged then someone must write about them in a fashion which carries conviction. If we are to get along without them, then someone must describe a world from which they are absent in a fashion which makes that world seem still worth the having. And it is just its failure to do either of these things quite adequately which reveals the weakness of contemporary literature.

This latter has enjoyed, at moments, its triumphs of honesty and accuracy. It has even, at moments also, transcended these virtues in order to achieve beauty—that quality which we attribute to anything when it makes reality seem identical with desire and convinces us that what ought to be is the same as what is. But contemporary literature is too fragmentary and too varied to rank among the supremely great literatures, much less to assume unaided a task which the literatures of other times could perform only with the help of philosophy and religion. It is—like ourselves—doubtful, divided, eclectic, and experimental. It has never succeeded in making us believe anything wholeheartedly or for long. It has given us no self-justifying image because its creators have achieved no self-justifying vision.

We know that this world of ours is interesting. The very vividness of its never-failing stimuli and the very richness of the possibilities which it is continually suggesting, make us unwilling to sacrifice any one of them. Even its distresses are so exciting that we are not convinced by those who long for a return to the good old days and none of the unities which have been proposed seem to include enough. What we long for is the ability to function in this complicated world as easily and as freely as others seem to have functioned in a simpler one; to find life, not merely exciting, but satisfactory and meaningful as well. We want to see it whole but we want also to see it all; to find a name for every one of its sensations, an explanation for every one of its phenomena, and a justification for every one of its values. We want a philosophy which is more than merely cold and reasonable, a philosophy whose ultimate expression is one of those works of art which seem not only to sum up but also to justify a civilization.

Perhaps some of these desires are incompatible with others. Perhaps all satisfactory affirmations are partial, and perhaps they seem satisfactory only because they make us forget what they are not able to include. But if this is so, the very fact that we are not able to forget anything about the world in which we live is proof that such an affirmation has not been made. And, at least until it has, we shall continue to long for some attitude which would unify the modern consciousness without depriving us of any of those fragmentary goods which it affords. Only one thing is certain. We shall know what artist we ought to accept when we find ourselves accepting him and we shall know what authority ought to be obeyed when we find ourselves obeying it. Life may be an art—but only when it is characterized by art's spontaneous inevitability.



## In the Driftway

THE Drifter recently spent part of a Sunday visiting a woman who, it seems to him, has gone far toward solving the problem of living—except that she does not drift. Drifting, after all, is the best part of life. The Drifter admits gladly the fascination of the soil; he yields to none in his adoration of the New England countryside, and his heart yearns for many beauty spots. But though he has been tempted to settle, like a former New York woman school teacher he knows, right at the base of the Tetons and live all by himself the year round, as she does, he knows that he has drifted too long for this to be possible. To return, however, to the woman whom he saw the other day. She lives on a Connecticut hilltop in a little old farmhouse well on into its second century, with the old red paint still on it, a single carefully centered chimney, and the old clapboards falling off here and there. The owner lived for years in the great city, where her profession carried her into the homes of the wealthy. Then there came a day when her health made outdoor life necessary and all by herself she picked the little old red house with its huge maples. Nearby is a glorious view; one could fancy oneself in Wyoming, for one can look and look and see no sign of habitation, and the hills are wild and rugged.

AS the years have passed, the Drifter's friend, especially lately, has felt the pinch of the times. No longer is she able to spend the three bitterest winter months in the city, and more important than ever is the need of getting some dollars out of the little nursery and the flower garden which she cultivates so assiduously. She has no car, no horse and wagon. Her faithful friend and only companion is the dog that guards her. Together they pass winter and summer, with the telephone to call friendly neighbors through whose help there come the necessary provisions from the nearby town. But the doctor, the Drifter believes, has not been called in years, for life in that garden on that lovely hilltop has brought energy and strength and health. Lovely white hair surmounts cheeks of a ruddy hue which any flapper ought to envy, if flappers did not believe in the superiority of hand-painted complexions. "I find," she says, "that I can do physical labor, now that I have to, that I never dreamed was within my power." She has now come to a system of barter, and that, she says, is characteristic of the community round about her under the stress of Hoover prosperity. She gives trees for firewood to townspeople out of work in return for their labor. One farming neighbor has carried off a tumbledown carriage house with some very old lumber in it in return for many hours of work carefully computed by both. Three men who have helped her by the exchange of labor for wood are living with a fourth and his mother—thus have the workless doubled up to pool their scant resources and labor and to wait for the coming of the promised two-car garage.

SO there this tiller of the soil dwells the year round—radiantly happy, content, always ready to remind you that others are far worse off financially than she and finding her enforced habitation anything but exile or punishment.

The beauty of the changing seasons never loses its appeal, the bird life, the occasional animals that stray into her domain—the Drifter ran across a gay old fox nearby—the sunsets, the radiance of the sky by day and by night, all these fulfil and satisfy. But above all, there is the work in the garden itself to prove anew that the nearer to the actual soil, the richer the life. This tiller does not even feel the need of a radio and the movies know her not. The Drifter feels that there are few whom he knows who have won such happiness for themselves, unaided and with such dauntless courage. He always finds inspiration when he enters that house or sees that sturdy figure at work in the garden. Always for a moment he swears that he, too, will find a lonely hilltop in New England and then he remembers, with a start, that after all, he is and must be until the end

THE DRIFTER.

## Correspondence

### Sidney Hook's Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Mr. Briffault's "Breakdown" in *The Nation* of June 8, I wrote:

To be sure, the direction of scientific research and the uses to which its discoveries are put are dependent upon the larger, telic, social whole of which science is a part. But the meaning and validity of a scientific proposition are completely independent of whether science functions in a capitalist or Communist order.

In his letter to *The Nation* in the issue of July 13, Mr. Ashley-Montagu quotes only the second of the two sentences given above and then adds:

This statement is typical of many made by Mr. Hook in his review, and like them it is entirely untrue. If Mr. Hook is not philosopher enough to be aware of this, then he is not worth arguing with. What really matters, it seems to me, about the validity of a scientific proposition is not so much the name of the State in which it has been determined as that it shall gain acceptance. Does Mr. Hook really believe that the willingness with which scientific propositions are accepted is independent of the form of the society in which they are proposed?

Whatever may be the case in the social disciplines which have a class axis, it is clear that the propositions of physical science and mathematics, in so far as their meaning and validity are concerned, cannot be affected by a change in the mode of economic production. That people should be interested in science at all is a function of the social order in which they live. But granted that they are interested in science, the truth of the propositions they then discover no longer depends upon them or their interest, but upon the objective structure of the physical world. Socially we can only explain why the teaching of the proposition, "the earth moves and is not the center of the universe," was proscribed in the past and why it can be taught today. Surely, Mr. Ashley-Montagu will not maintain that the movement of the earth is affected by the change from one society to another. Let him recall the words of Galileo and make the proper substitutions:

In these and other positions certainly no man doubts but His Holiness the Pope hath always an absolute power of admitting or condemning them; but it is not in the power of any creature to make them to be true or false, or otherwise than of their own nature and in fact they are.



In this connection I wish to observe that even propositions of historical fact in anthropology and sociology (i. e., those which do not involve value judgments) have an objective validity independent of the social purposes for which they are used. I do not believe, however, that a *hypothetico-deductive social science* is possible.

Both Mr. Ashley-Montagu and Nelson Morris have failed to appreciate that the dialectical approach to the question of culture consists in realizing that, even if we would, we could not build a new culture in complete disregard of the old. Whoever affects a sophisticated barbarism and in the name of communism talks as if it heralded the destruction of all the art and science of the past, is, objectively considered, playing the role of a cultural agent-provocateur.

I cannot see the relevance of Mr. Briffault's rejoinder to the points I made in my review of his book. Nor do I feel that the question of my "unamiable" personality has the slightest bearing upon their validity. It was not Mr. Briffault's sincerity I impugned but his logic. I had even hoped that he would be convinced that he had overstated his position. I am consequently all the more disappointed that he should have seen fit to drag in a red herring about my being inspired by sympathy with the Communist Party "to attack those radical thinkers who are most in accord with its aims but who are not members of the party." In justice to the Communist Party and the readers of *The Nation* I wish to state that I am not a member of the Communist Party and that I do not know whether my views would be indorsed by it. None the less, I believe my views to be in conformity with the Marxist philosophy. What is more important, I believe them to be true.

New York, July 13

SIDNEY HOOK

## Edward Levinson and the *New Leader*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As editor of the *New Leader* I protest against your editorial in the issue of July 13 regarding the dismissal of Edward Levinson from its staff. The assertion that Mr. Levinson was "summarily dismissed" is absurd, considering that he had been under fire by members of the board of directors for more than a year.

In the complaint I made I did not even mention his article in *The Nation* to which you refer although two other members did. If the *New Leader* has not published the few "letters of protest" received against Mr. Levinson's dismissal, neither has it published the many other statements received approving the action taken.

New York, July 18

JAMES ONEAL

## Is It a Futile Gesture?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Running on a noncommittal platform in 1928, Al Smith gave you pause; in 1932 you cannot brook Roosevelt although his party platform is distinctly superior to that of 1928. What is this if not that choice of men rather than measures to which you object in theory?

As for supporting Norman Thomas, you indeed put the liberal in a difficult position. Were the Socialist candidate in the position of parliamentary leader of a minority party striving to gain control as in France or England, all those who agree with him would have no difficulty in voting effectively. In this

country, however, a vote for Thomas will be only a vote of protest. He will no doubt conduct an intelligent and vigorous campaign on a better platform than that of either of the two old parties, and he will probably poll a larger vote than he did in 1928. But he will have no direct voice in the government, even as leader of an opposition group, and all of the energy expended in his behalf will be wasted in so far as immediate practical results are concerned. I am altogether in favor of a campaign by the Socialists to gain some foothold in Congress, but I cannot understand why any small minority party should put up a candidate for the Presidency. To do so is to ignore the realities of our cumbersome political system and to seek to plant the capstone in air before the foundation has been laid. Surely a campaign of education in Socialist principles need not depend upon such a futile gesture.

Canyon City, Ore., July 24

ARTHUR C. HICKS

## "Dishonest Propaganda"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial, *Is It to be Murder?* is typical of a man who lives in the foreign city of New York. It is either the product of a twisted mentality or for the purpose of dishonest propaganda. You could not afford to print all the facts as to the communistic or criminal character of the ring leaders in the Washington disturbance, nor the fact that the man who did the shooting acted in self-defense when these men attacked him with bricks in their hands.

You would evidently be satisfied with further unrest which you rather encourage in your writings. It is typical of your writers, who have never accomplished anything, that you have the egotism to tell really able men how to do it.

You are professional disturbers with the purpose of earning dividends. May your circulation grow less!

Chicago, August 3

E. R. M.

## Moral Suasion and the League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is now quite the fashion to criticize the League of Nations for its seeming weakness and indecision in a time of crisis; "it touches nothing that it does not adjourn." May I submit that such criticism is based upon misunderstanding of the technique of the League? I should like to cite briefly a review printed some time ago in the *United States Law Review* of Professor Edmund C. Mower's volume on "International Government." The review quotes Professor Mower as follows, regarding the League of Nations:

In no case has the Council appealed to force. Its method is that of counsel and conciliation; it endeavors to stimulate in the contending parties a sense of responsibility for international peace and of their obligation under the Covenant to seek a rational peace. This technique of the Council in dealing with international disputes often gives it the appearance of weakness, indecision, and procrastination; it tenders advice when the international peace seems to require the exercise of power. But its procedure in this regard has been as wise as it has been necessary—wise because international government has not yet advanced to the point where legalized resort to force by its constituted agencies can confidently rely upon the backing of public opinion, and necessary because, as the Covenant now stands, the League commands no force except what the member states endow it with at the moment.

Boston, August 1

WARREN O. AULT



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## Fadiman and Goethe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fadiman's article on Goethe has just come to my notice. If Mr. Fadiman so cruelly belabors Goethe with the cudgel of his wisdom because that poet has no specific message for the I. W. W., other citizens may have an equally justified grievance against Goethe for failing explicitly to give the two-seed-in-the-spirit predestinarians his moral support. Clearly, Mr. Fadiman should not turn for inspiration to Goethe when there are such enthusiastic champions of his ideals as Upton Sinclair and Emma Goldman.

Chicago, August 2

E. M. FORTGANG

## Training the Military Mind

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With interest and approbation I read Robert Wohlforth's article, "The R. O. T. C. as a Peace Society."

I submit the results of my observations as a member of a high school R. O. T. C. unit during the last year: The young man, when he begins his course in military instruction, has an open mind; he is ready to accept anything he is told at its face value. Under the guidance of an army officer the militaristic mind evolves rapidly. The student soon becomes strongly biased in favor of the military system. He is taught that pacifism "must be stopped, or you'll have a war on your hands" (words used by officer in charge of unit of which I was member). He learns that national security may be had only by a large army. If asked whether he desires peace he replies, "Yes, of course." But he is ready to fight for his country "right or wrong."

Militarism is an insidious thing. Rare indeed is the student who does not acquire it if he is exposed to its influence for any length of time. Unfortunately, there is ordinarily no factor that serves to counteract its effect. So, after three years of such instruction, the graduate is a thorough militarist.

Atlanta, Georgia, July 7

WOODRUFF W. BRYNE

## The Two Youngest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Roy Wright, 15, and Eugene Williams, 14, the two youngest Negro boys of the nine victims of the attempted legal lynching in Scottsboro, Alabama, are still in prison. There was a mistrial in the case of Roy Wright; in the case of Eugene Williams the Alabama Supreme Court reversed the death verdict, on the ground that he was a juvenile. But the State of Alabama makes no move to bring these boys to trial again. They remain caged, as they have since April, 1931.

These youngsters have suffered enough. We must see that they are brought to a speedy trial. But defense funds have been exhausted by the long legal struggle for the other seven boys. Recent contributions have had to go to prepare for the October Supreme Court hearing.

We must have a special sum of \$1,500 immediately for the defense of the two youngest boys. We appeal to men and women of imagination and humanity to help us raise this imperative sum. Please send your check to John Dos Passos, Treasurer, National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, St. Denis Building, Broadway and Eleventh Street, New York City.

New York, August 3

JOHN DOS PASSOS



# Books

## Mural for Evening

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Earth turns toward evening and the white swan is  
Motionless marble on her onyx pool;  
Thick darkness gathers in the cypresses.  
These are the colors of sleep: spent violet, cool  
Silver of momentary dusk that lays  
No siege to starlight. Better were we lost  
Forever in the tortuous Cretan Maze  
Than that this final threshold had been crossed!

For we are come upon a world that lies  
Deeper than Ys, far deeper than the drowned  
Atlantis, from whose gardens none shall rise.  
Coffined in crystal, cloaked in the profound  
Purple of night, we watch the white swan fade,  
And give the musky leaf-mold to the spade.

## A Compact Encyclopedia

*Everyman's Encyclopedia.* General Editor, Athelstan Ridgway. Science Editor, E. J. Holmyard. American Editor, Milton Bronner. E. P. Dutton and Company. Twelve volumes. \$30 the set.

THE first edition of "Everyman's Encyclopedia" appeared some twenty years ago. The present edition, now completed, has been entirely reedited and reset, and published in a larger format, with the number of pages in each volume increased from 640 to 768. The volumes, however, are still cheap in price and still compact: to say that they sell at less than one-third the price of the cheapest edition of the "Britannica", and that each is no larger in the hand than the ordinary novel, is to answer the question of whether there is need or a place for them. For those who have the means and the shelf space the new "Everyman's" is no substitute for the "Britannica"; those less fortunate in either of these respects, however, should be grateful for its appearance.

For its outward bulk the new encyclopedia is remarkably comprehensive: it contains some 7,000,000 words, the equivalent of a hundred novels of average length. Compression has been in part secured by the courageous use of abbreviations. The type is small for sustained reading but not for reference. In the two thousand illustrations the line cuts are in general much more satisfactory than the half-tones, which suffer partly from their diminished size, and partly from the use of too coarse a screen, probably necessitated by the paper.

The three functional tests of an encyclopedia—granted accuracy—are, first, whether a sufficient number of separate references are included—and this the "Everyman's" meets admirably; second, whether the individual articles contain enough to be reasonably informative; and third, whether they direct the reader adequately to further information. The second of these requirements is extremely difficult to meet in a work of the present scope. To meet it requires both great compression in writing, which the articles often achieve, and a fine sense of the proper relative lengths of articles. Which is more important—logic or London? It is an idiotic question, and yet the encyclopedist must answer it, and a thousand others like it—the relative importance of Agriculture and Aristotle, of Mar-

riage and Massachusetts, of Rabelais and Railways. Probably he never can decide these questions to anyone else's satisfaction, or even to his own. Yet even so, some of the decisions of the editors of "Everyman's" seem to me particularly puzzling. Logic, for example, gets less than two columns, and London thirty. It is instructive to compare this space allotment with that of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in which Logic is assigned fifty-five columns to London's forty-four. It would be unfair to suggest that this particular comparison implies anything beyond itself—any general lack of proportion in the "Everyman" articles. It is simply one of those things that happen in any encyclopedia.

But on the third test of an encyclopedia—whether it direct the reader adequately to further information—a general criticism of "Everyman's" may, I think, be made. No one can possibly learn anything from less than two columns on Logic, yet no bibliography is offered. Nor does any accompany the article on the important subject of Currency. On the other hand, appended to the article on Economics, which receives seventeen columns, is an excellent brief bibliography. On biographies no consistent policy seems to have been followed. There is a good short list of reference books on D. H. Lawrence, and none on Anatole France or Henry James or Melville. There is one on John Stuart Mill, and none on Francis Bacon. In other cases the bibliographies are careless or haphazard. It is here, I think, that the new "Everyman's" is weakest. It appears, on the other hand, to be well proofread. I stumbled—in my necessarily sketchy reading—over only two errors: Occam appears as "Occian" in the article on Logic, and T. E. Hulme as "T. E. Hume" in that on Criticism.

But such selected and detailed criticism inevitably gives an unfair impression. I have said nothing of how remarkably well written most of the articles are, particularly those on literary figures, nor of the astonishing up-to-dateness of the political and other topical articles. Altogether, the editors have carried through an extremely difficult task with commendable success.

HENRY HAZLITT

## The Decline of the I. W. W.

*The Decline of the I. W. W.* By John S. Gambs. Columbia University Press. \$4.25.

NO labor union in the United States has been given more attention, favorable and otherwise, than the Industrial Workers of the World. It has had the careful and sympathetic study of Hoxie, Brissenden, and Parker, and, from others, more than its share of abuse. Now it has declined, and Dr. Gambs writes an obituary.

Unhappily Dr. Gambs is not chiefly interested in the I. W. W. His interest is in sociological theory, and to justify his use of the I. W. W. as a case history, he makes the brash assertion that "The historian always has a moral up his sleeve." The moral here is that the I. W. W. declined because there is no place for revolutionary unions in the United States today. This sounds plausible enough, but the trouble is that we might leave out the "revolutionary" and it would still be plausible. We would then have to explain the decline of the A. F. of L. unions by their conservatism; of the company unions by their "companyism"; of the "independent" unions by their independence. . . .

The I. W. W. was organized in 1905, and in 1917 it became an outlaw organization. Back of that outlawry was a state of public hysteria which found in the Wobblies an object upon which to vent inhibited spleens and phobias and to gain



those illusions of power so necessary to noncombatants at war. This, it would seem, is a story worth telling, but our author makes little attempt to describe and none to explain it. He does, however, give an excellent account of the reaction of the I. W. W. to attack. It becomes clear that the I. W. W. was wiped out by this wartime struggle. It might, of course, have declined anyway. It might have become less revolutionary. But so far as we know the war and later persecutions destroyed it. There were other factors—chief among them, the disappearance of the migratory worker.

The surprising thing is not that the I. W. W. declined but that it lasted as long as it did. There is something about a philosophy, whether it be revolutionary, idealistic, or what not, that is better than a war chest, a machine, or gangsters. This something has been lost to the American labor movement, and while the I. W. W. has declined with its philosophy, the labor movement has declined without one.

One of the best chapters in Mr. Gambs's book describes the attempt of some of the Wobbly leaders to tie up with engineers. They employed Howard Scott to give them information about the copper industry, and seem to have listened to his advice. He told them that sabotage, instead of hastening the disruption of capitalist industry, only delayed it. Accepting the Marxian theory of crises, he advised them to push production on to overproduction and stoppage. That has been done, but not by the Wobblies. Perhaps some other engineer can tell us what to do now, that is better than what Marx said we would have to do.

NORMAN J. WARE.

## Midwest "Cherry Orchard"

*House of Vanished Splendor.* By William McNally. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

FOR the past ten years the literature of the Middle West has been repetitious or barren. After the appearance of Sinclair Lewis, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, and Sherwood Anderson, the soil was temporarily exhausted—Glenway Wescott may be regarded as an exception. If for no other reason than to explain a surprising sterility, "House of Vanished Splendor," written by a Minneapolis newspaperman, deserves special attention. The social implications of this first novel are broad enough to define the nature of its own faults and merits and to suggest a number of reasons why the so-called "literary renaissance" of the Middle West came to an abrupt conclusion in the early years of the last decade.

The very plot of the book is ambitious and of genuine social significance, for it traces the decline of a wealthy and large family on the shores of the upper Mississippi—the Knott family—who may be accepted as a prototype of Middle Western civilization. The Knott fortune, based upon real estate and the rapid industrial growth of the Middle West following the Civil War, is characteristic of many apparently accidental foundations of American wealth. The original John Knott was a pioneer in the literal sense: it was he who founded villages and towns, traded with the Sioux, and fought in the Civil War as a mere incident to his general activities. His son, John Victor, was a pioneer of a different order—the shrewd business man who was ready to gamble on the future of the railroads and the infant industries springing with mushroom-like growth at his feet. This activity did not demand unusual intelligence to master, nor great strength of character, merely boldness and the ability to make rapid decisions. The boom was on—and the Knott fortune was made overnight. John Victor found himself a director in a bank, owner of a prosperous flour mill, and master of a huge house overlooking the great river. The

time had come for him to worry about his family, two grown sons and two daughters: he died before he could protect their interests with an intelligently worded will.

The rest of the novel is a study of disintegration. There is the eldest son Dwight, a Yale graduate, scarcely more than a half-wit, virtuous, dull and in charge of his father's flour mill. There is Todd, who earned the distinction of running away from Harvard before he was expelled. There is Betty, the beauty trying to imitate the career of Alice Roosevelt in a Middle Western environment, and Mary, who finds a substitute for sexual frustration in religion. Altogether they comprise a cast of characters for an American version of "The Cherry Orchard"—not one is fit to assume the responsibility of managing an estate.

This family of adult children, from the superficially brilliant Todd down to his idiot brother Dwight, are all doomed: their heritage of material wealth is meaningless, for like a large number of Middle Western families they have not become firmly rooted in their environment. What they have inherited is not a culture at all, but a vague sense of a historic past, a feeble strain of New England Puritanism, and a totally unpractical form of hand-to-mouth pragmatism. Even at best (for we find in Todd an appreciation for music and an underdeveloped and generalized aesthetic sense) their talents for living are second rate. All lack the drive, the nervous energy that propelled the father, John Victor, forward into a life of material activity. Their pretensions to aristocratic leisure are absurd and merely spendthrift.

The flaws in Mr. McNally's novel are obvious: the book lacks a definite philosophy that might well have raised it above the level of intelligent reporting, and the prose bears the marks of rapid journalese, of too much hasty writing. But Mr. McNally has gifts that compensate for these defects. Like Sinclair Lewis, he possesses the ability to create full-bodied characters, each highly individualized and convincing, and again, quite in the tradition of both Dreiser and Lewis, he has chosen material that readily lends itself to social analysis.

HORACE GREGORY

## Chinese Puzzles

*The Tinder Box of Asia.* By George E. Sokolsky. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

*Problems of the Pacific, 1931.* Edited by Bruno Lasker. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

*Business and Politics in the Far East.* By Edith E. Ware. Yale University Press. \$3.

GEORGE SOKOLSKY probably knows more Chinese more intimately than any other foreigner in China; and he thinks and writes about China in terms of human beings rather than of abstract principles. His book about China has the intimacy and the freshness of his own breezy, gossipy conversation. He is dogmatic, informed, and often brilliantly informed and penetrating. If he is often prejudiced, no one can be sure in what direction his prejudices may lead him, for they are the product of a singularly diverse and adventurous career.

Born in up-State New York of devout orthodox Russian Jewish parents, Sokolsky drifted to New York, made Republican campaign speeches and consorted with Emma Goldman, had a tempestuous career at the Columbia School of Journalism, got an assignment to report the Russian Revolution for an agency which sent him to Petrograd and then blew up, lived off the revolutions cheerfully, drifted East, functioned as an impassioned Western sympathizer with Chinese students in the disturbances of 1919, helped organize a Chinese government Bureau of Eco-



nomic Information, and became in time the featured correspondent of the leading British die-hard organ in Shanghai, adviser to various commercial companies, managing editor of a monthly engineering journal noted for its sympathy with the Japanese, correspondent for American and British newspapers, and an unofficial participant in sundry phases of Chinese political life. Foreigners in Shanghai, thinking in terms of loyalty to principles and causes, tend to distrust "Sok"; Chinese, of various political camps, love him as a human being and, respecting his shrewd intuitions, consult him.

Sokolsky today wastes no time with futile ideals. He appraises force and respects power. He admires almost equally Chiang Kai-shek, the present "Strong Man" of China, General Araki of Japan, and Borodin, the Russian adviser in the early days of the Nationalist Government; and he criticizes all of them sharply. Also he knows them; he gives intimate pictures of them which light up as a lightning flash the murky Chinese scene. His sketches of the various members of the "Soong dynasty" which has dominated Chinese politics for six years, particularly of its behind-the-scenes women, are superb. He is contemptuous of ignorant League of Nations gestures and of talk of "law" and "government" in China. He knows that China is and will long remain in what seems to the Westerner sheer anarchy; and that nevertheless China is a mighty entity, moving perceptibly and integratedly in the midst of a chaos of constant civil wars. He knows that it is well to be careful when using that word "China."

"China" fought Japan at Shanghai, the world says. Sokolsky says that a Cantonese general, defiant of the head of the Nanking Government, fought Japan. . . . Sokolsky thinks in human, personal terms. "Bandits?" "Bandits in China are only hungry people," he says. But he is more concerned with the Communists; he takes them more seriously than most treaty-port foreigners. For they express something more than themselves; a mass discontent. The issue, as Sokolsky sees it, is between such strong-man nationalism as Chiang Kai-shek represents, and a Russian communism tinged with Chinese tradition. He fears this Russian communism; but he is not afraid to recognize that its savagery has been less than that of Chiang Kai-shek's White Terror.

So Sokolsky has written a personal, chaotic, sometimes prejudiced, always revealing book about China. A more orderly mind might have omitted some of the details of Chinese intrigues; the professors who write most of the books about China would never have known of them. "The Tinder Box of Asia" is Sokolsky's book about China, and, as such, valuable. The observer will note that in recording the recent conflict with Japan Sokolsky adopts a cautious, documentary, neutral method of narration foreign to his own nature; he argues half-heartedly that China must come to terms with Japan and recognize Japan's domination of Manchuria.

"Problems of the Pacific" is a summary of the round-table discussions held by the Institute of Pacific Relations in China when the Manchurian row was hottest. A mass of information upon road building, industrialization, international migration, and kindred problems is here assembled. The Chinese-Japanese debates regarding the treatment of Koreans in Manchuria shed light on the current conflict; the figures showing that Japan has in the last decade been a land of immigration rather than of emigration are striking; the papers on racial assimilation and cross-breeding in various parts of the Pacific are suggestive.

Miss Ware's "Business and Politics in the Far East" consists of two studies: one of the effects of the imminent abolition of extraterritoriality in China upon business relations; the other of the new "democracy" in Japan. Both reveal the inadequacy of the liberal academic mind. A profound believer in international cooperation, Miss Ware repeatedly lets her wish be mother to her thought. She recommends an international

agency to bridge the extraliterary difficulties, as if any machinery could really bridge the gulf between the Chinese pragmatic conception of justice and the Westerner's respect for paper law; and she sees cheerful prospects in Japan which subsequent events have knocked out of the reckoning. Japan is still, evidently, a feudal nation ruled by a military clique to whom the constitution means nothing, even among friends. Miss Ware, like most of the ardent proponents of League action, cannot quite face that unpleasant fact. Sokolsky's sometimes brutal cynicism has its points.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

## More of Milton

*The Works of John Milton.* Volumes III-VI. Columbia University Press. Sold on subscription only. \$105 the set.

IF the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of the Columbia Milton are less exciting than the first two, that is mainly because prose is less exciting than poetry. The new volumes have the same dignity of good scholarship that characterized their predecessors. If a critical grumble must be made about them, it will be that the editors exercise a too great talent for self-effacement: that they are, in fact, more concerned to reprint than to edit. They give us in every case what may be called Milton's final text—the last published during his lifetime, that is—with an appendix setting out the variants from earlier texts. But there they stop. That the text which Milton passed for the press can here and there be faulty (beyond a few mispunctuations and occasional misplacement of letters) they are unwilling to believe. Happy in the consciousness that they are making, not a commentary, but a text, they may be thought, at a good many places, to have forgotten that the foundation of textual criticism is still "just interpretation." Even so, this over-reticence is better than critical babble; and these beautifully printed texts at least furnish all the data for critical divination.

The four volumes under review present, if we except the unfinished "History of Britain," a practically complete *corpus* of Milton's English prose works. We begin in ecclesiastical controversy—with the three anonymous tracts of 1641, followed in the next year by the "Reason of Church Government." These occupy the first part of Volume III, the two major pamphlets filling it with the sound of greatness. But in the second part the devil gets Milton, and leaves us with the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." The fourth volume opens with the other three divorce tracts, but ends with "Areopagitica" and the tractate "Of Education." Without the divorce tracts we should perhaps never have had "Areopagitica." But already in "Church Government" there shines forth the lofty temper of moral freedom which makes "Areopagitica" the one work of Milton in prose which is still read by everybody. The fifth volume is political—the "Tenure of Kings," in view of its occasion (it was written during the days of the King's trial) reads oddly academical; "Eikonoklastes" is practical and personal, written to the order of the Council of State. The Columbia editors leave on one side its two rather sordid sequels, the first and second "Defensio Populi Anglicani." For these we must await the section reserved for Milton's Latin works: the second *Defensio* (unpleasant as parts of it are) abounds in noble passages, the eloquence of which lives even in the English of Fellowes. At present the Columbia Milton presents a blank for the decade 1649-58, and omitting the whole of the long controversy with Salmasius and More, offers us, in Volume VI, rather uninteresting matter—a miscellany of religion and politics in which the most considerable items are the "Readie and Easie Way" and the "Means to Remove Hirelings." Why one or two items in this volume are placed where they are, to the dis-



turbance of what would seem to be in general a chronological order, I do not know.

The greater part of the third volume is the work of Morgan Ayres, the divorce pamphlets have fallen to Mr. Powell (assisted in the first of them by Mr. Patterson). For the last part of the fourth volume ("Areopagitica"), and for nearly the whole of Volumes V-VI Mr. Haller is responsible. Uniformity has been studied everywhere; and all these editors are justly praised when it is said no one of them is better than the others. The work of all of them is characterized by dignity and restraint. If they gave us a little more of themselves, we might like them better. But they are resolved to take no risks; and very likely they are right.

H. W. GARROD

## Mr. More's Catholicism

*The Catholic Faith.* By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press. \$3.

**M**R. MORE is known to the general reader as one of the leaders of the humanists—a sect which in its two short-lived periods of notoriety, just after the war and again last year, was exceedingly misunderstood by enemies and friends alike, being taken as a movement which had something to say about literature and philosophy. As a matter of fact, its axis was immediately and unreflectively social, the literary and philosophical ideas of its proponents being thoroughly heterogeneous, their common basis being, simply, similar reactionary attitudes in morals and politics. The same heterogeneity, even more pronounced, is found in Mr. More's religious camp; his present work is one of a considerable number of recent attempts, strenuous but ineffective, to crystallize an Anglo-Catholic theology.

The attitude behind Anglo-Catholicism may be stated in this wise: It is felt that in the Protestant rejection of the sacraments as "mysteries," particularly in reducing the Eucharist to a mere memorial, there has been lost the very life-principle of religion and, equally important, a ritual which by its non-verbal character could mean many things to many people and thus act as a unifying force. The Anglo-Catholic envies the Roman Catholic unity, and sees that the central place given to the sacraments promotes that unity: the most brutalized peasant's literal eating of Christ's blood and body, and the philosopher's sophisticated acceptance of the mystery come to the same thing in that they both go to the same mass. The Anglo-Catholic would like to improve still further on this unifying factor by widening the latitude of meaning which the sacrament may have: in Mr. More's nice language, protesting against Rome's outright imputation of magical efficacy to the sacraments, "surely the more reasonable way is to admit the possible virtue of a sacramental act without inquiring too strictly into the relation of matter and spirit or into the method of its efficiency." Thus would the Anglo-Catholic keep the satisfying magical efficacy of the sacraments, at the same time assure the more rationalistic that it may mean something a little different to them, and, further, ward off the skeptical queries of science. To the irreverent it may seem an amusing attempt to eat your cake, have it, and deny you ever saw it. From the same desire for unity by way of non-verbal practices springs perhaps the most heartfelt of all Anglo-Catholic objections, that against the sermon.

This yearning for unity is understandable enough. What is hard to understand is the kind of mind which thinks that a lost unity can be recovered by rigging up the old formulas with new trimmings. I should be the last to deny that religion can be a unifying factor. One has only to look around and see the amazingly heterogeneous mass of people who use the same

local parish church; one has seen essentially decent workmen sullenly but obediently leave a picket line at the command of a priest in the name of their common faith. But such phenomena require a vast and powerful institutionalization; the living generations must have been indoctrinated and molded from babyhood up. Once that institutionalization has actually decayed to any extent, and one or two generations have grown up sensitive to outside influences, no refurbishing of the furniture of a church can be sufficient to win them back. It is then no question of finding some minimum of beliefs and practices which can be agreed to. Then the problem is one requiring actually existing common beliefs, common ways of life, common interests and desires. In short, there has to be a considerable group of necessary conditions similar to the situations out of which the great religions sprang. Then the religion was the expression, the result, of a communal life, not a formula out of which to concoct it. And Mr. More and a great many people to the contrary, it cannot be done the other way around.

The fact is that Anglo-Catholicism is merely an expression of the present disunity of Protestantism; its adherents want unity, but all they have in common is their distaste for Protestant decay. Examined more closely, Anglo-Catholics turn out to be an exceedingly heterogeneous group—archaistic monarchists like T. S. Eliot, reactionary landowners, refinement-hunting bourgeois, shopkeepers tired of the chapel, sections of the London proletariat worshipping the earnest young priest who, as Dean Inge said, carries incense in one hand and the red flag in the other. For all these Anglo-Catholicism is a temporary stop at a point where many roads cross; they or their children will separate in very different directions. As for Mr. More himself, the most cogent reason I can think of for his not being in the Roman Catholic church is that its communicants in Princeton are all Wops and Polacks.

FELIX MORROW

## Second Act

*The Store.* By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

**"THE Store"** is the second novel in a trilogy about the South; "The Forge," which ended with the death cries of the old South, was the first. When "The Store" opens the new South is already under way. Grover Cleveland, who will later send troops to put down the Pullman strike, is preparing to be elected President; the errors that Northern capitalism had a chance to commit slowly are being repeated at an accelerated pace in the reconstructed Southern States.

No trilogy can be judged in its entirety until all three sections of it have appeared; but it is possible to get some notion of the plan behind T. S. Stribling's trilogy now that two-thirds have been published. What might be expected are three extraordinary documents, wealthy in incident, character, political, social, and moral meanings, profound survivals and profound changes. The least that could be expected would be another "Forsyte Saga." Then, too, the novel is a fortunate medium for such a plan; for the novel will distend to accommodate a variety of supposedly heterogeneous materials. Neither "The Forge" nor "The Store" meet any of the expectations reasonably aroused by an author who has chosen to show the South at three of its most important moments. They are old-fashioned novels, melodramatic and "plotty," whose décor is Southern. Their settings are as minutely done as Belasco stage sets, and, as far as the novel's content is concerned, fundamentally as unreal.

The characters in "The Store" possess a good many Southern prejudices. Negroes roam all the pages. Trends of



the times are illustrated: a postmaster tries to frighten Negroes into believing that their freedom depends on the Republicans, so that he may keep his job; a Negro is lynched to complete a mob's holiday; a white tenant farmer burns down a Negro school. But it turns out that the postmaster is really a spiritualist who gets messages from the dead about missing papers, and the Negro would not have been lynched if the deed to a farm had been found sooner. Stribling tries to make these incidents more than illustrations by tying them all together in an elaborate plot with symbolic overtones. But a clumsy symbolism is not enough.

The Vaiden family, and the particular hero of "The Store," Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, are interesting enough in themselves. It is easy enough to see why the author has chosen to follow their fortunes more closely than anyone else's in the novel. They are middle-class, neither wealthy nor downright poor; they have to have money and get it by fair means or foul; they are not the usual characters of Southern fiction. As a nucleus, the Vaiden family would have served very well, and, perhaps, it was intended that they be only a nucleus. The result, however, is that not the South but the Vaiden family, with its people and its problems, its dramas that, in actuality, reflect a central social conflict, but seem to take place in isolation without any immediate after effects, receives all the attention. The rest, including the South, is symbolism and off-stage noises. The elaborate plot has swamped what ought to have been the purpose and ambition of the trilogy. The novel that lies in the extraordinary fertile South has yet to be written, and it looks as though T. S. Stribling were not the man to write it.

KENNETH WHITE

## The First German Fascist

*Lassalle.* By Arno Schirokauer. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Century Company. \$5.

HERE is the story of the man who is generally considered the founder of the Social Democratic Party of Germany, the party of Bebel, the Liebknechts, and Rosa Luxemburg, and also the party of Noske, Wels, Kautsky, and Hermann Müller. It is not a pretty story, whether we judge it by bourgeois or by socialist standards, but it is magnificently written and superbly translated. It is the story of a fop, a Narcissus, who in the end destroyed himself, though in his self-adoration he allowed another man to pull the trigger. But the man in love with himself also possessed remarkable intellectual power:

In three weeks he swots up 620 pages of French history, and makes an index to them; reads all that Darwin has as yet published; makes abstracts from old folios, thirty-six quarto pages of his small, concise handwriting. He gobbles up a thousand pages of Tooke's "History of Prices," and he begins Teulet's work on the French codes.

Lassalle was a Jew, and this he regretted, perhaps not consciously, yet very definitely. He sought escape from his Jewishness in playing the swell, in gambling on the stock exchange, in his sensationally dramatic court trials. His appetite for power, the form in which his "escape" expressed itself, was insatiable, but his power was illusory, it had no substance, for he was never sincerely accepted in high society and in the intellectual circles which he tried to enter. He was a glorious rebel, had perforce to be just that, but except among the working people his rebellion found no response whatever.

Ferdinand Lassalle was the son of Heymann Lassal (Ferdinand gallicized his surname after a brief visit to Paris) who was in turn the son of Feitel Beraun of Loslau, a small town in the Rybnik district of Upper Silesia. Heymann was

first called Chajjim Wolfssohn, but with the emancipation of the Jews in 1812 "Chajjim of Loslau became the Prussian citizen Heymann Lassal." With this change Heymann moved to Breslau, where, on either April 11 or April 13 of 1825, his son was born. Ferdinand early showed his rebellious nature. He bulldozed his father—who saw in his son the liberation of his people, and wished to do nothing to compromise that miracle—and he tyrannized his mother and his sister Riekchen. In school, first at the Magdalen Gymnasium in Breslau and later at the Commercial Academy in Leipzig, he was arrogant, impertinent, and often collided with the school masters. He wanted to impress people with his importance; he wanted power, not learning. And his father, without any desire to cross the young Ferdinand, was aggrieved because the son would not follow him into commerce, the profitable pursuit of which enabled Heymann in later years to finance Ferdinand's gambling and scheming.

We may pass up his reputation as "a woman-eater of insatiable and indiscriminate appetite"; his private war against Count Hatzfeldt, the defense of whose wife consumed most of his years and led him into strange and melodramatic court trials; his authorship of the truly phenomenal work, "Heracclitus." His fame rests upon none of these. Rather is it founded upon his championship of the under classes. They were the persecuted, just as his own people had been the persecuted. Their rebellion was his rebellion, though their interrelation was never apparent to him. But he must be king, all-powerful, demanding complete obedience. He founded the General Union of German Workers—forerunner of the Social Democratic Party—and by this device sought to deliver the working class into the hands of Bismarck, to the greater glory, not of the people, nor yet of Bismarck and the monarchy, but solely of Ferdinand Lassalle. "He is the party. The party belongs to him." And what sort of new state did he seek to erect in this deal with Bismarck, avowed enemy of socialism, which never came off? In the words of Schirokauer:

Lassalle, who is not so much a Marxian as a Hegelian, does not think in terms of a class struggle. What he wants is not the socialist state, but the social state. . . . To the communist state, which is the property of one definite class, Lassalle contraposes the state of all.

In brief, Lassalle was the first social fascist. With him the producers were not to rule the state; the state was to rule the producers, but its rule was to be good and of benefit to all the people—the slogan of all fascists. Addressing a group of workers, Lassalle declared that they must "not even shrink from entering into an alliance with the monarchy"—whereupon Wilhelm Liebknecht, who was present, "sprang to his feet in a rage." Lassalle's socialism was that of Pilsudski, Mussolini, and Adolf Hitler. And this is the man regarded as the godfather of the present Socialist Party of Germany. But is it really, one may ask, such a far cry from Lassalle, "opponent of democracy" and co-plotter with Bismarck, to Comrade Noske, whose reactionary troops, armed by the Majority Socialists, shot down thousands of working people during the "March massacres" in Berlin in 1919, and foully murdered Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht? Or to the Socialist Party of 1920, which, by smashing the Kapp Putsch by means of a general strike, showed that it had complete control of the country, but meekly surrendered that power to General von Seeckt and the counter-revolution? Or to the Socialist police of Berlin, who murdered thirty-three working people in the May day "riots" of 1929 solely for the purpose of protecting a bourgeois government? Or to Karl Kautsky, who, while the fascists are rampant in Germany, can still devote most of his time to bitter, unrealistic attacks on the socialization of Russia?

Lassalle's colossal conceit carried him through to the end, to his own tragic end. Bismarck had snubbed him, his political



game was up. In his thirty-ninth year he flung away the love of Helene von Dönniges. Another man wooed and won her. His vanity cut to the quick, Lassalle first attempted to bully Helene and her family into accepting him, and, failing in this, he challenged the successful suitor to a duel, for which he was equipped neither temperamentally nor physically. He knew when he issued the challenge that he was to die, though he ridiculed the thought "that I shall fall before this fellow's bullet. That is not my destiny!" Yet he deliberately allowed his opponent to fire first, and four days later the fop, the prodigal rebel who wanted to dictate, died of a disease called self-destruction.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

## Simian Social Life

*The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes.* By S. Zuckerman. Harcourt, Brace, and Company. \$3.75.

**I**NCREASING interest in the behavior of the non-human primates has stimulated much psychological work of the past decade. In recent years numerous investigations have resulted in a great acquisition of knowledge of the psychology of these forms. However, man is a social animal, and it is not strange that the findings of the psychologists have carried their stimulus to students of society so that, as never before, there have been attempts to study social behavior in ape and monkey society. Yet interest in the social behavior of simians is not entirely of recent origin. The historical section of the monumental work on the great apes by Robert and Ada Yerkes, demonstrates to what extent attention has been paid to the social order of these sub-human, yet startlingly man-like forms. This literature is almost entirely folkloristic, it is true, but it attests to a vivid interest. In recent years Alverdes's work, "Tiersoziologie," and scientific papers by Miller, Kroeber, and others, have been published. It was inevitable that a comprehensive study of simian sociology should appear; it is fortunate that the one that has appeared is of the quality of this book by Mr. Zuckerman.

The author is an anatomist, and he attacks his problems with all the rigorous methodology of his discipline. To a keen critical ability are added a happiness of phraseology and a sense of humor that make his finished work, though carefully thought through and closely argued, an exciting narrative. His book is not only based on a wide acquaintance with the literature, but also on detailed observation of the Hamadryas baboon colony maintained by the Zoological Society of London in conditions approximating as nearly as possible those of the wild, and finally on observations made on the same variety of baboon living in its natural habitat in South Africa. Mention must also be made of the pictures with which Mr. Zuckerman has illustrated his book. The photographs of baboons, taken mainly by J. E. Saunders, must certainly rank as some of the most vivid presentations of monkey life ever made available to students.

Mr. Zuckerman approaches his data from a point of view that is entirely mechanistic. He has little patience with anthropomorphic explanations of behavior, and although he eschews behavioristic terminology, it is not unfair to say that he considers the genesis and development of the social life of animals to be a function of their reflexes, conditioned and unconditioned. He begins by reviewing our knowledge of the processes of reproduction in mammals—we are told that our knowledge of the ecological factor is such that it does not permit of treatment at this time. The experimental, controlled work that has been done on sexual periodicity in mammals, and the nature and significance of the oestrous cycle in the lower mammalian forms and the menstrual cycle in the sub-human

primates, are gone into thoroughly and critically, though always in such fashion as to be intelligible to the interested layman. And this discussion prepares the reader for the detailed description of the baboon colonies studied by the author, which occupies the latter half of the book.

Out of this consideration, documented by numerous illustrations observed by Mr. Zuckerman in the wild and in zoological gardens, certain conclusions are demonstrated. The "intelligent" character of the monkey's responses, which is accepted by the author, is shown to be correlated with the maculate vision possessed by the animal, plus the tactual stimuli derived from the fact that his anterior extremities are hands. The reader is told how the sexual responses are of the greatest importance in maintaining position in the simian social scale, and the phenomenon of "prostitution," which consists in the utilization of movements that arouse sexual response in order to divert an anger-reaction on the part of an aroused more powerful fellow, is described, it being indicated that this occurs among all the simian forms which have been studied. Another conclusion the author derives is that baboons, other monkeys, and the apes do not live promiscuous sexual lives, but that their matings, which may be either monogamous or polygynous, are based on force, or dominance, as it is termed, a given mating enduring as long as the "overlord" can maintain his possession of a given female or females against the assaults of non-attached adult males. The manner in which the sexual behavior of monkeys is a function of their early social experience, rather than an inborn set of unconditioned responses, such as characterize the sexual behavior of the lower mammalian forms, is indicated; while finally, in a consideration of the "altruistic" behavior of apes and monkeys, so often reported by travelers and other observers, the "mutual aid" they manifest is shown to be of a nature that partakes of the automatic character of reflex, and not reasoned, behavior.

Mr. Zuckerman's book should go a long way to focus the attention of students of society on what has been, as far as scientific approach is concerned, a neglected field, and to start a tradition of rigorous methodology in a field where such rigor is too often lacking. If further work is carried on in as critical and careful a spirit as this, we shall be a long way toward a scientifically valid "mammalian sociology."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

## Shorter Notices

*Trafton Helen.* By Jonathan Leonard. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

In this, his latest novel, Jonathan Leonard again displays his wilful determination to waste his talent for powerful invective and original imagery upon trivial subject matter. It is a story of how two well-to-do people, man and wife, city-bred and bored, try to recapture youthful emotion in the environment of a New England village. The man attempts a brief love affair with a farmer's daughter, and the woman yearns for attention from a dancing teacher and her son's tutor, lately expelled (with her son) from a fashionable boys' prep-school. Both parents are frustrated in their middle-aged revival of carnality by the prankish intervention of the son and two villagers. This résumé of an insignificant plot seems almost unfair to what must have been Jonathan Leonard's original intention when he sat down to write the book—but like his earlier book, "The Meddlers," "Trafton Helen" suffers from the use of inadequate symbols, or rather, unimportant characters and situations, that collapse under the weight of a brilliant imagination, an excellent prose style, and a profound criticism of human relationships. There is scarcely a page in the present novel that



does not contain a rich poetic image concealed in a paragraph of strong, unyielding prose. The casual conversation between characters is often remarkable: one remembers in particular a savage satire on the value of human knowledge—but this fine passage is hidden in a general attack upon the methods of education in secondary schools. Mr. Leonard's single but serious flaw as an artist seems to be that of a man who attempts a Miltonic theme within the technical and emotional range of a French triolet.

*Spears Against Us.* By Cecil Roberts. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

This novel about the World War is quite different from most novels on that subject in that it is free not only from any nationalistic rancor but also from any of the anti-martial bitterness that has been so popular of late. Mr. Roberts's position is humanitarian and pacifistic, but his manner is entirely too mild to permit the strong feeling that we find in Remarque or Aldington. The story concerns the special *rapprochement* that exists between an English and an Austrian family, the Crawleys and the Edelsteins. The War divides them for four years, but even while it is in progress they manage to write secret letters, assuring each other of their undisturbed affection. The scene is mostly Austria. First, we see the English being entertained by the Edelsteins in their picturesque Tyrol castle during the summer of 1914; after the Armistice we see the Crawleys coming to the rescue of their sorely distressed friends with money and soup-kitchens. Mr. Roberts's intentions are worthy enough; his execution is another matter. As a work of art "Spears Against Us" is on such a plane that it could be converted into a movie almost without change. The only value it could have for sophisticated readers would be to amuse them with certain romantic inadvertences of style.

*The Phoenix Kind.* By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

In spite of the remarkable abilities Peter Quennell displays as a poet, and the complexity of emotion manifested throughout his poems, this novel about two brothers—one, introspective, physically weak, sententious; the other, handsome, irresponsible, superficial—and a nauseous girl, Virginia, who supposedly brings the story of the two brothers' complementary dissimilarities to a head, possesses no vigor and only an attempted emotional quality. The elaborately conscious style never pierces to the heart of the matters so lengthily discussed; it moves round them obscuringly. The real possibilities of the theme are rarely touched. Elements in the story have an occasional true ring, like the zoo episode, which has been done, unfortunately, much better in Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants"; But the quality of the novel as a whole is a great disappointment.

*John Wesley.* By C. E. Vulliamy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

In the eyes of his present biographer John Wesley was not a hell-breathing preacher but a brilliant executive whose conduct was a literal definition of "Methodism." Picture him a small, neat man, scarcely five feet six, who spoke deliberately, almost without gestures, was formal and austere in manner and, but for his great energy, somewhat effeminate. He rose at four in the morning and often worked till midnight—nothing could stop his constant drive toward a single purpose, a reform of Protestant Christianity throughout the English-speaking world. Though somewhat stern and dogmatic, he was noted for his impersonal kindness, his unworldliness, his credulity. The times were ripe in eighteenth-century England for a John Wesley to arrive. The godlessness of the average clergy was an open scandal; and the lower middle classes as well as the peasants were completely neglected by wine-drinking, card-

playing divines. It was to these lower classes that Wesley made his appeal, scarcely by choice, but because his services as a reformer and a critic of the Church of England were in actual demand. Not the least among his extraordinary adventures was an attempt to perform missionary work among the company of jailbirds who colonized Georgia under Oglethorpe. His failure opened the way for the success of George Whitefield, who later became his associate in a series of revival meetings that shook all England. Mr. Vulliamy's biography is a refreshing book. Well written and intelligently planned, it presents a vivid panorama of lower-middle-class life in eighteenth-century England.

*The Journey Inward.* By Kurt Heuser. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

This book is called a novel, but it bears the stamp of authentic experience, lived or shared by the author. The reader gains by this circumstance. Mr. Heuser not only writes well, but he has also the gift, in a high degree, of rendering atmosphere. The uncharted regions of the East Coast breathe with a mysterious life in these pages, and we are drawn under a spell from which we are not released until we reach the last page; even then its mood lingers. A comparison with Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" is inevitable, and Mr. Heuser does not come off badly. There is a Germanic element in the philosophical reflections of the central character, Jeronimo, which, coming from a disillusioned young man, fleeing from sick post-war Europe and his own past, have some interest. There is a sense of nightmare about the series of images flitting past us against the background of African night. And the primitive blacks are

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like angels beside the conquering, corrupt whites. At least, the newcomer, Jeronimo, almost envies them. They carried only their loads forced upon them by the whites; "but he carried a burden of memories and regrets . . . his portion of the curse which every Occidental must bear. And he knew that he bore it."

*We Begin.* By Helen Grace Carlisle. Harrison Smith, Inc. \$2.50.

The author of "Mothers Cry" has, upon the basis of a wide amount of research, written an account of the founders of the Plymouth colonies, using three characters to tell the story: two brothers and a woman who marries the younger brother. The plot has to do, mainly, with the religious fanaticism of the older brother, who so unsuccessfully sublimates his sexual urges that he finally commits murder and rape; but the story is the life of the dissenters in England, Holland, and America. The result is not an inspired one, but the novel's steady preoccupation with the every-day life of the people gives it an air of hum-drum reality heightened by danger and hardship; in this respect it is quite unlike most historical novels. The debt the author owes to Elizabeth Madox Roberts is an obvious one.

*Chaos Is Come Again.* By Claude Houghton. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$2.50.

Another eccentric English family reaches the end of its fortune amid complications of love and sacrifice, and a great deal of talk from smug individuals, obviously the author's mouthpieces, about the Loss of Faith, Post-War Madness, and so on, and so on. There is a great deal of sneering at modern literature, which is, fortunately, quite unlike the insipid conventionality of this latest novel by the author of "I Am Jonathan Scrivener."

*Tropic Seed.* By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

The illegitimate son of a French seventeenth century nobleman goes to sea, leads a mutiny, and is stranded with the captain on the coast of Haiti, among a group of freebooters; later he takes a wife, founds a family, and thereby precipitates a series of consistently interesting incidents about his descendants who play various roles in the curious history of Haiti. The novel is not extraordinary, but it has a firmness to it lacking in most chronicle novels that are more ambitious. Unfortunately, it ends with a loud cymbal-crash of comment. Both Waugh brothers seem addicted to the vice of such endings.

## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS contributes verse to various periodicals.

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HORACE GREGORY, author of "Chelsea Rooming House," will have a new volume of verse published in the fall by Harcourt, Brace, and Company.

H. W. GARROD, fellow of Merton College, was formerly professor of poetry at Oxford University.

FELIX MORROW has contributed articles to the *New Republic*, *Symposium*, and *Menorah Journal*.

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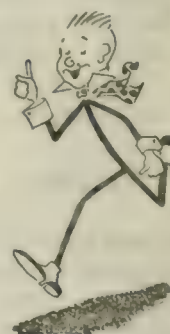
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FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1932

No. 3504

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT HAS WON himself many friends in recent weeks by the calm dignity, skill, and thoroughness with which he has conducted the investigation of the charges against Mayor Walker. It would be impossible to imagine Mr. Hoover conducting a similar investigation with equal ability. As a campaigner, the Governor has also shown himself quick to take advantage of the rich opportunities for exposing the inaction, the hypocrisies, and the absurd assurances and prophecies of his opponent in the past three years. When in his speech at Columbus the Governor turned from criticism to his own program of remedies, however, he revealed the weakness and vagueness that have characterized him in this direction from the beginning. He proposed more drastic regulation of securities and of holding companies, but did not say what specific measures he would recommend. Even the New York Stock Exchange is more strict in its requirements for listing investment-trust securities, for example, than New York State is in permitting their incorporation or the sale of their securities. He proposed federal regulation of stock and commodity exchanges, but he did not say either what the regulations should be, or why he has never, as Governor, suggested their enactment in New York State, where the principal exchanges already are. He proposed "vastly more rigid supervision" of national banks, but made no mention whatever of State banks, which account for 85 per cent of all the bank failures of the past ten years. He did not advocate that State banks be compelled to enter the Federal Reserve system, and he said nothing of the record of his own State, particularly with reference to the Bank of United States.

He proposed the separation of investment banking and commercial banking, but did not say why New York State has not attempted to use its own powers in this direction. His lack both of courage and of solid understanding laid him open to an easy reply from the right by Representative Snell and a more searching reply from the left by Norman Thomas.

THE MOST DEPRESSING FIGURES that Americans have had to read in the past two years have been the official reports of employment published monthly by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. Those figures have now reached a point that would have been considered utterly fantastic and incredible had anyone dared to predict them in 1929 or even in 1930. The number of employees in more than 63,000 manufacturing industries, representing every important branch of factory employment, fell off 3 per cent in July to 55.2 per cent of the average level in 1926. Pay rolls were cut even more drastically. They declined 6.1 per cent in July to only 36.2 per cent of their 1926 level. Put in plainer words, this means that nearly one-half of all the men and women normally employed in factories have been laid off, and that the actual income of those remaining at work is hardly more than a third of the normal income of factory workers. These are the crucial statistics of the depression. Here is what that depression finally means in human terms. But these shocking figures do not seem to impress American newspapers. Almost nowhere are they considered front-page news. The New York *Herald Tribune* could find the space for less than four inches of type about the matter under its six-column report of the entire text of a routine campaign speech by Secretary Mills. The New York *Times*, to its credit, printed two columns on the report, but was apparently unable to print it on the front page because still another airplane had crossed the Atlantic and the assistant mayor of New York had said some uncomplimentary things about the comptroller. But when in the face of these official figures the United States Employment Service, under the direction of Secretary Doak, issued two days later an utterly misleading statement about the "expansion of industrial activity" in July, which on examination turned out to be mere vague cheerfulness without statistical support, the *Times* found room for this on its front page, and the *Herald Tribune* was convinced that the subject called for three-quarters of a column.

FIGURES OF THE NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL Conference Board supplement those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics. The board's figures do not go beyond June, but they show for that month a decline of 5.6 per cent in number of men employed as compared with May, and a decline of 42.8 per cent as compared with June, 1929. Average weekly earnings even of those remaining employed fell during the month 5.4 per cent to \$16.24, a decline of 43.4 per cent in the average weekly pay envelope from June, 1929, when weekly earnings averaged \$28.69. After it has allowed for a reduction of 22.2 per cent in living costs in the meantime, the board finds that "real" weekly

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earnings have still declined 27.3 per cent for those remaining in employment. Hourly wage rates, in spite of all the pious announcements against their reduction, have come down 15.3 per cent in the three-year period. With this employers' organization supplementing the federal government's own report to the effect that at least four men out of every ten employed in 1929 are now walking the streets, what becomes of President Hoover's astoundingly complacent announcement that "there shall none suffer from hunger among our people?"

**WHY MUST WE GO TO SCHOOL** to study economics when we can learn all we ought to know from Vice-President Curtis? In his speech accepting renomination he disclosed a number of astonishing discoveries concerning the current economic depression. For example: "If the farmer cannot sell, he cannot buy. Likewise, if American laborers are unemployed, they cannot buy, and when these two cannot buy there is a decline in the demand for American-made goods and American products." Certainly not even the most brilliant of our professional economists can quarrel with that. But Mr. Curtis occasionally makes a mistake. He said that "the present Administration has taken active steps to put hoarded and idle money in circulation. The records show that it has been successful." Mr. Curtis offers proof: The currency in circulation in October, 1929, amounted to \$40.23 per capita; by October, 1930, it had fallen to \$36.30 per capita; but by June, 1932, it had risen to \$45.50. Thus, when business was brisk there was less money in circulation than when business was dull. Of course, the average citizen did not need as much currency in June of this year as he did in 1929; the fact that he did have more shows that he must have been hoarding a part of that money. As an additional argument for the reelection of the Hoover-Curtis ticket the Vice-President declared that although there had been "a temporary but severe decline" in the foreign trade of the United States "as a result of the world depression, yet in 1931 our exports were still valued at the tremendous sum of \$2,424,000,000, compared with only \$1,370,000,000 in 1900." If this argument is sound, then we ought to sweep the Democratic ticket into office, for in 1920, the last year of the last Democratic Administration, our exports were valued at \$8,439,474,000, "compared with only \$1,370,000,000 in 1900."

**"PUDDLER JIM" DAVIS**, Senator from Pennsylvania, is in trouble again. The man who was Secretary of Labor "under three Presidents" has been indicted by the Federal grand jury in New York City on charges that he violated the lottery laws. According to the United States District Attorney's office, the indictment was brought against Davis because of his position as director-general of the Loyal Order of Moose, which is alleged to have conducted two lotteries. However, the same office said it has evidence that the Pennsylvania Senator received sums in excess of \$100,000 as his share of the profits of the lotteries. Leaders of other fraternal organizations were indicted at the same time, including Conrad H. Mann of Kansas City, said to be a personal friend of President Hoover. Mann is an official of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Tickets amounting in value to \$5,000,000 were sold in various lotteries which federal agents have been investigating since February. It was reported that

the prize-winners received only \$225,000 of this amount. Senator Davis, though not without some difficulty, was finally able to refute charges brought against him some time ago that he had received stock in a sugar company at about the time the Senate was considering a change in the tariff on sugar. He is confident that the present charges likewise "will prove false." Unhappily, Davis is running for reelection in November, and he fears that the indictment may influence the voters against him. In view of the fact that the investigation leading to the indictments was undertaken by Republican officials, it seems unlikely that the action of the grand jury was politically inspired.

**THE REVOLT AMONG THE MINERS** of Southern Illinois, which we discussed last week, seems likely to create a situation similar to that which has obtained in the coal fields of Kentucky for the past two years. There have already been several killings in Illinois—a local union official, who opposed not only the operators but also the State and national leaders of the United Mine Workers, was murdered in front of his home. When a committee of university students who wanted to investigate conditions in the Southern Illinois fields approached the town of Mount Vernon they were turned back by deputy sheriffs from Jefferson and Franklin Counties and by State troopers. Five members of the committee were held under arrest overnight and then released on condition that they never return. A sixth member, Reverend Victor Siverts of Meadville Theological Seminary, who was arrested without formal charges being placed against him, at this writing had not yet been released. Meanwhile, the authorities were holding several units of the State militia in readiness in anticipation of disorders in the Bloody Williamson country. The national guard was mobilized when 15,000 miners marched upon Taylorville to persuade 500 men who had resumed work in the Peabody mines there to join the rebel strike. The Taylorville miners were among the few who accepted the new wage scale which John L. Lewis tried by personal fiat to force upon the 30,000 Illinois mine workers after they had twice rejected the proposed scale. This time it appears that the Lewis leadership in Illinois will be permanently broken.

**GERMANY'S FINANCIAL PREDICAMENT** has been overlooked in the excitement attending the recent elections. Now that the political campaigns appear to be over for the time being, it is discovered that the German economic situation has been growing steadily worse. There has been a slight improvement in some lines of business activity, but this has been more than offset by drastic declines elsewhere, especially in foreign trade. The export surplus in July was valued at only 66,000,000 Reichsmarks, and that for June at less than 79,000,000 Reichsmarks. This is far from sufficient to meet the service on Germany's foreign debts, which requires a monthly outlay of at least 140,000,000 Reichsmarks. The domestic trade situation, particularly as reflected by railway earnings, has also declined. A few leading bankers and industrialists believe that a trade revival is imminent, basing this belief on the boom in Wall Street, but their confidence is not shared by the ordinary citizens of Germany. In fact, through June and July there was a marked increase in withdrawals from savings accounts by small depositors, one financial report describing these with-



drawals as "menacingly heavy." For the government the most important problem at the moment is that of raising additional funds for unemployment relief, but it can think of no way of doing this except by printing more money. The government at the same time has been deluged with appeals for assistance from many municipalities in the industrial sections which have incurred huge deficits in feeding those among their own unemployed who are ineligible for federal relief.

**A** NEW JAPANESE DRIVE toward Mongolia has begun, and this time the Japanese militarists appear to be in earnest. They have invaded the province of Jehol, which they consider an integral part of Manchuria, though the Chinese themselves have never looked upon it as such. Their ostensible purpose is to effect the rescue of Gonshiro Ishimoto, a military intelligence officer who is imprisoned in Jehol. But many observers believe the invasion of this province, which borders Mongolia proper, is simply the next step in a prearranged campaign of conquest which Premier Tanaka hinted at five years ago. Moreover, the Japanese are again attempting to distract the world's attention by crying out against the resumption of the anti-Japanese boycott in Shanghai. It will be remembered that Japan invaded Shanghai last spring quite clearly for the sole purpose of keeping the world's interest centered on that city and away from Manchuria, where Japanese troops were "consolidating" their position. Lastly, the necessity for "pacifying" Mongolia was discussed not more than a month ago by General Sadao Araki, Minister of War, who is generally considered the real power behind the present government. Writing in the Army Club's monthly magazine, he said:

There is every possibility that Mongolia may prove a greater barrier in the way of Japan's mission of peace and order than Manchuria ever has been. It is no idle boast to declare herewith that if there is anything that would dare obstruct the way for the propagation of Japan's mission of peace, the Japanese would be ready, in spirit at least, to make away with it.

**"SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY"** is the title the American Civil Liberties Union places on its latest annual report, which has just been published. But the report shows that despite the uncertainties and the feeling of insecurity arising out of the economic situation there has been no marked growth in official repression of civil or human rights. Indeed, a majority of the correspondents of the Civil Liberties Union "thought that tolerance for minority movements had increased." This is most encouraging. We hope it signifies a genuine change in the attitude of the authorities. But of this we cannot be sure, for the report itself suggests that the apparently more liberal attitude of the authorities can be attributed to the fact that the workers and unemployed generally have remained meek and orderly. On the other hand, in Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Kentucky, where radical agitators have been more active and unrest widespread, violations of civil rights have increased. Even in discussing the country as a whole, the Civil Liberties Union does not, of course, mean that the millennium is approaching. It cites a long list of cases wherein civil rights have been violated in almost every field of human endeavor. Moreover, it declares that apart from official lawlessness, "an extraordinary

crop of mob violence arose during the year, all directed against radicals. It is the first year for a long time in which such acts of violence have been so numerous or widespread." The "most active agents of repression" during the year, the report asserts, were the American Legion, lawless police, the D. A. R., and various employers' associations.

**A**N ASTOUNDING EXAMPLE of the official lawlessness which the Civil Liberties Union is attempting to combat was only recently presented in the police court in White Plains, New York, when forty-two spectators at a trial were arrested without warrants on the suspicion that they were aliens who had entered the country illegally. They were attending the trial of Helen Jackwin, accused of unlawful assembly because she had spoken at a street meeting of the local Unemployed Council without first obtaining a permit. Just before the trial started City Judge Francis R. Doherty ordered the court chamber cleared, saying he wanted to get more fresh air, although the windows of the chamber were wide open at the time. The spectators went into the corridors, where forty policemen placed those who looked like foreigners under arrest. They were taken to police headquarters and there questioned, without benefit of counsel, by agents of the Department of Labor. Eight of the spectators who could not produce citizenship papers were promptly sent to Ellis Island for deportation. In protesting against this unlawful action, the Civil Liberties Union declared in a message to Secretary of Labor Doak: "So far as we can learn the raid was made without warrant. Many persons not aliens were taken into custody. In all our experience this is the first time we have ever heard of a raid on a courtroom."

**L**AUREL AND HARDY, those two quiet but violent film comedians who regularly reduce to complete and satisfying destruction any movie set in which they are turned loose, to the complete and satisfying amusement of their numerous admirers, have been visiting Scotland. The following account of their arrival in Glasgow is reprinted from the sedate columns of the *Manchester Guardian*:

There were extraordinary scenes in Glasgow shortly before midnight last night when Laurel and Hardy, the comedians, arrived from Edinburgh.

In the stampede in the Central Station nine people were severely injured by crushing and were taken to the Royal Infirmary, while a number of others were treated in the ambulance-room on the station.

Fully 8,000 people crowded the station. The visitors were literally carried off their feet, and were so powerless in the crush that they were unable to prevent admirers from snatching small articles from their pockets as souvenirs. The white heather tied with tartan ribbon, which they were wearing in their buttonholes when they stepped from the train, was quickly snatched away.

There was further excitement outside the Central Hotel, where a stone balustrade collapsed under the abnormal pressure. A man and a woman were injured by the debris, while others who ran to avoid being struck found themselves in the path of an oncoming tramcar, and in the further stampede which followed several persons were knocked down.

We merely wish to add that, so far as we know, the above "continuity" was not a motion picture.



# Rebels Without Ideas

**T**HERE is something profoundly pathetic about the "farmers' holiday" recently declared in the vicinity of Sioux City, Iowa. The farmers have "struck"; they refuse to send their products to Sioux City, and they are picketing the highways to prevent trucks from bringing other products in. The "holiday," they announce, will go on until they can obtain \$1 a bushel for their wheat or until they are paid for their other products "cost of production plus a fair profit." The strike reveals the mood of desperation to which the farmers have finally been brought by the course of events, but it also reveals the lack of any concerted program, the lack of any thinking through of consequences, the absence, in brief, of fundamental economic intelligence.

What are likely to be the results of such a strike, if it continues? In so far as it is directed or can be directed chiefly against the residents of Sioux City itself, it may attain some measure of success. The farmers may be able to obtain slightly higher contract prices for their milk. That milk is of course being wasted during the strike, but a higher contract price might more than offset this loss. With eggs and perishable vegetables the results will be more dubious. The farmers will lose these during the strike, and when it is over, prices, if higher, will remain so only temporarily. With non-perishable vegetables the results may be even more unfortunate. At the end of the strike they will all be dumped on the local market at once, depressing prices for the time being more than ever. For products with a national market, like hogs and corn, or with an international market, like wheat, the strike will be completely futile. "Holidays" in such products could succeed only if they were nationwide or worldwide; when they fall short of that, the result must be that any price rise resulting from them must benefit those farmers who do not take part in the strike at the expense of those who do, for as soon as the strike is over, and the produce withheld is offered on the market again, the price, other things equal, falls back to the level where it was before. No permanent price increase can be brought about by mere withholding of goods; there must be a curtailment of production itself.

The rebellion of the Iowa farmers, therefore, is not merely destined to practically complete failure, but it deflects attention from whatever remedies are really possible. In the last generation the American farmer has shown something less than astuteness in perceiving where his real interests lie. His voice and his vote, for example, have been among the main supports of our prohibitive tariff. That tariff compels him to pay more for nearly everything he buys from the city. By cutting down what the outside world can sell to us, it cuts down equally what that outside world can buy from us, including farm products. By choking the channels of international exchange, it forces a contraction of export industries everywhere, and undermines world confidence. For years, however, the farmers have been bamboozled into supporting the tariff through their acceptance of the completely fallacious argument that it has raised American wages and the American standard of living. Many of the farmers were taken in even by the farcical tariffs on those farm prod-

ucts which we export on net balance. The farmer remains comparatively indifferent to the crying need for tariff reduction, and he seems impervious to any thoroughgoing radicalism. True, he has turned to all sorts of quack remedies—more "credit facilities," though he is already staggering under a load of unpayable debt; export debentures, and Farm Boards to support the world price of wheat and cotton. Recently he has been learning to see the futility of these, but he has still formulated no general program in place of them.

The same type of confused rebellion is seen in the recent history of the bonus army. Neither the men nor their leaders now know precisely what their aims are. Do they want a cash bonus simply for ex-service men, to be paid to those men simply because they have served in the army, and to be paid to them regardless of whether they are employed or unemployed, in need or not in need, wealthy or poor? Or do they want, really, not an ex-soldiers' bonus at all, but simply unemployment relief and unemployment insurance? This lack of clarity affects not only the men themselves, but their sympathizers. The bonus has been urged sometimes because the men are starving, sometimes merely because they are ex-soldiers. The "blue-shirt" movement and the "khaki-shirt" movement are clearer on the subject of color than in their general social philosophy. Only one actively rebelling group today has such a general social philosophy, and that is the Communists. But the American Communists are torn by petty factional squabbles; they are negligible in number, stupid in their tactics, and doctrinaire and unrealistic in their language.

The causes of the present impotence of American radicalism are complex, but surely one of them is the American political system as at present organized. The result of that system is pretty effectually to smother the growth or development of minority opinion. In Europe, with its parliamentary systems, protest can make itself felt quickly; there must be something approaching a genuine meeting of issues. In Germany and in France, proportional representation makes it possible for minority opinion to be represented in the legislature. Small parties can sometimes force the larger parties to bargain with them, or even to appropriate some of their planks. Participation in the legislature, by giving them a voice in the determination of immediate policies, compels them to develop a relatively realistic attitude toward current issues. In America, so hopeless is it for any but members of the two major parties to secure representation that minority groups must either be driven to the expedient of "working within" those parties, often becoming hypocritical in the process, or they resort to the type of futile and desperate gesture that the striking Iowa farmers have resorted to. But this merely brings us to a recognition, in turn, that the blame cannot be placed entirely on our form of political organization. It accounts for political apathy; it accounts for the present futility of radicalism; but it does not account for the lack on the part of radicals of a program at once intelligent, realistic, and farsighted. Until American rebellion adopts such a program, it is doomed to sporadic gestures and failure.



## Free Trade at Ottawa

ON the surface at least it appears that the "press lords" of England—Beaverbrook and Rothermere—were the principal victors at the imperial economic conference which has just adjourned in Ottawa. Through the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express*, and other publications, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere have for years been fighting for "empire free trade." They would develop free markets within the British Commonwealth and protect those markets by a system of high tariffs precisely as the United States has sought to develop and protect its domestic market. At Ottawa their idea was embodied in a series of twelve trade agreements concluded between the various members of the commonwealth. The agreements established a system of "preferences" for imperial products. In some cases these "preferences" amount to placing on the free list certain goods originating in empire countries and exported to other empire countries, while retaining or increasing existing duties on similar products originating outside the empire. In other cases imperial products will be taxed, but the same goods coming from other countries will be subjected to higher tariffs. It does not seem possible that tariff walls will safeguard the British Empire any more than they have helped us.

However, until we are acquainted with the details of all the imperial trade agreements—only summaries of ten of them have thus far been published—we cannot tell just what effect the system of "preferences" is likely to have either on imperial or on world trade. International commerce is bound to be further restricted if the Ottawa agreements, as seems likely, result in a general increase in tariff schedules by members of the British Commonwealth. Moreover, it may be that the differentials established between the duties on empire goods and those assessed against foreign products will, by further disrupting the normal flow of world trade, harm rather than help that trade. On the other hand, if detailed publication of the agreements shows that there is to be a general lowering of tariffs on the part of the British nations, the agreements are certain to benefit not only imperial trade but the commerce of the whole world.

The arrangement reached at Ottawa is far from perfect even from the imperial viewpoint. For one thing, it will increase the price of food in England. Denmark and other European countries have been able to undersell Canada and other dominions in the English market. Now Danish dairy products are to be barred by the new system of preferential tariffs, while Canadian products, which cost more, will be favored. Such an increase in the cost of the food the English working people must buy could only be justified to those workers on the assumption that the Ottawa agreements as a whole will stimulate trade and lead to higher wages. Again, England has agreed to favor Australia in buying frozen meats. But heretofore most of its frozen meats have been imported from the Argentine, where England has more than a billion dollars invested. What is to happen to these investments when the Argentine is shut out from one of its principal markets? The British Empire cannot help itself at the expense of world trade. Both must prosper together, and that can be achieved, not by partitioning markets, but by lowering artificial trade barriers.

## Mr. Hoover Economizes

THE *Chicago Tribune*, despite its Republican inclinations, is at least consistent in its campaign against increasing government expenditures. It has not even spared the President of the United States. It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Hoover made the front page of every conservative newspaper in the country with his announcement that he was voluntarily taking a 20 per cent cut in salary. Here was a direct saving of \$15,000 a year to the taxpayers. Surely this was cause for rejoicing. But in its customarily relentless way, the *Tribune*, through Arthur Sears Henning, its Washington correspondent, proceeded to uncover and publish other and more pertinent statistics concerning Mr. Hoover's economizing. Mr. Henning found that "the executive office and maintenance of the White House are costing the taxpayers an average of \$97,914 more a year under the Hoover Administration than under the last four years of Coolidge, and \$184,094 more than under the Harding-Coolidge term." Mr. Hoover's four years will cost the country \$2,114,217; the office and White House expenses of Calvin Coolidge from 1925 to 1929 ran to \$1,722,560, while those of the Harding-Coolidge Administration amounted to only \$1,377,840.

To a certain extent this increase in expenditures under Herbert Hoover is perfectly understandable. Mr. Hoover, as we recall, was elected in 1928 largely on the plea that he was one of the best of our Best Minds, and it is well known that great intellects must have a great deal of secretarial and clerical assistance. Thus, Mr. Hoover has required the services of no fewer than four secretaries, each of whom draws an annual salary of \$10,000. Mr. Coolidge, being only an ordinary politician, somehow found that he could get along with a single secretary at \$7,500, though Congress increased his pay to \$10,000 the year before Mr. Coolidge retired to Northampton. We are quite sure the taxpayers will agree, if they can take their minds for a moment off the recent steep increase in taxes, that the elaborate Hoover secretariat has more than paid for itself.

Woodrow Wilson had three automobiles at his disposal. Mr. Hoover has eleven, two of which, one open and the other a closed car, are for his personal use. This is as it should be. One could hardly expect the President to ride in a closed car in pleasant weather, or in an open one when it is raining. And each of the secretaries, as befits his exalted station, has the use of a White House automobile. We could go on to discuss other expenses, the cost of maintaining the summer camp on the Rapidan, the enlarged White House police force, the \$12,000 annual milk bill—which Mr. Henning did not mention, presumably because it would hardly have been discreet to call attention to the huge amount of milk being consumed in the White House when there were thousands of children throughout the country who were going without milk. But it would not be very polite to list all the items that went into the \$577,179 which it cost us in the fiscal year just closed to maintain Mr. Hoover and his official family in the Executive Mansion. Moreover, we know that even in these days of falling prices and widespread unemployment capable and conscientious Presidents come high.



# Troubles in India

By RICHARD B. GREGG

ON June 27, according to the *London Times* of June 28, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India, announced in the House of Commons in reference to the Indian problem that the government was now convinced that "the settlement of the urgent and important questions that still remain to be decided will only be delayed by formal sessions of large bodies such as the Round Table Conference or of such committees as the Federal Structure Committee." Instead, for the sake of speed and the financial safeguards, the government proposed, he said, to have a joint select committee of both houses of Parliament consult informally in London with "a few individuals whose personal experience qualifies them to speak with authority." Thereafter a new bill to change the constitution of India would be introduced in Parliament and eventually be enacted into law.

Sir Samuel Hoare further announced that the government's decision in the political dispute between Indian communities would be issued some time this summer; and that, as regards the Indian National Congress, the government "could not begin bargaining and negotiating with people who showed no signs of wishing to cooperate" along the lines of the British official policy. He also stated that so great an emergency still existed in India that the drastically repressive ordinances, due to expire on July 4, would be renewed.

On June 30 Viceroy Lord Willingdon promulgated from Simla a consolidation of the former four chief ordinances into one. Nominally only certain sections of it apply to certain districts of India, but any or all sections can be applied at twenty-four hours' notice in any district of India at the discretion of the local authorities.

The reaction in India to these announcements was rather emphatic. On July 8 Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and M. R. Jayakar, two leading Moderate delegates to the Round Table Conference, resigned from the Consultative Committee of that conference. This committee, made up of representatives of various groups in India, had been meeting from time to time in India under the chairmanship of the Viceroy to discuss various questions not settled at the conference in London. Messrs. Sapru and Jayakar stated that the announced change of procedure was a change of substance as well as of form; that it was an abandonment of the Round Table method, and therefore a violation of assurances, which they quoted, made by former Viceroy Lord Irwin on November 1, 1929, and July 9, 1930, by Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald on December 1 and again on December 2, 1931, and also by Lord Lothian on December 9, 1931. A few days later another Hindu Moderate member of this committee, N. M. Joshi, also resigned, giving the same reasons. The *London Times* of July 29 reports that "Dr. Moonje also is believed to be disposed to withdraw . . ."

On July 9 and 10 thirteen Hindu Moderate delegates to the Round Table Conference met in Bombay and unanimously refused to cooperate further with the government in working out the new constitution, unless and until the government resumes the Round Table method. They notified the government of their decision. The council of the

Indian National Liberal Federation, with about thirty members present at the meeting on July 10, unanimously approved this action of these delegates and also unanimously resolved to refuse further cooperation with the government for the same reasons. The thirteen non-cooperating Round Table delegates were: Sir Chiminlal Setalvad; Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru; Srinivasa Sastri; M. R. Jayakar; N. M. Joshi, a prominent labor leader; Rangaswamy Iyengar, editor of an important Madras daily, the *Hindu*; B. V. Jadhav, a member of the Non-Brahman Party which is strong in South India; Shiv Rao, another labor leader; M. Ramchandra Rao; Cowasji Jehangir; Phirose Sethna; S. B. Tambe, a former acting governor of the Central Provinces; and C. Y. Chintamani, president of the Indian National Liberal Federation. Subsequently, three other Round Table delegates who were not at the meeting telegraphed their adherence to the resolution. These were J. N. Basu, Mr. Barooah, and the woman delegate, Mrs. Subbaroyan.

These events in India produced editorials adversely critical of government policy in the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Statesman and Nation* of London. On July 13, at the final session of the House of Commons, Sir Samuel Hoare explained the new plan further and said that the Indian Moderates had entirely misunderstood him. In describing the kind of Indians that the government proposes to call to London for consultation, he said, according to the *Times* of July 14, that "He was afraid that they would not be of a representative character, any more than were the members of the Round Table Conference. They had been dealing all along with prominent individuals, and they would do so again." This admission hardly squares with the former British allegations with regard to the representative nature of the Round Table Conference. This speech only brought caustic comment from Moderates and others in India.

Recent reports from India state that the action of the Moderates has been indorsed by Indians of many different shades of opinion, including Sir Abdur Rahim, a Moslem member of the Indian Legislative Assembly and a leader of the Independent Party in that body; the Indian Merchants' Chamber; the prominent business men, Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas and G. D. Birla, both delegates to the second Round Table Conference; and the strongly communalist Bengal Moslem, A. H. Ghuznavi, who is also a member of the Consultative Committee. The full reports of all these Indian criticisms show a deep, strong, and very widespread undercurrent of resentment and bitterness at the cruelly throttling ordinances and their tyrannical administration.

Another element of the prevalent feeling was expressed by C. Y. Chintamani, president of the National Liberal Federation, in a speech reported in the *Bombay Chronicle* of July 12:

If there were differences between Indians they were differences not in the aims and objective but merely regarding the method to be employed which will carry them in the easiest and quickest time to the goal. . . . There are many who are not advocates of direct action and there are



many who are opposed to direct action, but I doubt if there is any respectable number of Indians, to whatever school of politics they may belong, who are not moved to sympathy, which they did not feel before, for those who, howsoever wrongly advised, have been braving so much in the cause of the liberty of the country. (Applause.)

Even the British business men of Bombay and Madras believe that the government has made a mistake. The *London Times* of July 22 carries a dispatch from Calcutta saying, "European opinion in Calcutta is not in harmony with that in Bombay and Madras, where the local branches of the European Association have urged virtually complete concession to the Indian Liberal attitude. The general feeling in Calcutta is that Sir Samuel Hoare's latest statement should meet Indian objections."

On July 15 Lord Irwin was taken into the British cabinet as president of the Board of Education. This called forth a bitter editorial against Mr. MacDonald and Lord Irwin in the *Tory Saturday Review* of July 23 which said, in part:

Why stretch party loyalty so far on the rack as to make this appointment? And why put an edge on resentment by making it in a hole-and-corner manner? . . . It is beyond human nature that, in the cabinet, he (Lord Irwin) should not interfere with India. And his intervention is almost bound to be disastrous. His appointment . . . dismays and disheartens true Conservatives, on whose forbearance Mr. MacDonald makes almost savage demands.

Perhaps this appointment was made in the hope of placating Indian opinion, or perhaps, as suggested in the *Indian Review* (London), for July 23, to strengthen the more far-sighted imperialism of the MacDonald-Lothian-Irwin group as opposed to the die-hard variety of the Hoare-Willingdon-Churchill group.

The *London Times* of July 25 carried a dispatch from Simla saying, "It is held to be almost certain that the Consultative Committee will end at an early date with its remaining tasks unfinished." Another Simla dispatch in the *Times* of July 29 repeats this forecast and adds that "within the next fortnight or so a new announcement on the 'formal consultation' in London on the constitutional reforms will be made." But it is not likely that the government will yield what the Moderates demand, partly because it would seem like a confession of weakness before Indian Moderate pressure and also because probably the British Government does not want another big Indian show in London which would result in focusing world opinion once more on its doings and failures in India during the past six months.

For it is clear that British policy there has failed. The renewal of the ordinances is a confession of the failure of repression; while the non-cooperation of the Moderates and its consequences show that the British efforts at constitutional reform have not received enough support in India to make them workable, even among those outside the Indian Congress. These non-cooperating Indian Moderates have practically no following in India, but being able men they count with opinion in England and other countries. Their defection now takes away the appearance, which was only appearance, of considerable Indian support for the British program; from now on, the autocratic nature of British policy in India is clear—a state of affairs which is not comfortable for the government and for many liberal-minded Englishmen.

But that is only part of the trouble. The government is nervous about the results of the decision it has been obliged to make in the quarrel between the place-seekers of the various religious communities over their shares of legislative and administrative posts and spoils. Lord Peel and Lord Meston have voiced this anxiety openly, and Sir Samuel Hoare has three times intimated it in public speeches. The Moslems have been very aggressive in their demands, and many die-hard Tories in England and some of the government bureaucracy and British business men in India have encouraged the Moslems. Witness the report in the *London Times* of July 8 of a meeting presided over by Sir Reginald Craddock in furtherance of the "Muslim Basic Demands," and the report of E. C. Benthall to some British business men of Calcutta, published in most of the Indian papers last April. But the government could not yield to all the Moslem demands. That would have started so many quarrels between Moslems and existing officeholders belonging to other Indian communities as to endanger the working of the huge clerical and administrative staff of the government; and, moreover, there are probably not enough technically trained and educated Moslems to fill satisfactorily all the positions they are demanding. So the award is sure to cause great dissatisfaction probably among all the communities but especially among the Moslems and Sikhs.

Already the All-Indian Moslem Conference is rocking under the strain. Early in July its secretary, Maulvi Shafi Daudi, resigned because the president, Sir Mohammed Iqbal, as a result of Sir Samuel Hoare's announcement of June 27, postponed a meeting of the executive board of the All-Indian Moslem Conference called for July 3. At that meeting preparations to boycott the government were scheduled to begin, in accordance with resolutions of the conference adopted last April. A large section of Moslems are impatient and bitter over the government's tactics.

The *London Times* of July 29 says that "Manifestos have been issued even by responsible Sikhs threatening bitter opposition to the government if the award displeases them"; while the *Times* of August 2 carries a dispatch from Simla saying that "During the week-end the Sikh 'council of action,' consisting of seventeen members presided over by Tara Singh, met at Shadara and decided to begin recruiting volunteers."

The communal award was issued by Prime Minister MacDonald on August 16. It retains separate electorates for Moslems and creates new separate electorates for untouchables and women, despite the fact that all of the women at the Round Table Conference told the Franchise Committee that they did not want separate electorates and that the majority section of the untouchables have also asked for joint electorates. Separate electorates for India were condemned in the Simon Report. The Ormsby-Gore Report on Ceylon said, "We have come unhesitatingly to the conclusion that communal representation is, as it were, a canker in the body politic, eating deeper and deeper into the vital energies of the people, breeding self-interest, suspicion, and animosity, poisoning the new growth of political consciousness, and effectively preventing the development of a national or corporate spirit." The Donoughmore Commission on the constitution of Ceylon (1928) repeated this condemnation, and added that once it is started "the desire for communal representation tends to grow rather than to die down." It



is very clear, therefore, that the British Government is once more playing the old policy of "divide and rule." This time it may not work. Mr. MacDonald offers to accept any settlement that the Indian communities may agree to before the new constitution is enacted by Parliament, but as Gandhi and the other Congress leaders are to be kept in jail till after that, and people like E. C. Benthall are ready again to play the communities against each other, the government's offer is not quite so fair as it looks.

Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, in his Empire Day radio broadcast late in May, was reported to have said that "There can be no doubt but that during the past year very formidable obstacles have been put in the way of an

Indian settlement by Indian Congress methods." And Sir Samuel Hoare, in his speech to the House of Commons on July 13, was reported in the *Times* to have admitted that "We have not had too easy a time either here or in India since last December." Gandhi was jailed on January 4 and most of the other Indian Congress leaders have been imprisoned since then. *Lathi* beatings and other forms of governmental "firm action" have gone on apace. Yet the Indians have remained predominantly non-violent. The longer the repression lasts the deeper and more widespread grows the Indian bitterness and disgust with British government. The obstacles begin to look still more formidable. Indian unity increases while British unity decreases.

## Republican Handsprings

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, August 20*

WE learn from Republican editors and their trained seals that President Hoover's scramble for reelection was vastly accelerated by his speech of acceptance. Only those gifted with supernatural powers can know to a certainty whether this is true, but it is difficult to perceive the logic of it unless on the theory that you can fool a majority of the people enough of the time. The public is notorious for a short memory, but four years is not so long, and surely there are millions who have recognized in the speech a sweeping repudiation of the one which the same candidate delivered in 1928. The effect produced by a comparison of the two—and some newspapers have unkindly made it—is simply comical. The man who assured us four years ago that "the poorhouse is vanishing from among us," now confesses rather pitifully that "being prosperous, we became optimistic." He declared then that "an adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief"; now, after signing the highest tariff act in history, he says that "no power on earth can restore prices [of agricultural products] except by restoration of general recovery and markets." The candidate who boldly proclaimed from Palo Alto that "every man has the right to ask of us [the Republicans] whether the United States is a better place for him, his wife, and children to live in because the Republican Party has conducted the government," now laments that "they would be more than human if they were not led to blame their condition on the government in power." Of all his flops, however, the most ignominious was that on prohibition. On this burning issue the poor, distracted nominee actually changed his position in the space of two months. It has been repeatedly stated that his speech was wetter than the party platform plank. But let us not forget that Mr. Hoover dictated the platform plank—dictated it, and had Ogden Mills and Dr. Garfield ram it down the throats of the squirming delegates over the loud protests of Senator Bingham and Dr. Butler. Afterward he became frightened over the popularity of the plank adopted by the Democrats and turned one of his familiar somersaults. Even then he was painfully silent on the early return of beer. Is it possible that anyone has failed to realize that he is simply seeking to placate the wets while clinging to the surviving dry vote? Such pussyfooting may suc-

ceed, but I shall await the proofs. Concerning his vague hints about new and unnamed measures through which he will presently save the country, one simply wonders why they have been delayed. The country has needed saving for some time. At any rate, he has served fair warning on the people that if they reelect him they may look forward to four more years of what they have now. To me the most interesting moment in the acceptance ceremony was that in which Bishop Freeman begged God in anguished tones to give the President "wisdom and courage." Amen.

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SO much has been written and said about the tenderness of the Administration and the gallantry of the troops on that recent glorious occasion when unemployed veterans and their families were scourged from the District of Columbia with bayonets, gas, tanks, sabers, and fire that more might seem superfluous. However, every patriotic American should be given the privilege of experiencing that thrill of pride which he certainly will feel upon learning that while eleven-weeks-old Bernard Myers was lying in a hospital from the combined effects of illness and tear gas, the War Department dispatched an officer of the Chemical Warfare Division to the baby's bedside to prepare an alibi for the army in case the baby died. It did die, the alibi was successful, and another stirring victory was recorded for American arms. Bernard, suffering from summer complaint, was gassed on the night the troops drove the veterans and their women and children from the Anacostia camp. The gassing did not occur in the camp, but in the yard of an Anacostia home where the frantic parents with their sick infant had found what they assumed to be sanctuary. It occurred during those wild midnight hours when the infantry harried thousands of veterans and spectators through the streets of that suburb, raining gas bombs on them as they fled. "With unparalleled kindness and humanity"—to use Secretary Hurley's beautiful and descriptive phrase—some unknown hero in uniform tossed a hissing bomb into the yard where Bernard's parents stood with other men, women, and children. The child, held in its father's arms, got a heavy dose, became violently ill, and was taken to a municipal hospital. Next morning attendants stated it was too soon



to tell how much the infant's condition had been aggravated by the experience, but added succinctly—and it would seem reasonably—that “the gas certainly didn't do it any good.” Twelve days later it died. The parents' plea for an inquest was denied when a hospital official explained: “We found no trace of gas in the child's body. It was suffering from gastro-enteritis, a stomach disorder.” Asked what traces he would normally expect to find in the body of a baby which had been tear-gassed twelve days earlier, the official hastened to explain that his statement was not based on his own knowledge, but on what he had been told by an officer of the Chemical Warfare Division of the War Department. He then related how, after accounts of the gassing had appeared in local newspapers, the officer had come to the hospital and examined the little victim. He told the doctors there that if the child had been gassed its body would be covered with “a rash,” and no such rash was present. That satisfied the doctors, and they satisfied the coroner. An inquest was forestalled, the nation was safe, and all of us were privileged once more to thank God that the ragged men who were bombed out of the capital on July 28 had succeeded twelve years earlier in preserving us against the horrors of Prussian militarism!

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ON the other hand, the country's mounting reaction to the events of “Bloody Thursday” has inspired a mortal fear among those who were responsible for them. The panicky attempts of Hoover, Hurley, and General MacArthur to make a “Communist uprising” out of the massacre have failed ludicrously, despite the strenuous assistance of Attorney-General Mitchell and a member of the local judiciary. Their efforts to persuade the public that a high percentage of the marchers were “reds” and men who had never served under the flag were rendered ridiculous by the careful and detailed statistics of General Hines, Administrator of the Veterans' Bureau, showing that of 8,000 men whose histories were examined by his office only 500 failed to produce war records, and approximately two-thirds had served overseas. Every one of the supposed Communists held for investigation was discharged for lack of evidence. At Hoover's request a grand jury was impaneled. To prevent any possible mistake Attorney-General Mitchell placed one of his assistants in charge of the inquiry, and the presiding justice, in his instructions from the bench, went to the incredible extreme of expressing a “hope” that the grand jurors would find that “the mob guilty of actual violence included a few ex-service men, and was made up mainly of Communists and other disorderly elements.” Residents of Washington who offered to testify to brutality on the part of the troops were not called. The set-up—which if devised for the benefit of a lesser personage than the President would certainly be called a frame-up, seemed airtight. But something mysteriously slipped, and the grand jury put a climax on the whole fiasco of the attempted “red” scare by failing to mention Communists in its report, and by indicting three men, all of whom were wounded overseas and one of whom holds the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism in rescuing wounded comrades under fire! Meantime the grand jury had received from one of the veteran leaders an affidavit charging that the actual violence was precipitated by government agents disguised as veterans. Although the grand jury ignored this sensational

accusation, police disclosed that members of the army intelligence service had been planted in the camps for weeks, and it was learned that several private detectives had been discovered by the veterans and ejected. When the asinine Royal Johnson, South Dakota Congressman, rushed to rescue the Administration with a flamboyant announcement that dynamite had been found in the Anacostia camp, the police promptly explained that the veterans themselves had reported the discovery and the destruction of the small quantity of dynamite to which Johnson apparently alluded!

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AS the bloody episode recedes into the past, virtually every item of new evidence sharpens the sinister aspect of the part played by the Administration. By the time Congress meets the demand for a Senate investigation should be irresistible. Then perhaps we shall learn what plans were laid at that fateful White House conference attended by Hurley and MacArthur. Then perhaps we shall learn what caused Commissioners Crosby and Reichelderfer to inform the President that troops were required—a few minutes after General Glassford, chief of police, had told them that troops were not needed—if, in fact, they so informed the President. A Senate committee should be able to ascertain how many army spies were planted in the camps and what their orders were. It can inquire about the sudden decision to clear the Pennsylvania Avenue camp site in order “to make way for new buildings” and “to give employment to the unemployed,” but where, as we now know, no new buildings are to be erected and where, at this moment, the principal sign of activity consists in half a dozen Negro laborers pecking mortar off bricks. Meantime, I suppose, such official prevaricators as Presidential-Secretary Ted Joslin will continue to state unblushingly that “no one was injured after the troops came”—although the Washington papers of the following day carried lists of the casualties on their front pages, with descriptions of their injuries and the names of the hospitals to which they were taken. The fate of General Glassford will be watched with intense interest. That brave and brilliant soldier-policeman succeeded for several days in postponing the fatal conflict which had been decreed in higher quarters, and has since been the chief obstacle to the Administration's efforts to pin the tag of communism on the poor, hungry men who had fought for their country in 1917-18. Of this fact the Administration is fully aware, and it appears that General Glassford has been saved thus far only by his tremendous popularity. He is far from safe. No one should be surprised if some horrendous “discovery” is made concerning him. This business has the Administration worried almost to death, and there is plenty of evidence that it would stop at nothing. Since the departure of Bishop Cannon, the defection of Colonel Mann, and the disappearance of good old Claudius Huston, many have asked who would plan the Hoover strategy in this campaign. Appearances suggest that it is being devised by a private detective agency of the type which supplies strikebreakers and procures “evidence” in divorce cases. Incidentally, one of the saddest men in town is Pat Hurley, who was all set to be the principal spellbinder. Now his colleagues are anxiously debating the wisdom of allowing him to appear before any audience where there is the slightest possibility that someone will interrupt to shout: “Who gassed the babies?”



# Can Philosophy Come Back?

By BENJAMIN GINZBURG

OUR age has not been an age of philosophy, and in fact the very idea of philosophy as an intellectual discipline is held in disrepute in many countries, particularly in the United States. One has only to compare the amount of newspaper interest devoted to a congress of philosophers and that devoted to a congress of scientists.

Were philosophy a specialized art or a specialized science, one might accept its present low status as one of the vicissitudes of time and wait for a turn of the wheel. Thus at certain periods a particular science such as physics has been in the ascendant among the whole group of sciences; at other times biology has been in the ascendant and physics has been almost backward. This does not raise a problem, any more than the fact that one age has specially cultivated music while another age has cultivated the plastic arts.

But philosophy cannot be regarded in that light. It is not a specialized discipline, but a general approach to human experience. For this reason its present backwardness must mean either one of two things. Either the philosophical approach is thoroughly and radically bankrupt, and humanity should actively abandon philosophy as a useless and mischievous dissipation of energy; or else it is not the philosophical approach that is bankrupt, but social and cultural conditions, in which case it becomes our duty to sound an intellectual call to arms.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Auguste Comte formulated a law of history which in effect doomed philosophy as an obsolete method of thinking. First, he said, there came the theological stage of thought, then the metaphysical, and finally, in modern times, the scientific stage. The implication of this law is that philosophy has now to give way to scientific specialization, and this has indeed been the feeling of modern times, although few have attempted to express this feeling in a reasoned intellectual form, in the manner of Comte. Only recently H. G. Wells gave public expression to this belief when he said that the value of science lay in the fact that it offered us an escape from philosophy and religion, both of which will eventually have to be abandoned as unsuitable for our essentially practical minds.

Widespread as this point of view is, it does not stand up under any sort of critical examination. In fact it is self-refuting as soon as it is recognized that knowledge and thought require not only analytic specialization but also synthesis and critical reflection on fundamental principles. It does not matter by whom this work of synthesis and reflection is carried on; the point is that it is an essential part—if not the most important part—of the intellectual process, and that this phase of the process has a different look and different characteristics from those suggested at the moment of specialization and quest for facts. Critical reflection cannot of necessity possess the same character of fixity and positiveness as scientific fact-finding in which no questions of principle are involved.

It may be said that the whole idea of regarding the knowledge process as the dividing up of a field into so many specialized scientific homesteads grew up at a time when the

fundamental principles of science were for the moment so stable that they did not need to be discussed or criticized. But in a period of accelerated scientific progress, like the present, it becomes apparent that there are no fixed fundamental principles, and that the scientific process taken as a whole involves philosophic reflection on fundamental categories concurrently with the quest for specific facts. Einstein confesses that he derived the idea for applying a new geometry in physics from reading the philosophic writings of Henri Poincaré, who in turn followed out a line of critical inquiry begun by Kant. Similarly, the German physicist, Max Planck, concludes a survey of the new quantum physics with the advice that physicists consult the views and ideas of the great philosophers on the problems connected with determinism and causality. Obviously, the advice was not offered on the theory that philosophers possess some power of mystical illumination not given to experimental scientists. Rather was it given with the realization that the experimental facts involve fundamental categories whose relationship had been the subject of reflective study by the great thinkers.

Once it is recognized that even natural science involves philosophic criticism, the whole perspective with regard to the social sciences must undergo a radical change. A great part of the energy of social scientists has been spent not in collecting facts or in systematizing principles, but in a sort of mad attempt to run away from philosophical ideas in order better to live up to the stage conception of science. A recent historian of experimental psychology publicly admits that experimental psychologists have sought to run away from philosophy and have in consequence merely passed off bad philosophy under the label of scientific psychology. But instead of asking psychologists to master the philosophic problems involved in their science, the same historian wants psychologists in the future to leave philosophy completely and severely alone. If physicists have been able to get along without worrying about what the philosopher says, why should not the psychologists? The answer is, in the first place, that physicists have not been able to keep entirely away from philosophy; and, in the second place, that in psychology there happens to be less natural leeway for routine specialization without philosophic reflection than in the physical or biological sciences. What is true of psychology is true of all the social sciences as a class.

In addition to the value of philosophical criticism in connection with both the natural and the social sciences, there is the far more important value of philosophy in crystallizing the spirit of social disinterestedness and idealism, on which all ethics, all orderly life in society must depend. Thought, consciousness, is not merely a tool for achieving greater knowledge of the external world and for helping us to manipulate external objects more successfully; it is also the source of that movement of unification between man and man which tempers our biological selfishness to fit a framework of ideal interests and social sympathies. In the past this function of unifying idealism was fulfilled by re-



ligion, which is after all a rough and rather naive philosophy of human experiences. Today religion has broken down, largely because its institutional commitments prevent it from modernizing its ideas in line with the progress of scientific knowledge. But while religion has broken down, it does not follow that the need of crystallizing a moral and social consciousness has disappeared. Quite on the contrary, the need is greater than ever because we can no longer count upon the passive inertia of habit and custom, or upon the instinctive fear of the supernatural to instil a semblance of order in human affairs. Today men need to be convinced by reason, and the only type of reason which is here convincing is to show, both by logic and by example, that man as a conscious being has interests far transcending his biological appetites. And who can undertake such a demonstration and its practical application in concrete problems except the philosopher who is interested in studying the total place of reason in human experience and who has no commitments except to seek the truth?

No, it is not because the philosophic approach is bankrupt, or because philosophy has no longer any functions to fulfil, that philosophy does not flourish today. The reason is in part the intellectual confusion that has developed around the success of science, but in greater part it is the mechanization of social life, which has intensified the practical struggle for existence and has left less and less place for disinterested thought and disinterested leadership. Human nature is about the same as it has always been; there are the same idealistic instincts as in the past. But the important fact is that it is harder to make a living today. It may indeed be harder to philosophize today because of the increase of

man's knowledge and perspective, but even before the stage of thought is reached, it has become tremendously more difficult to put oneself physically in a position to think honestly and disinterestedly. And in this problem of making a living, disinterested thinking is quite useless—useless to the individual as an economic weapon for gaining a living and meaningless to a public that is exhausted with economic cares. Science, to be sure, constitutes an exception to the rule, but it is only by accident that disinterested scientific thinking has been fitted into the economic machine.

In the case of philosophy it is idle to suggest that society accept philosophy as an economic calling and that it endow more philosophic chairs in the universities. For while science can flourish as an endowed specialty, philosophy is too closely connected with the social consciousness to be able to exist as a specialized calling unsupported by direct public participation. The condition of philosophy at the universities today is a mute testimonial to this truth. Philosophy has become a museum specialty, a lifeless play of systems and concepts to which the public can point in derision to justify its contempt for it. Philosophy will not flower until our present high-strung economic life gives way to a regime in which it will be possible to cultivate the love of wisdom.

Fortunately there are signs that our economic Frankenstein is due to break down from its own internal weaknesses. The fate of philosophy is thus tied up with the fate of social reform. And it becomes more than ever the duty of those who can muster disinterested thought at a time when such thought is at a premium to work for a new society, a society in which there will be room for reason and in which the Administration will be in the hands of reason.

## Listen, Mr. President—

*Norfolk, Virginia, August 11*

Mr. Herbert Hoover  
President of the United States  
Washington, D. C.

**D**EAR MR. PRESIDENT: I am an ex-soldier, an ex-laboring man, a native American, now a professional writer. Yesterday I came to Washington with a group of writers to protest the treatment given the bonus army in Washington. Coming to a President of my country to voice such a protest isn't a thing I like to do. With me it is like this: I am intensely interested in the lives of the common everyday people, laborers, mill hands, soldiers, stenographers, or whatever they may be. It may be because I, myself, come out of the laboring class. I was born in a poor family, I am still poor. I understand that you also were once poor.

Being a writer I am inclined to lead a quiet life, going about and peering into the corners of life. It happens that for the last four or five years I have spent most of my time in a cheap car going about to factory towns in America, going into the homes of poor farmers, into the houses of workers in mill villages. I haven't been doing any kind of propaganda. I have been looking, watching, finding out what I could about American life.

I came yesterday to Washington to speak to you, came

as a delegate from a group of American writers and intellectuals. I did not want to come. I had no desire to make you uncomfortable. It was your birthday. You were receiving friends. You were preparing your speech of acceptance of renomination as President. Political advisers were, I dare say, flocking about. That is your life—perhaps it has to be your life. I am not criticizing it. I came with the other writers because I was myself uncomfortable.

Mr. President, I've been seeing at first hand the condition of men out of work in America. I have been walking with them, talking with them, sitting with them. To me, although they are men and women out of work, they remain fellow-Americans. I have been seeing things with my own eyes: men who are heads of families creeping through streets of American cities eating from garbage cans; men turned out of houses and sleeping week after week on park benches, on the ground in parks, in the mud under bridges. The great majority of these men are eager enough to work. Our streets are filled with beggars, with men new to the art of begging.

I came to you with the other writers because I was ashamed not to come. When men are starving I am ashamed not to speak up. When men are trying to assert their rights to live decently in America, trying to organize to assert more effectually their human rights—when these men are brutally put down by police or soldiers—bear in mind I have



seen these things with my own eyes—when that happens something within me hurts and bleeds.

What I am trying to say to you is that men like me do not want to be radicals. I am, myself, a story-teller. I would like to give all my time and thought and energy to story-telling. I can't.

I am wondering, Mr. President, if men like you, men now high in our public life, captains of industry, financiers—the kind of men who seem always to be closest now to our public men—I am wondering if all of you are not nowadays too much separated from the actuality of life. Everything has been very highly organized and centralized in America. Perhaps *you* have been organized and centralized out of our common lives.

I have an idea. It may amuse you. I think we Americans ought to elect two Presidents. For example, let you and Mr. Roosevelt both be President for the next four years. They may prove to be eventful years. Let you serve, say for three months, and then let Mr. Roosevelt have his term. In the interval you come out of your White House and away from your political advisers, industrial magnates, and bankers, and spend the time with me. We will get into my cheap car and live for a time as millions of Americans live now. Together we will walk at night in city streets, into houses of workers, into parks and camps where the unemployed gather, into a thousand places you have never seen. When you go back into your Presidency I will then take Mr. Roosevelt for his turn. It will be educational to you both. I swear it. Incidentally it may turn out to be the most interesting three months of your life.

As it happens, Mr. President, not all of my friends are poor or unemployed. I know personally a good many rich and powerful Americans, and I know that something quite dreadful does happen to all of you rich and powerful men. You do get horribly separated from actuality. I guess you can't help it. Recently I was staying in the house of a rich man, a friend—as kind-hearted a man as I know. One evening I heard him talking. Do you know, Mr. President, that he did not think that the present depression was so bad. He spoke of it as a passing thing, not of really great importance. I remember how I felt as he talked. There was no personal dislike of the man. I love him, but he did not know, does not himself feel what life has made me feel. Several times I went out of his house to walk alone, and often within a few blocks I saw men, often young men, eating from garbage cans, sleeping on benches, always tired, always hungry. Seeing nothing in the future but more of the same.

I have seen and talked to many poor farmers who are now losing their little bits of land, who are now poor, destitute, and discouraged. There are little things that happen to a man. I spoke of my heart being made to bleed. Your heart would be made to bleed also, seeing what I have seen. Recently, within the year, I was walking one day in a wood. It had rained. The ground was wet. I went silently. Suddenly I heard a voice. I crept forward. There was a little Virginia farmer kneeling by a fence at the edge of the wood and praying. Tears ran from his old eyes. I crept away without being seen, but afterward I inquired. He was just a hard-working poor American farmer who had a big family and who had got into debt, and whose little farm was to be sold. He did not know where to turn. He was frightened, hurt, and perplexed, kneeling there and crying to God. He

is not an isolated figure. He represents, as I have pictured him here, millions of Americans now.

You, Mr. President, and myself have a good deal in common. We were once both poor boys, both came from poor families. You went the road of money-making, of power-getting, and I went another road. Just the same, if I know anything at all, I know that we are both perplexed. When the group of American writers of whom I was one went recently to Washington to try to speak to you personally of all these things, it is true that we made a point of the treatment recently given to the perplexed soldiers who have been camped down there. That is what they were—perplexed men. Think of the promises we Americans made those men but a few years ago.

This is my own attitude. Before going on this fruitless mission to Washington to try to see and talk to you personally, hoping, perhaps to take to you a little cry out of the masses of people, I went to see some of the Communist leaders. The idea that they had any effect on the mass of soldiers in Washington is absurd. It is a joke, Mr. President. It is true that some of them went to Washington to try to work there among the soldiers, but they, themselves, told me that they could do nothing. "We couldn't touch those men." I think they told me the truth. Newspapermen and many citizens of Washington have told me how, all the time they were there, they went about flag-waving and begging. They demanded so little from their government, after all the things that had been promised them, that the situation was laughable.

When we writers came to Washington you would not see us. A Mr. Theodore G. Joslin, one of your secretaries, I believe, did finally see us. He told us firmly and finally at once that you would not bother to see us. Then an amusing thing happened. He was a bit nervous and pale. He said he did not speak to us for you or as your secretary, but as a fellow-American and a fellow-writer. He seemed to me a rather pathetic figure at that moment. He lectured us like a lot of schoolboys. The import of what he said was that the trouble at Washington, in regard to the bonus army, was that the men weren't soldiers. We were given the idea that the distraught men that had come to Washington were really Huns. They went about attacking police and trying to tear down government. They threw stones at harmless soldiers. You would have thought that the soldiers and police were unarmed rather than these distraught, puzzled men out of work—the same men who but so short a time ago were our national heroes.

Mr. President, after this absurd incident in Washington, on your birthday, we writers separated. I went to see a friend. We had a talk. He is not an unsuccessful man as I am, but is very successful. He said that, even in Washington, you were utterly separated from the reality of life in America now, so surrounded by yes-sayers that nothing touched you. He suggested to me an idea. He said that when you were in the Far East, when you were making your fortune, you handled coolies. He said that you had come to think of most of us here in America, who happen to be poor or out of work, as coolies. He thought you believed in the whip. That is what we came to Washington to protest against, Mr. President—the whip. Its lash is falling across the backs of millions of Americans. It is the lash that is making radicals in America.



I return to my suggestion. If my notion that we elect both you and Mr. Roosevelt is absurd and you are reelected I suggest that you take that vacation. Sneak out of the back door at the White House some evening. Let me take you with me for a few weeks so that you may see with your own eyes what is happening to millions of Americans, what American life is becoming.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

## In the Driftway

FALL has come in New England. And the Drifter, who watches the seasons as jealously as any farmer, happened to be there when the miracle occurred. On Tuesday summer was in full bloom. Indolent breezes moved over the meadows and up the hill. The voice of the crow was mild in the mild air. Except for one sprig of unmotivated red on a maple tree, the permanence of summer was indisputable. Woods and grass were greener than August usually finds them. The dusty light of midsummer was spread over the hills at noon. Fall apples hung firm on their stems. At night the full white moon rose in a cherry tree close to the house.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON Wednesday a strange cool breeze came up the hill and did not stop. From being lingering and soft, the wind we had known all summer had suddenly become brisk and purposeful. It whisked through the old house like a new broom sweeping out summer; it caught up dead leaves from obscure rock crevices and whirled them at an autumn pace; it turned up the silver side of leaves, promising rain, and an apple dropped, portentously, in the orchard grass. A subtle, unmistakable constriction in the air affected the crow's tone, making it sharper and forlorn. The sky took on the liquid deep blue of skies over mountains where winter is never far away. Fall roses that had come inconspicuously into bloom assumed a new importance, and golden rod and purple milk-weed, though they had been there before, seemed suddenly to crowd the roadsides. The late rich sunlight was drained of summer; the shadows that lay across it were long and cool; in the evening the hills to the north were as purple as asters.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE sun is still hot in New England. But the days are like mountain days—the sun seems hotter because the shadows are full of north wind. With the nights gone cold, gardens no longer grow but only ripen. The grass does not need cutting any more, and the primary colors of summer flowers are fading before the burnished shades of autumn. At night the moon coming up keeps her cold distance far beyond the cherry tree. Inside, the fireplace that has yawned wide and useless all summer becomes indeed a place for fire, a refuge from the shivering air.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE red maple twig was after all a sign. And if the Drifter is reproached with welcoming autumn before summer has departed, his reply will be that autumn, like spring, comes first to the mind.

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# Campaign News

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

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## Correspondence Brains and Brawn

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: V. F. Calverton's interpretation of "Max Nomad's" volume, "Rebels and Renegades," it seems to me, is not the meaning intended by the author. The philosophy is "Nomad's" own, and not Wacław Machajski's. He merely mentions this when referring to Trotzky; he gives it no importance.

The rebels he psychographs—outside of Malatesta, Trotzky, and Foster—were always known to sociologists as "intellectuals," agents of state capitalism, a method of keeping the workers in order for the benefit of the bourgeoisie. But the "rule" by the intelligentsia alluded to by "Max Nomad" will come after the overthrow of the capitalist profit system by the proletariat; it will be a final one. In brief, it is a biological matter. The proletariat will have their day—and pass away.

It simply means that brains will eventually rule brawn. The Sons of Mary will dictate the policies of the Sons of Martha. Indeed, almost every page of "Nomad's" book carries ridicule of the radical proletariat and its ultimate aspirations. Those who will take charge are Veblen's "engineers." Bernard Shaw called them "the energetic and conscientious minority." (Ruskin's Politics.) And Marx and Engels knew, and taught, that "the dictatorship of the proletariat" was but a passing phase in the Hegelian concept.

San Francisco, August 1

H. KENDALL

## Prohibition in the Small Town

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Home Friend Magazine*, with a national circulation of over a million concentrated in the small towns of America, and edited and published expressly for the women of those districts, recently conducted a contest for its readers with prizes offered for the best letters on the subject, Has Prohibition Been Effective in Your Community?

At the outset we felt, since the small town is usually considered to be far removed from the evils of prohibition as felt in the larger cities, that the majority of the letters would be in favor of the continuation of prohibition. Great was our surprise when we discovered that 93 per cent of the letters were in favor of repeal and expressed the opinion that prohibition had failed. Only 7 per cent of the letters were for continuance. Moreover, a large majority of those who favored repeal were women who originally had lent their efforts to its adoption.

Kansas City, July 15

IRENE LOIS COWAN

## Paul Y. Anderson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to record my interest and delight in the articles of your Washington correspondent, Paul Y. Anderson. His mordant satire and keen criticism with respect to the futile Administration at Washington are constant pleasures to me. I am not sanguine enough to hope that Mr. Anderson's honest portrayal of the ineptness and tragedy of the White House will have any effect upon election results in a so-called democracy. But they certainly are refreshing.

Portland, Ore., August 6

H. A. LEADER



# Books and Films

## Time of Mountains

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

So long ago my father led me to  
The dark impounded orders of this canyon,  
I have confused these rocks and waters with  
My life, but not unclearly, for I know  
What will be here when I am here no more.

I've moved in the terrible cries of the prisoned water,  
And prodigious stillness where the water folds  
Its terrible muscles over and under each other.

When you've walked a long time on the floor of a river,  
And up the steps and into the different rooms,  
You know where the hills are going, you can feel them,  
The far blue hills dissolving in luminous water,  
The solvent mountains going home to the oceans.  
Even when the river is low and clear,  
And the waters are going to sleep in the upper swales,  
You can feel the particles of the shining mountains  
Moping against your ankles toward the sea.

Forever the mountains are coming down and I stalk  
Against them, cutting the channel with my shins,  
With the lurch of the stiff spray cracking over my thighs;

I feel the bones of my back bracing my body,  
And I push uphill behind the vertebrate fish  
That lie uphill with their bony brains uphill  
Meeting and splitting the mountains coming down.

I push uphill behind the vertebrate fish  
That scurry uphill, ages ahead of me.  
I stop to rest but the order still keeps moving:  
I mark how long it takes an aspen leaf  
To float in sight, pass me, and go downstream;  
I watch a willow dipping and springing back  
Like something that must be a water-clock,  
Measuring mine against the end of mountains.

But if I go before these mountains go,  
I'm unbewildered by the time of mountains,  
I, who have followed life up from the sea  
Into a black incision in this planet,  
Can bring an end to stone infinitives.  
I have held rivers to my eyes like lenses,  
And rearranged the mountains at my pleasure,  
As one might change the apples in a bowl,  
And I have walked a dim unearthly prairie  
From which these peaks have not yet blown away.

## The Case of Paul Scheffer

By LOUIS FISCHER

I HAVE always regarded Paul Scheffer as a brilliant journalist. Certainly he has an interesting mind. But all that glitters is not gold, and what was or seemed excellent newspaper work in 1924 and 1927 becomes history of doubtful quality in 1931. The moral is that a writer for the dailies should think twice and revise three times before reprinting ancient articles.\* Considerable repetition, misspelled proper names, and two wrongly dated and therefore misleading articles are only some of Scheffer's minor transgressions. A greater sin is the lack of coordination between the articles he contributed to the *Berliner Tageblatt* during his seven years in the U. S. S. R. (1922-29). One article sometimes contradicts the other. In December, 1927, for instance, Herr Scheffer asserted that the Trotsky opposition was a "widespread movement." He intimated that Trotsky had so strong a following among the workers and was gaining so much ground that Stalin evidently hesitated to suppress him. But in his very next contribution, sent from Moscow on January 6, Herr Scheffer had to retract, for the leaders of the opposition, Trotsky included, had been banished to Asia and the entire opposition crushed. He therefore commented that the "opposition was primarily a group of 'has-beens'"; and "the expulsion followed as a matter of course." Such contradiction (of which I could cite other illustrations) is pardonable in day-to-day reporting, but not helpful in a book which claims serious attention.

A far more serious error is Scheffer's failure to remold his journalistic products in the light of more recent information and more recent events. For instance, he devotes Part III of

his book, exactly a hundred pages, to the story of the opposition. Yet on close analysis one discovers that the most important facts in that historic struggle are omitted. Scheffer brilliantly illuminates Trotsky's personality, and demonstrates that he occasionally had excellent and speedy news sources in Moscow. But the real causes of the Trotsky-Stalin combat remain unrevealed, and I venture to suspect that Scheffer misunderstood them. The philosophic basis of the split which rocked the Communist Party was Trotsky's doctrine of "permanent revolution." Scheffer makes no attempt to fathom the meaning and implications of this dogma. Yet it determined Trotsky's attitude to the world revolution, to the Chinese revolution, to the Soviet peasant question, and to the subject of "building socialism in one country." Scheffer's sometimes clever treatment of the opposition misses all these points. His treatment shines but does not radiate light. I am confirmed in my impression that Scheffer did not grasp the true inwardness of the Trotsky-Stalin war when I read that whereas Trotsky believed that radicalism at home could go hand in hand with moderation abroad, Stalin insisted that two such policies were incompatible. Scheffer is exactly 100 per cent wrong. He has put Stalin in Trotsky's shoes and vice versa. How can he say Trotsky preached "a compromise with the bourgeois world," when Trotsky wanted to communize the Kuomintang nationalist revolution, thus inevitably antagonizing the whole bourgeois world? Did not Trotsky demand the abolition of the Anglo-Russian committee which constituted a bridge between Russia and the British reformist trade unions? Trotsky's stand was in conformity with his principle of "permanent revolution." Stalin, on the contrary, has put into practice ever since 1927 a policy

\* "Seven Years in Soviet Russia." By Paul Scheffer. Translated by Arthur Livingston. The Macmillan Company. \$3.



of coexistence between the capitalist and Communist worlds. That Scheffer failed to see this is startling. Certainly it throws doubt upon the value of much that he has written about Russia.

Herr Scheffer might have done more editing. He did some. He chose some articles for reproduction and discarded others. I miss, for instance, his famous article, reprinted in the *Observer* of December 8, 1929, wherein, fresh from Moscow, he sensationally announced that "events in the Soviet Union [were] steadily moving toward a crisis" because the towns and villages were starving. "Millions of peasants in certain provinces will suffer from real famine." Collectivization was making matters worse. "Thus the crisis of the Soviet system," he wrote, "is at root an agrarian crisis. It is so grave that it threatens the very existence of the regime." The old story of the overthrow of the Soviets. And further: "Under Soviet economics agricultural production is on the road to ruin." Apparently Herr Scheffer did not foresee that Russia's next two harvests would be the best since the revolution, and would enable Moscow to become an important factor in the world grain market. This was made possible by collectivization, not by unusual weather, as Scheffer claims in his book. For the weather this year was bad, yet grain collections exceeded those of the previous harvest. In Herr Scheffer's eyes, however, collectivization spelled ruin. He even saw the possibility that the "Communists' house will crash down on those who dwell in it." The staid *Observer* felt justified in giving this article wild captions: "The Crisis of Fate"; "Stalin and Gathering Shadows." Scheffer himself had ridiculed the persistent prophets of evil who untiringly predicted the fall of the Soviet Government. Yet when the Soviets ruffled him personally, he threw sober judgment to the winds and joined those "official and unofficial experts, who for eight years past, as a matter of habit, every three or four months have been promising the collapse of the Soviet regime and gaining in authority and prestige at every postponement"—except that Paul Scheffer does not gain in authority or prestige by reason of what he has written about Russia since he left Russia. Quite the contrary.

The case of Paul Scheffer has made history in the little world of journalism. I believe Moscow was mistaken in barring him from the U. S. S. R. in 1929. By this time events would have changed his mind. Or he would have departed for less interesting capitals on his own volition. I want to speak frankly. Many people have said that Scheffer shifted from a pro-Soviet to an anti-Soviet attitude after he married his charming Russian countess wife. This is a superficial view. The root lies deeper and has general significance.

As late as 1926 Scheffer charged the London City with the organization of an anti-Soviet international financial boycott. Subsequently, he showed that he swallowed completely the Bolshevik argument that England was preparing to smash the Soviet regime. In November, 1926, England "plods doggedly on in its effort to paralyze Soviet Russia internationally, and the Russians are right in seeing in the effort a preliminary step to a united front." He condemned the Arcos raid as "not . . . a very pretty page in the history of English civilization." How is it, then, that this same Scheffer who in 1927 and 1928 wrote like a Soviet propagandist—at least as far as foreign relations were concerned—and whose cordial attitude toward Moscow had not been cooled by Communist propaganda in China and Germany, or by countless admittedly irritating "incidents" in Soviet-German affairs between 1923 and 1928, suddenly turned against his seven-year friends, discovered in 1929 only that Comintern agitation threatened Europe, and began a campaign against American recognition of the U. S. S. R.?

This is the answer: Scheffer was a NEP-friend of bolshevism. He came to Russia when the NEP first asserted itself. He left when the NEP went into eclipse. Although he knew—and this is decidedly to his credit—that the NEP was not a

permanent compromise with capitalism, he could not have imagined that Stalin would seriously endeavor to introduce socialism in 1929. It was Stalin's collectivization policy and the Five-Year Plan which sent Scheffer to Washington. The Vatican, as Scheffer himself explains, saw the coming change earlier, and hence in 1927 ceased its efforts to recognize Russia diplomatically. Now Mr. Scheffer and Father Walsh of Georgetown University, who conducted the Pope's first conversations with Chicherin, naturally occupy a common platform of anti-Bolshevist activity.

Scheffer, at bottom—and I do not say it disparagingly—is a German patriot. He sees a great deal through German nationalist spectacles. He, like Brockdorff-Rantzau, his noble Ambassador in Moscow, was convinced that Germany, faced by the reparations-exacting Allies, must seek salvation in co-operation with Soviet Russia. Scheffer tries to create the impression that toward the end Rantzau lost some of his faith in this creed. I cannot agree, and call to witness the letter to Chicherin which the count dictated on his deathbed. Silly Bolshevik tactics very probably angered the Ambassador at times, but he distinguished himself from many others by an ability to rise above petty details and personal pinpricks. In fundamentals he remained firm. Scheffer wavered. He must really have feared that Stalin's radicalism at home would end the Kremlin's moderate policy toward Germany. This was Scheffer's crowning error, an error which may ruin a life-work.

In May, 1927, Scheffer wisely formulated the proposition that "it is not in the interests of Germany that any changes on her east flank should be made at the expense of Russia." This raises the question of Poland. The thesis has many complicated implications, but the direct corollary is Soviet-German friendship. This thesis still holds. Scheffer was wrong in thinking that it would not. His government continues to think that it does. Germany's safety, especially in these dark days, demands warmth in the East as a counterpoise to hostility in the West. But when Scheffer was misled into imagining that the hand which had dethroned NEP—only partially dethroned it, incidentally—would also scrap the tradition of Soviet cooperation with Berlin, he trod the road to Washington which Baron Maltzan, the "father of the Rapallo treaty," had trodden before him.

One thing is significant: Scheffer's reports from Moscow were at least realistic; but the postscripts which he adds from Berlin and Washington are not. The longer his distance from the U. S. S. R.—that is, from reality—the more violent his anti-bolshevism. It is now several years since Scheffer left Russia. It has changed a great deal in that period.

## Mr. Priestley Spreads a Net

*Faraway.* By J. B. Priestley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.75.

IN this delightful yarn of three men and a girl in search of an elusive island in the Pacific, Mr. Priestley reverts to the mood and manner of "The Good Companions," but the new book is measurably better than its famous predecessor. This is not to say that "Faraway" is for all moods, or all times, or all readers. It is just one of those books which this reviewer, whose shelves are overflowing with books, couldn't be persuaded to sell or give away, a book that will bear many rereadings. Mr. Priestley makes no new discoveries, but he gives us back our own to us, from many points of the compass and many latitudes of feeling. He is as solid as a Yorkshire pudding, as delicate as Coppard. He can create the poetic William Dursley as well as the earthly Ramsbottom, volatile and enchanting Terry as well as Margery Jackson, of whom he writes:



She was one of those people—and they are usually women—who do not seem to have much imagination, who have a sense of fun but little humor and no wit, who appear to be completely cut off from the stimulations and graces and ecstasies of the arts, who have never entertained an idea in their heads and have no notion of what is happening in the world, and yet in some mysterious fashion give the impression of being ripe personalities who live full rich lives.

The genre of "Faraway" is a cross between that of "The Good Companions" and "South Wind." It is quite as brilliant as the latter, and quite as ploddingly affable as the former. It ranges as widely as "South Wind," and is more real. There have been moments in its leisurely perusal when I have said that Mr. Priestley was an author all dressed up with nowhere to go, by which I meant an urbane, intelligent, humorous, witty, eloquent, and perceptive writer who has not yet come seriously to grips with his art. But that he is a writer of exuberant talent who dwarfs most of his contemporaries, who can tell a good yarn which proves in the end to have been a cleverly constructed net to catch his most profound and his lightest feelings about life, that he can create astonishingly lively people and record delightfully the natural scene—of all this there can be no doubt.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Toward Decent Housing

*Slums, Large Scale Housing and Decentralization. Volume III.*

Published by The President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership, Commerce Building, Washington, D. C. \$1.15.

**M**OST of the committees of the President's Conference on Home Building and Home Ownership reported ways of elaborating and perpetuating the past bankrupt methods of land subdivision and house-building, financing and selling. They neglected or dodged the fundamental housing problem—that is how to produce any modern type of shelter for those fifty million urban dwellers who cannot now be decently housed.

The Committee on Large Scale Housing, on the other hand, offered a new technique. In concise and definite terms it proposed the scrapping of pre-machine, individualistic methods. It would replace them by mass production that will take advantage of the economies of machine and factory procedure to produce complete integrated communities. This is to be done on the basis of sound investment rather than speculation. Thus housing will be modernized and costs and rentals lowered. But the committee does not claim that these methods in themselves are sufficient to make modern housing available to all the lower-income groups.

Two other reports indicate the fields in which the greatest need exists for large-scale housing: in the replacement of blighted areas or the building of new industrial communities. The report on Decentralization of Industry shows that the production of dwellings is an essential element in such decentralization. It neglects to note that housing for most industrial workers has not been and cannot be carried on on a self-supporting basis.

The Committee on Blighted Areas and Slums would replace these economic and social liabilities by large-scale replanning and rebuilding of whole districts. Although it admits the need of devising a suitable means of supplementing the financial resources of private enterprise with governmental aid, it has no definite suggestion to make. Like all the other committees that have given any thought as to how to care for those who

now live in the slums, it is baffled by the problem. It is only able to suggest that these districts may be salvaged for the use of higher economic groups—and "present occupants of slum dwellings will be able to find suitable accommodations elsewhere." It is with this type of faith in a housing Santa Claus that American reformers have always dodged the fundamental problems of finding decent shelter for the low-income wage-earners.

CLARENCE S. STEIN

## "He That Endureth"

*Between White and Red.* By Erich Dwinger. Translated from the German by Marion Saunders. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

**W**HETHER regarded as a human document, as a history, or as a work of art—if by art we mean able writing which intensifies for us the reality of persons and happenings described and moves us by its truth and power—this chronicle is an achievement of importance. Of all the war books it is the most impressive, the most terrifying, and, one should add, the most vividly illustrative of the immeasurable folly which overtook the world during the fatal August of 1914 and is yet far from dissipated. More specifically, Mr. Dwinger's book deals with the epic of the German war prisoners in Russia who, unable to return to the fatherland, are caught up in the vast Siberian conflict between the Reds and the Whites, taking sides with one or the other as circumstance dictates, but, for the most part, having no real interest in either. Their one thought, after six years of unspeakable horror, is to return to their wives and children, from whom they are separated by time and space, and they do not even know if they are alive. Their one slender thread of hope enables them to endure almost incredible sufferings: cruelty, torture, hunger, intense cold; the sight of other human beings subjected to the most terrible punishments and degradation at the hands of sadistic monsters; or, still worse, being themselves forced to inflict horror on human beings they know to be innocent of any wrong.

The dilemma for the alien warrior drawn into this fraternal death-grapple is a fearful one. The author is with the Whites; but it hardly matters on which side you are. Woe betide you if you are caught by the other! If you are lucky enough to escape you are moved by accumulated reservoirs of hatred to inflict like horrors on your enemy, if you only manage to catch him. That is what you live for. Men of this type are the fortunate ones. What of the sensitive, tender-hearted men who, like the author, find it almost unbearable to inflict pain on another human being? Such men are eternally at the breaking point; yet they too learn "how much one can stand." For, in the final analysis, courage is the saving grace. On the other hand, there is the inevitable effort to find a meaning in it all; for one may suffer for an ideal, the chronicler says, but how find a meaning in sheer futility, on so colossal a scale? The author's pathetic visit to the insane asylum, where German war prisoners are confined, sounds almost symbolic:

Several of these creatures are crawling about on their stomachs, barking like dogs, or mewling like cats. One of them comes toward us in the posture of a Christ, with arms uplifted in blessing. "May the Lord bless you and keep you, may the Lord . . ."

And an old comrade "is still saying the same words he used to mutter in camp—the very same!" No, there is not so much difference, after all, between these creatures and the sane ones outside.

The long narrative gives the impression of a colossal nightmare, of mass insanity without an asylum; relieved by unfor-



gettable touches of love, pathos, and pity. The episodic content of this volume is terrific; it is impossible to go into it here. Incidentally, there is an unusual portrait of Kolchak who, betrayed by the Allies, is represented as having been more sinned against than sinning. Two million corpses lie in Siberian soil because of European intervention; perhaps the Allied diplomats and generals think the result worth while.

JOHN CURNOS

## Shorter Notices

*Isabel.* By Gerald Gould. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.

A noted English critic in his first novel tries to establish that his heroine after whom the novel is named is a compound of beauty, wit, and understanding, as most Lady Bountifuls-of-the-bedside presumably are. He establishes that she is beautiful, for the reader cannot see her. But her wit is never demonstrated and her understanding appears moronic and profoundly irritating. High mucky-mucks in the financial world marry her or blow their brains out for her, or want her for themselves, which is asking too much. A very tiresome novel for a noted English critic to have written.

*The Sonnets of Petrarch.* Translated by Joseph Auslander. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

*Love Rimes of Petrarch.* Translated by Morris Bishop and Decorated by Alison Mason Kingsbury. Ithaca: The Dragon Press. \$1.50.

It is interesting to compare these two books. Mr. Auslander's is, of course, much the more ambitious, and for the most part a very good translation of all of the sonnets of Petrarch. Mr. Bishop has translated only a handful of the sonnets and a few longer "rimes." But always if one compares the translation of Mr. Auslander with that of Mr. Bishop one finds that Mr. Bishop has held closer to the simplicity of diction and older manner of phrasing to be found in the original. These lines will illustrate Mr. Auslander's:

What miracle it is when on the grass  
She sits like some white flower, or to her brave  
Un sullied bosom will some green spray press!  
How sweet, when April trembles from the grave,  
To watch her, with her own thoughts, solely pass,  
Weaving a garland in her hair's gold wave!

These, Mr. Bishop's:

It is a miracle, when in the grass  
Like a flower she sits! Or when her candid breast  
Is crushed against a bush, without her care!  
How sweet it is, in Spring to see her pass  
Alone, and by her lovely thoughts caressed,  
Weaving a circlet for her golden hair!

Mr. Auslander's language and imagery are more modern and, in general, more lush; Mr. Bishop keeps the slightly archaic flavor of language and uses no elaborate images whatever—nor, for the most part, did Petrarch. Mr. Auslander's attempt is, of course, to give Petrarch to the modern reader, to make this reader appreciate both Petrarch's passion and his poetic facility. Mr. Bishop's book, beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated by Alison Mason Kingsbury, seems to be more of a labor of love written for personal delight.

*The Samaritans of Molokai. The Lives of Father Damien and Brother Dutton Among the Lepers.* By Charles J. Dutton. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.

Father Damien was a young Belgian missionary priest in Hawaii when he heard of the horrible conditions at the leper colony, and obedient to a self-sacrificing impulse, did what no

other man then dared to do—went to work among them. His ministrations were chiefly physical. With energy unbroken by the disease with which he was soon infected, he built shelters for the lepers, prepared their food, dressed their sores, and put the colony in order. Brother Dutton, an American obsessed by a sense of sin, became a convert to Catholicism for the consolations its systems of penances offered. He was in his forties when he sailed to Molokai, worked for three years with Damien, and carried the work on after Damien's death. He died at the age of eighty-seven and, more careful than Damien, never caught the disease. Their careers are a remarkable evidence of the happiness and peace that come to some types of men through devotion to others. The book is interesting, but too much space is given to Dutton's early life, which could have been spared for a more detailed and more interesting account of how, under the care of Damien and Dutton, the colony turned from "a living hell" into one of the finest curative resorts in the world.

*Home Is the Sailor.* By Ruth Blodgett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

On the warp of a slightly sentimental love story Miss Blodgett has woven a picturesque pattern of life in a Maine coast town from which the glory of clipper days has departed. In Mattamiskeag, known to its denizens as "The Gig," the filling station has replaced the rope-walk, and mustard and tansy flourish where the "Yellow Rocket" was launched. But Madam Grey, who took the signal halyard off the mizzen pin-board to hoist up "Mutiny aboard," is still alive at eighty-seven, and Quint Gray, once navigator on the China sea, is now skipper of the little river steamer. The E-Greys look down a bit on their blood relations, the A-Greys, and that is one reason why there are ripples on the course of true love for Madam's granddaughter, Elaine, and Quint's son, Alan. What holds one's interest in the Cranfordesque chronicle is not so much the story as the digressions. Miss Blodgett is a friend of her characters, never confusing quaintness with caricature, and her humor has no sting.

*The Square Root of Valentine.* By Berry Fleming. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

A moderately humorous fantasy about a clerk's search after "beauty" and "knowledge" in the streets of New York. Some of it reminds one of Norman Douglas's "In the Beginning"; some of it reminds the reader of any number of "escape" novels.

## Films

### Madness from Hollywood

WHEN the Marx brothers are in a picture, the picture is all in the Marx brothers. This means more than their own prominence. They could not, of course, be in a picture without making themselves its heart and soul, its center of interest. But it means that the other people with whom they surround themselves, though in the picture, are not of it. This is a pity. It makes the peculiar brand of lunacy which these gifted actors have made their own lose some of its point. It makes it appear as the mere antics of funny men, as pure clowning, where it could have been something far more interesting, a lunacy run riot and setting its entire little world on its head.

There is a suggestion of such lunacy in the opening scene of "Horse Feathers" (Rialto Theater). Groucho as the newly installed president of a college, after addressing the students on



the benefits of education in his inimitable vein, breaks into a dance, and the entire faculty of solemn and bewhiskered professors follows suit in the mock style of a finale of a musical comedy. But the situation is not followed up. The students remain mere spectators in a show, and the professors are never given another chance to indulge in a few jolly capers of their own. Imagination staggers at the thought of what the campus life would have been like, had Groucho conducted a course on love with the expert assistance of the college widow who figures in the story, creating perhaps a few more widows from among the professors' wives; had Harpo been appointed to the combined professorship of dog-catching and harp-playing; and had Chico been made the head of the college speakeasy and a professor of bootlegging. But the Marx family makes no attempt to put college education on a sound basis. Instead it engages in a series of escapades which, mad and highly amusing as they are, do not amount to much more than just delightful fooling. Harpo's gags come off perhaps best of all. His method of catching dogs with the help of a butterfly net and a variety of portable lamp-posts to suit dogs of different sizes, and his drive around the football field in a garbage man's cart looking for all the world like a chariot driver of ancient Rome, are two of his happiest conceits. But I wish for once he had left out his solo number on the harp. It may be fine music, and it may be perfectly in its place in a vaudeville act, but it does not belong in a picture like "Horse Feathers." In fact, the main flaw in all Marx brothers pictures, if one can be so ungrateful as to pursue this subject, is the inability of these unique comedians to think of the film as being essentially different from the vaudeville stage.

"American Madness" (Mayfair Theater) also deals with madness, but of a different kind. The film relates the story of a bank conducted by an extremely able, honest, and likable president, but brought to the very brink of ruin when exagger-

ated reports of its losses cause the panic-stricken public to make a run on its funds. The story is sheer propaganda for the banks, and in some of its episodes falls short of the plausible, but it is skilfully told, capably acted, particularly by Walter Huston as the president, and directed with real distinction by Frank Capra. The scene of the run on the bank is film art at its best.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1932

No. 3505

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IT HAS NOW BECOME thoroughly clear that the so-called National Conference of Business and Industrial Committees is in essence nothing more than a part of Mr. Hoover's campaign for reelection. Its program is vague to the point of absurdity; its tone is that of a salesman's pep meeting. All it proposes is somehow to force still more credit down the throat of a business structure already sick from an excess of debt, and to employ more men, not at the expense of employers, but of the workers who still have jobs, by asking them to give up part of their part-time to others. If there is any fundamental difference between the present conference and the completely abortive conferences called by the President in late 1929 we should like to know what it is. We do not believe the American voter is going to be easily fooled by such tactics, even though a few Democrats like Owen D. Young have allowed themselves to be used. Recent straw votes point so uniformly in the same direction that they can no longer be ignored. The Democratic National Committee has given out a list of nearly a dozen such straw votes, which reveal Roosevelt leading Hoover in the average ratio of three to one, with Roosevelt taking an amazing lead in polls conducted by the Western newspapers. But will these hopeful voters receive any better treatment at the hands of the Democrats? Perhaps, though certainly not on the prohibition question. In his speech at Sea Girt, New Jersey, Roosevelt was at pains to show that the Democratic position on prohibition differs but little from that of the Republicans. He seemed offended by Hoover's suggestion that the Democrats were not promising the dries as much as the Republicans.

MR. HOOVER SEEMS TO HAVE MADE rather a sorry mess of his prohibition strategy. He was to catch the wet vote by promising to do away with national prohibition and the dry vote by promising federal protection to all States that want to retain prohibition for themselves. But apparently neither the wets nor the dries want to play with him on that basis. This is especially true of the dries. All but one of the prohibition organizations have decided that they will support neither Mr. Hoover nor Governor Roosevelt, but will instead work for the election of Senators and Congressmen pledged to defend the Eighteenth Amendment. The single exception is the organization calling itself the Allied Forces, the chairman of which is Dr. Daniel A. Poling. It is doubtless not entirely a coincidence that many of the sponsors of the Allied Forces are also Republican politicians. In any event Dr. Poling promised Mr. Hoover the support of this group, not neglecting to mention, of course, that the Allied Forces represent prohibition societies with a total of 1,500,000 members, all of whom presumably are voters. Grateful for this promised support, the Republican nominee promptly penned an ecstatic note of thanks, asserting that Dr. Poling and Mr. Hoover were fighting on common ground against the materialism of the age. We must, he said, "shift our drift from materialism to a higher note of individual and national ideals." But in promising to support Mr. Hoover even the Allied Forces played safe. Dr. Poling's pledge, in the words of the *New York Herald Tribune*, "reserved" for the Allied Forces "the right to fight repeal" of the Eighteenth Amendment. Ardent prohibitionists could hardly ask for less.

THE BONUS ARMY WAS DRIVEN OUT of Washington only recently but the Hoover Administration is already reaping its reward. Everywhere State conventions of the American Legion are demanding that the adjusted compensation certificates be paid in full as soon as Congress reconvenes. The latest to take action was the New York State branch of the Legion, which by a vote of 499 to 138 demanded "immediate payment" of the bonus. There is little doubt that at its national convention this month the American Legion will reverse its decision of last year when under pressure from Washington it voted against the bonus. The inhumane display of force, which took place on July 28 and which was intended to show the country that American institutions were safe in the keeping of Mr. Hoover's firm hand, has turned out to be a virtually unprecedented measure of political stupidity. The Hoover forces have been driven almost to desperation by the reaction. No other explanation can be found for the ridiculous and demonstrably false assertions made by F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War, before the New York State convention of the Legion. He repeated the Hoover-Hurley charge that the bonus army was composed largely of "Communists and criminals," and announced the discovery of a secret printing press from which forged army discharge papers had been turned out by the wholesale. This in face of the fact that the Veterans' Bureau, by checking its own records, had satisfied itself that at least 94 per cent of the



bonus-seekers in Washington were bona fide veterans. No wonder Davison was subjected to heckling and boos from the floor and the galleries.

**C**HANCELLOR VON PAPEN has worked out an exceedingly intricate and somewhat confusing scheme for the financial salvation of Germany. Before these lines appear his program will probably have become law through an emergency decree issued by President Hindenburg. His plan is briefly this: All taxes will be collected in the usual manner in the year beginning October 1, but certain of these taxes, including the turnover and real-estate taxes, which are "especially obstructive to the productive process," will be refunded in the form of credit bills. In other words, instead of paying taxes the industrialists and land-owners will be in effect lending money to the government; instead of receiving tax receipts they will get credit certificates from the government upon which they themselves can borrow money at the bank. Von Papen frankly admitted that he was gambling on the return of world-wide prosperity before the end of the next year. If the industrialists and Junkers are not able to repay the loans obtained on the strength of the credit bills, the government as guarantor of these certificates will have to take up the debts, which may amount to as much as 1,500,000,000 Reichsmarks. If prosperity fails to return, and the government is unable to meet these bank loans, the whole German financial structure will be imperiled by this novel scheme. A similar plan is to be initiated for the purpose of stimulating employment. Moreover, "the employer hiring additional men will be authorized to pay less than the present collective wage rates. The more men he hires, the lower wages he will be permitted to pay." Favoritism for the industrialists and Junkers, further penalties for the working class—nothing better could have been expected from the present government; and even then there is grave doubt that the Von Papen program will do any more than increase the economic chaos in Germany.

**T**HE NATIONALISTS OF GERMANY have tried for fifteen years to silence Professor Eric Gumbel, one of the most courageous liberals and pacifists of that country. At last they have succeeded in having him removed from the chair of political economy at Heidelberg. But if they believe that that will silence him, they will surely be disappointed. Professor Gumbel was one of the few Germans who had the courage to denounce and oppose the war. In 1919 he dared write a book, which he audaciously titled "Four Years of Lies," charging the rulers of his country with having resorted to trickery and deceit to keep the war spirit alive. The following year he published "Two Years of Murder," in which he depicted the senseless slaughter with which both the revolutionary and reactionary elements prosecuted the civil war that followed the armistice. In one of his most recent books he cited three hundred political killings to prove his charge that "fascists are murderers." Obviously he made enemies of the National Socialists. They tried in every way to persuade the Ministry of Education in the state of Baden, which still has a republican government, to dismiss this outspoken educator. That they succeeded shows all too clearly the tremendous influence the rise of fascism has had on even the moderate and liberal public men of Germany. Pacifism, liberalism, and honest criticism are

having to give way before the mad, jingoistic nationalism of the Hitlerites. This is taking place even though the fascists have not yet come into power. What a menace to world peace Germany will be, if and when they take over the government.

**H**ENRY W. L. DANA, a pacifist with radical social ideas, has been refused permission to land in Great Britain—reportedly because of his political views—by the government of Ramsay MacDonald who came first into fame and power as a pacifist with radical social ideas. Dr. Dana has gone on to Amsterdam to attend a world congress against war. A dozen years ago Mr. MacDonald might have been going to the same congress himself. Today, in the name of the empire, he is collaborating with his elegant Tory cabinet-mates in building a wall against free trade not only in merchandise but in ideas as well. It is a long way from socialism—even the "gradual" sort—to the dazzling grandeur of a Tory cabinet on the right hand (not the left) of the King himself. It might be blinding to almost any human being. Yet it is hard to understand how Ramsay MacDonald can fail to see how ridiculous it is that the British Empire should be afraid of pacifists with radical social ideas.

**A**MELIA EARHART is a lady after our own heart. Her latest exploit of flying the continent in nineteen hours without a single stop compels us to bow low to her in homage. What we like about her is that she is so extremely well-behaved about it all. There is never any blare of trumpets before she starts off on one of her record-breaking flights, and after them she refuses to give foolish interviews to the press and let herself be exploited. Yet we have a suspicion that she is not above being a financial victim of the depression. The point is that she does whatever she undertakes in the most workmanlike way and then seems to forget all about it and begins to make plans for her next job. She has certainly contributed enormously to the final breaking down of the old theory that women do not have the endurance to undertake great physical feats. What, we wonder, would Jane Austen have thought if some one had told her that the day would come when a woman would fly by herself across the Atlantic Ocean and think nothing of spanning the American continent in one hop of nineteen consecutive hours—without taking with her a single bottle of smelling salts or Eau de Cologne or any remedy for the migraines or the vapors. Even if Jane Austen could have been made to believe that, she could certainly not have been persuaded to believe that the vixen who could put this over would also prove to be a singularly modest, unassuming, and winsome young woman.

**H**AIL TO ALFRED E. SMITH, contributing editor of the *New Outlook*! We began to think that he was harboring literary aspirations when he was good enough to review in our issue of August 17 Morrie Ryskind's "The Diary of an ex-President," but we were not prepared for so deep a plunge. To say that we wish him success is to put it mildly. With such a contributing editor the *New Outlook's* circulation ought to rival that of the old *Outlook* in the days when the redoubtable T. R. shook his big stick, which wasn't so big after all, through its pages. Certainly, Alfred E. Smith has a following that every editor must long



for. We even have a sneaking suspicion that Editor Alfred E. Smith will learn a lot. There is nothing like having to put your opinions down in black and white at regular intervals to fortify you in what knowledge you may have and to induce you to acquire more. It may even be that if he really goes into the matter of new outlooks, he will find that there are whole worlds into which he has not yet trod, of which he has probably not been even dimly aware. But let him beware. If he ventures too far, he may become as wickedly radical as his friends and well-wishers, the editors of *The Nation*.

IT IS APPROPRIATE that John Macy, who was literary editor of *The Nation* in 1922 and 1923, should have died while delivering a course of lectures under the title "Revolution and Rebellion in Classical American Literature" and that he was giving the course at the summer camp of a group of workers—the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. For Macy early became a Socialist, and saw literature always to some extent in that social and economic context so much emphasized in literary criticism in the last two years. This was evident in "The Spirit of American Literature," published in 1913, in which he revalued the leading historic figures in our national letters both from a romantic and a social standpoint. In dealing with a ruling god like Howells, Macy insisted that he did not know life because he would not know "how to sit down and eat his grub with a bunch of workmen and find out what they think of things." Macy's book helped to raise the current reputation of Whitman in particular; it was a pioneer volume in the attack, which H. L. Mencken was later to carry much further, against the genteel tradition dominant then not only in the universities but in most current criticism. It ridiculed the pretensions of literature that did not draw "the grand passions, sexual or other." If it seems a very quiet and moderate book to most readers today, it is only because the point of view for which it argued has now been so widely accepted.

THE DIVERSE UTOPIAS imagined by what is called the mind of man resemble one another in only one respect—no sane person would want to live in any of them. As Schopenhauer remarked, adequate hells are easy to imagine, but no heaven quite good enough to spend even a long life in has ever been described, and Mr. Huxley's "brave new world" is scarcely less inviting than the futures seriously outlined by less sardonic prophets. It is, therefore, quite a relief to notice that in addressing the sixth International Congress of Genetics J. B. S. Haldane ridicules the idea that it is possible to establish any "perfect" type of man which society should undertake to breed. "I don't believe in uniformity," he said, according to the *Herald Tribune*. "Among dogs you have all sorts of breeds—shepherd dogs, dachshunds, St. Bernards, and various other kinds. What makes human life amusing is getting different types all in one family. One hope for humanity is that this sort of thing should go on." It is true, of course, that the human dachshunds, poodles, and Pekingese turned out by nature sometimes make one question either her sobriety or her kindness, but, on the whole, we should rather trust her than allow the grim scientists to populate the globe with a single breed of dully virtuous collies.

## Japan's Challenge

JAPAN has challenged the new Stimson peace doctrine. Through Foreign Minister Uchida, Japan has given notice that it intends to approve the new territorial arrangement in Manchuria, that is to say, it intends to recognize the "independent" government of Manchukuo. Everyone knows that this supposedly independent state is the creature of Japanese militarism; all neutral observers are agreed that Manchukuo would automatically pass out of existence with the withdrawal of Japanese military support. Even ignoring the precedent Japan established in Korea, it is hardly enough for Count Uchida to say that Japan is not "seeking to annex Manchuria or otherwise satisfy her thirst for land." The fact remains that in violation of the Washington treaties and the Kellogg Pact the Japanese have by force of arms set up a puppet government in a section of Asia which the United States, Great Britain, and other Powers have long considered an integral part of China. It was just such a partition of China that the Washington treaties were designed to prevent. Secretary Stimson has three times declared that the United States will never recognize any territorial or other arrangement arrived at in violation of these treaties or the Kellogg Pact. The test of this policy will come when Japan formally acknowledges the existence of an independent Manchurian government, which it has itself created.

Obviously a challenge of this nature must be met, if the peace treaties are to survive. But it cannot be met by resort to war, for that would defeat the very purpose of the Stimson doctrine. It can only be met by the pressure of world opinion united against treaty violators. The United States has put forward a practical and just method of dealing with this situation, but some of the great European Powers, notably England and France, remain ominously silent. True, their delegates in the League Assembly did join with the representatives from forty-eight other nations in approving a resolution indorsing the Stimson doctrine, but neither Downing Street nor the Quai d'Orsay has to date publicly declared that it would support the State Department in refusing to give international sanction to Japanese gains in Manchuria. Nor has either suggested any other way of dealing with this violation. There is reason to believe that the continued silence of France and England has really encouraged Japan to take a determined stand against the Stimson doctrine.

It is now reported that "because of anxiety in high quarters over what is regarded as growing tension in Japanese-American relations," Vice-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura will be sent to the United States on a "good-will mission." We shall welcome Admiral Nomura. He will learn much here that ought to help his government rid itself of its false notions concerning the American attitude toward the Manchurian question. He will learn, to begin with, that there is no "growing tension in Japanese-American relations" except that which arises from America's insistence upon faithful observance of the peace treaties. Japan can correct that upon its own initiative. If Tokio does so, it will promote genuine good-will between the two countries. And that is all the State Department desires.



# Prosperity by Headlines

THE main lines of Mr. Hoover's economic policy and campaign strategy—for he has made the two identical—have now become plain. The depression is to be exorcised by a trick of grammar. The word has apparently gone out to all the trained seals of the party that the depression is never to be referred to except in the past tense. This, of course, is the same strategy that Mr. Hoover has been following for the last three years. It has the merit that no matter how often it is exposed, there is always the possibility that it may work the next time. Because the policy has now been resumed with more thoroughness and brazenness than ever, it may be well to set down here once more a series of earlier Hoover statements:

December 3, 1929: "We have reestablished confidence."

March 7, 1930: "All the evidence indicates that the worst effects of the crash and unemployment will have passed during the next thirty days."

May 1, 1930: "We have now passed the worst."

December 2, 1930: "We have already weathered the worst of the storm."

One would think that Mr. Hoover would become discouraged, but the technique was resumed in all its original vigor in his acceptance speech, and in his address to the latest "prosperity conference" on August 26—"We have overcome the major financial crisis"—and is now imposed on all his lieutenants. "I am aware of the suffering our people *have* undergone," broadcasts Mr. Chapin, the new Secretary of Commerce, on August 21. "The American people," he continues, "are still very much on their feet after a series of shocks that might well have made them stagger, but that were finally resisted in a way that astonished the world." Secretary Chapin might tell us just which American people are still on their feet. The farmers in Iowa and elsewhere now driven by desperation to direct action? The 11,000,000 unemployed and all their dependents, as moderately estimated by the American Federation of Labor? The forty-five out of every one hundred factory workers employed in 1926, now jobless, as reported for July by the federal government's own official figures? The workers still employed who have had both their wages and their hours reduced, so that factory workers as a whole are now receiving—again according to the federal government's own figures—only thirty-six cents for every dollar they were getting in 1926?

Perhaps the most astounding attempt to talk the depression into the past tense has come from the Washington correspondent, Mark Sullivan. It appeared in the *New York Herald-Tribune* of August 10, the President's birthday.

There is symbolism [chanted Mr. Sullivan] in the coinciding of President Hoover's birthday, August 10, with the assured ending of the series of shocks. . . . Somewhere between about July 10 and this week is a day which, as definitely and certainly as Armistice Day at the close of the war, marked the end of this three years of economic convulsion. How serious it has been is not realized even by those individuals who have suffered terribly from it.

The men and women who have been out of work for two or three years can now reflect how lucky they were not to have

realized the seriousness of their condition. That, apparently, had been realized only by the bankers, the industrial magnates, and Mr. Hoover. "To an extraordinary degree, not even faintly understood," continued Mr. Sullivan, "the President of the United States bore the brunt." He bore it, as the *Chicago Tribune* has shown, by drawing the unprecedented average of \$539,000 a year from the Treasury for his White House expenditures. Little wonder that the unemployed can only faintly understand such a brunt.

Not satisfied with throwing the depression gaily into the past tense, the Hoover satellites constantly distort and contradict even current official statistics. When the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics itself reports that in July employment fell off 3.4 per cent, leaving only fifty-five men employed for every one hundred employed in 1926, the United States Employment Service announces an "expansion of industrial activity" in that month, a course which Miss Frances Perkins, New York State Industrial Commissioner, has characterized as "cruel and irresponsible . . . particularly at a time when the unemployed are reaching the end of their resources and when cities, States, and private organizations are attempting to raise the funds for relief for the next winter."

The plain truth about the "business revival" we have so far experienced is that it has been almost entirely confined to the speculative markets, to Republican campaign statements, and to newspaper headlines. Whenever we glance at the actual statistics we find a different story. The *New York Times's* index of business activity, based on an average of railway freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production, showed business activity as of August 20 at 52.2 per cent of normal, the lowest point it has yet touched.

One might charitably attribute all this complacent optimism to the naive belief, which persists in spite of a thousand rebuffs, that prosperity can be brought back through the process of convincing enough people that its return is near and inevitable. Even when we make this charitable assumption, we cannot overlook its implications. The first of them is that we can get prosperity back without correcting a single one of the fundamental evils that forced the depression upon us. Instead of reducing tariffs, adjusting war debts, curbing financial buccaneers, addressing ourselves to the vital problems of the distribution of wealth, all we need, these optimists believe, is a few pep meetings and more injections of government credit. A more sinister implication still is that once we can convince everybody that the corner has been turned, it will really not be necessary to concern ourselves with the problem of relief. Presumably if we could get 1,000,000 men back to work in the next six months, we should not need to bother our heads about the 10,000,000 still walking the streets. This is the shocking callousness that lies behind all the official "patriotic" optimism. But headlines cannot feed the hungry. Mr. Hoover's plain duty is to summon Congress for the immediate appropriation, not of a ridiculous \$300,000,000, but of a sum at least ten times that size, a sum that would provide at least a bare subsistence for the unemployed and the starving.



## Toward a New System

**M**ODERN technology harnessed to an outmoded social technique and an obsolete political theory is shattering our social structure. Unemployment is certain to increase, perhaps involving 20,000,000 workers within the next two years; our already staggering debt burden will grow still larger; our industrial organization is being quickly undermined—such, in any case, is the mature judgment of a group of prominent engineers who ten years ago set out to determine for themselves what effect the rapid development of technology in the machine age was having upon our social, political, and industrial lives. This group, which has organized itself under the name of Technocracy, includes such outstanding men as Howard Scott, consulting engineer who has been a technician for the Muscle Shoals project; Robert L. Davison, housing engineer; Dr. Richard Tolman, professor of physics at the California Institute of Technology; and Professor Walter Rautenstrauch, head of the department of industrial engineering at Columbia University. Before they died Charles P. Steinmetz and Thorstein Veblen were members of Technocracy. In the report based upon their decade of study these engineers asserted:

Our charts prove with startling vividness that the impact of technology on the price system is shattering the social structure. The production curve oscillates to the breaking point. When the crisis comes, no palliatives of a political nature will be adequate, because the problem is not political, but technical. Orators may appeal to and sway manpower, but they are impotent when it comes to handling energy. Neither socialism, communism, nor fascism is equipped to do this job in a society as highly technical as America today.

Nor do the engineers see any more hope in the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the five-day week, or the various low-cost housing schemes, for these amount only to a "reshuffling of the cards," and do not get at fundamental causes. The present system is doomed, the engineers agreed, "and a new system of standards must be erected in order to deal with the physical conditions which have arrived by virtue of this hodgepodge created by the impact of technology on an old and outmoded social technique."

As yet Technocracy has not pointed the way to this new system. Just who is to bring about the necessary changes? Will they come gradually, by legislation and similar means, and, if so, will they arrive before the old system cracks and falls? Or must they be accompanied by violent revolution? But of one thing there can be no doubt. No reform of our economic and social structure can possibly succeed, whether it is undertaken by liberals or Socialists, who prefer constitutional or at least legalistic methods, or by Communists or fascists, who lean toward direct action, unless the reforming party has a thorough grasp of the technological problems involved. We are today the most intensively industrialized country in the world. Our complex political, social, and industrial machinery cannot be operated by philosophic theories alone. The new rulers must have scientific guidance and technical assistance as well. Technocracy's report is the first step toward a genuine revolutionary philosophy for America.

## Geography

**G**EOGRAPHY, when we were young, was completely concealed by a plane surface divided by arbitrary lines into patches arbitrarily colored on which, in our imagination, were piled vast quantities of cotton in bales or bananas in bunches, otherwise known as exports and imports; just as the mysterious world of music was shut off by two impenetrable fences known as the treble and bass clefs on which were perched spheroids equipped with flag poles and invariably known as do, re, me, fa, sol, la, and ti.

Geography is only beginning to be popularized or even humanized—such books, for instance, as "Van Loon's Geography" are all too rare. As a result Americans as a people are immensely ignorant of the geography not only of the world but even of their own United States. It may be in part the result of having too much geography, what with two major sea coasts and Texas. Whatever the reason, ask any man you know, except perhaps an Iowan, to "bound" Iowa. There is only one chance in ten that he can do it right off, and very likely he will not be able to do it at all. There is, of course, no rational reason why he should be able to "bound" Iowa, since the idea is quite irrelevant to his experience. And it is only necessary to remember what a large part such silly exercises play in the teaching of geography to know why ignorance of it is so widespread.

Maps in themselves are beautiful. But since they have only an intellectual relation to the rocks, dirt, and water of which the world is made, it is no wonder that a child gets the idea too firmly fixed ever to be quite wiped out that he must cross a black line going from Idaho into Montana and that India and Afghanistan are forever and literally divided by another black line on one side of which is to be found a bright red world and on the other a nondescript grey-green one. As for the shape of the earth, we know well enough that it is a spheroid. Yet because of an early overdose of maps we shall never be able to visualize it as anything but a flat and static piece of gaily colored stuff from which patterns for vast and strange designs have been cut out.

We thoroughly approve of Mr. Van Loon's definition of geography as the

study of man in search of food and shelter and leisure for himself and for his family and an attempt to find out the way in which that man has either adapted himself to his background or has reshaped his physical surroundings in order to be as comfortable and well-nourished and happy as seemed compatible with his own limited strength.

As for the pictures which adorn his book, they are more enlightening as well as more exciting than anything we were ever allowed to connect with geography. To see a series of Van Loon pictures showing the mechanics of an earthquake is as good as experiencing one—in fact a great deal better. Because through his representation of the Gulf Stream one can almost feel its warmth, one is in a fair way to remembering why it is, and his pictures of how the Atlantic and the Pacific and the British Channel would look if they should run dry are as revealing as they are unforgettable.

We are glad that geography is being given a chance to develop its possibilities as an art after the dullness it has enjoyed as a science. The children, at least, will be grateful.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

I SEE that Will Rogers claims that he is the only man in the United States who does not know who is going to be the next President.

Everybody he meets knows and assures him with unquestioned certainty of opinion that it will be Roosevelt or that it will be Hoover. I, too, do not wish to pose as the seventh son of the seventh son, but I wonder whether the surety of the people Will Rogers meets is not due to the fact that one side is certain that we are not going to break with the historic American tradition of turning out the party in power when evil befalls us, while the other is determined that it will hold on to the special privileges which it has got, and keep in office a man who has shown for four years that he can be trusted in the long run to do every single thing that the real owners of the country, the great capitalists, demand of him. So much can happen in the two months that lie between us and the election that it is idle indeed to prophesy. Yet if I were forced to give an opinion I should unhesitatingly side with the verdict of all the straw ballots that I have so far seen or heard of. Roosevelt leads—tremendously—in them all.

That the rich, present and past, the well-to-do, all who are affiliated with the institution of property are willing to chance it again with Hoover is true. They think that the tide has turned. They do not deny that Hoover lied to the American people at the beginning of the trouble, but they insist that if he had not lied we should have had a veritable panic and an even greater collapse. Some think that he has done his worst and that from now on things will go better. They ring the changes on that dreadful saying of Lincoln's about swapping horses while crossing the stream—I wish I dared print here a joyously obscene modification of it attributed to one Alfred E. Smith! But for all that I am about convinced, as things stand, that these conservative citizens of ours are going to be out-voted by the twelve or more millions of Americans who are out of jobs and the millions more who are sick and tired of the whole Hoover philosophy and conception of American life and ideals. In other words, it would appear at present as if the plain American people were going to have their innings this time and that we are in for a change.

Oh yes, I know that superhuman efforts are going to be made to put the Republican Party over once more. The present rise in the stock market—if it lasts—will help them, and we may count upon another boom just before election to send the quotations up further. The newspapers will again be full of stories of the companies that are increasing the number of their employed and perhaps will again bury under utterly misleading headlines the fact that the steel business of the country is operating at only 14 per cent, that unemployment is greater, and that the official figures show that the actual wages paid are at a lower figure than ever before.

## *Prophecies, Straw Votes, and Campaign Chests\**

Wherever I go I talk with the various people with whom I deal or come into contact. They no longer believe what is in the papers; all the shop-

keepers tell you that conditions are worse. It was a parking-place keeper in Hartford who told me the other day, the minute I drove in, that his price was only fifteen cents for three hours parking and then added that if Herbert Hoover came into office again, he would certainly have to close up his place. One Connecticut brass concern was recently reported as having added several hundred men to those employed. The dispatch failed to add that 6,600 other employees of this company have been working four days a month, six hours in a day. These men vote for Herbert Hoover? I cannot believe it and neither can my friend, the Italian bootblack, who says that the five votes in his family which went to Hoover four years ago are going to Roosevelt this year.

But far beyond these individual signs which may well be deceptive, however often multiplied, are certain facts as to the Republican situation which cannot be denied. For years past, as the political chart shows, victory at the polls has had a distinct relation to the size of the campaign chest of the winning party. I have no doubt that the Republicans will raise far more money than will the Democrats, but it is likely to be the smallest campaign fund in generations. More than that, the Democrats have not in years needed a campaign fund so little. Roosevelt is going to be elected, if chosen, because of the horrible suffering that multitudes of Americans have undergone since 1929. The facts are there. They are known to the plain people of America, who see men starving before their eyes. Mr. Hoover may think that there is no cold and hunger and suffering in the country. Every time he says it he loses votes.

Again, the Republicans cannot raise the cry of dangerous radicalism that they expected to bring out when Franklin Roosevelt was nominated. Mayor Walker has dealt them a dreadful blow by giving Governor Roosevelt his chance to shine as a remarkably self-controlled, a dignified, and an able judge. Again, if he keeps the level of his speeches up to that of his recent utterance at Columbus, it will be impossible for the Republicans to describe him either as a dangerous demagogue or a wild-eyed visionary. Not that the Governor was anything like definite enough in his remedies. His program makes a real liberal smile. But the Republicans cannot pin upon him the sort of label they were able to attach to the name of La Follette because La Follette championed Lincoln's idea of popular control of the Supreme Court, or upon Theodore Roosevelt, the Bull Mooser of 1912, when he came out for the recall of judicial decisions. I wish it were otherwise, heaven knows. I wish that Roosevelt had a strong, radical program to invite the bitterest attacks of his political enemies. I am only recording the fact that he has spiked their guns at half a dozen different points; he has made it quite impossible for them to classify him as

\* The first of a series of weekly comments on the election which will appear during the campaign.



another La Follette or Theodore Roosevelt on the loose.

The pity of it all is that at bottom it is only the pot attacking the kettle, and the kettle attacking the pot, and that fundamentally, as I have said before, the American people are not going to gain by a change. It will be like a breath of fresh air to clean out the White House and the Cabinet room, but when it comes to expecting any deep-seated

constructive measures, that is beyond the possible when one looks at the corrupt and crooked Democratic Party, devoid of all principle, recalls the very great limitations of that charming gentleman Franklin D. Roosevelt, and remembers how little Woodrow Wilson's crusade to free America from "its masters, the great capitalists" achieved.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## The Farmers' Rebellion

By WAYNE GARD

**S**TANDPAT politicians in the Middle West, as well as farm creditors, have been quaking in their boots at the unexpected enthusiasm generated by the agrarian strike. While the farm-holiday project has made but little headway toward its major objective, the movement has spread like wildfire across the prairies, bringing into flame a rebellion that had been smoldering a long time. Henry A. Wallace, editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, views the crusade as a gesture which, without immediate import, may attain a far-reaching significance.

Torpedoes, tear gas, rotten eggs, brickbats, and planks spiked to puncture truck tires figure in this latest effort of corn-belt farmers to boost the prices of their products to the cost of production. Declaring a holiday on selling, thousands of farmers have been picketing the roads to "persuade" their neighbors to join in holding back produce for higher offers. The movement began quietly but soon was dramatized by the dumping of several truckloads of milk on a road outside Sioux City, Iowa. The pickets allowed milk and cream for hospitals to enter, however, and they donated 2,200 gallons of milk to the unemployed. Suddenly realizing that 90 per cent of the shipments from nearby milk-producers had been cut off, Sioux City people began frantically to order milk shipped by train from Omaha and to have the blockade run by trucks bearing armed deputy sheriffs. This local milk war soon ended in a price compromise, but it gave impetus and publicity to the more widespread and more inclusive program of the National Farmers' Holiday Association with which it was not directly connected.

The holding back of produce in an attempt to force prices up has often been advocated in the corn belt; but it has seldom been tried, mainly because the farmers have not been united and because so few of them have had enough cash, credit, or storage facilities to withhold their produce for any long period. The current farm strike had its inception in agitation by Milo Reno, kingfish of the Iowa Farmers' Union, and by John Chalmers, a Boone County farmer who is vice-president of the union. At Boone last February, a local meeting drew one thousand farmers and led to the calling of a State meeting. This conclave was held in Des Moines in May, with about ten thousand present. Here the National Farmers' Holiday Association was born, with Reno as its temporary head.

A thirty-day holiday on farm selling was begun August 8 and later was extended indefinitely. Thus far, the strike has centered mainly about the Sioux City and Omaha markets, but lately it has spread into the Dakotas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois. At the height of the Sioux City milk war,

two thousand sunburned and overall-clad farmers were living in tent colonies along the nine trunk highways leading to that city. Some were armed with pitchforks for use on truck tires. But except for sporadic outbreaks the picketing has been peaceful, and truck drivers not amenable to argument have been allowed to pass on. On August 17, a crowd of 450 farmers, equipped with clubs and brickbats, tried to remove animals from stockyard pens in Sioux City and from trucks which had run the blockade, but this attempt was repulsed by deputy sheriffs and city policemen.

Skirmishes have taken place along some of the roads. At one point outside Sioux City, pickets stopped trucks by spreading across the pavement a section of threshing-machine belt studded with menacing spikes, but this weapon was later confiscated by deputy sheriffs. In other instances, roads were blocked with railroad ties, logs, boulders, or cables. A few windshields were shattered with rocks or clubs and one sheriff was overpowered, and his gun taken from him, after he had fired a shot to warn the pickets.

Yet, in spite of such incidents, resort to force has been exceptional. The usual method of stopping trucks has been for a mass of men to stand doggedly upon the highway, in the manner of Gandhi's followers, defying the truck-drivers to crash into them. Since the drivers do not want to be guilty of manslaughter, they always stop, though some—not influenced by the arguments of the pickets—later drive on. Some of the picket forces have included women. The two rules of the patrols are "no guns and no liquor."

The picket groups have been even more active by night than by day, since much of the rural trucking is habitually done at night. Many of the picket squads have been without recognized leaders. The men come and go as they wish, but many have been on duty almost continuously.

"I'll stay till corn pickin'," one farmer declared.

"Till corn pickin'?" said another. "What do you care about corn pickin'? No use doin' all that work the way things are now."

Cars and trucks other than those bearing farm produce to market are, of course, allowed to proceed without molestation. One truck-driver, headed for Sioux City, was allowed to pass unharmed when his load was found to consist of thirty one-gallon jugs of whiskey.

At Council Bluffs, fifty-five pickets, jailed on a charge of unlawful assembly, were released after a crowd of one thousand farmers had threatened to storm the jail, which had been surrounded by officers armed with machine guns. Preparations have been made for sending a unit of the Iowa National Guard to that city. One sheriff has boasted, "We



are going to stop this picketing if we have to enlist 50,000 deputies to do it." The pickets, he declared, "are hoodlums just as much as are Chicago gangsters." Other sheriffs and deputies, however, have been more sympathetic with the strike, and some have conveniently looked the other way when trucks were turned back.

Thus far, the strike has affected prices only locally and sporadically. Hog receipts have been almost halved in Sioux City, and in some towns a shortage of vegetables has sent residents scampering to their own or their neighbors' gardens or has forced them to use more tinned food. But considered on a national scale, the farm holiday has neither reduced the available supply, nor raised the price, of any agricultural product. In fact, the prices of wheat and hogs have come down during much of the period in which the sellers' strike has been in progress. In the Sioux City milk fight, the farmers did effect a small gain. Whereas they had been receiving only 2 cents a quart for milk which retailed at 8 cents, the new agreement allows them 3.6 cents and will force consumers to pay 9 cents.

The enthusiasm of the farm-holiday leaders appears, however, to have gained new momentum. "It is a finish fight now," declared Milo Reno as his organization dispatched one hundred emissaries to carry the strike west to Montana and east to Ohio. Even some of New Jersey's potato-growers have joined the movement, which obviously is an effort not so much of radicalism as of desperation.

One of the strikers, who had just gone through a barrage of overripe eggs handled by blockade runners, explained the holiday movement in terms of his own experience:

I own a farm near Boone. My share of the oats crop from twenty-four acres on this farm was \$40. My taxes on this same land amounted to \$44.16. Before prices took a jump, I could buy a 400-pound packing sow for 90 cents a hundred, or \$3.60. At the same time, I went to a meat market and priced a 20-pound smoked ham. It was \$3.20. I told them to go to hell; I'd buy a whole hog and cut off a ham.

The Farmers' Holiday Association, while deploring the use of violence, has reaffirmed its aim to strike for farm prices which will equal the cost of production plus a fair profit. It seeks wheat at \$1.36 a bushel, corn at 92 cents, oats at 49 cents, barley at 73 cents, hogs at \$11.25 a hundred-weight, chickens at 24 cents a pound, and eggs at 35 cents a dozen. The strikers have gained encouragement from Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota, who has declared his willingness to join the governors of other States in a plan, "even martial law," to stop farm marketing until prices rise. But other governors have remained silent or non-committal, and apparently no one has heard a peep from that habitually noisy friend of the farmer, Senator L. J. Dickinson of Iowa.

Thus far, the holiday movement has gained its chief support from the left-wing Farmers' Union. The Farm Bureaus, which have five times as many members in Iowa and which have the less indigent and more conservative farmers, are holding aloof. Even some of the less radical farmers, however, see as much justification for the farm holiday as for the recent bank holidays in which depositors have been induced to waive their withdrawals for a specified period.

The corn-belt insurgents have been following Milo Reno's leadership for a long time. Reno was president of the Iowa Farmers' Union from 1921 to 1930 and is still the

driving force of that organization. A belligerent and witty debater, despite his sixty-six years, he assures his hearers that he is "as poor as the rest of you farmers" and rants against the Farm Board and against the compulsory testing of cattle for tuberculosis. He is a McNary-Haugenite, and in 1930 he was an unsuccessful Farmer-Labor candidate for the United States Senate. If someone more responsible than Reno were at the head of the farm-holiday project, the movement might possibly gain a larger degree of support and its political implications might be even more disturbing. Many corn-belt farmers have scant respect for the schemes hatched under Reno's five-gallon Stetson. On the other hand, another leader might have realized the economic futility of such a sellers' strike. From its start, the movement has been doomed. It is pretty certain that farmers will not join the strike in sufficient numbers to curtail the market supply enough to raise prices. And even if prices were raised by the strike, the higher figures would be available only to the boot-leg sellers who refused to observe the holiday. At the close of the strike period, with the withheld produce coming on the market again, prices would drop immediately to the former level. The real value of the strike is in its publicizing of the plight of the farmer, the most hard-hit victim of the current deflation.

The saviors of the farmer are many, especially in election years, but most of their panaceas have already been found wanting. The acreage reduction prescribed by the Farm Board has not worked, nor is there much hope for the enactment—or for the success, if enacted—of such radical measures as the equalization fee or the export debenture. The basic principle of these schemes was at the bottom of the Farm Board's price-fixing venture, which met tragic failure.

More could be done than has been in the lowering of farm taxes and the cheapening of farm credit, but tax reduction is not easy and the mere extension of credit will remain only a postponement of calamity as long as selling prices remain below production costs. Farmers hope to gain slightly higher prices upon the completion of the St. Lawrence waterway; but the present treaty may require several years for ratification, and after that six or eight years more will be needed for the construction of the channel. Some benefit might come from a temporary cessation of the government's land-reclamation activities, part of which bring under cultivation more marginal land when too much is already available. Corporation farming often is advocated as a method of reducing farm costs. Yet such farming, while it has in some instances reduced the cost of raising wheat, is less suited to the mixed farming and livestock production of the corn belt. And whatever advantage the possibly inevitable corporation farm may have in normal times, under present conditions the corporation farms are little better off than those of family size. Moreover, the extreme type of corporation farm would not help the present farmer; it would drive him from the land, replacing him with a transient worker.

The farmer's outlook is anything but hopeful. Unless world market conditions or a sharp business upturn boosts the prices of farm products, the mortgage holders and the tax collectors will take over more and more farms, many of which will be abandoned to weeds and hidden stills. And those who keep on trying to make a living by tilling the soil may be driven to measures far more desperate than the current sellers' strike.



# Sabotage at Geneva

By ROBERT DELL

*Geneva, August 15*

THE disarmament conference adjourned on July 23, leaving everybody who had followed its proceedings at Geneva doubtful whether it would ever meet again. Everybody, that is to say, except Professor Gilbert Murray, who announced in a letter published in the *Manchester Guardian* on July 29 that he had returned from Geneva "inspired, almost elated." On July 26, the day before Professor Murray's letter was written, General von Schleicher had declared in a broadcast address to the German people that the disarmament conference had been a catastrophic failure, that after its failure nobody expected a miracle to happen and other countries to disarm to the German level, that, this being so, the only alternative was for Germany to reorganize her army, and that this would certainly be done. On August 1 a Roman paper published an article by General Balbo, the Italian Air Minister, in which he declared that all the highest officials of the disarmament conference were creatures of France and England, who had secured complete control of the proceedings and had not given the Italians a chance of making their opinions felt, and that England and the United States had increased their naval armaments before the conference and did not sincerely desire disarmament. He threatened the withdrawal of Italy from the conference and said that the matter would be considered by the Fascist Grand Council. This sufficiently ominous article was closely followed by a still more ominous one signed by Signor Mussolini himself and quite in his old manner. He said by implication that Italy had not been sincere in demanding general disarmament and declared the idea that war could be got rid of to be a delusion.

Thus, within ten days of the adjournment of the disarmament conference, we have a complete change of front on the part of both the German and Italian Governments. Having been at Geneva for the past six months among the strongest advocates of drastic measures of disarmament, these governments have now told the world that it is hopeless to talk about it any more and that for their part they propose to increase their armaments. Both governments have explicitly threatened to withdraw from the disarmament conference. It may be presumed that they will not put their threat into practice before the bureau of the conference meets at Geneva on September 21, but unless there is meanwhile a radical change in British and French policy in this matter that meeting may be the end of the conference—indeed, it probably will be. The situation is critical, and we shall not promote the cause of disarmament by blinking the fact. On the contrary, the only way to save the situation, if it can be saved, is to proclaim the fact from the housetops and try to stir up the French and English peoples to bring the necessary pressure on their respective governments, who with the American Government are responsible for the situation. And the British Government has the heaviest responsibility of all.

Nobody who has followed at all closely and intelligently the lamentable proceedings at Geneva during the past six months can be much surprised at their culmination. The

scandal of the "technical" committees was in itself enough to show that the British and French Governments who were responsible for it—the committees having been set up by the joint resolution of Sir John Simon and M. Paul-Boncour on qualitative disarmament—were not sincere and hoped to drown qualitative disarmament, as in fact they did, in a sea of technicalities. General von Schleicher's broadcast address of July 26 was foreshadowed by the marked change in the attitude of the German delegation after the Hindenburg-Von Papen coup d'état and consequent change of government in Germany. There was nothing new in the claim of equality of status for Germany, which had been made from the first, but there are two ways of realizing equality of status—by reducing the armaments of other countries to the level of those of Germany or by raising German armaments to the level of those of other countries. Before the change of government the German delegation at Geneva was sincerely in favor of the former method: after the change of government the new German delegation was clearly in favor of the latter, while still pretending to desire the disarmament of other countries. It was persistently reported at Geneva that the British delegation encouraged, at least to some extent, the hope that Germany would be allowed to rearm, and all the evidence suggested that the reports were accurate. Given the refusal of the British Government to disarm, it is difficult to see how the British delegation could have taken any other course, for it is clear that equality of status for Germany by one method or the other is inevitable. The French nationalists see that clearly enough. "Pertinax" said in the *Echo de Paris* some months ago that ultimately France would have to choose between an increase in German armaments and a great reduction in her own and showed pretty plainly that he would prefer the former alternative. General von Schleicher's broadcast address is a godsend to the French nationalists. Had he wished to play into their hands, he could not have acted otherwise, and perhaps he did wish to play into their hands, for he certainly wishes to wreck the disarmament conference. It is not at all improbable that both the British admiralty and the French general staff—who are in close touch with the nationalist politicians in France—would prefer German rearmament to a serious reduction in British or French armaments. The French general staff and the French nationalist politicians are not in the least afraid of Germany. They intend to make sure that German armaments shall never catch up with the French, and what they long for is an excuse for walking into Germany and finishing the war which, in their opinion, as M. Poincaré said not long ago, is not finished yet. General von Schleicher has given them a hope that they may sooner or later be provided with the necessary excuse and also an opportunity of scaring the French people out of the desire for disarmament so emphatically expressed last May. The French general staff and their friends, the nationalists, may not be far out in their calculations. The men now in power in Germany are a bad lot, but also a stupid lot. They are in fact the very men whose stupidity dragged Germany into



the disastrous World War of 1914. They may do it again.

For the abrupt change in Italian policy Sir John Simon has a peculiar personal responsibility and it, too, has not greatly surprised those who watched in powerless dismay his tactics at Geneva. Nothing could be more distasteful to me than personal criticism of Sir John Simon, but the issues at stake are too serious to allow any personal considerations to prevent the telling of the brutal truth. And the brutal truth is that, in the opinion of the vast majority of those who have observed him at Geneva, Sir John Simon is the most unsatisfactory foreign secretary that England has had for some generations and the worst British representative that has appeared at Geneva since the League of Nations came into existence. He has put up the backs of the majority of the delegations and made himself generally distrusted. This distrust may not be justified—I am inclined to think that what appears to be shiftiness is, to a great extent at least, a constitutional inability to get really into touch with people and win their confidence—but the fact remains that it exists and that the feeling against Sir John Simon is such as to make it an almost essential condition of averting the too probable collapse of the disarmament conference that he should not return to Geneva.

I shall not forget the amazement in Paris last autumn, when the League Council met at the Quai d'Orsay to consider the Sino-Japanese conflict, at the discovery that Sir John Simon knew nothing about the history of the Manchurian dispute or of the treaties that defined the respective rights of various Powers in Manchuria. It was presumed in Paris that either Sir John Simon had not been properly briefed by the foreign office or else he had not studied his brief. At Geneva, on the other hand, where he gave the impression of having been briefed rather by the British admiralty than by the foreign office, Sir John Simon had evidently got up his brief remarkably well. And the clever way in which he maneuvered to kill the Hoover proposal without appearing to have any such intention was worthy of his brilliant forensic reputation. He made, however, a great tactical blunder when he initiated the secret conversations between the British, French, and American delegations, and that blunder is responsible for Signor Mussolini's repudiation of Signor Grandi's policy at the disarmament conference. Long before the adjournment of the conference it was evident that the systematic exclusion of Italy from the conversations was bitterly resented at Rome. The reason of the exclusion was equally evident. It was that Signor Grandi had consistently, and without any doubt sincerely, proposed a drastic reduction of armaments (including the acceptance by other countries of the measures of qualitative disarmament imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles) and had at once accepted the Hoover proposal unconditionally. No wonder that Signor Mussolini concluded that Signor Grandi's policy had failed! Nor was Italy alone in resenting the secret conversations. They were resented by the great majority of the delegations, who regarded them as an attempt on the part of a group of three Powers to impose their will on the conference. Certain delegations even protested to the president of the conference against them. In spite of these protests and these warnings Sir John Simon persisted, and the consequences of his persistence are before us. There is now a danger that Germany and Italy and perhaps also Russia may withdraw from

the disarmament conference. It is unlikely that the publication of General von Schleicher's broadcast address and the articles of General Balbo and Signor Mussolini within a few days of one another was a mere accident. The most probable hypothesis is that of concerted action on the part of the German and Italian Governments to torpedo the disarmament conference on the pretext that it has failed.

Nothing is more incomprehensible in this affair than the conduct of the American delegation. What can have possessed them to join with two of the three delegations at the conference hostile to the Hoover proposal (the third being the Japanese) against the delegations in favor of that proposal? The most probable explanation is that they were hoodwinked, for it was painfully evident throughout the conference that they were hardly equal to their task. Perhaps they thought that the least bad result in the circumstances would be the unanimous acceptance of a resolution that, if it included little or nothing, at least did not exclude anything. In that case, they must have recognized their mistake when Germany and Russia voted against the resolution and Italy abstained.

The case of France is no mystery, but comes near to being a tragedy. Three months ago the majority of the French people declared unequivocally for disarmament and, in fact, for peace at any price. M. Herriot succeeded in thwarting their will and formed a cabinet that was a defiance of the popular verdict. Yet, although MM. Herriot and Paul-Boncour, especially the latter, are clearly under the thumb of General Weygand and the French general staff, even French policy at Geneva was less obstructionist than British policy. Had Sir John Simon been willing to accept the Hoover proposal as a basis of discussion, as the Germans, Italians, and Russians desired, the French delegation would almost certainly have agreed. Ten days ago I was convinced that the French people would not allow their will to be thwarted much longer and that the autumn would see the advent in France of a government ready to give a bold lead in the matter of disarmament, but now the future is uncertain. It is too soon to say what effect the change in German and Italian policy will have on French opinion. Signor Mussolini's article has delighted the French nationalists as much as General von Schleicher's broadcast address—see, for example, M. Saint-Price's significant comments in the *Journal* of August 8. They are already sure that the great victory of the Left last May is annulled and that, in the words of *L'Ordre*, France is recovering from her "pacifist hypnosis." One can but hope that they are mistaken, but one cannot be at all sure of it. M. Léon Blum is undoubtedly right in thinking that the change in German and Italian policy is yet another reason for proposing drastic measures of general disarmament, which would necessarily involve effective international control. If the German and Italian Governments refused to accept their own proposals when made by other Powers, or refused to agree to effective international control, we should know where we were. If, on the other hand, they accepted both, France and all other countries would be provided with the best possible guaranty of "security" in existing circumstances, and, although war would not be abolished—for it can be abolished only by abolishing its causes—it would have been made much more difficult. But this is the language of reason, and experience has taught us that reason rarely directs human affairs.



# The Show Business

## I. The Crisis in the Theater\*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

**A**T the present moment there are about seventy legitimate theaters in New York City. No other city has anything like so many and their existence is an outward sign of the fact that New York has been, for a decade past, the center of the world's theatrical activity. No one else produced anything like so many new plays as we and no other country could boast a group of young playwrights so obviously original and vigorous.

A glance at the newspaper any time during the summer just past would, however, have revealed the startling fact that only six or seven of these seventy theaters were actually in operation and there were periods during what should have been the height of last winter's season when thirty or forty playhouses were either dark or given over to vaudeville, burlesque, or moving-picture entertainments. In other words the flourishing theater of New York had come pretty near to collapse and, as a symbol of the fact, the house of Shubert—the most powerful factor in the American theatrical business—went into the hands of the receiver.

No one knows, of course, what this year will bring. Theatrical managers are notoriously good gamblers and they are making vigorous plans to try again. But how many of the new productions will actually succeed? Last year some one hundred and fifty made their bid for popularity but one hundred and twenty of them were acknowledged failures and, of the remaining thirty, a considerable number probably involved a net loss for their producers. If we leave the musical shows out, not more than ten or twelve plays were commercial successes and, under present conditions, the theater cannot continue long to operate on its present scale. Unless some change in its affairs takes place very soon many of the playhouses will have to be abandoned, many established actors will have to seek new professions, and Broadway will no longer astonish European visitors by the scale of its theatrical activities.

I do not want to be unduly sensational and, especially, I do not want to make the mistake of confusing the theater as a business institution with the theater as an art. We do not need the two hundred and fifty productions which make up a normal theatrical season. We do not need even the one hundred and fifty that were produced last year. A large number of the failures deserved to fail. Probably we do not need seventy theaters, and it is not certain that the importance of New York as a theatrical center would be decreased if a third or a half of them were to disappear. But neither do I want to take too romantic an attitude or to encourage the delusion that those who are interested in the art of the theater ought to be indifferent to its success as a business. As it is now constituted and as it probably will continue to be constituted for some time to come, the two are intimately related. Plays will not be produced unless they can pay for themselves, and the American theater

was able to develop as it did during the last ten years *because* it was prosperous.

To a certain extent all artists depend upon the market for their products. Books can be published only because books can be sold. But the theater is the most expensive of the arts except opera, and it feels a business depression more quickly and seriously than any of the others. It costs from one to two thousand dollars to print a book. It costs from ten thousand on up to several hundred thousand to produce a theatrical exhibition. And the difference between those two sums is almost a measure of the difference between the extent to which the production of books and the production of plays is dependent upon large commercial success. It is easier to experiment with books because experiment there is so much less costly, and it is ridiculous for the spectator to take too lofty an attitude.

Broadway and Forty-second Street are today lined with burlesque shows which have sprung up since the beginning of the depression, and they may be taken as a symbol of what is likely to happen to the theatrical world of New York unless some steps are taken. A hard-pressed manager tends to produce only sure-fire hits and we know what a sure-fire hit is likely to be. Theoretically the depression should have made people more interested in serious things. Actually it has obviously had an opposite effect on the vast majority. Perhaps it has inclined a certain number of people to take economic and political subjects more seriously, but it has not inclined them to a greater interest in serious art. From the standpoint of the theatergoer that is the important result of the plight of the theater. He does not need two hundred and fifty productions a year. He does not need seventy theaters. But he does need a theater in which a certain number of intrinsically excellent plays are produced during a season. And the real danger is that these are the very ones which financial difficulties will squeeze out.

The next question is, of course, what can be done. And to that question there is no one simple answer. But in general terms the answer is that the theater must readjust itself to a change of conditions which is probably permanent—in part at least. What we did not entirely realize is the fact that the flourishing theater of the last few years was a part of the great boom; that its feverish activity was analogous to the feverish activity of the automobile and most other businesses. That does not mean that the immediate results were not good or that excellent plays were not produced just as excellent automobiles were turned out. What it does mean is that the whole activity was proportioned to a boom which could not last and carried on in a manner recklessly improvident. The theatrical business, like most other businesses, was being constantly expanded upon the assumption, not merely that it would continue indefinitely on the current scale, but that it would continue indefinitely to increase at the same rate at which it had been increasing.

The first and inevitable stage of the readjustment will

\* The first of a series of four articles on The Show Business. Next week, The Show Business: What It Costs.



be, I am sure, a deflation—particularly a real-estate deflation. Many of the theaters at the present moment dark will never, I think, be again continuously used for the purpose for which they were built. Many had been constructed quite recently and owed their existence to a flurry of construction provoked by a shortage of theaters a few years ago. But the over-supply which resulted from an exaggerated effort to meet the real need had already begun to be evident before the general depression occurred. Theaters, like most other things, had been produced beyond the need for even boom times, and when a depression began to be felt the already top-heavy structure was ready for immediate collapse, just as the already top-heavy structure of most industries was ready for collapse. The builders had positively asked for catastrophe and catastrophe is what they got.

The immediate result of the deflation is already evident. A few years ago it was impossible for any producer to get any theater without guaranteeing its owner at least four thousand dollars a week rent. Today any manager can get almost any theater on a purely percentage basis provided he can convince the owner that he has a ghost of a chance for success. And the only unfortunate part of the situation, the only thing which prevents the beneficent effect of cheap theaters from being felt more than it is, is the fact that many of them, having been taken over from mortgagees, are now in the hands of corporations whose members know so little of the theatrical business that they exercise very bad judgment both in letting and refusing to let the house to managers with a show to produce.

That situation will, however, undoubtedly work itself out, and a real-estate deflation ought to prove a very great help to the whole institution of the theater, which has been burdened with outrageous rents. In the course of that deflation fortunes will be lost, exactly as they will be lost in other major commercial enterprises. Some theaters will be dismantled and the general level of rents will be lowered. But however unfortunate that may be for the real-estate operator, it will represent an important gain to the manager and through him to the institution of the theater. That particular gain is one much needed for the simple reason that the thing most obviously wrong with the whole institution of our theater was the fantastic cost of production. In 1929 nothing was so much needed as a way of producing a play without involving a fortune in the gamble, and a decrease in the cost of a theater lease is one important step in the right direction.

However, rents were not, of course, the only things which cost too much. Everything about the theater business has been characterized by a kind of mad extravagant costliness. Managers were rich one year and broke the next; actors got very large salaries while they worked and did not work three-quarters of the time. Producers, most of them, worked on hunches and enthusiasm. They threw away vast sums on impossible productions that never opened and laid out thousands in a moment of exuberance only to regret it in moments of judgment. We have heard a good deal more about the absurd lavishness of Hollywood and it was more absurd than the lavishness of Broadway because it was a sort of super Broadway. But on a smaller scale the theatrical business was absurd in the same way that the moving-picture business was absurd. It existed in an atmosphere of gaudy projects and reckless wastes. Just now it is won-

dering whether or not it can get out of that atmosphere and learn to exist under saner conditions.

What it comes down to in the end is this: the New York theater is in much the same sort of plight that American business as a whole is in and the causes of the plight are in general the same, except for the fact that the theatrical business has always been more reckless, and unstable, than almost any other. If it reveals a capacity to reorganize itself as a result of the lessons learned the total effect may be very good. If it does not, it may go down in collapse and it is too soon to say of it (as it is too soon to say of American business as a whole) which course it is most likely to take. The depression may do us good—if we can survive it.

Back in the winter of 1930 when all the professional optimists were discounting each fresh wave of the depression as merely a salutary pause in the march of prosperity, someone remarked wisely: "One more healthy reaction and the patient will be dead." Something of the same sort occurs to me in connection with the theater. It will be better if it ever gets well. But it is not yet quite certain that it ever will.

## In the Driftway

**S**LIGHTLY confused but aggressively "broadened" by a summer of foreign travel, the sight-seers are home again. And once more the Drifter is having to admit to those eager travelers who have seen every museum in Europe in three months how many sights he himself has missed, how often he has stopped short of a twelfth-century church for the ephemeral delights of a twentieth-century cafe; or wasted an entire afternoon watching chickens cross and recross the street of a French village while a chateau languished not a mile away. The Drifter, in fact, is such a confirmed non-sight-seer that his friends' lyrical descriptions of the wonders of the world arouse in him neither a sense of guilt at not having visited them when he could nor even a desire to rectify his oversight, but only a sense of weariness.

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**H**IS happy state of imperviousness both to sights and to the scorn that sight-seers feel for him was not achieved, to be sure, in a day—it required one violent European tour. The Drifter can still remember the aching feet and the exhausted mind with which he went doggedly from museum to castle and back again; he cannot remember with any clearness any "sight" he saw. The Uffizi, to quote another rebellious sight-seer whose name he has forgotten, is to the Drifter a place where a thousand virgins and a thousand bambinos may be seen strangling each other. It is also the place where he learned that if one cannot stay away from museums one should at least go alone. Even the staunchest friendship can scarcely withstand a good-sized art gallery. The Drifter "did" the Uffizi one warm day with a trusted and understanding friend. Within ten minutes the expedition had resolved itself into a competition in which each irritated and irritating contestant was determined to see first, and to judge first, each one of a thousand pictures that neither one wanted to see anyway. It was only by an agreement to avoid museums that the friendship survived at all.



FOR the most part the Drifter has been faithful to the spirit if not the letter of that agreement. Where formerly he used to look up sights in guide books and go to see them, now, if he happens to see a sight that interests him he looks it up. It is much less wearing. As for museums, he never enters one except when the desire to see a particular picture overcomes his gallery phobia. On such occasions, having found out exactly where the picture is hung, he firmly imagines himself to be wearing those blinders with which nervous horses are protected from extraneous sights, and goes, not at the hesitating museum pace that kills but as if he were late for an appointment, to the object of his visit.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Colonel House and the War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the appearance of the article in your issue of July 27, *Wilson Was for War in March, 1916*, I wrote a letter with regard to it to Colonel E. M. House. My letter and his reply may be of interest to your readers.

My Dear Colonel House:

I have just finished reading an article in *The Nation* of July 27, written by C. Hartley Grattan, entitled *Wilson Was for War in March, 1916*.

While this was not news to me, your having something to do with it is of great interest to me. In a letter written to Senator Robert M. La Follette by me some time in 1916, I told him that President Wilson was going to bring this country into the war against Germany. I was neither for Germany nor for the Allies. I was against war all my life.

I hope some of the things stated in *The Nation* are not true, or are exaggerated.

(Signed) LOUIS EDELMAN

Dear Dr. Edelman:

In reply to your letter, all I can say is that no one, at any time, was more fervently in favor of peace than I was.

It was merely a question of how best to bring it about and what to do to make the United States less liable to disaster in the future.

Mr. Grattan is mistaken in saying that I was prejudiced against the Germans. I had many friends there then and have them today, and am in frequent touch with them.

(Signed) E. M. HOUSE

Chesapeake Beach, Md., August 1 LOUIS EDELMAN

## Concerning Mr. Lehman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A campaigner as overwhelmed with work as I now am finds it difficult to keep up with his own mail or even to answer such letters concerning himself as you have carried. But I do want to pause between trips to enter a very earnest protest against *The Nation's* brand of support of a new political realignment which permits it to give the impression that in a somewhat halting manner it prefers Lehman to Waldman as a candidate for Governor of New York. I respect Lieutenant-Governor Lehman's character and ability, but from the standpoint of the fundamental needs of America it becomes all the more dangerous that so good a man should be the window dressing for so corrupt and incompetent a party. Whatever are

Mr. Lehman's virtues, he has been the unprotesting member of an Administration which has contemptuously ignored the demands for unemployment relief which were pressed by Louis Waldman, the Socialist candidate for Governor. In this case emphatically it is the party and not the man which counts, or at any rate, counts first. I say this with pride in the ability and character of our Socialist candidate. No one in the State has a better knowledge of State affairs or has fought harder for measures *The Nation* would approve than Mr. Waldman. He would join me in urging, however, that the dominant consideration, as *The Nation* itself has admitted or nearly admitted in the past, is the building of an aggressive party to represent the genuine interests of the masses of workers with hand and brain.

New York, August 24

NORMAN THOMAS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* displays its customary brand of limping liberalism in its indorsement of Herbert H. Lehman's candidacy for Governor of New York State. This time it cannot even offer an apology of not knowing better; it admits that the "mere election of as good a man as Mr. Lehman will not improve the Democratic Party or make it worthy of public confidence."

Of course, *The Nation* strives for political realism. But this time the temptation was overwhelming. It is not often that modest bankers with liberal tendencies run for office. When they do, they must be rewarded, even at the cost of perpetuating in power a band of plunderers often castigated by *The Nation* itself. *The Nation's* indorsement of Democratic Lehman reveals its subconscious distrust of its own convictions.

New York, August 24

WILL MASLOW

E. MICHAEL WHITE

## The Centralia Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Centralia Publicity Committee, Box 37, Centralia, Washington, is in desperate need of funds to continue its efforts for the release of the five men who have already served thirteen years of undeserved imprisonment. The only salary paid by the committee is the twelve dollars a week on which the devoted secretary, C. S. Smith, manages to subsist. The death of Elmer Smith, who literally gave his life for these men, was a great loss. Cannot enough of us pledge ourselves to send the committee one dollar a month so that his work in their behalf shall not have been in vain?

FREDERICK A. BLOSSOM

Long Island City, N. Y., August 3

## Contributors to This Issue

WAYNE GARD lives in Des Moines, Iowa; he teaches at Drake University and writes regularly for *Vanity Fair* and frequently for other magazines.

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BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."



# Books

## But Plato

By JOSEPH AUSLANDER

But Plato is a dogma: Plato's power  
Is weak against this twilight and this hush  
When earth and sky and water seem to flush  
With some fine sanguine impulse of the hour,  
Some blood of meditation that shall flower  
Into a flame of stars, into a rush  
Of radiant doctrine from a dazzled bush  
Where the bird turns his leaf into a tower.  
And as for Aristotle—oh, but here,  
Scenting the sweet-fern and the bilberry blows,  
The leopard frog knows more than that Greek knows,  
Melodious and squat philosopher:  
And still the bush is blazing like a rose—  
And still the voice is thundering at your ear!

## Bowdlerized Lawrence

*Lady Chatterley's Lover.* By D. H. Lawrence. Authorized Abridged Edition. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A FEW weeks ago, in these pages, Mr. Morris Ernst reviewed impressively the unbroken chain of legal defeats to which the vice-snoopers have been subjected in recent years, and he summed up by remarking:

Since 1915 the leading vice agency of the United States, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, has failed to gain a conviction in a single case where a book was published with an established publisher's imprint, or where the book had been openly sold by the retailers and reviewed by the press.

Against that encouraging record we must set the present edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover." It is called, on the paper jacket and on the title page, the "authorized abridged edition." And on the jacket there is also printed a statement by Frieda Lawrence, the author's widow, which I quote in full:

It is a relief to know that you are bringing out the only authorized edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in the United States, after all the expurgated pirated editions. Lawrence considered it his greatest work, and I feel that even in this revised form it has all the beauty of the original edition, and that it suggests to the greatest possible extent the original's strength and vigor.

And that is all. There is no preface, no publisher's note.

When we read the book, what do we find? It is abridged indeed, but the deletions are of only one thing. With complete thoroughness, and with surgical accuracy, the editor has removed every description of the physical act of sex. He has removed every four-letter word to which a censor could possibly object. Even this might be forgivable, if the reader had still been permitted to know at just what points his chastity was being protected from the depraving influence of the original volume. But though the editor occasionally inserts a row of asterisks where whole pages of matter are missing, the reader unfamiliar with the original edition is left to conjecture that these are the editor's asterisks and not the author's. And there is no consistency even in the use of asterisks: whole pages are dropped with no hint of the fact whatever.

It is misleading, then, to call this an "abridged" edition. The honest word is "expurgated." It is doubly misleading for

the publishers to print Mrs. Lawrence's statement that this is the only "authorized" edition "after all the expurgated pirated editions." The implication of such a statement is that the present edition is *not* expurgated. And even to call the present volume expurgated would not be enough. It is expurgated and bowdlerized.

Let us see some of the things that have happened to it. The first omission, I believe, is that of the passage describing Connie's first intimacy with Michaelis. The omission of this, and of descriptions of succeeding intimacies, makes Connie's later aversion to Michaelis unintelligible. The omission of every passage describing any of her physical relations with the game-keeper, or her emotions during them, leaves her love for him largely unaccounted for. As the whole story turns upon her love for him, the omission is rather important; this becomes, indeed, a clear case of "Hamlet" with the Prince left out. As for the bowdlerization, one becomes aware of it before the end of Chapter IV. One character remarks:

"Me? Oh, intellectually I believe in having a good heart, a lively intelligence, and the courage to say things in front of a lady."

In the real book, the character believed in having another organ in addition to a good heart. And he did not say "things."

It cannot be denied that for the most part the euphemistic substitutes are orthodox. Connie's "heart" is made to do constant service for another part of her; and "love," ambiguous and all-embracing, takes the place of a more specific verb. But this substitution often makes Lawrence's words seem meaningless. What does the game-keeper mean by "cold-hearted loving"? What does he mean when he tells Connie: "You like loving all right: but you want it to be called something grand and mysterious, just to flatter your own self-importance"? And surely the editor is sometimes much too timid. Has "body" itself become an obscene word? When Lady Chatterley tells her lover, "I liked your body," the present editor changes it, meaninglessly in the context, to "I liked you." And why a sentence like "The Italians are not passionate: passion has deep reserves" is omitted in Chapter XVII I cannot even imagine, unless Mussolini's dictatorship is wider than I thought it was.

Let us admit that there is a relative justification for the present book. The authorities will not permit the original edition to be sent to this country; it is certain that, if it were openly published here just as it was written, the publisher would be prosecuted. What has actually happened, therefore, is that several pirated editions have been brought out here, and sold through underground and bootleg channels. And recently one particularly unscrupulous publisher brought the book out openly, bowdlerized to get by the censors, but with no acknowledgment either of the theft or of the bowdlerization. It was sold in many of the so-called respectable bookstores, whose owners, presumably, would have indignantly refused to handle a book in which the organs of the human body, and the act by which children are conceived, were described in good plain English, but who thought it quite all right to act as receivers of stolen goods.

Under these circumstances, the regular publisher of Lawrence was certainly justified in at least partly protecting himself and Lawrence's widow by bringing out an expurgated edition of his own. But would it not have been better to tell the reader, in a publisher's note, candidly and plainly just what the limitations of the present volume were, and why it was being published? Would it not have been fairer, both to the reader and to Lawrence's reputation, to let the reader know precisely how much and where something was being held back from him? Would it not have been better, instead of bowdlerizing, to have used dashes—to have printed, for example, one of the lines quoted here, like this:



"Me? Oh, intellectually I believe in having a good heart, a chirpy —, a lively intelligence, and the courage to say — in front of a lady."

Would it not have been better to print it so throughout, letting the reader know that the dashes were not Lawrence's, or even blacking out the words, as in the recent "Censored Mother Goose," to emphasize what a nasty and ridiculous thing censorship at bottom is? It might even be possible, now, to print the book in its original form. With the imposing list of court decisions already built up, with the liberties permitted to novelists like Hemingway and Dos Passos on the one hand and to sex writers like Mary Ware Dennett, Marie Stopes, Van de Velde, Dickinson, and Beam, and all the psychoanalysts on the other, it would seem to be impossible for the courts to rule, with any consistency, at least, against "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

I do not wish to be understood as accusing Mr. Knopf of lack of courage in this matter. That sort of accusation is too easy for perfectly safe people to make. Anyone who makes that charge should be prepared either to buy the rights himself or to offer to defray the expenses of the inevitable legal prosecution. I am merely saying that this emasculated edition should at least have been presented for exactly what it was. It is not enough to reply that half a loaf is better than none, or that many fine passages remain. The simple truth is that the editor has taken out precisely the passages and the words for the sake of which Lawrence really wrote the book. There is no need to ask what Lawrence himself would have thought of this edition. He has already told us in his little pamphlet on "Pornography and Obscenity":

The whole question of pornography seems to me a question of secrecy. . . . The insult to the human body, the insult to a vital human relationship! . . . Away with the secret! . . . The only way to stop the terrible mental itch about sex is to come out quite simply and naturally into the open with it.

The editor of the present volume, as I have hinted, has been a skilful surgeon. Out of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" he has carved nothing but the heart. The heart? I find I am using the language of the editor himself. Lawrence would have been more accurate.

HENRY HAZLITT

## A History of Shakespeare

*A History of Shakespearian Criticism.* By Augustus Ralli. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. \$12.

THE history of Shakespearian criticism is the history of Shakespeare—is the story, that is to say, of how a great man came into that sort of existence with which we endow anything by thinking about it. Such a story can be told in either of two ways. It may have a plot and develop around an idea; or it may be a mere chronicle of discoverable events. Mr. Ralli has chosen the chronicle form, and in so doing he has missed an opportunity to write the clever book which someone doubtless is destined to write. For the criticism of Shakespeare has had its dramatic moments; it has known sensational reversals, and it has revealed the characters not only of critics but of countries.

Mr. Ralli has not been clever then; but he has been enormously useful. He has begun at the beginning, with the first known mention of Shakespeare's sonnets and plays by Francis Meres in 1598, and has plowed straight on through time to Lascelles Abercrombie, his last commentator, who in "The Idea of Great Poetry" (1925) discussed certain moral implications of Shakespeare's tragic art. He has followed a triple course

through England, France, and Germany (the United States falling for his purposes within the boundaries of England); and in his progress he has summarized every important or half-important volume, essay, preface, annotation, or article bearing upon his subject. He has digested the work of three hundred and fifteen critics, and digested it thoroughly.

This is not to say that Mr. Ralli is a critic himself, for such a man would find such a labor impossible—or if he did force himself to perform it, he would fail to keep that calmness which is Mr. Ralli's great virtue. A person of finer gifts would not have so fair a mind; he would add to this account, he would subtract from that, he would always be throwing a high light somewhere. Mr. Ralli plods along with a steady lantern which no wind of doctrine can blow out. The result is not a contribution to Shakespearian criticism; it is exactly what it pretends to be, a survey of that criticism as far as the year 1925. If Mr. Ralli has any position at all it is the idolatrous one—a bad one for any other purpose, perhaps, but good enough for the one in hand.

More than half of his eleven hundred pages are devoted to the past forty-six years. This may seem a sin against proportion, but it is these latter years which we are likely to know least well, and Mr. Ralli has not been unwise in paying so much attention to critics who may never again be as important as they are at the passing moment. Here again he is above all things useful.

His index could be fuller, and there could have been a bibliography of critical works; as it is, the reader is compelled to compile his own from the footnotes. But these are slight demerits in a work to which every student of Shakespeare will be indebted until such time as its inevitable successor is composed.

MARK VAN DOREN

## The Fetish of Duty

*Night Flight.* By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert. The Century Company. \$1.75.

"NIGHT FLIGHT," winner of the French Prix Femina, is a tense and brilliantly written story, fusing the sensations of a company of air pilots, engaged in transporting mail by night over the gigantic prairies and mountain ranges of South America. Both the glamor and the terror of night-flying at high altitudes are invested by the author with a kind of metaphysical poetry which is nevertheless entirely concrete and convincing. "Here for the first time," Christopher Morley says, "an airplane enters into imaginative literature."

But this evocation of the beauty, the wonder, and the peril of night-flying, remarkable as it is, is not the heart of the book. Its moral and imaginative center is the figure of Rivière. Rivière is not a pilot at all, but the chief of the airport, the director, in a sense the creator, of the thrilling and sometimes fatal night flights. The book is a glorification of the character of Rivière, with whom the author has clearly made a personal identification. Rivière is a transcendental martinet, for whom the service is a kind of mystic categorical imperative. In order that the South American airlines may compete in speed with other systems of transport, in order that mail may travel with unnecessary rapidity from Bahia Blanca to Bordeaux, Rivière drives his men like machines, brutalizes them, intimidates them, sends them to their deaths. He applies the West Point-Prussian disciplinary system to the business of transporting mail. It is not that he is inhuman or greedy: no, he kills men for the sake of a pure idea, which he is never quite able to define even to himself. There is something in him that has gone hard and hopeless. His spirit is dead; and in order to hide from himself this deadness, this



essential solitude in a world of living men, he apotheosizes Work. "The work in progress was all that mattered." He says of his men: "They need to be urged on toward a hardy life, with its sufferings and its joys; only that matters." And he thinks: "We behave as if there were something of higher value than human life. . . . But what thing?" He never succeeds in answering the question. There is no answer. His nearest approach to it is the Conradian formula of Duty, conceived in superhuman terms, Duty performed regardless of whether or not it is understood by Rivière or his underlings, Duty apart from its personal and social significance.

Rivière is a sick man, a rotting man, like all who are fascinated by the spectacle of pure power and pure efficiency divorced from beneficent ends. But the author does not admit it, does not wish to see it. Instead he holds up Rivière as the supreme mystic hero. After Rivière (though, like the Russian nobleman's, his heart is breaking) has stoically endured the death of his favorite pilot Fabien, the author ends the tale: "Rivière went back to his work and, as he passed, the clerks quailed under his stern eyes; Rivière the Great, Rivière the Conqueror, bearing his heavy load of victory."

It is disheartening to see a great artist like André Gide (who has just signed Rolland's manifesto against war) praising this book in fascist terms, making a virtue of its febrile heroism, declaring that "Man's happiness lies not in freedom, but in his acceptance of a duty." Can he not see that Saint-Exupéry's admittedly eloquent deification of mere will and energy leads straight to Von Treitschke and the megalomania of Il Duce? Does he not see that this lurid heroic sentiment can easily be impressed into service and that by its empty witchery men can be confused, blinded, and sent straight to their deaths? This is no mere story of adventure—would that it were!—but a dangerous book. It is dangerous because it celebrates a pernicious idea by disguising it as a romantic emotion. It is dangerous because it enlists a fine imaginative talent in the defense of a spiritual toriyism.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

## Profits and Power

*The Power Fight.* By Stephen Raushenbush. The New Republic. \$1.

THIS book is a model of its kind, and its kind is tremendously important in a day when the literature of generalities and the discussions of broad economic planning so far outrun the constructively critical examination of particular key industries and the problems they present. There can be no need of argument that among key industries electric power ranks very high; decidedly it is in the public mind and it is in politics. Mr. Raushenbush could have chosen no better subject for his lucid and vivid exposition. He has the gift of handling dry figures, not only so that they mean something but that what they mean becomes exciting. One feels the careful objectivity of his inquiry, yet he is never guilty of the futility of trying to discuss a question of such social importance as if our judgments of values were no more involved than in a discussion of the measurements of the craters on the moon.

At once the book establishes itself as a necessary guide to any one who would discuss the power industry. It is an amazingly compact and comprehensive handbook of significant facts—facts which the power companies cannot dispose of by the cry of "Bolshevik" and the rather clumsy lying in which they have indulged. (I write as the victim or beneficiary of false or irrelevant attacks which on occasion have at least guaranteed me a big audience!)

It would be a great disservice to any reader to give him a few quotations or even to summarize the author's comment so

that mistakenly he will feel that he can dispense with the book. Instead, I shall point out what it does to our stock American arguments for private ownership of public utilities.

Briefly, these arguments are somewhat as follows: Private ownership rests upon and stimulates private initiative; it more or less automatically assures efficiency and honesty in operation; it gives the engineer a chance that would be denied him under a bureaucratic and wasteful form of public ownership such as we must expect from our politicians. Against the temptation to charge extortionate rates the regulatory commissions of the states are effective.

Never was a case more thoroughly disproved by the facts. The electric industry in America has indeed been a particular beneficiary of our extraordinary scientific progress. That progress has long since depended upon the careful work of the engineer; not the hunch or the greed of the entrepreneur. Already the power industry has become a quasi-monopoly. There is in it no question of individualism versus collectivism. If there is any return of competition it will be by small publicly owned plants. Private owners will lack the financial and political strength to get into the field now so closely knit by intricate systems of holding companies, most of them falling within some big banking sphere of influence, so that three groups—the Morgan-Bonbright-National City, the Chase National-Harris-Forbes, and the Insulls control 59.6 per cent of the industry's production. Eight more control 25.57 per cent of the installed capacity. To talk of individual initiative in this collectivism of financial control is about as meaningless as to talk of individual initiative in the telephone monopoly.

These allied interests through the National Electric Light Association and various other groups have sought to debauch and prostitute democracy by an extraordinary use of propaganda by which in press, schools, colleges, and civic organizations, advertising—dishonest—advertising is masqueraded as objective statement of facts. Mr. Raushenbush reviews the more flagrant evidence of this before the Federal Trade Commission. This subject had previously been discussed by him in "High Power Propaganda" and, more recently and in more detail by Dr. Ernest Gruening and by Jack Levin, so that it is probably fairly familiar to *Nation* readers. It is one of many dramatic proofs that the ignorance or misinformation of democracy is deliberately cultivated by these who then deride it, just as the corruption of democracy is primarily the work of those who exploit it.

Even so, it would be hard for any Tammany to steal what the power groups have legally appropriated. Mr. Raushenbush's analysis of the financing of the companies and the rate structure is a beautiful piece of clear exposition of the art of exploitation sanctioned by inefficient regulatory commissions and complacent courts. What can be done by holding companies to write up and conceal profits, how imaginary reproduction costs figure in valuations, what 8 per cent return on capitalization means for holders of common stock—and to the consumers!—is here set forth with a wealth of illustration. One chart of fourteen companies shows a write-up of 80 per cent over book costs in the process of effecting mergers. The Committee on Public Utility Rates of the National Association of Railway and Utility Commissioners has definitely and categorically rejected the comfortable picture that such write-ups of capital do not affect rates. Emphatically they do. Perhaps the most telling point in Mr. Raushenbush's analysis is his proof that now the private companies take from us, the consumers, about a million dollars a day more to pay for capital than would be charged through the use of government credit. This sum steadily increases. Looking to the future Mr. Raushenbush draws a picture which he thus summarizes:

We have seen here how the electric utilities are in a position where they can legally charge for the next thirty



years close to \$14,000,000,000 more than would be charged through the use of government credit. Or, charging the consumers no more than the private companies, government ownership would reduce the charges for money to zero at the end of thirty years. In order to make secure the dividends on their common stock large extra sums are allowed them out of rates, above and beyond the actual cost of the money. These sums pile up cumulatively, and the amount of excess earnings required from the consumers to safeguard these dividends increases annually. But the operating utilities have now been put into a position where the managers do not themselves control such matters. The control is in the banking houses behind the holding companies. They are not always interested in securing money for the operating utilities in the cheapest market. They make some of their largest profits in ways expensive to the operating utilities. They constantly attempt to gain the benefits from both premiums and discounts. They are in a position to force operating utilities to accept short-term loans at high rates of interest, and then themselves to borrow from the operating companies at very low rates. They have fought control of security issues successfully in over half the States and are not inactive in attempting to repeal or weaken it in those States where it has been attempted.

One more point to complete the picture of "efficient" private operation. Harassed commissions cannot pass on competence in management. Incompetence or deliberate manipulation of operating costs to conceal profits is rewarded by high rates! Not the stockholders but the consumers suffer.

Against this attack on the public pocketbook our defenses are weak—how weak only a careful reading of the record will make plain. Cities are usually hamstrung by State laws and commissions, arbitrary insistence on counting debts incurred for acquiring public utilities as if they were part of the non-productive debts and hence subject to the debt limits; rules requiring a two-thirds vote to sanction a bond issue for acquiring public utilities, etc. Commissions, State and federal, have become the refuge for the utilities and bear their indorsement. There may be logically certain things which would strengthen the power of the commissions, but neither their essential nature nor the constitutional limitations of one federal and forty-eight State governments, still less the history of achievement under commissions, gives any real hope of solving our problem by strengthening commissions.

By contrast public operation, or mixed public and private operation as in Britain, Germany, Canada, and many of our own cities, works well. Most readers will be particularly thankful to Mr. Raushenbush for giving us the facts concerning successful public operation. He effectively disposes of the familiar argument that the notoriously lower rates for domestic consumers in Ontario under public ownership are at the cost of low tax returns to the government and high charges to industries. In this matter high-power propagandists have done some tall lying.

Equally valuable is the author's account of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. The Hoover Administration and some of its agencies and their reports come in for caustic criticism. In discussing the famous report of the War Department on Muscle Shoals he observes: "It looks very much as if the engineers in the War Department did what they were told to do, and did it badly."

In short, the conventional arguments for the power trust are left without the proverbial leg to stand on. We still have, however, the question, granting all this, what at this late date can we do? Here the author gives us excellent hints in his description of the possibility of effective competition by such public developments as Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and smaller plants and distributing systems which power districts and cities can economically set up. He discusses optimistically

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the use of the public corporation to avoid direct public operation by political authorities. (The Port Authority of New York is an example.)

Yet here one wishes Mr. Raushenbush had gone farther and sketched more boldly a possible comprehensive plan. Shall we seek to buy out the existing trusts with the federal government owning the great control plants and transmission lines, while municipalities and power districts take over distribution? Or can we get satisfactory results by developing a competition which will ultimately drive private companies, now so arrogantly intrenched, to surrender? What is the relation of power to the coal problem? Must we deal with power and perhaps other forms of public ownership by further amendment to the Constitution, remembering that in the Eighteenth Amendment we have a precedent for rather ruthless confiscation, or destruction of private-property values? Can we successfully fight the power trust as an isolated issue, leaving untouched the general acceptance of the righteousness of the profit system? After all, the power trust is in no sense worse than some other forms of private ownership—perhaps it has fewer sins to its charge than our banking system or than the chaotic, competitive, private ownership of bituminous coal.

These and other problems demand answer. No one in America can answer them better than Stephen Raushenbush. May we not hope for the development of his suggestive chapter "A Program of Peace With Power" into a new volume?

NORMAN THOMAS

## Ethics Without Inspiration

*Ethics.* By Nicolai Hartmann. Translation by Stanton Coit. Volume I: *Moral Phenomena*. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

PROFESSOR Hartmann's "Ethics" of which the present volume represents a translation of the first section, is an outstanding and important contribution to philosophy. It is written with a power of analysis rarely found today in philosophical literature, and it has in addition qualities of eloquence which under other circumstances would have made the book a work of genius. What seems to be missing, however, is a philosophical point of view capable of moving the reader and inspiring him to new spiritual heights. For this reason the work is likely to prove more valuable for its criticism of rival philosophies and for its incidental *aperçus* than for its constructive thesis.

The fault, as the reviewer sees it, derives from the tenets of the school of thought with which the author is associated. This is the school of phenomenology which has been developed in Germany under the leadership of Professor Husserl in the guise of a realistic reaction against the psychologism introduced into modern philosophy by Kant. The realism of the school is, however, not the ordinary empirical realism or naturalism, but a logical realism of essences directly intuited by consciousness. In their emphasis upon the objective rather than the subjective character of the phenomena given in mind, they pride themselves indeed on going back to Plato, but they lack his unifying drive, and the net result of their analysis is to break up the world arbitrarily into fields of self-existent essences without a principle of movement and without a principle of concretion behind them.

In ethics, where the point of view of the phenomenologists approaches that of the Anglo-American school of "values," the weakness manifests itself in the lack of a spiritual drive. Ethics becomes indistinguishable from a contemplation of aesthetic essences à la Santayana. There is none of the missionary quest for an all-highest, such as Santayana objected to in Platonism;

without it, however, ethics loses all meaning. Professor Hartmann's book contains excellent critiques of the fallacies of empirical ethics, such as egoism, altruism, and utilitarianism. There is an emphasis on the a priori and ideal self-existence of ethical values. But on the crucial question of the relativity of values—that is to say, the relativity for different cultures and different stages of progress—Dr. Hartmann's message breaks down. Instead of giving us a conception of the relative as constituting stages in the progress toward an absolute, the author treats the whole problem descriptively as if it were analogous to the relation of the relative and the absolute in a system of physics. Any one who comes to the book with a troubled conscience and in quest of a way of life is likely to be grievously disappointed. Instead of an indication of a highest good, he will find a discussion of the properties of "valuational space"!

The fault in the message, as we have said, does not destroy the value of the book from other points of view. But it necessarily confines its appeal to the student of philosophy who is more or less professionally oriented.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

## Shorter Notices

*The Ripening.* By Colette. Translated from the French by Ida Zeitlin. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

The unimaginative greed and the imperfect scholarship of American publishers have recently been responsible for the foisting upon the public of a good deal of mediocre Colette. "The Ripening," however, is one of her finer novels and may be recommended to those who have already acquired a taste for this remarkable writer. Like so many of her books it is a study in adolescence, and particularly in adolescent love. Trembling between the worlds of childhood and maturity, sensitive and brutal as animals, secretive, sensual, wise, brooding—her fifteen-year-old Vinca and her sixteen-year-old Philippe will perhaps appear precocious, even decadent to Americans whose emotional childhood is indefinitely prolonged and whose shallow adolescence finds its exact interpretation in the shallow pages of a Booth Tarkington. But there can be little doubt of the genuineness of Colette's insight into the turbulent savage minds of her young boys and girls. It is true that only France can produce them and only a Frenchwoman, perhaps, interpret them; but so skilful is her art that the appeal of these children is made universal. Her whole concern, it would at first appear, is with the senses. It is not into the hearts of her characters that she looks, but at their nerve-ends. Yet from these shudders of the epidermis, "these pleasures," as she has elsewhere noted, "which we lightly term physical," she extracts a whole universe of psychological insights and emotional notations which are of the same order though not of the same depth as those of Marcel Proust. Colette is a writer to be read and reread; there is far more in her than would appear on the surface.

*The Indifferent Ones.* By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Aida Mastrangelo. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The praise heaped on this novel in its native land is in part explained by the comparatively degenerate state of contemporary fascist literature. Strangely enough, in Mussolini's Italy, where the virtues of vigor, optimism, and strength have been established by police decree, Moravia's book, a record of futility, weariness, and despair, has been enormously popular. Its central situation—that of the lover who forsakes his aging mistress for the fresher body of her daughter—reeks of the rottenness of D'Annunzio's era. But the characters are not animated by D'Annunzio's passion; they are, as the title suggests, indifferent, tired even of their own decadence. They represent a class, as



Moravia makes clear, which has lost confidence in itself. Their sensuality is half-hearted; their commercial acumen has withered to a desperate, clawing greed; they are devoid of loyalty to self, family, class, or country. Their subconscious desire is to die, to destroy what they hate most—theirself. Thus their very blood anticipates the stern judgment of history. Though his book is boring, Moravia has succeeded in indicting Italy's decaying upper middle class. It is astonishing that Il Duce should have permitted this morbid and life-denying novel to circulate freely among the inheritors of the tradition of the Caesars.

*Song and Its Fountains.* By Æ. The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

This is a somewhat involved and emotional statement of Æ's philosophy and theory of aesthetics. For Mr. Russell, beauty is the "bridal night of soul and body," and to be arrived at through the practice of meditation. This philosopher and poet finds that the certainty of the perfect dream-state dims as one grows older, that only the child obtains it easily, that the adult, to create, must strive always to sink back into that state of mind in which the subconscious predominates. But Mr. Russell makes use of no psychological terms in analyzing the creative state of mind; his tendency is toward a very obscure metaphysics. A dream which he actually had as a child becomes symbolic to him of the "circle of light" toward which he must strive if he is to sing out of a kind of trance. And for him the process of creation must take place in a kind of trance. The intellect plays little part in this poet's writings; they spring from emotional absorption in a feeling which instantly becomes significant to him when it seems to flow out of and toward the Vast.



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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1932

No. 3506

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**J**AMES JOSEPH WALKER, Mayor of New York City, has retired under fire. It was only a few months ago that Walker was boasting of the ease with which he would crush those persons who dared accuse him of improper conduct in office. But when it came time to answer their charges his usually ready wit floundered in a morass of hesitant, stuttering, confused replies. In brief, Mayor Walker, finding that he was convicting himself by his inability to meet squarely and frankly the accusations brought against him, did what a man convinced of his own innocence would not have done: he abruptly terminated the hearing before Governor Roosevelt by resigning from office. The hearing he called "a travesty, a mock trial." He declared he was "being outraged by the unlawful acts of the Governor." He even had the effrontery to assert that "I have met my accusers and disproved their charges." Finally, he suggested that he would seek vindication at the hands of the voters of New York. So far, Governor Roosevelt has seen fit not to reply to Walker's hysterical statement. Here he again displays the wisdom he exercised throughout the hearing of the charges against Walker. The record of that hearing is the only fitting or necessary reply to Walker's assertion that Roosevelt was not giving him a fair trial. Governor Roosevelt's handling of the case speaks for itself. Whether Walker's resignation will impair the Governor's chances of carrying New York State in the Presidential election is a question. This will certainly be true if Tammany Hall and the other Demo-

cratic machines in New York City support the former Mayor in seeking vindication at a special city election in November. The row within the Democratic Party would unquestionably help the Republican Presidential ticket. But it does not seem likely that the Walker case will have any measurable influence on the national election outside of New York State. The voters are not thinking of corruption in New York. The economic situation has given them more than enough other and more important things to think about. If Governor Roosevelt wins, it will not be because he favors or opposes municipal corruption, but because the voters are fed up on Republican misrule in Washington.

**A**LTHOUGH THE STRAW BALLOTS appear to be running heavily in his favor, Governor Roosevelt is probably finding no great comfort in the results of the various State primaries which have been held to date. In the Senatorial race in California, for example, 700,000 Republican votes were cast as against only 410,000 Democratic votes. This showing does not seem to portend a political upheaval in that normally Republican State. True, Senator Samuel M. Shortridge was defeated for renomination, which seems to indicate that the California voters are ready to turn out the men now holding office, but his defeat was probably due more to the breezy campaigning of his successful opponent, Tallant Tubbs, and to a factional row within the Republican Party than to any desire on the part of the California electorate to revolt against present office-holders. In the Texas primaries Governor R. S. Sterling appears to have been defeated by the irrepressible "Ma" Ferguson, but Mrs. Ferguson's margin was extremely narrow. Again, it may be noted, there was no landslide of protest votes. In South Carolina the present incumbent actually led the list of aspirants for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. Senator E. D. Smith ran ahead of Cole Blease, the picturesque former Senator from that State, although Blease has always been known as a good vote-getter, especially in hard times. Franklin Roosevelt may find a great deal of satisfaction in the victory of William Gibbs McAdoo, who won the Democratic Senatorial nomination in California, but McAdoo's action at the Chicago convention and his sharp fighting in the primary campaign have left some sores which may, unless healed in time, prove a hindrance rather than a help to Roosevelt in California on November 8.

**R**OSCOE POUND, Dean of the Harvard Law School and a member of the Wickersham Commission, has indorsed the latest attitude of President Hoover on prohibition.

It is admirable . . . for its rejection of the speciously simple but illusory remedy of complete repeal. . . . It is not evasion, it is rather straightforward recognition of the difficulties of a complete problem. . . . As things are, there are compelling reasons for retaining a measure of direct federal power of control, while making possible an adjustment to local conditions and local opinions.

We do not doubt the sincerity of Dean Pound's own posi-



tion, but we marvel that he can believe in the sincerity of the President's corkscrew course on the subject. We beg to remind him of the letter which President Hoover sent to Congress on January 20, 1931, accompanying the Wickersham report. The President wrote:

The commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as a method of cure for the inherent abuses of the liquor traffic. I am in accord with this view. . . . I do, however, see serious objection to, and therefore must not be understood as recommending, the commission's proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which is suggested by them for possible consideration at some future time if the continued effort at enforcement should not prove successful.

What the commission had recommended—Dean Pound concurring—was that the present Eighteenth Amendment compelling Congress to prohibit intoxicating liquors should be changed to one merely empowering Congress to "regulate or prohibit" them. What was the President's "serious objection" to this? Why did he not even deign to tell Congress what it was? Would not a sincere man have felt obliged at the very least to give his reason for rejecting the principal recommendation, after nearly two years of work, of the official commission appointed by himself? Did not that recommendation embody the most simple and direct, if not the only feasible way of achieving Mr. Hoover's present ostensible aims? And if this is what the President, with his eleventh-hour change of heart, now approves, can he not say so plainly, instead of hiding behind the dishonesty and self-contradictions of the Republican prohibition plank or the ambiguities of his own acceptance speech? Dean Pound may flatter himself that the President's prohibition views now sound vaguely like his own, but how he can bring himself to praise the President for his "straightforwardness" is beyond us.

THE WHITE HOUSE apparently can think of no one to turn to for help in this time of economic distress except the very industrialists and bankers whose blind leadership contributed so largely to the making of the depression. The latest Presidential appointment of this nature is that of Walter C. Teagle, head of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, who has been named to direct Mr. Hoover's job-sharing drive, which is simply another plan for saddling the costs of the depression on the workers. The Teagle committee will seek to "persuade" workers who have jobs to share their working time and wages with their unemployed colleagues. The independent retail gasoline dealers of New Jersey have another objection to the Teagle appointment. In an open letter to Mr. Hoover they declare that Teagle, "within the last three weeks, has sponsored a movement which will throw thousands of men out of work, and ruin the businesses of thousands of independent service-station retailers in New Jersey." This, they charge, the Standard Oil Company is doing by increasing the wholesale price of gasoline and oil sold to independent dealers, while at the same time holding down the retail price of motor fuels sold at its own stations. The margin of profit of the independent dealers, who cannot compete with the Standard Oil stations unless they keep their own retail prices down, is thus being converted into a loss. Why is it that Mr. Hoover must always pick such men as Walter Teagle to promote em-

ployment? Why, if he is really sincere in trying to help the workers, does he always turn to big business, to the discredited bankers and industrialists, instead of to social workers and honest labor leaders, when he needs help of this sort?

THE STATEMENTS OF THE COUNTRY'S monetary circulation are already beginning to reflect the effects of the unfortunate Glass-Borah amendment to the Home Loan Bank bill. The Federal Reserve report for the week ended August 31, although revealing an increase of \$7,000,000 in the total volume of money in circulation, showed a falling off in outstanding Federal Reserve notes of \$10,785,000. What this means is merely that the new national bank-note circulation, instead of increasing the total money supply of the country, is simply being issued to replace an equivalent volume of Federal Reserve notes. One of the great aims of the Federal Reserve Act was to get rid of the inelastic bond-secured national bank-note currency and substitute an elastic currency based on commercial paper, and varying with the needs of business. The recent Glass-Borah amendment was a retrograde step, a resumption of the old inelastic bond-secured currency; it is merely one more hysterical piece of "relief" legislation beginning to bear fruit.

AT THIS WRITING, 160,000 workers are on strike in the Lancashire cotton industry. The issue is not entirely one of wages. The employers, in making new wage agreements, demanded a cut of 10 per cent; the workers signified their willingness to take a cut of 6.8 per cent on condition that workers who had struck against local wage reductions made by employers before the old agreements were terminated be reinstated; but the employers refused to discharge the "scab" workers and promised to reinstate union workers only when and if vacancies occur. The government has already taken steps to end the dispute—a course which, in view of the intense feeling on both sides, seems to offer the only hope of settlement. The British press is divided in its sympathies; the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, puts the blame upon "stiff-necked people on both sides who are bringing the name of Lancashire into contempt throughout the world." The fact is that the British cotton industry, like the coal industry, is in need of drastic reorganization, a remedy which, because it would mean more unemployment, even the workers do not care to face. Given the present chaotic state of the industry, it is not surprising that the employers are insisting that a cut in wages is essential, though there is no apparent justification for their refusal to reinstate employees who struck because of broken agreements. Yet whatever blame may attach to the workers in this dispute becomes academic in face of the fact that the average weekly wage in Lancashire, even without the cut proposed, is two pounds, or about seven dollars.

THE WORLD JEWISH CONFERENCE, which met recently in Geneva, voted to call a world congress during the summer of 1934. This congress will discuss such questions as anti-Semitism, Zionism, minority rights, and the economic status of Jewish life. To our mind this represents not only a courageous, but an extremely important step. There were many influential members of the



race who opposed the idea of holding a world congress. Some apparently were afraid of their Jewishness—obscurantists who thought it would perhaps be wiser not to emphasize the differences between their people and other races. Some believed an international congress of Jews would simply serve to antagonize still further the anti-Semitic forces at work in many European countries. They feared that the meeting to be held in 1934 would be falsely interpreted as another Jewish conspiracy to dominate the world. A few of the opponents were merely defeatists. That all these objections were overcome at the Geneva conference shows with what good sense the majority of the leaders are facing the problems of their race. Surely obscurantism and defeatism will never solve those problems, nor will anti-Semitism abate merely because the Jews are afraid to be frank and honest with themselves. Only by discussing them in open and democratic fashion can the tasks before the Jewish race successfully be met.

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS are still at the business of throttling criticism by depriving newspaper correspondents of their jobs. Some months ago Robert S. Allen, chief of the Washington bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*, was summarily dismissed when it was learned that he was one of the authors of "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It was reported at the time—and not denied—that Allen was removed at the suggestion of the White House. Now the sequel of that daring and highly informative book has been brought out, and another one of the authors has lost his newspaper position. The latest victim is Drew Pearson, State Department correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*. The managing editor of the *Sun*, which has long been known for its liberalism, simply informed Mr. Pearson that "we have read the book and the verdict is against you. Your usefulness for us has terminated." But Secretary of War Hurley, who is dealt with unsparingly and at great length in "More Merry-Go-Round," plainly told Mr. Pearson, according to the latter's statement, that he would telephone Paul Patterson, publisher of the *Sun*, and demand Mr. Pearson's removal. Such action on the part of the Secretary of War is about what might have been expected from that official, but that a newspaper of the *Sun*'s honorable standing should lend itself to this action seems to us wholly inexplicable.

EVEN A PUBLIC SOMEWHAT JADED by the marvels of mechanical progress whistled when it read that James Haizlip had flown from Los Angeles to New York in ten hours and twenty minutes, an average speed from coast to coast of 246 miles an hour, while his nearest rival was only about half an hour behind him; and, a few days later, that Major Doolittle had flown for a short stretch at a rate of more than five miles a minute. Well, there can surely be little objection to new speed records as long as there is no pretense that they are being achieved for any other purpose than "record-breaking" itself. The engineers who designed the planes, motors, and propellers that make such speeds possible can take justifiable pride in their own ingenuity, and so can the flyers in their own skill and daring, but let us not pretend that these new speeds increase human welfare or do anything, in fact, but make the necks of everybody less safe.

## Patriotic Liars

NOT long ago a Boston editor made a defense of Mr. Hoover's policy that we do not believe has been so clearly made before, at least in print. He admitted that Mr. Hoover had not been telling the American people the full truth about conditions. He went further: he admitted that the President had been deliberately deceiving us. And he defended him on the ground that if he had taken ■ course of "forecasting calamity and predicted bankruptcy and urged drastic reduction of wages," the country would have collapsed entirely. It is refreshing to see such candor. It is not often that editors admit and defend official lying, but there are obviously hundreds of them who privately hold the belief of the candid Bostonian.

Let us begin by admitting that whatever plausibility it has is the result of a germ of truth. Without confidence there can be no prosperity. That is too obvious to need stating. But it does not follow that confidence can be restored by any direct and merely psychological or hypnotic means, or that, if it could, it would in itself restore prosperity. Can confidence really be restored by lying? Even to ask the question in this direct form is to answer it in the negative. The people, perhaps, can be deceived once, even twice, but they cannot be deceived indefinitely, with the same device and by the same person. When the President seeks to maintain confidence either negatively, by withholding important facts, or positively, by saying that the facts are different from what they are, he is obliged to maintain that course continuously. The result is that everything gained by the first lie—assuming anything really is gained—is subsequently more than lost. The President may have hoped to gain something when he remarked in March, 1930, that "the worst effects of the crash and unemployment will have passed during the next thirty days." He may even have hoped that by continuing to whistle in the dark in May, 1930, with his statement, "We have now passed the worst," something could still be made to happen. But when he had twice been made ridiculous by events, what could he have hoped to gain in December, 1930, by saying "We have already weathered the worst of the storm"? What can he hope to gain now with his new series of statements about having "overcome the major financial crisis"? What did he hope to accomplish with his series of statements about the cessation of hoarding when the official figures of the Federal Reserve System showed that hoarding was still increasing?

It would be unfair to imply that President Hoover has been alone in this policy. In the last few years it has become a more and more widespread game. It has sometimes seemed, indeed, as if each of us was engaged in trying to reassure and deceive all the rest of us. In a general conspiracy to deceive ourselves, we agree that banks shall no longer carry their securities at present market value, but at the market value of a past date when they were much higher. When the failure of the Bank of United States—the largest bank failure ever to occur in the United States—was announced, the news appeared almost everywhere under ■ single-column head, as if it were a routine news item. The Insull receivership—the largest corporation receivership, in terms of dollars in-



volved, in our history—was thought worthy of newspaper announcement only on the back pages. Today well-known firms continue to tumble into receivership in the back pages while the stock market goes up, and everybody is very optimistic, on the front page.

Just where has this whole policy got us? It has not prevented the worst stock-market collapse or the most appalling volume of unemployment of which we have any definite record. So far from having made conditions any better than they would have been, it has probably made them much worse. For it has undermined the confidence of the public in its newspapers and almost completely removed any confidence in its business and political leaders. Thousands of persons, having discovered in the past that conditions were much worse than they were represented as being, assume that the same must be true of the present.

A great economic crisis cannot be cured or mitigated by lying and misrepresentation. A policy of this sort is fundamentally cynical and contemptuous, for it assumes that the American people are so hysterical and untrustworthy that they cannot be told the truth in an emergency. The defense of such a policy assumes that there are only two courses—either to lie, or to shriek calamity from the housetops. It overlooks a third course, honorable and simple, of telling the exact truth without Cassandra-like wailing or prophecies, or of saying nothing when there is nothing cheerful to be said.

## Three Letters

**W**E print here excerpts from three letters which have recently come into our hands, three desperate appeals for help from mothers of families who have reached the end of their resources. The first is from a woman in a West Virginia mining town.

Could you please get me a few clothes for an unborn baby? The mines are not running here, as you know, and I am going to need clothes badly before many weeks. I am not able to buy any, so if I can't get a few together it will have to come and stay naked. If you can possibly do anything for me please let me know. I just want something for the baby, that is all.

The second letter, which comes from another mining town in West Virginia, is written, with amazing spirit, by the twenty-eight-year-old mother of six children.

My baby was born May 25. She has dark hair and dark blue eyes. She is extra good. She needs nothing but a cap, a coat, and a blanket. I hope I can get them soon.

School will soon start here and I dread it. Times are terrible. My husband only gets \$2 a day and that doesn't go far. I have three children to start to school this fall. That means three coats, besides all their other clothes. Talking of hard times, I wonder what people will do this winter. My husband will have steady work only until fall.

The third appeal is from a woman in Marion, North Carolina. We have reason to know that she has given help to the other women of her community throughout the long period of distress. Now she must ask help for herself.

I love children and have often wanted to have children of my own. But to have one now, as I am going to, is almost more than I can stand. My husband has had

about ten weeks work since 1929. I have four step-children, so there are six in my family. I have suffered so much in the past few years, and have seen my family suffer for even enough food. Why should I bring another baby here to suffer in this world as we are having to do?

I need fruit and milk and vegetables. I need rest. I need yards of material for sheets and gowns. I have no blankets. I need baby clothes. Most of all I need some medicine and a doctor's care. The doctor says that if everything goes all right, he will take care of me for \$40, but that is the best he can do.

I am five feet, six inches tall, and have a step-daughter the same height, one girl thirteen, and a boy ten years. The oldest boy is sixteen. They have some clothes but I am sorry to say not enough for school wear.

I hate charity. I would rather earn what I can than beg, but my condition now forces me not only to take charity but even to ask for it. I've tried so hard to get along without it, and I've tried so hard to help others. Now I must ask for help for myself. My husband left this morning without food or money to go to another State to look for work. I am surely hoping he will get something.

As for things you may collect, I can sew, and if I get able will be glad to mend or remodel anything—and there are many here who are in the same boat with me. I could pass things on to others who need them if I can't use them.

The three cases so affectingly outlined here, while extreme, are not isolated. Throughout America thousands of people, young, old, and middle-aged, are living on the edge of starvation. In every American city and town, women, who feel a peculiar and terrible physical responsibility for their children, are having to witness day by day the suffering of workless, discouraged husbands and of children whose hunger is never satisfied. Meanwhile a senseless state, while it refuses to take responsibility for its citizens and their children, forbids them even the knowledge of birth control.

That the response to these individual appeals will be great there is no doubt.\* But what of the thousands upon thousands whose need is never dramatized, whose hunger is made known to us only through the dead figures of a report on unemployment? Industrial mass production, when it breaks down, brings mass hunger, and mass hunger is invariably shut off, in the slums of the poor, from the sight of those from whom charity must come.

To defenders of the dignity of the human spirit charity is abhorrent because it falsely glorifies the giver and humiliates the recipient. What is even more relevant to the present situation is that charity is hopelessly outmoded as a means of insuring the daily bread of the eleven millions who today cannot find work in America.

We appeal to our readers to see to it that the three women whose letters we have published here are made secure for the coming winter. We appeal to the American people to insist, first, upon direct and adequate relief to the millions of families who will need help this winter; second, upon unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, and protection of the health of the nation's mothers and children; and finally, upon a reordering of our society to the end that an equitable and regulated distribution of work and wealth will make such suffering impossible.

\* Contributions for destitute families in the mining towns of West Virginia may be sent to Tom Tippet, Chairman of Relief, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, West Virginia. Clothes or money for the woman in North Carolina as well as for her neighbors may be sent to the office of *The Nation*.



# Threatening the Peace of Europe

GERMANY has finally requested that it be permitted to enlarge its military establishment. It wants that equality in armaments which the victorious Powers promised at the peace conference, but it is no longer pleased to wait until the other nations have established equality by reducing their armaments to the level of the German forces; instead the Von Papen-Von Schleicher regime is insisting that equality can only be attained by building up the German military machine. On June 16, 1919, the victors at the peace conference declared:

The Allied and Associated Powers wish to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were not made solely with the object of rendering it impossible for Germany to resume her policy of military aggression. They are also the first steps toward that general reduction and limitation of armaments which they seek to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.

Thirteen years is a long time to wait for a promise of this vital nature to be fulfilled, especially when those years are filled with anxieties and uncertainties. Yet Stresemann or Brüning, even in the face of the probable failure of the disarmament conference at Geneva, might have remained patient a while longer. But General von Schleicher, the militarist who has learned nothing since 1914, is made of different stuff. In the stricter sense, though we do not sympathize with it, his impatience is justified. How derelict the League has been in performing this one of its "first duties" is all too tragically apparent. At every turn, disarmament has been sabotaged by the Powers controlling the League, particularly by France. If the change in German policy now means the end of the world disarmament effort, as seems probable, these Powers must bear their full share of the blame. Moreover, if they now concede equality to Germany on the basis General von Schleicher has demanded, if they now retrace those "first steps" taken at the peace conference which were to lead to general disarmament, they will in effect be admitting that they never really intended to disarm, that they were simply using this pledge as a means of disguising their subjugation of Germany, and that they were finally giving in only because their hypocritical gesture at Versailles had been exposed.

But it appears highly unlikely that this concession will be made, not alone because the Powers do not care to expose their own hypocrisy, but for other and no less selfish reasons. The chief stumbling block, as in the past, will be France and its allies. French hegemony in Europe is based upon French military supremacy and nothing else. Geographically and economically, Poland and the countries of the Little Entente are closer to Berlin than to Paris. The greater part of their trade is with Germany, Austria, and Hungary rather than with France, which, indeed, enjoys less than 10 per cent of the total of the foreign commerce of its allies. Thus it can be seen that only the military predominance of France, plus a common desire to prevent any revision of the peace treaties, is holding this system of alliances together. By the

same means France has been enabled to dictate to the rest of the Continent in the matter of reparations, treaty revision, the Austro-German *Anschluss*, and international finances. Therefore, if Germany should gain military equality, which because of its larger population and longer frontiers would really mean military supremacy, the positions of Paris and Berlin would be reversed. The latter would then be in a position to dictate. It should be clear that France and its allies will not readily allow Germany to regain its military supremacy.

In his radio speech of July 26, however, General von Schleicher pointedly suggested that if equality in armaments is not granted, Germany will be compelled to enlarge its military forces upon its own initiative. What will France do then? How will it meet such a deliberate challenge to the Versailles Treaty and the status quo of Europe? Upon the answer depends the peace of Europe. In 1924 French troops marched into the Ruhr when Germany balked at paying the reparations demanded by the peace agreement. It is not probable that France will attempt the same thing again. In the first place, French public opinion has undergone a radical change in the last few years. Secondly, the invasion of the Ruhr in 1924 found Germany exhausted, spiritually as well as financially; the invasion at worst could only have led to an internal collapse in Germany, and not to armed resistance; but today Germany's fighting spirit has been revived, perhaps out of sheer desperation, but nevertheless to a point which makes it almost certain that the militarists and Hitlerites would meet force with force. In our judgment France would think twice before attempting to inflict any penalty of that sort on Germany. Still, there is the warning which Robert Dell sounded in *The Nation* of September 7, and a careful reading of the French press shows that this warning must be taken seriously. Mr. Dell wrote:

The French general staff and the French nationalist politicians are not in the least afraid of Germany. They intend to make sure that German armaments shall never catch up with the French, and what they long for is an excuse for walking into Germany and finishing the war which, in their opinion, as M. Poincaré said not long ago, is not finished yet. General von Schleicher has given them a hope that they may sooner or later be provided with the necessary excuse, and also an opportunity of scaring the French people out of the desire for disarmament so emphatically expressed last May.

It is high time the statesmen of Europe awakened to this grave situation. There is no hope of reasoning with the stupid militarists in Berlin, nor yet with the nationalists of France. But other public leaders, such as Ramsay MacDonald in England and Edouard Herriot and Léon Blum in France, who have large followings in their own countries, must bestir themselves. In the last analysis it is upon them and their people that rests what small hope is left of actually bringing about disarmament in Europe. The chances that these men can accomplish anything are slim indeed, but if they fail, what is to prevent Europe from plunging into another mad armaments race and perhaps an early war?



# The Spanish Republic Meets the Test

By BAILEY W. DIFFIE

**I**S the Spanish Republic gaining or losing favor? During the second year of its existence this question has been asked in vain. In spite of a wealth of work well done, one uncertainty has remained: has the new government pleased its supporters enough to make them fight for it as they were willing to do in April, 1931? Reports of discontent, accounts of strikes, rumors of the approaching fall of the government all increased this uncertainty, and the belief that a republican victory had been won by a minority at a time when the personal popularity of the king was temporarily low had begun to grow.

The events of the tenth and eleventh of August furnish an answer to the doubters. Quickly and decisively the forces of the government suppressed the attempted monarchical uprising. Far from being hostile, or even apathetic toward the Republic, the people demonstrated that they were overwhelmingly for the regime. Who then instituted an uprising in the face of such preponderant republican strength?

The new constitution, which contains clauses that hit at the church, the landed class, the old political chiefs, the army, and privilege in general, certainly created a host of enemies for the Republic. Military reform was a blow at one of the most highly privileged classes in Spain and it was not to be expected that it would pass without strong protest. Separation of church and state, subjugation of religious orders to the state, and subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits created new opponents. Labor laws have been passed designed to strengthen the position of the laborer in his contest with capital; more than two hundred laws have been enacted to curtail the privileges of landowners, and a land law now under consideration will practically expropriate private real-estate wealth. The Republic has been a harsh master for a great number of its citizens. Thousands of satellites of the old regime have found themselves supplanted in their functions by new employees; hundreds of priests and monks with their numerous following have risen to the cry of "the church is in danger"; some twelve thousand army officers have been forced into retirement and found themselves without a calling; and every property-holder in the country has felt that his accumulated wealth was threatened. Unlimited reasons for revolt, but why at this time?

"The monarchy is coming back," has been open talk among the king's supporters for some time, and several indications gave a semblance of truth to this claim. One of the real menaces to the Republic was the loss of many of its followers. In the first enthusiasm they expected the impossible. The poor thought that their rent would be reduced by 40 per cent; farm laborers expected the immediate repartition of all land, and naively gathered together to perform this pleasant task for themselves when they found the government slow; day laborers were confident that they would become owners of the factories in which they worked. When they found that these expectations were empty, a movement to bring them about by force resulted in thousands of revolutionary strikes. To the disappointment and mystification of the laborers, they found that their attempts at self-help were

crushed by the shots of the hated *Guardia Civil* just as in the days of the monarchy. The first hopes of the people, exemplified by a cobbler who explained to me that in a republic people are "happy and contented, prosperous and free," were changed a year later to the disappointed wail that "the Republic has done nothing for me. I work as I always did, I pay the same rent, and my food costs more. It makes no difference to the poor who governs."

This disappointment of their followers was accompanied by the division of republicans into several factions. At no time were they all agreed on any one thing except the undesirability of the monarchy. The monarchy once out of the way, they settled down to the bickerings and quarrels so customary in political democracies. The Socialists, as the best organized party, demanded, and largely secured, a great measure of socialistic reform. They were opposed by the conservative republicans grouped around Alcalá Zamora and Miguel Maura. The church question forced these two men out of the cabinet, and the resultant reorganization was a frankly left cabinet, chiefly Socialist in strength. The cry soon arose that Spain was again under a dictatorship. New elections were demanded, and when these were refused a campaign was started to discredit the government. The principal leader of this movement was Alejandro Lerroux, who though a lifelong republican, recently made a speech at Saragossa which smacked strongly of regret for having instituted the regime. He undoubtedly adheres to his republican sentiments and has aimed only at ousting the Socialists from the government, but the most conspicuous result of his campaign has been to cause discontent with the system.

The first sign of serious trouble came at the end of June during a banquet held after the maneuvers of the cadets of the Carabanchel training ground. The leader of the cadets offered a toast which, if not monarchist, was at least not republican in sentiment. Other toasts of the same order followed. Finally the turn of General Goded, chief of the general staff of the army, came. He attacked fiercely the threatened dismemberment of Spain and the Cortes for permitting it. Raising his glass he cried: "Viva—," then paused long and dramatically while his hearers waited tensely for him to continue. If he gave the customary, obligatory, and courteous toast it must be to the Republic; but he did not. Instead he concluded simply, "Viva España!" Such a cry was equivalent to an insult to the Republic, but the applause was tremendous.

General Goded was immediately removed from his command. Within a few days General Cavalcanti was arrested and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for writing an article criticizing the policies of Minister of Justice Albornoz. Late in June General Barrera was arrested for conspiring, but was released. General Sanjurjo, who had been head of the *Guardia Civil* during the rule of Primo de Rivera and who had been continued in his position because of his quick adherence to the Republic, became piqued when he was removed from that position.

The approaching verdict of the Commission of Responsi-



ilities gave reason for hastening the reaction. Numbers of army officers implicated in the De Rivera regime must answer to charges that will be placed against them. They undoubtedly felt that the time had come to strike.

The Catalan question was a possible cause for the revolt's being timed as it was. For several weeks the Cortes have debated acrimoniously the status of Catalonia. Wholesale protests against the terms of the proposed statute created belief that all Spain was one in opposing the government on this issue. To dismember Spain or not to dismember Spain was the question presented to the country by the conservatives and monarchists, and they believed they had the country behind them in opposition to dismemberment. The eve of the final vote on the statute seemed a good time to appeal to the country.

So with disappointed laborers, fearful landlords, timorous republicans, faithful church-goers, and disgruntled mili-

tary cliques the stage was set. But the people refused to join the revolt. In its planning and execution it was purely military. The provinces did not rise, as was expected, to bring back the church, to restore the right of private property, to reconstitute the army as the ruler of Spain, or to recall the king from his exile. The people did not turn on the Republic as their mumblings had led the military faction to believe they would. Instead, even the enemies of the present government came to its aid. The Syndicalists called on their people to defend the Republic, the Communists gave their support, and the Republic stood. One swallow does not make a summer, but the doubt is answered for a time. Spain did not turn republican in a temporary fit of anger against her king. The Spanish Republic is the result of long years of careful education and propaganda. It came to answer the people's cry for social reform, and the people are determined that it shall stand.

## *The Show Business*

# II. How It Works\*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

**I**DEALLY, of course, the work of the artist ought to be independent of everything except himself. No middle man should come between him and his public, and no financial or business considerations should compel him to modify his plans. No artist, however, actually enjoys ideal conditions, and the dramatist is particularly unfortunate in his respect.

In the first place, he requires the cooperation of a whole staff of interpretative artists and artisans through whose hands his conception must pass before it can reach an audience. In the second place, the production of any play is tremendously expensive and involves a commercial undertaking larger than that in which any other artist—except the architect—needs to be involved. Hence it is that the drama depends upon "the show business" to an extent infinitely greater than any novel can depend upon "the book business" or any painting upon "the art business." When a man has written a good novel he may be reasonably sure that it will reach the public rather soon, and very much as he wrote it, but when the manuscript of a play has been completed there is no telling what will happen next. It may be announced for production during three or four successive seasons by three or four different producers. God only knows how far it will be from what he intended by the time the manager, the director, the scene designer, and the star have had their way with it. And then, after all the agony, it is quite as likely as not to die forever either during rehearsal or somewhere out of town before anyone for whom the play was intended has had an opportunity to hear it at all.

No one can appreciate the unwieldy complexity of the show business without some knowledge of the various operations involved, and the present article will attempt to give a brief and necessarily simplified account of the process by

which a play finally reaches Broadway. Before the curtain finally goes up on an opening night, a dozen different specialists may each have been directing a series of operations all converging toward the great event, and, to start with, we may consider the playwright, the producer, and the theater-owner as the three chief persons involved.

Let us suppose, then, that the first has found a play upon which he is willing to risk his money, or (what is equally likely) upon which he has persuaded one or more other persons to risk theirs. The chances are that he got the play originally from a play-broker and, as likely as not, he first took only an option which was repeatedly renewed by the paying of a very small sum. Finally, however, he has drawn up a definite contract with the dramatist or his agent, which includes an agreement upon royalties, and he is now ready to start actual production. That is so much the most complicated part of the whole business that it must be treated separately, but if we suppose that the play has actually been whipped into shape and probably tried out in some nearby city, the next step is to arrange for a theater.†

If the producer happens also to be a theater-owner or lessee the process is somewhat simplified, although, in his bookkeeping, the production and the theater will be considered as separate enterprises. If he is not the owner or lessee of a theater, then he must acquire a suitable house, the finding of which may involve a long wait before such a house is available, and, in any event, will involve a business operation of some complexity since there is no standard price for a theater and since the terms, both as to percentages, guaranties, and bonds are a matter of negotiation between the producer and the owner, who gets as much as he can in view

† I am indebted to the business managers of several producing organizations for information used in the preparation of these articles. I am also very heavily indebted to the admirable study prepared for the Labor Bureau by Alfred Bernheim and Sara Harding. It has never been published in book form, but a few copies entitled "The Business of the Theater" were printed and distributed by the Actors' Equity Association.

\* The second of a series on The Show Business. The third, What It Costs, will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.



of the prevailing state of the market and according to his judgment of the probable earning power of the production in question. In any event, the theater-owner will provide for the heating and cleaning of the theater, print the tickets, and furnish both ushers and a minimum stage crew of perhaps fifteen men for a dramatic production—including a head carpenter, a head electrician, and a head property man. If a larger crew is needed the producer will furnish the additional men as well as all special electrical equipment, costumes, and other properties. Ordinarily the lease will not be for a fixed time or for a fixed sum but from week to week and upon the basis of a percentage of the gross receipts, although there may also be a minimum guaranty.

It is, however, between the buying of the play and the leasing of the theater that the producer is busiest, and that the largest number of specialists are at work. To begin with, a cast must be selected from among those suitable performers who are at the moment "at liberty" or (as is frequently the case) the production must be postponed until the particular star whom the producer has in mind has finished some engagement which will end—no one knows when. Probably the actors finally engaged are engaged through an agency, and if the producing organization is a large one they have been selected, not by the producer himself, but by a casting director who is employed by him because of special knowledge of the talents of various actors. The producer may now undertake to direct the rehearsals himself, but more probably he will elect merely to coordinate the various processes, and will turn the business of direction over to a specialist who may be either permanently attached to his staff or engaged for the particular job. More depends upon this gentleman than upon any other single person except the playwright, since the interpretation of the play is largely in his hands and since, as a matter of fact, he is often responsible for much that the actors get credit for.

Rehearsals may last any length of time but the actors must rehearse without pay for four weeks, provided that these four weeks are continuous. During the first week of rehearsal the producer may discharge any member of the cast without penalty but after that he cannot dismiss any performer without paying two weeks' salary.

Meanwhile, innumerable other arrangements are being made. A scenic designer has probably been employed to design plans and make scale models. A contract has been let to a company which builds these scenes and with another company which paints them. Next in importance come the costumes. If the play is modern in setting the men of the company must furnish any costume conventionally worn while the actresses are sent to some dressmaker whose bills the producer pays. If unusual costumes are required they must be designed by someone and executed by someone else, though in very special cases the costumes may be either rented or remade from the stock which a very active producer has accumulated. Nor is even this all. Various properties must be bought or rented, special electrical equipment must be arranged for, a press agent must be employed to keep news of the forthcoming production before the public, and countless other things—such, for example, as arrangements with the transfer companies for moving the scenery to the theater—must be seen to.

Moreover, all these things are made more complicated by the fact that in nearly every instance the arrangements

are not made simply between a producer and various individuals by private agreement, but, instead, in accordance with the usually very complicated rules of the various unions or other organizations with one or another of which nearly every worker in the theater is affiliated. The playwright must be a member of the Dramatist Guild, most of the performers must be members of Actors' Equity, the stage hands must be members of the Theatrical Protective Union, et cetera. There are, as a matter of fact, some thirty-five different associations with whose rules the producer has to conform, and they range all the way from the Dramatist Guild already mentioned on down to the Doormen's Union and the Theatrical Transfer Union—which latter, merely by way of example, provides that the regular stage crew may not touch the scenery until it has been deposited on the sidewalk, that any production moved at night shall constitute an entire night's work, that no general transfer company shall handle theatrical effects, et cetera, et cetera. At one time the various workers of the theater, from actors on down, were pretty much at the mercy of the managers, and intolerable abuses prevailed. Today the manager is pretty much at the mercy of the humblest of his employees, and unless he watches his step he is more than likely to find himself helplessly embroiled with organizations which disrupt the whole process of production and make it absolutely impossible for him to get on with it.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that at any stage in the proceeding something may go wrong which involves great delay, vast expense, and wicked waste. At any time between the first assemblage of the cast and the all-important first night, changes of all sorts may seem to be necessary. Perhaps the play is rewritten either by the original author or by a "play doctor" hired for the purpose. Perhaps the cast is changed, perhaps the scenery is scrapped, perhaps a new director is engaged. Most of the plays written are never bought, many of the plays bought are never put into production, many of the plays put into production never open out of town, many that open out of town never reach Broadway, and finally, not more than one-fourth of those which do get to New York do anything except lose money for their sponsors. Even when a play does finally achieve a triumphant reception on its first night, the public has no way of knowing through how many changes it has passed or how far it is from being what it started out to be. And every change, every delay in one department which involves delay in the others, piles production costs up and up until certain of the elaborate musical shows open under the weight of production costs which only a most improbably long run could ever cover.

In fine, the production of a successful play requires—under the combined and harmonized artistic activities of author, director, players, and scene designers—the direction of a general whose business success will depend largely upon the success of his generalship. That many New York managers are capable and shrewd no one would deny. That the business of the theater would be infinitely more secure if they were more capable and more shrewd is obvious. Considering the difficulties, they do wonders, but the fact remains, as I shall attempt later to show, that, at best, the production of a play very often involves enormous wastes, some of which could probably be avoided by more efficient management.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

A "preposterous campaign" Elmer Davis calls this one in the current *Harpers*, and winds up his article with the, for him, amazing ad-

monition to vote for Norman Thomas. "If," he writes, "you can't swallow the name Socialist, if you prefer to vote for the kind of politicians we used to think we could afford in the fat years—well, God save the United States." Unfortunately multitudes will not swallow the name Socialist; still other multitudes will be stupid enough to say it is throwing away your vote to ballot for Thomas because he cannot win anyway; and still others will simply hold their noses or play golf.

It's all truly preposterous. But what strikes me as most preposterous of all is how few people realize that politically we are back where we were in 1900 and that so far as our domestic politics are concerned we have not progressed one genuine step since then and are still fighting the same old battle. I have just had this rubbed in by reading Claude Bowers's brilliant, if somewhat superficial, story of "Beveridge and the Progressive Era," just published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Beveridge used to go about declaring that, during Theodore Roosevelt's years in the White House, "more great reforms have been advanced than in any two Administrations in our history." One admirer of Woodrow Wilson has gone Beveridge several better; he says that as many reforms were achieved under Wilson as in any *five* previous Administrations! Yet the fact is that time has dealt hardly with those much-touted reforms, so that many of them are today worthless; at their best they never really went to the roots of any of our problems.

To read Bowers's story of how the Progressives fought against Aldrich, Cannon, Quay, Lodge, Fairbanks, and all the rest of the representatives of a militant selfish capitalism is thrilling, yet. But was the old guard routed either by the Progressives or Woodrow Wilson? They were not. Wilson turned the United States over to them when he put this country into the World War. They have been enthroned ever since, with far less challenge than in Rooseveltian days, under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. Never in our history have the big-business interests had a more subservient President than Mr. Hoover. His every step is to call in the big-business crowd, whether it is in order to organize private doles, or to stimulate foreign trade, or to spread employment, or to "organize the constructive forces of the nation"—how many times have they been organized since October, 1929? It is always Owen D. Young and Thomas W. Lamont and Henry M. Robinson and Charley Dawes and all the rest. Good, useful men? Some, indubitably. But there are other groups and kinds of men far less biased by their occupations and status in life, who could do as good and much better work. Mr. Hoover does not know them, or if he knows them does not value them. So he rules for,

## *Our Invisible Government and "Wasted" Votes*

by, and with big business almost as completely as if there were no others in American life—and for that reason big business has been in the sad-

dle until its own folly, its own asinine blunders, its own incompetence, has helped in great degree to precipitate the economic disaster in which we are still floundering, out of which they cannot suggest the real way out—not if Mr. Hoover calls them into fifty conferences. For the reforms we need would go far toward eliminating them and their powers and their riches, once for all.

Cleaning the Augean Stables. So Mr. Bowers heads one of his chapters. How much did the Beveridges actually clean? And as for Mr. Wilson's "New Freedom," I quote from it constantly and never do I seem to find any one in my audiences who knows what it contained. Yet his entire description, written in 1912, of the "real rulers of America, the great capitalists," of the needed new birth of the nation "that the people may come into their own," "may receive back their heritage," applies exactly to the situation today. Does anyone maintain that Mr. Wilson emancipated us from the thralldom he so eloquently described. No. He may have started well, but the day he decided to go to war he ended all further drastic reforms. There have certainly been none since, and the old devices such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Tariff Commission, yes, the Federal Reserve Board have failed, in part or wholly, to safeguard the rights and welfare of the public. We have seen only such bills passed as would help to make other privileged persons rich and more powerful. We have tinkered here and there with the machine, but never rebuilt it, and we have witnessed under Mr. Hoover the crowning tariff infamy which did far more than people realize to precipitate the catastrophe.

Read the "New Freedom"; read Mr. Bowers; comparison with today is unavoidable, and these conclusions inevitable: We have gained not at all, but gone backward since the Progressive era. And there is no hope today in either the Progressive group in Washington or in the Democratic and Republican Parties. They may call each other names until the welkin rings. They may spread out their wares again and again. But neither pot nor kettle has anything worth while to offer. Neither has any real remedies to suggest. If their spokesmen know what these are they are careful to suppress them, for they know they cannot put them over with their parties—no more than Grover Cleveland or Woodrow Wilson could get Democratic Congresses to pass a genuine tariff revision. The same dry rot corrodes both parties; the same political corruption palsies them. An outworn political system hobbles and chains them even when the desire to reform exists. And the Constitution written for thirteen small colonies, whose knowledge did not even cover the country behind them, completes the difficulty of modernizing the government and of making it as responsible to the will of the people as the founders, and in our times the Progressives

\* The second of a series of weekly comments on the election which will appear during the campaign.



and Woodrow Wilson, have wished it to be. We have neither the recall of judicial decisions, which Theodore Roosevelt and Beveridge demanded, nor have we abolished child labor or achieved the safety of old age; we have not controlled the trusts; we have not put the tariff hogs in their proper pens; nor have we made "all business honest," as the Bull Moosers swore they would.

The truth is still what Beveridge said it was—and exactly identical with Woodrow Wilson's:

These special interests which suck the people's substance are bi-partisan. They are the invisible government behind our visible government. Democratic and Republican

bosses alike are brother-officers of this hidden power. . . . The root of the wrongs which hurt the people is the fact that the people's government has been taken away from them—the invisible government has usurped the people's government. The government must be given back to the people.

Elmer Davis is right. If we are going on decade after decade voting back into office the same worthless politicians who get us nowhere, God save the United States. The President can get his troops to fire on his fellow-citizens a few times but not forever.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Insulting the Catholics

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, September 3*

ONE month ago I reported in this place that Hoover's campaign strategy would include a whispering campaign designed to persuade Catholic voters in the East that Al Smith was the victim of anti-Catholic propaganda disseminated by Roosevelt workers in the South and East prior to the Chicago convention. That plan has now been set in operation. An insinuating letter, apparently the first of a series, has been sent to a list of "key Catholics" in various States. It is obvious that the Republican leaders, by harping constantly on the name of McAdoo, hope to convince Catholics that a Roosevelt Administration would be dominated by the same forces which prevented the nomination of Smith in 1924 and contributed to his defeat in 1928. Thus far, the noble enterprise has achieved a very doubtful success. Conspicuous among the responses is an editorial entitled, *Are Catholics Boobs?* which appeared in the influential Catholic review, *America*, under the name of the Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., one of the most brilliant Catholic journalists in this or any other country. After outlining the Republican plan briefly he commented:

In other words, that party which won in 1928 partly by capitalizing Protestant hatred for Catholics, hopes it can win in 1932 by creating and capitalizing Catholic hatred for Protestants. The insult to our intelligence and good sense could hardly be greater. Any Catholic who unwittingly allows himself to be inveigled into such a game does not deserve to have a vote.

Is it possible that Messrs. Hoover, Mills, Hurley, and Hyde have been guilty of a tactical error?

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

SINCE Hoover made his acceptance speech I have been amused by the number of inquiries about his pronunciation. Many radio listeners complained they could hardly understand him. The truth is, of course, that they were simply deceived in 1928 by the contrast between Hoover's speech and Al Smith's unfamiliar New Yorkese. The President's use of words always has been inexpert and careless. Some Washington wag has said that the history of the republic from Lincoln to Hoover might properly be entitled: "From the Rail Splitter to the Infinitive Splitter." Accordingly, in a modest desire to serve I have compiled

a brief glossary from which future listeners may be able to ascertain what the President is talking about. In the column on the left appears the words as pronounced by him; in the corresponding column appears the dictionary spelling.

Uhmurycun	American
mantain	maintain
hunderd	hundred
redoose	reduce
cooppatuff	cooperative
uhmurguncy	emergency
alwuss	always
nacktudd	enacted
pursurves	preserves
govermunt	government
substys	subsidies
purvent	prevent
noggerated	inaugurated
divarred	devoured
purdoose	produce
vistige	vestige
inishytuff	initiative
constooshun	constitution
Ruppublacan	Republican
distructuff	destructive
uhfectuff	effective
spurt	spirit
murge	emerge
are	our
tuv	that have

Let it be understood that I see no relation between President Hoover's pronunciation and his qualifications for office, and I hope that the former will excite no more attention during this campaign than ex-Governor Smith's rendering of "radio" excited during the last.

\* \* \* ■ ■

HURRAH for F. Trubee Davison, our gallant Assistant Secretary of War and candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of New York! Thanks to him we understand at last why the Administration was perfectly justified in using bayonets and tear gas to drive several thousand homeless men, women, and children out of Washington on the night of July 28. It was, he told the New



York convention of the American Legion, because most of the men were merely "a polyglot mob of tramps and hoodlums, with a generous sprinkling of Communist agitators." The army secret service" had since learned that their discharge papers were fakes, and had traced them to "a printing press in a large Eastern city." Excellent, but Truthful Trubee might have done even better if he had really exerted himself. There remains the embarrassing fact that the two men actually killed *were* veterans. Now it probably is true that most Washington policemen are natives of Virginia and Maryland, and hence likely to be Democrats. How would it do to say that they singled two lone veterans out of "the polyglot mob of tramps, hoodlums, and Communists" and deliberately killed them in order to embarrass President Hoover? Trubee would still be confronted with the circumstance that the three indicted for violence were none *fide* veterans, all wounded overseas, and one decorated for heroism under fire, but ah—perhaps some enemy of the Administration tampered with the grand jury. The next one is simple. Trubee might have thrown out the hint that Bernard Myers, who died twelve days after being gassed in his father's arms, really was a Soviet spy who had disguised himself as a two-months-old baby. However, on second thought, it may be just as well that Trubee stopped where he did. There is no such thing as "the army secret service," and the intelligence service declined to be the goat. Its officers promptly and carefully explained that they have no authority "to conduct investigations of civil matters in peace time," and hence could not have made the "discovery" of the "printing press." The Department of Justice bluntly announced that it had never heard of such a thing. Warned by the boos and hisses which greeted Davison's fantastic yarn, the White House disclosed that when Pat Hurley goes to the national Legion convention in Portland, Oregon, this month it will be in the capacity of a legionnaire and not as Secretary of War. In other words, as a local paragrapher put it, the public is warned in advance that the convention "will be booing Pat Hurley, not Herbert Hoover." How amusing it would be if the valiant Pat decided at the last moment that pressing official duties would prevent him from attending in any capacity!

\* \* \* \* \*

WASHINGTON is no place for a fat man during these blistering days, and the Great Coordinator and Readjuster has more than prickly heat to worry him. For example, there was the base and treacherous act of old Charley Curtis in coming out against repeal just when Hoover thought he had the wets pacified. But there is a sound excuse for old Charley. If he is beaten for Vice-President he will almost certainly run for the Senate, and Kansas is dry. In an effort to give the White House a Coolidge tinge for the campaign, Hoover enlisted the secretarial talents of Ted Clarke, who formerly served the Sage of Plymouth Notch in that capacity. Whereupon the newspapers—or some of them—promptly disclosed that Mr. Clarke had for three years been engaged as a Washington lobbyist for the Liggett interests, which had kindly "loaned" him to Mr. Hoover for the campaign without pay. Despite all the laborious pumping of the Administration press, the conference of business executives at which the grand offensive against the depression was to be launched, has been a

dismal flop. All the speeches that were made might just as well have been whispered down a prairie doghole in the Navajo Desert. Ninety-nine per cent of the stuff was simply the old bunk which we have been hearing for more than two years. Only a mining-stock promoter could really believe that the economic sickness of this country can be cured by ballyhoo. I wonder if he does.

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

As if god were a gipsy in a tent,  
the smeared mask in the smoky light,  
smiling with concealed intent  
pointing to the bag of fortunes from which you choose,  
the hand like a claw, a tiger's claw,  
the claw with stripes—

(as if one thus, in the twilight,  
at the hour of the bat, the hour of the moth,  
when night-eyes open and day-eyes close,  
saw, in the flitting betwixt light and light,  
the half-knowledge which is more than knowledge—)

saying, choose now—the time is come—put in your hand—  
take out the card that tells your future—  
five words or six in vast calligraphy  
spaced paused and pointed as they should be, printed  
in words of Alpha, in words of Omega,  
or in such words as are not words at all—  
thunder, harsh lightning, the fierce asterisk  
that stars the word, for footnote to dead worlds—  
choose now, be doomed, take out the phrase  
that calls you king, that calls you fool,  
brings the fat klondike to too greedy hands—

as if you saw  
the crass inevitable and stupid finger  
thrust then among the alien cards, alien phrases,  
your finger, injured by life, already willing  
to turn one way, rather than another—

and saw it choose  
one phrase, one idiot round of idiot words  
(how can you say your scorn for this deception)  
one phrase, one sullen phrase, to be the symbol  
of all you are—to be the ambassador  
of all you are to all that is not you—

if life were this, if soul were only this,  
as well it might be, should be, must be, is—  
god the proud gipsy in his tent at twilight,  
yourself the fool that darkling takes a card:  
your life thus blindfold dedicate to folly,  
murder become a hand, hand become murder  
by patient evolution—

Think of this,  
and laugh, at moth's hour, bat's hour, or at wolf's hour—  
that moth be moth, bat be bat, wolf be wolf—  
or gipsy be a god,  
shuffler of cards and cozenor of fools.



# Graham Wallas

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

A WELL-KNOWN man of letters, writing to me a few days after the death of Graham Wallas, said that his passing had rung in many minds the knell of an epoch which for our younger contemporaries had never existed. He meant one thing in especial: that the distinguished work and personality of Graham Wallas had been, above everything else, associated with a time of inspiring debate and effort, when we believed in the not distant fulfilment of the democratic idea and the working out of the uncompleted program of democracy—by means of free discussion and scientific thinking, of realistic leadership, well-trained groups, and a working community becoming conscious and purposeful. Of that ideal there were two brilliantly endowed English exponents who stood above all others in intellectual gifts and graces, in the power of suggestion and persuasion, in disinterested public spirit and breadth of appeal to the English-speaking world. Graham Wallas and Lowes Dickinson were born respectively in 1858 and 1862. One was a product of Oxford, the other of Cambridge. They died within seven days of each other.

It is improbable that any university teacher of our age had a wider audience or a more devoted following than Graham Wallas. We have been reminded, by Professor Laski, that his lecture-room at the London School of Economics was an amazing sight. It contained representatives of almost every race and nationality, and all who frequented it had the joy of working with a professor who, so far from preaching dogma or trying to impose any notions of his own, was inculcating the virtue of serious thought, and inviting them to join with him in the finest game known among men. As a lecturer he was, until his closing years, unsurpassed. He was always thoroughly prepared, and if he had more notes than the European or American student is accustomed to, he used them easily, and they did not in any way impair the spontaneity of his utterance. He gave pains to the structure of his address, and his range and aptness of illustration were astonishing. There was nothing of academic remoteness about Graham Wallas. The news of the day was meat and drink to him. He made the thorough reading of the *London Times* the first duty of the morning, and hence you could never catch him out in any reference to current events. And let me not forget the cardinal matter of language. Graham Wallas spoke the English of the best Victorian tradition, with no affectation of either don or cleric, and with an athletic enunciation that was appreciated by every student from overseas.

All modern history was alive in his hands; and alive also were the political institutions with whose origins and development he was concerned. Professor Alfred Zimmern is the author of an oft-quoted saying which does something less than justice to an eminent partnership: "Sidney and Beatrice Webb are interested in county councils; Graham Wallas is interested in county councilors." A political or social institution was to Graham Wallas the collective expression of the traditions, the temperaments, the will, and instinct of the people making up the community. I often found cause to

regret that he had never sat in Parliament. He alone of the original Fabian group, I think, should have known the House of Commons from within. It would have added a capital province to his world of knowledge and experience. As it was, his direct touch with administration, and the working of representative government, was limited to London and the sphere of education; but of that he made the very most. He was the first in England to lay emphasis upon the facts of social growth and economic expansion and proving, in the modern world an enlarging need of definite social and political invention. "Every spirit makes its house but afterwards the house confines the spirit." The truth thus neatly stated by Emerson was applied by Graham Wallas to the life of the nation, and of the Great Society, whose scope and implications he illuminated throughout his forty fruitful years of activity as teacher and author, counselor and public servant.

He wrote his books with the aid of his lectures, working over the material again and again after discussion in class and eager talk with his friends. His primary motive throughout was the one avowed in an early preface—to improve the thought processes of a working thinker. He was a man of overflowing expressiveness, in private and on the platform and yet we have to think of him as a frugal and, perhaps, an over-careful writer. His first book, the "Life of Francis Place," did not appear until he was forty years old. He was fifty when he delighted the general reader, and disturbed the political theorists, by publishing "Human Nature in Politics," which I take to be on the whole the most characteristic expression of his mind. He was proud of the world-wide recognition which had come to him on account of the "Life of Francis Place," a piece of work which did pioneer service in at least two directions. It revealed the career and methods of the first English democratic organizer, and it opened new roads in industrial and social history. Wallas himself, if I am not mistaken, looked upon "The Great Society" as his most important contribution. It was the most ambitious, and the most persuasive, exposition by an English working thinker (to use its author's own phrase) of the vast social process which, a quarter of a century ago, gave promise of an orderly and pacific shaping of Western civilization. It appeared on the eve of the war, and in more than one chapter the author disclosed his own deep sense of the impending European calamity.

So much, in this too brief summary, of the public man, concerning whom there is a great deal more to be said. But everyone who enjoyed the privilege of friendship with Graham Wallas would wish to pay special tribute to the man himself, to his unique character and ways. He was known to a remarkable number of people all over the world, and for any one of them to come within range of his voice was to be assured of a welcome. His days were carefully and intelligently ordered, so that he seemed to have time for everything, including the reading of the significant books of the year. His immediate circle included many persons of rare gifts and accomplishment; and his house on Highgate



Hill, and latterly in Chelsea, attracted a continuous stream of men and women, particularly young Americans, who often came for guidance in work to which they had been stimulated by a chance word in a lecture or by some page of his writing. And how richly were they repaid, no less by the lovely atmosphere of the home than by the wise and joyous talk of Graham Wallas! There is no one to fill his place. And as we think of him now we realize that there is no one among us who has ever known a finer citizen, a happier man, a more serene and enlightened spirit.

## In the Driftway

**H**ITCH-HIKING, like rugged individualism, gave scope in the beginning to rather admirable human qualities. Giving a man a lift is an experience that expands the human sympathies of both participants, so much so that a good Marxian would be justified in frowning a Marxian frown upon it and denouncing it as a sop to the walkers. But quite aside from the mutual faith it bespeaks, it has a cultural value well worth preserving. It gives continuity to the tradition of good-fellowship among travelers; and an automobile journey from San Francisco to New York or from Chicago to New Orleans, with a different hitch-hiker in every State, might be quite as rich in tales as Chaucer's classic journey from Southwark to Canterbury.

\* \* \* \*

**I**T is extremely regrettable that such an innocent pursuit has been so completely taken over as a device for burglary that States feel forced to pass laws against it and motorists speed up in terror, instead of slowing down in friendliness, whenever a hiker motions for a ride. A lonely pedestrian on a country road is no longer a weary ploughman who on being invited to ride will pay his way in homely country epigrams. He is, instead, a gangster from Chicago, who is expert himself at taking people for a ride.

\* \* \* \*

**B**UT if hitch-hiking has not given rise to tales as innocently amusing as those of the Friar and of the red-stockinged Wife of Bath, it has produced a brand of story less civilized but quite as amusing in its own sinister way. The Drifter has only recently heard a new one which concerns a man in a fine new Packard and two boy scouts. The boy scouts, packing camp equipment complete to the last detail, from leggings to a knife for cutting through underbrush in a hypothetical jungle, asked for a ride. The man in the Packard stopped graciously and invited them in. There followed enthusiastic conversation in which the boy scouts displayed a vast knowledge of wood's lore. They knew how to build a fire without matches. They were perfectly versed in what to do with a comrade who had almost drowned. They had been thoroughly coached in the procedure to be followed if on any occasion they should get lost in the Rocky, White, or Catskill Mountains. It was not until their host had carried them some thirty-five miles that they displayed another sort of knowledge. At a lonely point in the road one of them produced a gun and ordered the man out of his new car. And the two boy scouts drove off never to return.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### What Is a Wasted Vote?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hicks, in your issue of August 24, says all of the energy expended on Mr. Thomas's behalf "will be wasted in so far as immediate practical results are concerned." Well, how about the energy expended to elect Roosevelt or reelect Hoover? If Mr. Hicks considers one of those results a fine thing, he does well to work for it. If those results are not worth while, then energy expended on them is wasted even if successful.

If 3,000,000 drys disgusted with the wetness of both parties should vote for Upshaw, and 3,000,000 radicals disgusted with the conservatism of both parties should vote for Thomas, they would begin to receive from the party managers such consideration as they will never get so long as the managers believe that a dry will support a wet party against another wet party, and a radical will support a conservative party against another conservative party. If all the disgusted drys (not counting the undisgusted) voted for Upshaw they might elect him this year against the split wets. If all the disgusted radicals voted for Thomas they might drive the conservatives at once to gather in one party against them.

The habit of thinking that one must vote either Republican or Democratic has given us the present state of American politics. That habit should be kept up by those who like the present state of politics—and by no others.

Ballard Vale, Mass., August 24 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

## Lowes Dickinson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of G. Lowes Dickinson is a terrible loss to all his friends. He was a man to whom one could talk *du coeur sans hésitation*, to whom one's thoughts always meant something—a soul of deep laughter and understanding, a most gallant pessimist whose pessimism sprang from a deep real faith. His qualities were exquisite, yet so simple in their realness—his angers so near to pity, his joys as full of giving as of taking. Friendship with him was a rich experience. His spirit will be sadly missed.

London, August 4

H. N.

## Take the Profit out of Liquor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The discussion of prohibition has been prolix and repetitious. The Atlanta *Constitution* uttered a generalization recently that is apropos: "We're fed up on reading about so many national questions. What we want now is some of the answers."

Everyone knows most of the arguments advanced by both sides in the discussion of the liquor traffic, and has long since ceased to be interested in restatements of obvious conditions and facts. Most people would like to read about a plan or method proposed to eliminate or, *kurig*, that, to ameliorate the evils of the traffic in alcoholic *urivolo*. That is the reason the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. The traffic in alcoholic liquors is the problem that must be solved sometime. It could have been solved any time before national prohibition, so-

BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
LIB.



called, went into effect by abrogating all liquor statutes and excises. It can be solved now but not in the same way. Congress has the power now to take the profit out of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, and narcotic drugs as well. The Eighteenth Amendment need not deter Congress if the members really want to put an end to the traffic that constitutes the overshadowing problem of our time.

Why spend reading space and valuable time discussing re-submission? Nearly everyone feels quite confident that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed now or in the near future. A much wiser plan and procedure would be to do the best possible with what we now have and stop reaching for the impossible.

Aberdeen, S. D., August 7

CHARLES J. LAVERY

## Service Should Be Recognized

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in your issue of June 20 cites the legal victory won in Maryland by the International Labor Defense in obtaining a new trial for Euel Lee, Negro, because Negroes were barred from the jury which tried him for murder.

In your comment you state that the International Labor Defense "fought the Lee case through without help from other organizations." This comment overlooks the service rendered by the Maryland Civil Liberties Committee which participated, not in the appeal, but in obtaining the change of venue from the east shore where Lee and his attorney were threatened with mob violence. Without minimizing the victory won by the I. L. D. in getting a reversal of the conviction, in fairness to our Maryland friends this service should be recognized.

New York, July 19

ROGER N. BALDWIN

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## Who and Whom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 17, the Drifter quotes the following sentence from Roger W. Babson: "Surely these things are not the fault of him whom [sic] you are hoping will employ you." Personally, I enjoy the grammar-mindedness of *The Nation*, and really take a sort of fiendish delight in reading your comments on Dr. Hoover's ungrammatical platitudes. But on this particular point of grammar there is some considerable difference of scholarly opinion as to the incorrectness of *whom* in this relative function.

Professor Otto Jespersen in the ninth chapter, Various Kinds of Nexus, of his fascinating book, "Philosophy of Grammar," presents a remarkably informing discussion of this language phenomenon. In the terminology of Professor Jespersen, to mention just one argument, Mr. Babson's "him whom you are hoping will employ you" offers a peculiar compound relative clause, in which we should not say that *whom* in itself is the object of "are hoping," but rather that the object is the whole nexus whose primary is *whom* (which we put in the accusative case because the nexus is independent) and whose adnex is the finite combination "will employ you." One uses *whom* because in *who you are hoping* the "speech instinct would be bewildered by the contiguity of two nominatives, as it were two subjects in the same clause." Professor Jespersen points out that, though this use of the accusative form is considered a gross error, it is well justified on the basis of reputable usage, any number of the best authors using, or having used, this form.

Savannah, Ga., August 18

MARC MARION MORELAND

## Upton Sinclair and Prosperity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upton Sinclair, in replying to my article, Has the Crisis Run Its Course? has this to say:

We can produce as much or more of every metal; much or more electric power; we have as many railroads and car factories, automobile and truck factories, cement plants, cotton mills, coal mines—everything, all the way down the line as in 1929.

From this he concludes that "there is no possibility of running them at more than half time; so we are in for a long period of chronic depression."

This attitude represents the basic error which arises from a long period of depression and from a long period of prosperity: that something has fundamentally changed the world and that we are in a "new era." These same plants ran at full capacity from 1926 through 1929 and I know of no reason to accept the idea that consuming capacity of the world has been permanently cut in half. A more glaring misconception is the implication that the only measure of prosperity is the ability of producers to profiteer at the expense of consumers because of a possible shortage in supply of goods. That is the kind of boom we had in 1919, but it is not a true measure of prosperity. The true measure of prosperity is the ability of the average individual to command a better and more pleasant standard of living. If we should have Mr. Sinclair's method of gaining "prosperity"—that is, if we should in some way wipe out half of our productive capacity—the result would be fantastically speculative profits for the owners of the remaining instruments of production, but it would not be true prosperity.

New York, July 29

RAY VANCE



# Books and Films

## Stone Face

By LOLA RIDGE

They have carved you into ■ stone face, Tom Mooney,  
You, there lifted high in California  
Over the salt wash of the Pacific,  
And your eyes . . . crying in many tongues,  
Goaded, innumerable  
Eyes of the multitudes,  
Holding in them all hopes, fears, persecutions . . .  
Forever straining one way.  
Even in the Sunday papers,  
In your face, tight-bitten, like a pierced fist,  
The eyes have a transfixed gleam  
As they had glimpsed some vision and there hung  
Impaled as on ■ bright lance.

Too much lip-foam has dripped on you, too many  
And disparate signatures are scrawled under your crag face  
that all

Have set some finger on, to say who made you for the years  
To mouth ■ waves mouth rock—you, ■ fighting grain  
Cast up out of the dark Mass, terribly  
Gestating, swarming without feature,  
And raised with torsion to identity.

Now they—who wrote you plain, with Sacco and the fish-  
monger and Ella

Wiggins, on the scroll of the Republic—  
Look up with a muddled irritation ■ your ■ face—  
It set up in full sight under the long  
Gaze of the generations, to be there,  
Haggard in the sunrise, when San Quentin  
Prison shall be caved in and its steel ribs  
Food for the ant rust . . . and Governor Rolph  
A fleck of dust among the archives.

## Voltaire

*Voltaire.* By André Maurois. Translated from the French by  
Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

**M.** MAUROIS'S "Voltaire" is less than 30,000 words long. Ever since the appearance of Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," in which each of the four subjects chosen was assigned an average of about 26,000 words, this has seemed to me an excellent length for a biography. A work of this small scope, in reasonably competent hands, is unlikely to be stuffed and cluttered. In composing it the biographer is compelled to become selective. Great original research, the unearthing of new evidence and new documents, are hardly expected of him; he is forgiven if he has confined himself to secondary sources. Unlikely, in such a work, to be praised for his industry, he is obliged to seek praise for his art. If the writer of a long "standard" biography has after great effort uncovered ■ new fact about his subject, it is almost too much to expect of human nature that he shall omit any mention of it, even if it throws no fresh light on his subject's character, or even if the light it does throw is not commensurate with the space it occupies. The writer of the short biography, however, is privileged to draw upon the work of his predecessors; to confine himself

to what is most interesting and most revelatory; to skim off the slag and keep only the refined gold, and to work it into a new and more attractive form. With other things equal, therefore, the short biography is likely to be much more readable than the long one.

All this is said not in disparagement of long biographies, which for first-rate figures are indispensable, but in defense of short ones. The short biography has been deplorably neglected, particularly the biography of the present intermediate scale. This is less the fault of writers than of publishers, so many of whom are addicted to the superstition of the "full-length book," i. e., the book of 60,000 words or more. The house of Appleton, therefore, is all the more to be congratulated upon its enterprise in initiating a series of short biographies by competent writers. Three of these have now made their appearance: "Julius Caesar," by John Buchan; "Lenin," by James Maxton; and M. Maurois's "Voltaire."

Given simple straightforwardness, it would seem impossible to write a really dull life of Voltaire. He was the most illustrious writer of an illustrious century. He wrote everything—couplets, epics, tragedies, histories, philosophy, science, satirical romances, diatribes, and blistering pamphlets. Not content with his enormous literary prestige, the greatest that has ever come in his own lifetime to any man of letters, he wished to be a man of action. He corresponded with kings and empresses, and finally dealt with them as equals. His complex and mercurial character was certain to make his life an eventful and ■ fascinating one: it is a series of comedies, farces, tragedies, as full of event, intrigue, and counter-intrigue, as rapid in its pace and as unexpected in its turns as one of his own romances. And over each event, turn, and encounter of his career he scattered a shower of sparkling epigrams. The task of Voltaire's biographers is almost too easy: they need merely walk behind, like street cleaners, and pick up at random: whatever they pass on to us is almost sure to be at least amusing.

M. Maurois, of course, is considerably more than competent, and he has composed the present volume with excellent sense. He has not made the slightest attempt to fictionize at any point: that would have been too obviously painting the lily. As a result this little work has an advantage over some of the author's earlier biographies on a more pretentious scale. Better still, perhaps, M. Maurois has not strained after cleverness: he had too much cleverness to record to make that attempt either necessary or desirable. He begins simply, therefore, almost prosaically—and one is tempted to say to oneself at first that this is all very well, but that it is too bad this little work could not have been written by the late Lytton Strachey. But gradually one finds M. Maurois's narrative taking on ■ quiet glow, which reaches its highest point in the penultimate chapter, with its account of his hero's final triumphal return to Paris. The final judgment of Voltaire's character is not particularly fresh or brilliant, but it is comprehensive and just:

He was complex. . . . He was generous and miserly, frank and untruthful, cowardly and brave. He had the fear of blows which is natural to human beings, but all his life long he flung himself into affairs where he could receive blows. . . . He had always great difficulty in resisting the bait of ■ profitable deal, but still more in abstaining from a dangerous act of beneficence. . . .

Why, amongst all the eighteenth-century philosophers, does this quite unphilosophical man stand out as the greatest? Perhaps it is because that century, at once bourgeois and gentlemanly, universal and frivolous, scientific and fashionable, European and dominantly French, was most fully reflected in the person of Voltaire, who was in himself all of these things.

HENRY HAZLITT



## The Way of All Churches

*The New Church in the New World: A Study of Swedenborgianism in America.* By Marguerite Block. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75.

MISS Block's book is not the conventional history of a sect, written by and for the faithful. It is a scholarly though sympathetic account, composed with a certain detachment and addressed to the general cultured reader. It is doubtful, however, if the general reader will be specifically interested in the internal development of this small sect, whose cultural importance in American life, while indeed "out of all proportion to its size," is in an absolute sense slight. The real value of Miss Block's book is for any one who is interested in meditating the whole problem of institutional anthropomorphic religion in a modern secular and scientific age. For such a person the book provides an individual case study which is all the more clear-cut because the church is small, and which has other points of special interest owing to the peculiar doctrines of the founder.

The historical significance of Swedenborg's doctrines and of the church which was founded in his name can be grasped only by keeping in mind the two great forces unleashed in modern life—the trends emanating from the Protestant Reformation on the one hand and from the birth and growth of physical science on the other. The Protestant Reformation, by breaking up the spiritual imperialism of the Catholic Church and enhancing the power of the secular state, dealt a death blow to all ecclesiastical organization of the religious sentiment. On the other hand, the growth of science doomed on the intellectual and individual plane the particular form of religious sentiment which had made possible the institutional organization of religion in the form of a visible, political church. But deep-rooted institutions and sentiments die hard even when doomed. From the seventeenth century onward we witness a long succession of religious reform movements which sought to bring back the lost vitality of the church and revivify the flavor of the traditional faith—and which confirmed the evidences of decay by their very efforts. Every reformer mourned the decreasing power of the church in daily life, and ended up by bringing one more sect into existence, thereby making the power of organized religion still less. Every fundamentalist, dismayed by the progress of scientific rationalism, shouted "Credo quia absurdum," thereby confirming the intellectual untenability of the traditional beliefs.

Swedenborg, the son of a Swedish bishop, was brought up at the close of the seventeenth century on a mentality of Biblical times, communing with angels as a child and becoming an accomplished theologian before he was twelve. After a long and remarkable career in science, a career that only accentuated his passionate longing to justify his childhood faith to a skeptical age, he developed a theosophical system based on direct conversation with angels and personal journeys in the realm of the spirits. In this system he expounded among other things the "inner sense" of the various books of the Holy Scriptures, thus setting himself up in the characteristically Protestant position of individualistic ecclesiasticism, of a believer in the Christian church and revelation who regards all other believers as false believers. On the other hand he appealed to the starved religious sentiment of the semi-intellectual classes by giving them an erudite system of cosmology with a set of detailed correspondences between the things of the visible world and the things in which they wanted to believe in a world beyond. His description of the states of heaven and hell is truly naturalistic in its supernaturalism. He thus gave a pseudo-scientific and learned *cachet* for conceptions that anthropologists can now

trace back to the superstitious lore of Babylonia and of Persia.

It is on such foundations that the American New Church developed. Despite the idiosyncracies and vagaries of Swedenborg's doctrine, its history is strikingly like that of other churches. For all of Swedenborg's emphasis on the "invisible church" and the "grand man," visible church majorities were required to decide which was the true interpretation of Swedenborg who gave the true interpretation of Scripture, and there are today two bitterly opposed sub-sects of the Swedenborgian sect. And while the men who had gathered in a church to reform the world spent their time on doctrinal controversies, the social issues passed them by. On these questions the church—like all other churches—either advertised a policy of neutrality or else rationalized on theological grounds the beliefs that particular groups of members had adopted on economic or political grounds. Thus one found Swedenborgian justifications of Negro slavery as one found Episcopalian or Presbyterian justifications. In recent times one of the branches of the New Church, following the trend of the times, came out for the "social gospel," disowning, however, socialism or any other concrete program of reform.

Miss Block sums up the New Church's "unique contribution" in its "technique for discovering hidden meanings." Doubtless this concentration on hidden meanings serves to keep its members from recognizing the plain handwriting on the wall, that the day of the churches is over.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

## George Eliot at Home

*The Life of George Eliot.* By Emilie and Georges Romieu. Translated from the French by Brian W. Downs. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.75.

PERHAPS the best portrait of George Eliot that has come down to us was sketched by Henry James. It pretended to be no more than a dim likeness; a faded daguerreotype of a great lady fished from a forgotten pocket of a frock coat worn in James's youth, a considerably mellowed and tarnished recollection. Yet the outlines remain extraordinarily clear; there is no mistaking her nor Mr. Lewes. One afternoon James called at the great lady's home and waited nervously in the large darkened parlor-drawing room. George Eliot entered, and one felt the heavy equine features of the huge face: it was not necessary to see them at all; the deep, evasive, non-committal voice was quite enough. Some time before the visit James had sent the great lady a packet of books (his own early work) to read, and he was waiting for a comment. Candles were brought, and the darkness seemed even more oppressive; minutes went by like years; possibly James felt his thin hair turning gray—and still nothing of any importance was said. It was an impossible meeting. The Eliots, or rather, the Leweses, were quite as uneasy as James himself; there was no breaking through the Chinese wall of shyness, Victorian dignity, and the sense of outraged interruption of a great masterpiece possibly in progress that very afternoon.

Finally James steered himself (one supposes that he walked slowly backward) out the front door, then halted timidly to inquire of Mr. Lewes whether George Eliot received the books, and did she read them? At this bold question Mr. Lewes became slightly hysterical and was suddenly galvanized into action. He tore back into the house and returned, books in hand, and thrust them at the trembling author. "Take them away," he said, "take them away."

Out of this slight incident the entire framework of George Eliot's personality may be reconstructed. The wounded ego, cloaked with dignity, the slow, cumulative mind, overworked



and driven forward by superhuman energy, the yearning for social recognition that never came, the worship of middle-class respectability—are all suggested in James's sketch. At the time James met her she must have been well past middle age; she had won her fame and a comfortable fortune in the bank at the cost of thirty years' hard work: translation, reviews, and at last fiction—written at a pace that would have killed the average writer in a period of ten years at most.

And in one sense her novels reflect something of the pressure brought to bear upon her serious, heavy, unyielding mind. They are filled with bourgeois gloom and a Victorian fatalism that had become a substitute for established religion, for George Eliot had rejected what were to her the frivolous trappings of the church, and clung desperately to a vague yet terrifying concept of an Omnipotent Being. Fate and an almost indescribable weakness at the very core of humanity took care of the rest. It remained for Thomas Hardy to complete the picture, to give rural English society the final impress of tragedy, the aftermath of a long-drawn-out industrial revolution, a tragedy beyond the reach of George Eliot's pathos or imagination.

The present biography of George Eliot is a curiously entertaining book, a flagrantly novelized version of her life that follows a pattern already molded by André Maurois's "Ariel" and "Byron." The point of view concerning its subject seems to arise out of a vast misunderstanding of English character and English letters, yet this very misunderstanding does succeed in throwing new light upon the principal actors in the play, Marian Evans and her illegitimate husband, George Henry Lewes. The two figures are made to appear completely isolated from the rest of the world, which in a literal sense they were, but they are reconstructed in a wholly fantastic background. An example of the way the Romieus allow their imagination free rein is their explanation of Marian Evans's choice of a *nom de plume*:

"Eliot" is obviously derived from Evans—the same number of letters, the same initial, the same general look, but rather more youthful, more smart and alert. "Eliot" gives, somehow, the idea of wings, of lofty peaks and of sunlight.

No doubt the name "Eliot" is exotic to French ears, and in a full tide of rhapsody the Romieus take advantage of the occasion. The rapturous, incredible conversations between Marian Evans and her father, between Lewes and George Eliot, are a delight, a kind of eloquence seldom seen or heard outside the old ten-twenty-thirty melodrama theaters. Yet in the progress of this burlesque excitement, chatter, and enthusiasm, an interesting accident occurs, an accident, I believe, quite unforeseen by either of the intrepid authors. Suddenly they grow weary of their noble heroine who defied society by living with a married man, George Lewes. They find Lewes nervous, erratic, strained to the breaking-point, author of a monumental life of Goethe, husband of a wife abducted by Leigh Hunt's son, far more interesting than the great lady at his side. Lewes becomes the hero and a martyr, a victim of George Eliot's domestic selfishness. One feels that in this last stroke of intuition the Romieus have somehow divined an accurate picture of the relationship between the two strange figures who by great labor and well-directed strategy climbed from an underworld of hack-writing into literary prominence. Fully half the credit of George Eliot's success belongs to Lewes; it was his encouragement, his drive, his gift for gaining the attention of publishers and utilizing a genius for publicity, that gave George Eliot her initial position. Her marriage to Cross after Lewes's death was a last gesture toward the social recognition that had been her goal for thirty-five years. She was then an old woman, comparatively wealthy and secure, yet she needed further security, and could find peace only in the arms of a young man who represented the prestige of English upper-middle-class tradition.

HORACE GREGORY

## Myth, Fact, and Poetry of Soviet Russia

*Bolshevism: Theory and Practice.* By Waldemar Gurian. Translated from the German by E. I. Watkin. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

*The Soviet Worker.* By Joseph Freeman. Liveright. \$2.50.

*Dawn in Russia.* By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

*Bolshevism, Fascism, and Capitalism.* By George S. Counts, Luigi Villari, Malcolm C. Rorty, and Newton D. Baker. Yale University Press. \$2.50.

FEW books on Russia have attempted to evaluate the theory and practice of bolshevism from the standpoint of Roman Catholicism. Hostile critics of communism profess to have found disturbing similarities in the organizational structure of the church and the Communist Party. They point not only to the emphasis in both ideologies upon the salvation of man as the goal of all activity, but to the common use of indoctrination as a means to that end. Yet the Roman Catholic church still regards bolshevism as its most dangerous enemy—so dangerous that, as Dr. Gurian's book shows, it has paid it the compliment of advancing from denunciation of its practices to an analysis of its theory. The trouble with Gurian's analysis is that it takes the Catholic position on the nature of man and the universe so completely for granted that his criticism of communism really proves no more than that Communists are not Catholics. "The church's sole concern in combating bolshevism," he writes, "is to secure for man the possibility of developing in accordance with his true nature." When we examine this ingratiatingly liberal sentence, we discover that for Gurian the "true nature" of man is such that "he can never produce a self-sufficient society." The fundamental defect, then, of communism is that it believes that human beings can control their own social and personal life without supernatural sanctions, and that, as a practical corollary, it is unnecessary to pay toll to a religious organization for the bad luck of being born and the privilege of being buried. Behind his theoretical discussion one senses Gurian's furious hatred of the Soviet attitude toward sex and church property. It is the concrete measures which communism threatens to adopt to drive organized religion from public life—and not concern with the soul of man—which leads the writer to admit that "the church is ranged on the side of the bourgeois society in the struggle against bolshevism."

The utterly illogical character of Gurian's criticism, even in his own terms, is revealed in the readiness with which he abandons his position to score against communism. His chief point against communism is the inadequate and unethical character of its end—social control of the productive process in the interest of man here and now. But he never misses an opportunity to criticize it for not succeeding in its end. It is like condemning a man for murder and then tacking on an additional charge that he was inefficient in carrying it out. So eager is Dr. Gurian to seize any stick to beat the dog that even his "objective" summaries of the accomplishments of the Soviet Union are extremely unreliable.

One point which demands consideration is suggested by Gurian's constant harping upon the suffering entailed by the Bolshevik attempt to revolutionize the social order. To be sure, one must judge a project by its costs. (How Gurian squares this principle with orthodox Catholicism is his own concern.) But to judge anything *only* by its costs is to condemn everything ever undertaken and carried to completion in this imperfect world. Hardly a single major good has come down from the past, from the discovery of fire and speech to the latest



developments of scientific technique, for which human beings have not paid a price in suffering and death. Even the "blessings" of the church, Mr. Gurian would admit, have not been without their costs. Logic demands that before we reject a proposal because of its cost, we consider the cost of rejecting it for any of the available alternatives. Nowhere does the author meet the Communist contention that the costs of social revolution are far less than the chronic evils of poverty, unemployment, and war, which are immanent in capitalism. The only possible way to meet this argument would be either to assert, in the face of the twenty million dead and wounded in the last war, that social revolution is still more costly; or to demonstrate that poverty, war, and unemployment are not inherent in a capitalistic order, which no one so far has done with plausibility. Dr. Gurian refuses to join issue on the basic questions. He does not satisfy even as a Jesuit.

Joseph Freeman's "The Soviet Worker" is as candid in its sympathy for Russia as Gurian's book is artful in its antipathy. None the less it has a better right to be regarded as an "encyclopedia" of Russian theory and practice than Gurian's volume. For those who wish to have a critical solvent to test all reports, descriptions, and exposés of Russian life—especially on the status of the worker—Freeman's book is invaluable. Relying almost exclusively upon official documents and statistical tables, the author presents a striking picture of the economic and cultural achievements of the Russian worker since the revolution. He makes no exaggerated claims about the present level of the worker's material welfare, but the dramatic quality of Russia's advance emerges out of the matter-of-fact contrast drawn between the worker's lot in Czarist Russia and Russia today. For all its sober style and heavy documentation, it is really an exciting book. In chronicling the accomplishments of Russian industry, in interpreting the succession of annual objectives, and in describing both the structure of workers' organizations and the character of social legislation, Freeman has written, apparently without intending it, an excellent economic history of the Russian revolution. Judicious quotation enables him to weave into his account a considerable amount of theoretical exposition so that the reader always has a vantage point from which he can evaluate the significance of the facts and figures recorded. An impressive mastery of calendar detail is combined with a keen consciousness of long-time trends and tendencies. In one or two places, absolute figures should have been given along with the percentage rates of increase, because in starting from scratch—or near scratch—every country, up to a certain point, accelerates its rates of increase. Accelerations in rate of increase tell us of the past and the probable future, but only when the absolute figures are added can we form an adequate picture of the present.

It is often the case that those who are strongest in their denunciation of the Russian materialist philosophy are themselves peculiarly insensitive to the evidence of things unseen in Russian life today. Yet ultimately communism must be judged not merely by the material standard of life it is able to attain but by the character of the personalities it produces, the nature of its ideals and incentives, and the quality and spirit of its daily experience. Waldo Frank's strong intuitive vision renders him particularly qualified to recognize the promise of Russian life. His "Dawn in Russia" does not gloze over the difficulties and evils of the present but it sweeps them up in a poetic perspective of which Frank's own temperament is the most important axis. It is to be expected that such an impressionistic account should contain as much about Waldo Frank as about Soviet Russia. Nevertheless the objectification of Frank's own emotions is not experienced as a distortion of what he sees. Like Russia to Frank, the book itself invites an intuitive reaction on the part of the reader. Inaccuracies of statement and observation seem unimportant because Frank is not talking about what

can be measured but about what he has felt. Although the mystical idealism which underlies his holiday descriptions are foreign to my temperament, I can testify, using my own Russian experience as a kind of control, to the power and fidelity with which he has communicated the qualities of the different Russian cities and groups—their ideas, feelings, and crowd behavior. Something, however, is lacking. At times false notes suggest that Frank is whipping up his own enthusiasm. He has more completely accepted the Russian Revolution with his heart than with his mind. His criticism of the theory of dialectical materialism is based on a misunderstanding, the crassest expression of which is the statement that *materialism* and *dialectic* are contradictory terms. All in all, however, this is a book which should be read by those who are interested in Russia or in Waldo Frank.

The symposium on "Bolshevism, Fascism and Capitalism," contains a competent article by Counts on communism and an interesting description of the fascist economic theory and practice by Villari. A close reading of both is recommended to those who, on the basis of some similarity in external political form, lump both systems together.

SIDNEY HOOK

## Shorter Notices

*Boyhood and Youth.* By Hans Carossa. Translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.

Every autobiographer apologizes in some manner for the effrontery of writing about himself. Carossa's apology is a subtle one. His reactions are pitched upon so rarefied a plane of sensibility that the reader is expected to feel that a man so exquisitely sensitive owes it to the world as a duty to record himself. This sensitiveness, however, has too many slips into affectation and sentimentality. The boyhood is too neat and polished a reconstruction to be plausible. The book is full of pretty writing and, in spite of occasional flashes, second-rate.

*The Sea Tyrant.* By Peter Freuchen. Translated from the Danish by Edwin Bjorkman. Horace Liveright. \$2.

The by-products of this novel are more interesting than the main product. As in Freuchen's previous and better book, "Eskimo," the accounts of the life of the Eskimos and of their relations with the crews of whaling vessels are excellent and convincing. The sea tyrant himself, Captain Danco Kellar who is driven to insane lengths of cruelty by the heartlessness of his trivial-minded wife, is not made credible in the over-robust characterization; and the ending becomes, by its excess of tragedy, absurd.

*Poems of Francis Thompson.* Edited by Reverend Terence L. Connolly. The Century Company. \$3.

Francis Thompson's poems afford some difficulty for two reasons: their mysticism is Catholic and springs from a profound knowledge of Catholic ritualism; their imagery is complex and springs, for the most part, from the highly romantic and sensuous feeling which characterized the poet's approach to all that he saw and felt. Had he been entirely Catholic, his poetry would have been more austere, more thoughtful. But he arrived at every conclusion through his emotions; he was passionately aware of the senses and their luster; he could not deny the flesh; it was the source, much of the time, of his deepest impressions. The Dread of the Heights, in some ways the keynote poem of his volume, indicates how constantly he knew that once he had touched the center of the mystic experience, he must drop from that moment of conviction to the depth of despair at losing it. He was a "spoiled priest" and he never



lost his heart-break over his failure. But that very heart-break and his own sensuousness are what make his poetry great. He had nothing of Blake's "terrifying simplicity" of vision, nothing of the intellectual certainty of certain other Catholic mystics. He was as intensely aware of the physical world as Shelley or Keats, but the physical world gave him no confirmation, no sense of an Ultimate by which he could live. From it he drew his abundant, sometimes almost over-ripe imagery, but his God was no Pantheistic deity, or sense of deity, but the God taught by the church. And his greatest poems are those in which somehow he arrived at the certainty of this idea of God.

*As It Looks to Young China.* Edited by William Hung. New York: Friendship Press. \$1.

This book is divided into seven chapters: Setting Confucius Aside by the editor who is a professor of history at Yenching University, Peiping; The Family by Timothy Tingfang Lew, professor of psychology; The School by K. Ma, professor of literature; The Vocation by James S. Chuan, manager of a Peiping bank; The Nation by J. F. Li, professor of religion; The World by Y. Y. Tsu, a director of social work; and The Church by T. C. Chao, dean of a school of religion. All are Chinese Christians, but had that information not been given by the editor it would not have been given away in the text, so admirably objective is the treatment throughout. It is a valuable little book, in good, clear English. It is heartily recommended to all who are interested in the situation that faces young men living in a civilization that is completely transforming itself and in which, whether they choose it or not, they must play a major role.

*Weep No More.* By Ward Greene. Harrison Smith. \$2.50.

Although Mr. Greene attempts to give this novel about life in a Southern city all the airs of a social document, its ranking will not be high as a picture of social or moral conditions under the shifting economic structure of the new South. The novel is nothing more than another chronicle of the drinking and sexual habits of the rich, dotted with comments from another goateed Colonel which tend to prove, if anything, that dissolute and aimless people were as tiresome in the old South as in the new. As a matter of fact, there is nothing particularly Southern about the characters, except that they call each other "Honey" and drink corn liquor instead of gin.

*Recollections of the Past Ten Years.* By Timothy Flint. Edited with an introduction by C. Hartley Grattan. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

This is the sixth volume in a series of reprints called "Americana Deserta," and very welcome it is, since Timothy Flint's honest and charming account of Middle America a century or more ago has been difficult to obtain. It should be read by anyone who wants to know what it felt like to float down the Ohio in a flatboat shortly after the year 1800; or who is interested in a veracious report of American frontier manners. Mr. Grattan has contributed a sketch of Flint's life as well as an appraisal of him as missionary and social critic.

*Israel.* By Adolphe Lods. Translated from the French by S. H. Hooke. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.

The book begins long before the appearance of the Israelites, with a detailed study of the historical and topographical setting upon which the nation was soon to project itself; then gives an account of the people and civilization of Canaan, before its conquest by Israel, to indicate the racial and cultural merger that was to be effected; then takes up the history of the tribes before the settlement in Canaan; following with its historical career and the development of its religion and culture

up to the eighth century when the Assyrian invasions began. The treatment is scholarly throughout. Literary values, like narrative continuity, are readily sacrificed in intertextual discussions of documents, interpretation, archaeological evidence. The writer's style, however, is clear and concise, and manages in spite of the long scholarly ritual that precedes admissions of each fact, to present a great amount of information. It is one of the more readable volumes in The History of Civilization Series.

## Films

### Three Premature Births

IF the young ladies who go to the movies do not know yet all about the glory of romance and its frequent aftermath of disillusionment and misery in one week recently they had an opportunity for completing their education in the space of a few hours. Starting at the Rivoli Theater where a blissful prelude was being played out under the eloquent title of "Love Me Tonight," they might have gone next to the Hollywood Theater to learn of the painful consequences that follow such reckless conduct, as demonstrated in "Life Begins," which begins, of course, in a maternity hospital. Finally, they should have retraced their steps to visit the Mayfair Theater and let "Back Street" open their eyes to the miserable lot of a woman who chooses to be the mistress of a married man. If after taking this short course in the joys and sorrows of womanhood they found it not too absorbing. I should probably agree with them. But then this is the best that Hollywood

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can do for them in a single day, and as the French say, even the most beautiful girl cannot give more than she has.

As a mere male I must admit that I find but little in any of the three pictures mentioned that is not either flat and dull, or so overloaded with mawkish sentiment that it makes me feel distinctly uncomfortable. The dulness and flatness, I regret to say, are to be found in particularly irritating doses in "Love Me Tonight." Maurice Chevalier, who used to charm us with the roguishness of a young boy and the knowledgeable understanding of a man of the world that made him such a delightful screen lover, is revealed in this latest picture of his as a tired man who is trying his hardest to appear sprightly and irresistible. The lack of his usual verve and spontaneity is made particularly obvious in his songs, one and all of which seem painfully forced. Even more disappointing to me, because of the expectations aroused by his earlier work, is Rouben Mamoulian's performance as the director of the picture. In his first picture, "Applause," made when the talkies were still in their infancy, Mr. Mamoulian was daring and original. Above all, he showed a quality of imagination that knew how to bring the unfamiliar and the significant out of the welter of photographic impressions. In "Love Me Tonight," a musical comedy romance with a touch of wilful extravaganza, he either failed to find a subject after his own heart, or failed to discover in himself the power of imagination that would have made its hackneyed story pointed and interesting. Only once, and then merely by repeating himself, does he succeed in striking a note of convincing inventiveness. This is in the opening scene, showing the sleepy Paris awakening to its daily labors in a swelling symphony of miscellaneous noises. In the rest of the picture he either attempts comedy in the style of Lubitsch, without the latter's flair for the bizarre, or follows the treatment of music in "Sous les Toits de Paris" by laborious repetition of the same song by various

characters quite regardless of its dramatic relevance to the story. After hearing about a dozen versions of *The Son of a Gun Is Nothing But a Tailor*, at least one of the spectators was on the point of using a less printable language.

Of the two other pictures, "Life Begins" has interesting material in so far as it describes the trials and tribulations of expectant mothers. It also has frequent flashes of genuine humor. But its dramatic theme is theatrically conceived, and its general sentiment is unbearably cloying. Flat, unconvincing and mawkish is all that can be said of "Back Street."

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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## A Questionnaire for Consumers

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Bridal Wise—Cort—W. 48 St.

Here Today—Barrymore—W. 47 St.

Of Thee I Sing—Music Box—W. 45 St.

Show Boat—Casino—7 Ave. at 50 St.

### DINNER

Campaign Dinner for Norman Thomas—Mecca Temple—Mon. Eve. Sept. 19.



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1932

No. 3507

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$6.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

WE ARE NOT ONE BIT IMPRESSED with the Attorney-General's obviously made-to-order indictment of the men in the bonus army, by which he undertakes to prove that 1,069 had more or less serious police records. This investigation was started *after the dispersal of the army*, when the men were scattered. And if there were that number of rapists, burglars, embezzlers, and violators of the narcotic law, why were these facts not known *prior* to the dispersal of the army? What were the Washington police and the government doing to allow these men to stay there as long as they did? Ordinarily the police do not permit 1,069 disreputable characters to come together within the confines of a municipality and stay there for weeks and weeks. And why, if this was known *before* the eviction of the army, were the facts not given out at once? Why did Mr. Hoover first tell us that the men had to be evicted from wrecks of buildings because new construction was to go up, when no new construction has been started or is to be started? We hope the reply of General Pelham D. Glassford, which is being prepared as we go to press, will cover these points. We have seen too much framing of the innocent by the Department of Justice since 1917 to accept any such *ex parte* statement at the order of a President seeking reelection, who is frightened to death because the American Legion conventions have one after another criticized or denounced him

and Secretary Hurley for their indefensible handling of the bonus-army difficulty. Curiously, the Attorney-General reported just before the Legion's national convention.

PRESIDENT HOOVER might as well begin to pack his trunks if it is true that "as Maine goes, so goes the nation." The vote there on September 12 is a disaster for Republican hopes, whether the Democrats finally carry the State and two of the three Congress seats or not—the issue is not quite settled as we write. To reduce the Hoover majority of 98,744 to the vanishing point is victory enough for the Democrats. If they have really carried the State the indications are clear that the voters of this country have made up their minds to turn the faithless and incompetent officials out of office and to give the Democrats not only the Presidency but the Congress as well. This is the answer to Secretary Mills's appeal on the eve of election not to turn the government over to Roosevelt the kindergartner! Beyond doubt the apologists for the Hoover Administration will point out that a normal Maine Republican majority is 15,000 or 20,000 and that therefore the showing is not so very bad. But it is in line with every straw ballot which has been taken; it is in line, moreover, with the historic precedents that whoever is in power during a panic shall pay with his political head whether he be responsible or not. In this case Mr. Hoover has so clearly shown his ineptitude and inefficiency, his complete failure to rise to the crisis, his crass and cruel indifference to the sufferings of the individual that any other result in Maine would have reflected upon the intelligence of the electorate. The Democrats may well feel heartened—if not the advocates of real progress.

OUR READERS WILL REMEMBER the terrific fight in the early part of this year to have Congress balance the budget. They will recall the immense satisfaction that swept through the country when Congress finally "balanced" it. The newspaper editorial writers, the chambers of commerce, nearly all the Congressmen themselves, and President Hoover, all heaved a mighty sigh of relief. Unfortunately, the daily Treasury figures have not cooperated in the general rejoicing. The statement of August 31, covering the first forty days in which the rates under the new revenue act have been in effect, showed revenue collections so far of \$185,000,000 compared with \$230,000,000 in the same period last year, and expenditures of \$585,000,000 compared with \$627,000,000 last year. The deficit so far this year, therefore, is \$400,000,000 compared with \$396,000,000 last year. But we must believe the President rather than our eyes. In his speech of August 26 he listed "the balancing of the budget" as one of the great achievements that enabled us—note the past tense—to "overcome the major financial crisis."

THE FEDERAL FARM BOARD has another new policy. It still holds 3,000,000 of the 250,000,000 bushels of wheat that it held last July. This remainder seems comparatively negligible; nevertheless the Farm Board



is quite worried about it, and now announces that it will not sell any of its remaining wheat before January, 1933. By an interesting coincidence this will keep the wheat off the market at least until after election day, so that no incipient boom which might possibly help Republican chances will be discouraged. A similar policy is announced in regard to cotton. On May 2 the Farm Board stated that it would sell 650,000 bales of its cotton during the twelve months beginning August 1. Now, four months later, it announces that it has sold more than 300,000 of those bales, but that it will not sell any more before next July. It has obtained a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which will enable it to hold the rest of its cotton off the market. Thus we still have not seen the end of the gigantic gamble in which hundreds of millions of dollars of taxpayers' money has been thrown away in a futile effort to peg the prices of agricultural products. The farmer has not only received no help from all this expenditure, but has actually been harmed by it; for the two organizations—named, with glaring irony, the Cotton Stabilization Corporation and the Grain Stabilization Corporation—by buying at the top and selling at the bottom, have performed exactly the opposite function from the one for which they were designed.

**THE DEEP AND ANCIENT POVERTY** of the Spanish peasant bids fair to be alleviated by the drastic agrarian reforms which have just been approved by the predominantly Socialist Cortes. The new law provides for the expropriation, with very limited indemnity, of all estates owned by the nobility or by the former king; and the breaking up and distribution of these estates particularly among poor and large families. Settlers on the divided lands, comprising nearly 52,000,000 acres, will be subsidized during the period of development. It is expressly stipulated that proprietors affected must begin registration of their land within thirty days on penalty of a fine. According to the Associated Press, "cooperative associations for cultivation, machinery, marketing, and other operations are provided, and it will be optional whether land is cultivated in communities or individually." At the same session at which the land reforms were voted, Catalonia was granted autonomy in matters of language, education, police protection, and social organization, while questions of foreign relations, and of naval and military protection were left to the national government—an intelligent disposition of the Catalonian question which has agitated Spain immemorially. And while we are recording the achievements of the Cortes we should like to include its approval on September 6 of penal reforms designed to abolish the death penalty.

**NEW YORK CITY** has opened a new and much-needed subway. What makes this news so interesting is that this particular subway is municipally built; what is much worse, it is municipally operated; yet the heavens have not fallen, nor has Herbert Hoover sent a telegram to Mayor McKee protesting in the name of his own beloved and outraged rugged individualism. Not even in Wall Street were there any protests. Yet when the first subway was opened in 1904 there was general rejoicing that, if it was in part built by the use of city funds, that impossible and horrid municipal ownership and operation had been successfully avoided. Here, today, is government once more usurping a

great opportunity for private capital, getting in the way of private initiative and enterprise, again invading a field that properly belongs to our capitalist leaders, upon whom, as we all know, depends the prosperity and future development of the United States. It is a direct flouting of that noble doctrine of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge—"More business in government and less government in business"—yet there have been no screams of pain from those who so vigorously applauded this truly American sentiment. The truth is, first, that the world has moved so fast that no one is really outraged by municipal operation; and second, that the existing private lines in New York City are so nearly bankrupt (the Interborough Rapid Transit is in the hands of receivers), that rugged individualism and private initiative in New York have now no thought but to unload the whole business upon the city. It is only a question of a few years before there will be one unified rapid transit system in New York, owned and operated by the people of the metropolis.

**"LAWYERS WHO DEFEND THE RIGHTS** of political minorities have no place on the teaching staff of Southwestern University," said Dean Rollin McNitt of the law school of that institution in defending the forcing of Leo Gallagher, a brilliant and successful teacher on his staff, to take a long leave of absence which foreshadows his dismissal. These words the dean subsequently denied, but the paper which printed them refused to retract. The president of this remarkable Los Angeles university, one J. J. Schumacher, dissented. "McNitt," said he, "doesn't know what he is talking about; he is impetuous and says things without any authority. I am president of this school." He then went on to add that "Mr. Gallagher is probably the most learned and most popular man on the staff"; that he would "trust my entire personal welfare [to him] without the slightest hesitation." But this noble president agreed that Mr. Gallagher would not be asked to return to the position which he has held for the last ten years until he has "vindicated himself with the legal profession, which objects to his vigorous defense of so-called radicals." Finally, the president said: "I don't know how we are going to explain his absence to our students this fall when they fail to find his name on the curriculum," as at least 90 per cent of the six hundred students have already protested against Mr. Gallagher's rumored dismissal. We confess that we are stumped. We do not know which is the most contemptible, the impetuous, loose-tongued dean, or the president, who is too cowardly to defend the sacred right of academic freedom, or that section of the Los Angeles legal profession which would deny to men avowing unpopular faiths the right to a proper defense in the courts.

**MAYOR JOSEPH V. McKEE**, when he was visited by 5,000 Communists at City Hall, met their representatives with a politeness and suavity to which Communists are not accustomed. It was an intelligent move on the part of the man who wishes to succeed Jimmy Walker permanently. But on examining the evidence we cannot agree that Mayor McKee won as complete a victory in the argument over relief as the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* made out. After an attempt to force Carl Winter, the Communist spokesman, into an irrelevant declaration in favor of



direct action on the part of the unemployed if adequate relief is not forthcoming, Mayor McKee with all his suavity was not able to avoid admitting that the Mayor's office does not know, even approximately, after three years of depression, how many people are in need of help in New York City. If it is pointed out that he has only just taken over the office, the reply might be that even as president of the Board of Aldermen he might have interested himself in that burning question. Moreover, when Mr. Winter pressed questions on the city's intentions with regard to relief Mr. McKee replied with more petulance than relevance, "I'm not here to be heckled by you." The Communists, as usual, stated their case and their demands in exaggerated and unrealistic terms. Yet it seems to us that Mr. Winter was not unjustified in holding that it was up to the city government to find means for relief. And as for his contention that no city official outside the civil service is worth more than \$3,500 a year, it is difficult to refrain from pointing out that with regard to a few of them, at least, he was indulging in a little politeness himself.

**THE DEATH OF SIR GILBERT PARKER** is another reminder of the transitoriness of most literary fame. Sir Gilbert, who was born in Canada sixty-nine years ago, was the author of some thirty volumes of prose and verse, and his best-known novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," was a nine days' wonder which sold over a hundred thousand copies. Many of his other books were also extremely popular, but it is doubtful if any of them are now often read by either students or casual readers. His stories were reputed to be conspicuously "healthy" in tone but we like to think that his relative eclipse is due in part to a change in the public attitude toward certain of the ideas which both his fiction and his other writings attempted to popularize. Sir Gilbert was an imperialist of the old romantic school, and during the war he was very active in the dubious business of propaganda. Certain of the obituaries published in the daily press mention that fact as his chief claim to grateful remembrance. To us it seems a more than doubtful one at best.

## Bonds That Bind Haiti

**N**EWSPAPER headlines generally announce, as did the *New York Times*, Haitian Treaty to End Intervention in 1934; the Republican press editorializes fulsomely on Mr. Hoover's achievement. But the facts about the supposedly imminent "ending of the Occupation" are at variance with the impression derived from the daily press.

It is true that following the recommendations of the Forbes Commission, the marines are being withdrawn, and various of the so-called "treaty services"—education, hygiene, public works—have been turned over to Haitians. But the really important part of the American control—the financial—endures. It is, under the terms of the proposed treaty, to continue, not merely, as provided in the 1915 treaty imposed "by military pressure," until 1936, but until interest and principal of Haitian bonds are paid in full. The new treaty provides for complete control of Haitian finances,

customs, and internal revenue, by Americans—control which is now indefinitely prolonged and for the first time apparently accepted by the Haitians themselves. Americans will hold the purse-strings. They will remain the real rulers of Haiti. The major part of the text of the new treaty, which occupies three and a half columns of newspaper type, is devoted to specifying the many things which the Haitians must not do. They are free to swim but they may not go near the water!

The objectionable character of this new treaty stands out only when viewed in the light of history. It should not be unfamiliar to *Nation* readers that the essential motive behind the assault on Haiti was economic. Intrigues had been in progress with the State Department for years preceding the naval intervention—ever since the entry of the National City Bank into Haitian affairs and the securing of the notorious McDonald railroad concession. To recover the full face value of their worthless securities was the concessionaires' objective. To the imposition of the loan on Haiti, the other illegal and violent acts—seizure of the Haitian custom houses and funds, the imposition of a treaty and a constitution concocted in our Navy or State Departments, the imposition of a protocol compelling Haiti to settle all "claims" against her—were but preliminary. The \$16,000,000 National City Bank loan of 1922, imposed over the protest of every articulate Haitian, carried the extraordinary and unprecedented provision that the United States should retain control in Haiti during the life of the loan. It was treaty-making without "the advice and consent of the Senate." The loan secured, the railroad bondholders' claims were adjusted favorably to them in wholly ex parte proceedings: they received the new government bonds, guaranteed by Uncle Sam, for their defaulted railroad securities! The new treaty further protects the National City Bank loan, although Secretary Stimson denied, in a letter to Senator Smoot on February 15 of this year, that the American Government has guaranteed this loan in any way whatsoever.

In view of the dominating element of force and chicanery which has characterized United States dealings with Haiti, equity and common decency required, and still require, abrogation of all previous pacts, and, if the Haitians desire, the free negotiation of an entirely new arrangement. It is highly ironical that when so large a proportion of financial commitments throughout the world are undergoing revision, when fixed charges are being scaled down, when moratoria are the order of the day, when debts are being "funded"—to use the financial euphemism—when virtually every independent Latin American country has defaulted on its obligations, the poverty-stricken Haitians are forced to continue to pay one hundred cents on the dollar on a debt which conferred virtually no material benefit on them. The whole transaction was fraud in legalized form. Under the appearance of virtue, kindness, and amity, this fraud is to be perpetuated. If the Haitians accept the treaty it is only because their bitter experience leads them to the hope and belief that they may be able to buy their freedom within the next ten years, and that it is worth the price. Without minimizing the credit devolving on Mr. Hoover for doing what neither of his Republican predecessors did—namely, withdrawing from Haiti—it is important to note that the imperialist cycle is to be completed as originally scheduled by the interested financiers and their responsive servants in the Capitol.



# Jimmy Walker—and After

AS we write, it is not clear whether Tammany will take the risk of giving ex-Mayor Walker the chance to be "vindicated" at the polls in November or not. Every day that the Tammany boss hesitates weakens Mr. Walker. If you are going to come to the rescue of a "martyr" to "dirty politics," you must strike while the iron is hot and public sentiment aroused. Unfortunately the memory of the American people in such matters is notoriously brief; particularly now, when so many people are struggling for a livelihood, will it be difficult to keep poor Jimmy Walker's wrongs before the public. More than that, his successor, Mayor McKee, has been dealing some terrific blows to the genial Jimmy by the way he is conducting the Mayor's office. Thus, he has discarded the \$18,000 automobile which alone was good enough to transport Jimmy (most millionaires, we believe, are content with \$5,000 or \$6,000 cars), and continues to ride in the subway to and from his work. Again, he is on the job every day. He has actually cut \$15,000 a year from his own salary, and has made savings in other directions to aggregate \$2,000,000. He has already called one meeting to put an end to a duplication of effort by several departments, and he bids fair really to put his high office on a business basis. That is such good politics that already Mr. McKee's own stock is booming, even though he has been heretofore little better than the conventional conforming office-holder.

As for the Tammany opposition, there is the usual talk about uniting on some good Democrat, preferably Alfred E. Smith at the coming election—providing the court action on behalf of Mr. McKee to prevent such an election is not successful. That Mr. Smith will run we do not believe. Mr. Seabury has declined, and quite rightly, to be a candidate. The list of other distinguished Democrats that could be drafted in this emergency is pitifully small. More than that, the fact that the mayoralty election will coincide with the Presidential election will make it almost impossible to focus the city's attention upon local issues. Altogether, therefore, the possibility of turning Tammany out upon the basis of the revelations of the Seabury investigation is very slight.

But even if this were not the case, we ourselves should be very dubious of the lasting value of any sudden victory over Tammany by some good man swept into office, as has happened several times before, because of an outburst of popular indignation. When such a mayor gets in he is immediately hampered by the variegated character of his own following, and especially by the Republican organization, which is not one whit better than the Tammany crowd, and is always ready and eager to share plums with them. After a brief rule such a mayor goes out of office and Tammany comes in again triumphant. That is not the way to bring about permanent reform. The only hope of really rescuing the government of the greatest city in America, as well as most of the other governments in the land, is by radical changes in the procedure of elections and in the composition of city governments. By this we do not mean that the democratic idea should be abandoned. We do mean that there

are devices to be resorted to such as the city manager—who in some cases, as in Cincinnati, performs most useful functions by the side of the elected mayor. There is the possibility of extending the civil service to cover every possible office, even the technical ones of the present mayoralty cabinets. Then there is the remedy of proportional representation. For years the political minorities in the City of New York have been represented by only one member of the Board of Aldermen, although the Republicans polled 367,675 votes in the last mayoralty campaign and the Socialists 175,697. That single representative, in this case an entirely worthy one, has been unable to block or adequately to expose some of the pilfering or mistaken ordinances which have been jammed through the board. The idea that so great a body of voters should not have a representation proportionate to the number of votes it casts is ridiculous. An efficient and critical minority in the city legislature would be of enormous benefit.

The main objective, of course, is a reorganization of the government by which it will be made impossible for the sheriff, for example, to bank \$360,660 in six and one-quarter years, during which time his salary ranged from \$6,500 to \$15,000; and put it beyond the powers of the registrar to bank \$547,000 above his salary, also in a period of six years, while the chief clerk of the city was enriched by \$135,061. A good deal of this was undoubtedly legalized graft. As long as the opportunity is there thus to mulct the taxpayer, through fees, et cetera, it will be used both by Republicans and Democrats.

Last January we made an appeal to Mr. Seabury not to wind up his labors without making definite and concrete recommendations for a complete making over of the city government if only for the reason that, as long as the present system endured, city government in America is disgraced by what goes on in the metropolis. In Cincinnati, the city manager, C. E. Dykstra, has taken politics out of the police system and many other departments, with the result that graft has about disappeared, and crime steadily decreases. Is there any reason why the City of New York cannot do the same?

We believe that it can be accomplished despite the fact that one must appeal to the same electorate which elected Jimmy Walker for authority to alter the governmental system and to change the charter. We may be wrong, but we cannot believe that the City of New York is indefinitely condemned to present conditions until, perhaps, the Socialist Party becomes strong enough to take over the government and basically alter it. But even if we are wrong, there lies the objective, the modernizing of the government in a way to make possible sound business management and to concentrate responsibility as never before, the giving to the minority of full and free opportunity to be heard and to make its influence felt. It is to the credit of the leaders of the Socialist Party in New York that they have seen this and are working to this end. They have clearly recognized that not even if Norman Thomas were elected mayor could there be a wholly satisfactory government of the city.



## How Real is the "Recovery"?

WITH so many more people becoming so much more confident every day that the economic crisis has at last been surmounted, and the famous "corner" finally turned, it may be well to glance at exactly what changes have taken place in the last two months. By far the most remarkable change has been in the tone of the security markets. The average price of fifty representative stocks, as compiled by the *New York Times*, rose from 33.98 on July 8 to 72.38 on September 8. Here is an advance in two months of 113 per cent, probably the greatest advance in such a period, in terms, certainly, of percentages, in the history of the Stock Exchange. There was no such percentage advance even in the whole period from 1921 to 1925. The recovery of railroad stocks, taken alone, has been even more striking. From an average price of 10.34 on July 8, they had risen by September 8 to 33.48, or 224 per cent. Even the prices of forty representative bonds have advanced since the beginning of June by nearly 40 per cent.

So remarkable a rise cannot be dismissed as unimportant. The New York Stock Exchange has calculated that the increase in the market price of all the shares listed there in July and August amounted to more than \$12,000,000,000. If one adds to this the increase in bond values, and in values of securities listed on all other American exchanges, the total increase in potential purchasing power becomes impressive. Of even more importance has been the psychological effect of this advance. The trustworthiness of the stock market as a barometer of general conditions has been brought into serious doubt in the last decade, but the present rise has meant a widespread better feeling.

To what extent has this better feeling translated itself into actual improvement in agriculture and industry? There have been advances in wheat, cotton, hogs, and other agricultural products, in some instances only slightly less remarkable than the advance in stocks. But in discussing these price advances it is important to remember the point from which the advance has been made, not to speak of the point from which the original decline took place. Thus, even the stock-market rise, sensational in some respects as it has been, represents the recovery only of the losses suffered since the beginning of the present year. Thus, if we again take as our measuring rod the *Times's* average figures, on July 8 of this year stocks had lost 90 per cent of their quoted value in September, 1929, and even after their present recovery they still show a loss of nearly 80 per cent of that fantastic value.

When we turn from price considerations to the actual physical volume of trade, and to the crucial question of employment, the present "recovery" has been negligible—indeed, almost infinitesimal. A good rough index is that compiled weekly by the *New York Times*. It is an average of five items—freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production—and it is adjusted to allow for seasonal variations and "long-time trends." This index steadily declined during July and early August, and in the week ended August 13 showed business activity at 52.2 per cent of "normal," the lowest point on

record. The figure for the week ended September 3 still showed business activity at only 53.3 per cent of normal. The latest official employment figures at this writing are still those for July, which of course show unemployment at the highest point ever recorded in this country—45 per cent of the entire body of factory workers, as that body existed in 1926. It is by no means certain that even a slightly better figure will be shown for August. The price of United States Steel common has doubled since its low point in July, but the activity of its mills has not increased. In the week ended September 5, steel-ingot production, according to the estimates of the *Wall Street Journal*, was at the appallingly low point of 12 per cent of capacity, compared with 13 per cent in the preceding week, and 86 per cent of theoretic capacity in the corresponding week of 1929.

Mr. Hoover and his satellites are working on the assumption that if a tiny improvement in business can be demonstrated, the steady continuance of that improvement, until "normality" is reached once more, may be taken for granted. Such an inference, of course, would have not the slightest justification. Since the depression began, there has been only one real improvement in the world political situation. That occurred with the drastic reduction at Lausanne of the Allied demands on Germany for reparations, and even that reduction was conditional on action by the United States which the United States has so far shown not the slightest evidence of taking. Mr. Hoover is still hoping to get along without correcting a single one of the world maladjustments, or a single one of the domestic maladjustments, responsible for the crisis. With such a policy, no genuine and lasting recovery is possible.

## Orchestras and Public

FOR fourteen years an experiment has been in progress in New York City to determine the popular appeal of fine orchestral music. The experiment has been so successful as to warrant the attention of music lovers everywhere, for it is an affirmative demonstration, more convincing every year, of the power of good music, well-performed, to draw an audience. Moreover, the immediate setting has been an art museum and not a concert hall, and the experiment has been carried on during years which have seen the enormous growth of radio broadcasting of both good and bad music.

The concerts are given annually at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City. They are eight in number, and they are free. In 1919, 39,000 persons attended; in 1932, the audiences totaled more than 76,000 persons, who stood wedged closely together in the great hall of the building, or huddled together on the shallow stairs, enduring actual discomfort. Of these thousands only a few are drawn from the customary New York audiences. The rest are music lovers who are barred from most concerts by box-office prices, who await only the opportunity to hear fine orchestral music. Every segment of New York's kaleidoscopic pattern of nationalities is represented.

Does all this mean merely that the crowd is drawn together by the opportunity to get something for nothing? As to this, we have the word of the conductor, that public-



spirited artist, David Mannes. "The comment has often been made," he says, in speaking of the size of the audiences, "that any free attraction will draw a large crowd. Yet it seems to me that the people who come to the museum concerts give more for the privilege of hearing music than do the audiences of our large concert halls and our opera house. Some of them come at four or five o'clock in the afternoon or send their children to hold places on the wooden benches, camp chairs, or staircase. Those who arrive later in the day stand or sit on the floor, so encumbered with hats and coats and so tightly crowded together that even applauding is often a physical impossibility. I have seen a young mother and father bring their baby in a clothes-basket, place the basket in a corner on the floor, and stand beside it throughout the concert. A day laborer from Paterson, New Jersey, once told me that he has never missed a concert, despite the distance he must travel to and from his home."

Inasmuch as advertising of the concerts is limited almost entirely to placards on the Fifth Avenue buses, the enormous growth of the audience can be attributed only to that surest of all popularizing media—word-of-mouth recommendation. The concerts are, in a sense, an outgrowth of the war. In February, 1918, the trustees of the museum invited soldiers and sailors to the building for several hours of quiet recreation and to hear an orchestra directed by Mr. Mannes. He knew from the experiments of an English friend, who had supplied records to the boys in the trenches, that they preferred the lighter classical music to ragtime and jazz. His programs, therefore, were composed of short, dramatic episodes from the works of Wagner, Brahms, Handel, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Grieg,—all good music, yet nothing heavy or long enough to make listening an effort.

The success of the 1918 concerts prompted the museum trustees to arrange for a series for the following year—four concerts on Saturday evenings in January and four in March, all to be open to the public and entirely free of charge. Throughout the succeeding years this schedule has been made possible and maintained by the generosity of individual donors such as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Clarence H. Mackay, among the museum's trustees, and by a gift from the Juilliard Foundation. As the concerts have become less an experiment and more an established custom, marked changes have occurred in the program. The trend has been away from the light dramatic episodes to programs of great harmonic richness and subtlety. At the early concerts the audience moved about quietly while the orchestra played. In 1932, seventy-six thousand persons stood still and listened with undivided attention to complete symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms. The present audiences are not only willing to give whole-hearted attention to the performance of the music, but are eager to be taught something about it beforehand. Descriptive lectures upon each program, which are given by Thomas Whitney Surette, before each concert, are very well attended.

The audience is self-governed. The listeners will not permit noise or unnecessary movement. Those who happen to come late unquestioningly accept the less favorable places. They have come to hear the music, not to see or be seen. Plainly these concerts, successful though they are, are not the final answer to the problem of providing good music for all who want to hear it, but have not the means. But they are a tremendous stride in the right direction.

## Unto Caesar

**B**ISHOP MANNING is not the only priest of the Episcopal Church who knows how to discover sound theological reasons for keeping religion comfortably on the side of those who can pay for stained glass and lawn sleeves. He has, we have just discovered, an able ally in the Reverend Harrison Rockwell of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City, who has recently protested against the Labor Sunday message sent out by the Federal Council of Churches, and discovers that to denounce an economic order "which has reduced thousands to poverty and attendant suffering" is to prepare a document not to be signed by "the sacred name" of Christ.

Mere laymen like ourselves had always supposed that the New Testament differed from the Old in its greater concern with suffering humanity. Jesus, we thought, was conspicuously novel in his emphasis upon the guilt of the rich and in his scorn for those who thought they could serve God while allowing their brothers to starve at their door. But the Reverend Mr. Rockwell sets us right. It was the prophets of the *Old Testament* who, according to the report of his sermon provided by the *Herald Tribune*, indulged in "severe denunciation of the rich and powerful who oppressed the poor." "There is," on the other hand, "a vastly different tone in the New Testament records," and "the sayings of Christ are notably silent as to the denunciation of wealth and power wrongly used." The church, he concludes therefore, should "speak out"—but only in regard to men's souls, for "when it gets off that one great subject and offers opinions on politics, economics, and other matters really beyond its province, the church's influence is weakened."

We are, of course, far from suggesting that the Reverend Mr. Rockwell is in any degree influenced by the convenience of this doctrine. It is certainly one likely to make the pews of his church more comfortable for a considerable number of his congregation to whom talk about souls is more soothing than talk about more material things. But that is, of course, merely a happy accident, and the priest in question doubtless deeply regrets the fact that he can find no satisfactory scriptural authority for the more immediately relevant things he would like to say. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" is there in black and white.

Merely as a layman, we would, however, like humbly to suggest that neither that nor certain other related texts need to be interpreted exactly as they usually are. Christ was not talking to Caesar, and it is not certain that he would have used the same words if, by any chance, he had been talking to the rich rather than to the poor. Saint Paul said, "Slaves, obey your masters," but he did not say, "Masters, command your slaves," and the one does not imply the other. If Christ had happened, like certain priests of today, to have an audience composed of rich men and masters instead of poor men and slaves, would he have chosen the texts so popular in the best churches, or would he, perhaps, have chosen something like "Sell all your goods and give to the poor," or even "It is easier for a camel . . ." In any event, we wish that the Reverend Mr. Rockwell would ponder this possibility before he declares too positively what sort of document his Master would or would not sign today.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

COMMEND me the ways of politicians! Especially of the American breed. I really doubt whether ours can be sur-

passed anywhere else in the world for deceit and hypocrisy. Thirty-five years of writing on political events in this country have about forced me to the conclusion that to these qualities of the political animal we owe a major part of our troubles. I am moved to express this opinion just now by the article of Calvin Coolidge in the *Saturday Evening Post* praising Herbert Hoover. There is no greater hardship upon an honest journalist than keeping faith with people who tell you things—when you could render a public service by letting those facts be known. When I read excerpts from that Coolidge article my mind flashed back to a confidence given to me last spring in which I was told exactly what Calvin Coolidge thought of Herbert Hoover, and had just said to a distinguished Republican. But, of course, party loyalty would have compelled that article even if there had not been a big check from Mr. Lorimer in the offing which the irrepressible Will Rogers says covers "the biggest paid advertisement (in favor of any purely commercial product) since Amos and Andy sold themselves down the river to toothpaste." As it is, I do not believe that Mr. Coolidge will be heard from again—unless somebody offers him another big check before election. The Coolidge article will undoubtedly help Mr. Hoover with the unthinking who read it. They will not remember when they peruse it, for example, that this Calvin Coolidge, who asserts that as far back as 1928 he was bewailing the orgy of speculation, is the same Calvin Coolidge who on January 6, 1928, boosted the stock market with the most disgraceful statement ever issued from the White House which was reported as follows:

Commenting on the fact that loans to brokers and dealers made by Federal Reserve banks in New York had reached the unprecedented height of \$3,810,023,000, "the President, it was said at the White House today, believes that the increase represents a natural expansion of business in the securities market, and sees nothing unfavorable in it."

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BUT if Calvin, to his own pecuniary profit, has helped Mr. Hoover, what are we to think of that eminent statesman from New Hampshire, George H. Moses, chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee? Mr. Hoover must have writhed, indeed, when he read George Moses's bold and confident assertion that there was going to be "a hard fight" and that Mr. Hoover would win with a majority of only twenty-two votes in the Electoral College. This was a stab in the back quite characteristic of Mr. Moses, for from time immemorial it has been the duty of campaign managers of both parties to claim a majority of at least one hundred; anything less than fifty votes is a confession of

## The Bipartisan Hypocrisy of Politicians

defeat. But that wasn't all of Mr. Moses's performance.

\* A few days later he went on the stump and showed the paucity of Republican ideas

by devoting himself to commiserating with Alfred E. Smith for the shameful way he has been treated by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Talk about crocodile tears! Did anyone ever shed more obvious ones? The truth is that there is hardly a single one of the Republican politicians who are now praising Mr. Hoover on the stump who does not cordially dislike or hate the man in the White House.

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STILL, Mr. Hoover is not the only one who may well pray to be saved from his friends. To have Bernard Baruch praising Franklin D. Roosevelt as safe and sound and entirely to be trusted by Wall Street men like himself, is certainly hard luck for the Democratic candidate. If a few more magnates like Mr. Baruch certify to his soundness, the Middle West will begin to see that Mr. Roosevelt is not the great reformer, or radical, that he has been sedulously cracked up to be. But even if he were a reformer, what could he accomplish at Washington as long as the party behind him is what it is? It is half imperialist, half Hamiltonian, half Jeffersonian, half militarist, half protectionist, and 90 per cent as selfishly devoted to local advantage as are the Republicans. This is possibly one reason why Mr. Roosevelt is still keeping us in ignorance of where he stands on a lot of subjects. Where does he stand on the debts and reparations? Where does he stand on disarmament? Is he in favor of bringing any pressure to bear on Germany if it proceeds to disregard the Versailles Treaty and to arm? Does he, or does he not, think that that treaty, of which Mr. Wilson was a coauthor, put upon us a moral obligation to disarm at once? Does he favor prompt revision of the tariff?

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IF the Republicans really want campaign material the list of speakers issued by the Democratic National Committee surely gives it to them. What a list of has-beens and broken-down politicians! Poor old Josephus Daniels, dragged out of his North Carolina obscurity; Carter Glass, Jim Reed, Governor Harry Moore of New Jersey, and Gene Tunney and not one of the liberal Democrats now in Congress! The list shows how thoroughly the Democratic Party has run down since Wilson's day, how it has failed to produce a single outstanding leader. That is not at all surprising, since the party has no principles and no program. The pot in this case stands exactly where the kettle does. I repeat what I have said before, that only the Socialist Party has a program, and its candidate, Norman Thomas, is just about the only sincere and politically honest, and unselfish and outspoken political leader on the horizon.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

\* The third of a series of weekly comments on the election which will appear during the campaign.



# A Week in a Soviet Factory

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, August 17*

**D**URING the last ten years, I have visited a large number of Soviet industrial enterprises. You meet the director. You question him for an hour. He leads you through the works for two, three, or four hours. Then a final little interview—and farewell. This usual kind of hasty survey gives one a good deal. But it obviously allows no time for serious investigation. I therefore seized avidly upon an invitation to spend a week at the Red Putilov plant in Leningrad, one of the largest in the country. It employs 34,000 men. It presents in miniature all the problems of Soviet industry, and all the drawbacks and advantages of the Bolshevik factory.

Red Putilov has a treasure which is rare in the Soviet Union: a cadre of trained mechanics. "Why should Leningrad be an industrial city?" I asked Otz, the director of Putilov's. Leningrad has no minerals and no coal or oil of its own. Why should tractors be made at Putilov's when the iron has to be brought from the Urals and the Ukraine, the fuel from places several thousand miles away, and when the product has to be shipped several thousand more miles, back to the Volga, Siberia, and the Ukraine. The answer is simple: "Leningrad has a skilled proletariat."

The shortage of trained mechanics will plague Soviet industry for some time. Just now, millions of peasants, women, and youths are operating expensive complicated machines, and operating them badly. Foreigners often ask why Soviet tractors break down in such large numbers, and content themselves with the easy deduction that the quality of the tractors is deficient. This, however, is a very secondary reason. The tractors are spoiled by inexperienced, quickly taught drivers. The same difficulty exists in every branch of Soviet endeavor. "We have no people," is the most frequent complaint of the Russian office and factory manager. It is much more important, therefore, to locate a manufacturing process where you can find men than where you have metal and fuel.

In view of its skilled working force, the Putilov factory is the laboratory, so to speak, of Soviet metallurgy. When the Bolsheviks first decided to produce tractors, they gave the task to Putilov's. After it had mastered their manufacture, newer plants—Stalingrad, Kharkov, and Cheliabinsk—took over the work, and Putilov's was relieved, only to be faced with other pioneering assignments. Putilov's was the first Soviet plant to make large steam turbines, and now it is planning to turn out an eight-cylinder automobile. Why the U. S. S. R. needs such a car is a mystery to me, and no one in Leningrad could give me a satisfactory explanation. Russia can get along on Fords for a few years. In case of war, of course, the Bolsheviks would be able to use a few thousand good staff machines and a better motor for big tanks. But no anti-Soviet war is imminent. Stalin's fear of foreign invasion in March, 1930, during the disturbances arising out of mismanaged collectivization, reflects the truism that a capitalist state would today venture to attack Russia only if her internal situation became unsatisfactory. That

situation will be better served if the millions of dollars that must be spent in America to reequip Putilov's for the eight-cylinder car were applied to other branches which yield goods for popular consumption. Moreover, the manufacture of an eight-cylinder automobile will force Putilov's to stop the production of a very useful and simple rubber-tire hauling tractor possessing greater efficiency than a motor truck—a tractor which gives excellent service on city streets and would be a boon to the over-burdened Soviet transport system. Yet because some one has a freak notion that the country requires a more powerful automobile, the tractor foundry will be closed for eight months and remodeled for a new experiment.

Putilov's likewise produces gold dredges weighing 900 tons and costing about 1,200,000 rubles each, trolleys, combine motors, cotton presses, fifteen-ton railroad cranes, and a host of other items. It is, in fact, an industrial "department store." If the government wants a machine which no other plant can make, Putilov's gets the order. In the midst, therefore, of a planned economy, Putilov's is the worst-planned economic unit imaginable. Much of its machinery stands idle a large part of the time, and the workers, who are paid at piece-rates, suffer. They occasionally complain violently. They protest, too, because their food supply is inadequate. If anybody thinks the Soviet worker is docile he ought to visit Putilov's where the men have not hesitated to strike in order to obtain redress of their grievances.

Yet I have never encountered a more enthusiastic and devoted body of Soviet workers. Despite the shortage of food, clothing, and apartments (the factory has built far too few homes for its men) they remain staunch supporters of the government. The spirit of the Soviet proletariat, and of the majority of the population for that matter, is "dialectic"—to use a word the Russians love (and frequently misuse); it consists of thesis and antithesis. On the one hand, the workers at Putilov's grumble. It is no joke to work for seven hours in a hot dusty foundry on a sizzling summer day, and then wait in a queue in the sun for an hour to buy a box of bad cigarettes. No worker pardons the authorities who are responsible for such a condition. On the other hand, however, the workers stand by their leaders, worry about their factory, try to improve its operation, and glory in its achievements. I spent two evenings at a party conference of the Putilov plant attended by some seven hundred delegates, and now no one can shake my conviction that the plain workingmen, for that is what the majority of party members now are, really identify themselves with the plant and with the government which owns it.

This party conference was a revelation in many ways. At Putilov's one realizes how devoid of real significance is the statement that Communists constitute only 1 or 2 or even 4 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union. The point is that the party has its members when it needs them, in the front ranks of the working class, in the first line of defense. There are 14,000 Communists at Putilov's out of 34,000 workers—41 per cent.



In the converted church which now serves as Putilov's conference hall hangs a photograph of the Putilov party committee in 1927. Not one of its forty members is left at the factory now. The men and women in the picture were between thirty and forty-five years old—the average must have been thirty-eight. Today it is nearer thirty, probably below thirty. Most of the people in the former party committee have moved up a rung or two in the party leadership. Anybody with experience and ability in Russia is immediately advanced to higher positions. The youth comes in to fill the gap. But these younger men, eager and keen though they are, bear a tremendous responsibility, for they dominate the situation at Putilov's, just as their comrades do in every industrial unit throughout the country.

This party committee of young men is the central organization of all the Communists employed at Putilov's. It is the supreme authority at the factory. The Soviet Government takes orders from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; so, too, Director Otz accepts dictation from the party committee. Otz, to be sure, receives his official appointment and instructions from the Commissariat of Heavy Industries which is a branch of the government. The commissariat expects him to be the commander-in-chief at the plant. But as a Communist, Otz is subordinate to the party committee. There can, of course, be no conflict of general interests or purposes between a Soviet Government and a Communist Party. Yet such a conflict may easily arise at a given factory between the representatives of these two units. Despite all the Bolsheviks' insistence on unified command in factory managements, the director at least shares his authority with the party committee, and frequently he submits completely to its control.

In case of dispute at Putilov's, the appeal goes to the party committee of all Leningrad, but Otz has recourse to his commissariat, the head of which is Ordjenikidze, a member of the Politburo of the party. Ordjenikidze thus combines in his person government and party leadership. In the same way, when the director of a plant is an old, respected Communist, he runs the factory and also the party committee. This is the ultimate solution of the problem of divided command which now makes for much inefficiency and friction in Russian industry, and which must continue until a class of experienced Communist organizers and engineers is developed.

This adverse side of party "control from below," however, is balanced by another very bright aspect. Putilov's has many big and beautiful automatic machines imported from America. On each of these the management has painted a reminder to the man who handles it: "This machine," one reads, "costs 17,400 gold rubles. Take care of it." "Well," the worker might reply, "what difference does it make to me how much the Soviet Government spent?" Yet this is not his reaction. He may spoil that expensive bit of equipment because he knows no better; he lacks training and adequate skill. But his attitude is not cynical. I saw that at the party conference where the workingmen who spoke showed by their manner and words how pained and grieved they were by the shortcomings from which the factory suffers. Outside the conference, too, one encountered innumerable instances of the workers' will to help the management. He swore at it on the platform of the conference; at the same time, he tried by suggestions and in practice to

ease and improve the work of the director. "Proletarian inventors" are one of many illustrations. . . .

The fourth day of my sojourn at Red Putilov was the twenty-fourth of the month. It was therefore the "free day" or sabbath. Almost all Soviet institutions now work five days and rest on the sixth. We went out to Strelna by car. Strelna is an inlet of the Gulf of Finland where the Putilov factory has a rest home for its workers, and a boat station. The Inventors' Club of the transport department had arranged a picnic, and I received an invitation. Most of the people came out in Soviet-made Amo trucks belonging to the plant. They were in their "Sunday" best; nice blue, ill-fitting suits on the men, clean blouses on the boys, women in neat prints, all wearing fairly good shoes.

When I arrived, a meeting was in progress. "Meetings," I exclaimed bitterly to my Communist companion. "You meet even on your holidays?" He assured me it would last only forty minutes. It lasted ninety. I sat down on one of the tree-shaded benches that faced the crude platform. Prizes were being distributed. Every department of the factory has an inventors' society which consists not of engineers with training—they have their own organization—but of resourceful semi-skilled workingmen who invent ways of raising output. One man had contrived a simple but clever device to simplify the unloading of coal cars. He was granted a hundred-ruble premium. He looked about fifty years of age, and I take it he never before had been as happy and proud. When he returned to his family's seats they fingered each crisp bill. Comrades walked up and congratulated him. . . . An illiterate woman had operated one machine at Putilov's for thirteen years. Suddenly, it occurred to her that the chief operation could be rationalized so as to save labor. She told the engineer. He applied her idea. She got a sixty-ruble bonus. She made a little speech. "I want now to learn to read and write," she said. "Perhaps I could become an engineer." Russians often behave like naive children. Her naivete was somewhat pathetic. She was past fifty.

The chairman announced that the inventions of their society had saved the factory 120,000 rubles. Loud applause. But they had planned to do more. They must do better next year. He perorated. He closed the meeting. We ran to the salt water. For a ruble, which covers maintenance and repairs, one can borrow a rowboat for the day. Boats bobbed like corks over the waves far into the gulf. Happy people dived from them into the water. Everybody wore a bathing suit: men in brief trunks, women in one-piece suits or in panties and brassieres. The Putilov proletariat was taking its holiday.

Unfortunately, however, every day is not a holiday. Everyday life for the Putilov worker and his family is hard. The mere business of feeding himself consumes an inordinate amount of time and energy. Even then his table is inadequately supplied. The management of the Putilov consumers' cooperative society went to a vast amount of trouble and furnished me with a complete list of all the goods it received and sold between February 1, 1931, and January 1, 1932. Such a tabulation, I think, has never been published anywhere, and is of historic value. In those eleven months, if one takes the average for the 34,000 employees of the factory, each employee received 31.7 kilograms of meat, two kilograms of tea, 67 kilograms of potatoes, 10.9 kilograms



of cereal meal, 2.5 kilograms of wheat flour, 330 kilograms of baked bread, 80.4 kilograms of various vegetables, mostly cabbage, 3 kilograms of berries, half a kilogram of nuts, 2.7 kilograms of apples and pears, slightly less than half a kilogram of citrous fruits, just over half a kilogram of poultry, 5.5 kilograms of fresh fish, 13 kilograms of salt-fish and herring, 2.6 kilograms of butter, 1.2 kilograms of margarine, 1.8 kilograms of vegetable oil, 10.7 liters of milk, one-third of a kilogram of cream, one-third of a kilogram of cheese, 71 eggs, a few grams of honey, 19.1 kilograms of sugar, 5.8 kilograms of candy, 6.2 kilograms of cake, one kilogram of jam, 7 kilograms of macaroni, 3.7 kilograms of salt, 1.3 cans of canned fish, 5.1 kilograms of sausage, one can of meat conserves, one-third of a kilogram of smoked meat, 5.6 liters of vodka, one-sixth of a liter of wines, 1.5 liters of beer and cider, 5.1 liters of non-alcoholic beverages, and 3 kilograms of other groceries.

The worker bought these articles from the cooperative at cheap non-inflation prices. It must be remembered, too, that his wife is probably employed in another factory and may have bought an equal amount of food at her store. The Putilov force, moreover, gets at least one low-priced meal a day in the dirty, unappetizing factory restaurants which, however, serve meat irregularly (twice a week, perhaps), exceedingly little fruit, hardly any butter, and few green vegetables. Each working-class family, according to a rough estimate, covers 25 per cent of its kitchen requirements with supplies purchased at high inflation, or "commercial" prices on the free market.

In addition to foodstuffs, the worker at Putilov's bought from his cooperative during these eleven months 600 cigarettes, 2.8 kilograms of matches, 3.6 kilograms of laundry soap, three cakes of toilet soap, three meters of cotton goods, one meter of woollens, one meter of linen, 2.6 meters of silk, 3.4 spools of thread, 0.1 kilograms of cotton padding for warm coat-linings, 1.1 pair of rubber galoshes, 0.8 pair of shoes, 1.5 overcoats (at an average of 100 rubles per coat), 0.5 suits, 0.9 pairs of trousers, 0.7 suits of underwear, 0.7 hats, and 2.3 pair of socks.

The Putilov cooperatives further sold 2,000 rain coats in those eleven months, 3,200 rubles in furs, 10,000 shirts, 300 pairs of drawers, kitchen utensils, books, musical instruments, radios, writing material, toys, 500 clocks, electric lamps, 500 beds, 5,000 chairs, 300 tables, 100 divans, 100 wardrobe closets, perfumes and cosmetics costing 43,519 rubles, sanitary goods costing 14,515 rubles (such objects are purchased in larger quantities at the apothecary's), and other details of little importance.

The entire turnover of the Putilov cooperatives in the eleven months was 13,178,193 rubles. In that same period, taking the average wage of 162 rubles per month, the 34,000 Putilov employees earned 60,580,000 rubles. From these most illuminating figures one understands what has been happening in the U.S.S.R. during the last few years: (1) the workingman cannot buy enough goods; (2) he is left with a great deal of money in his pocket which he cannot spend to advantage. The 1931 "evil" of a low cost of living which created a surplus of unneeded cash in the population's purse has, for the most part, been "cured" by the rise in prices, even in the prices on many cooperative articles. The shortage of goods, however, remains. Indeed, it has grown much worse in recent months. And now the Bolsheviks have

adopted a very radical expedient which constitutes a departure in principle as well as in practice. Hitherto, the Putilov cooperatives, and all other Soviet cooperatives, received their stocks from a central government supply organization which acquired them from the peasants and from state factories. The cooperatives merely engaged in distribution. This was the "ration" system. Now, Moscow has decided on decentralization. Each factory must shift for itself. It will still obtain manufactured commodities, bread, sugar, and some other items from cooperative and governmental wholesale agencies, but to an increasing extent it will procure its food, clothing, and house furnishings from its own, independent sources.

Putilov's is making considerable progress along this new line. Efremov, an assistant director of the factory, has been put in charge of workers' supplies. He has already signed several contracts with nearby village collectives to deliver food to him in return for simple tools, pots, horseshoes, et cetera, which Putilov's will make from its scrap iron. He will also sell odd bits of metal and old machines to those kolhozi. He proposes likewise to give raw material to artisan artels which will work for his workingmen. Efremov recently received this offer from a kolhoz: if the factory would supply it with spare tractor parts and give it a store on the territory of the plant, the kolhoz would keep that store filled with food and sell to Putilov's employees.

Apart from what the plant will obtain directly from kolhozi and from central agencies, it will create its own sovhozi or state farms. The factory already has two rabbit farms, one with 475 head, and the other with 3,000 which, according to plan, will grow to 90,000 animals in 1933, a piggery, and a 600-acre vegetable farm. Preparations are now under way for the establishment of a dairy farm to yield milk, butter, and cheese for the factory buffets. Eight thousand of Putilov's workers live outside the city limits where they have little houses surrounded by small gardens. The factory will give each workingman a rabbit for breeding purposes, and will encourage him to plant vegetables.

None of these measures will yield their full effect until next spring. This winter promises to be a difficult season. I do not wish in any wise to minimize the hardships it may bring. And yet, in judging the situation, one must not forget two things: the worker knows that the shortage is a by-product of the progress under the Five-Year Plan; he complains yet understands; he sees that the present crisis carries its solution with it; he hopes that the new May decrees and his factory's self-supply measures will bring relief. It is important to note, in the second place, that Russian standards are low. Everybody objects to a scanty, monotonous diet, yet the Russian is more easily reconciled to it than the American intellectual who observes his life. I visited the homes of some Putilov proletarian families. A workingman had received a fine three-room apartment. He could have kept it for himself. The rent was moderate. But he sub-let one room to one brother and another to a second brother. The second brother, who occupied the room with his wife, later took in his nephew of eighteen as a boarder. I asked him why he did it. "Well," he said, "he had to live somewhere." Now they are all crowded, but they didn't seem to mind it in the least. They did not seem to understand why one and the same room could not serve as dining-room and study by day and as bedroom at night.



# Peoples and Wars\*

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

*Amsterdam, August 27*

**O**N this first day of our assemblage we wish to avoid all controversial speech, to put aside all grievances, and to regret nothing except the errors of those who have tried in advance to emasculate the powerful, just, and healthy tendency of this mass which has risen from the universal populace and has come from all the nations to lay the foundations of a universal confederation against war. In certain quarters this great wave which is rising from the bottom of the ocean of humanity has caused disquiet. Among the governments, those whose interest it is to divide in order to reign have attempted to use the press to poison opinion against our congress. On the other hand, more than one of those department heads who rule the great social parties have taken fright at what seems to them a threat to their administrative routine. They have seen our efforts to construct "a unified front" against war as a sinister machination. Even the term "unified front," through an aberration characteristic of an epoch which has lost the vital urge of the great revolutionary days, has become a scarecrow.

Let us dare to take it up again! And permit a man who, during the war, was disparagingly labeled as "above the battle" to unfurl the great flag inscribed "above all parties; a united front" and to make it float over the threshold of this congress while giving it its true and its loyal meaning!

We have come, under this banner—an army of men and women from all parts of the earth—to proclaim and to impose peace for the world. This army is composed of very different elements. We have, one with another, our doctrines and our tactics belonging to this party or to no party. We shall not discuss them here. Our campaign today has a well-defined end: "War against war!" The uniforms of our confederates are not important. We take nothing into consideration except their frankness, their courage, and their absolute devotion to the great cause which unites us. Those who show themselves the most energetic in the combat, those who are ready for the most ardent sacrifices for the sake of destroying the common enemy—those are the ones, whoever they may be, whom we follow. We reject no one except the cowards, except the pusillanimous sleepers who satisfy themselves with declamations never translated into action or contradicted by action; except, in a word, all those who seek, without confessing it, to find a pretext for not acting at all.

Since the end of the last war the peoples, worn out by the blood-letting of four murderous years, have surrendered their powers into the hands of their tutors. It is necessary that they resume them again and that they remind those who have too readily forgotten, those who speak in their name without taxing the trouble to consult them, that these powers still exist. Our congress is the conscience of the peoples of the world, represented here by their most experienced and most active elements, by those who have felt and who have affirmed the unity of their aspirations and their desire for co-operation against all those who put forth every effort to sepa-

rate them and to take advantage of them in order to make them destroy one another in the battles of capital or in the bloody games of politics. They are against war and against those who make of war a business—they are against all imperialisms. This awakening of conscience is a call to arms. War against war! May it result in action!

Each one of us, each one of our parties, has its own arms and its own strategy. Let us bring them together! Let us endeavor to coordinate all of sincere determination! In general action there is a place for a great many specific actions, provided only that all of them converge toward the same point. Conscientious objection to military service is a breach in the fortress of that same enemy to which the proletarian armies are going to give pitched battle. Mass combat does not exclude the parallel utilization of individual energies. An army whose battle fronts extend over the whole earth should, while coordinating its general movements, permit to each front the liberty of its own action. The forms of the action may vary in accordance with that which the adversary opposes on each front.

Among the Germans, on the eve of the Hitlerian coup d'état, and among the fascist peoples, it is evident that the dangers are greater. But so much the greater is the merit in raising oneself against the force of obscure nationalistic suggestions, born of misery and of despair, and cynically exploited by the reaction. As for us French, we have above all to control and to bridle, while we await the opportunity to break them, our money and business powers, our great barons of industry, who are the secret or confessed masters of our politics. We must oppose ourselves to their crooked imperialistic endeavor to subjugate Europe with mercenary armies and to exploit the colonial races. The Anglo-Saxons must liquidate the heavy heritage of their conqueror empire which has been accustomed to live on the tributes of its annexed universe. The social crisis takes, and will take, particularly brutal forms in the United States where the European chaos and its antagonisms have found a milieu monstrously favorable to the multiplication of its germs. The double compression of exploited masses and of the soul which suffocates under a sky whose air has never been purified by the free criticism of our Erasmuses and our Voltaires must inevitably lead to an explosion—as must also the awakening of the other great races of the two Americas over which the British and the Yankee imperialisms dispute.

Asia is an immense powder magazine ready to explode. With its own weapons of silence and non-resistance India carries on its invincible struggle for liberation. And at the same time China's gigantic body, torn by imperialists from without and by their accomplices within, stirs heroically and will rise from the sea of its suffering. In the midst of all these combats a single people—more than one people, twenty peoples, a world—has constructed and constructs from day to day the proletarian state: namely, that U. S. S. R. whose very existence constitutes a defiance to the old exploiting world, a hope and an example to all exploited peoples, which it becomes our common duty to preserve against all the

\* An address prepared for the first session of the World Congress of All Parties Against War at Amsterdam, August 27, 1932.—EDITOR THE NATION.



threats of the correlated imperialisms. From amidst the melee of these particular combats we should endeavor to disengage the general lines to be followed in a common and coordinated action, and we should not be satisfied to realize in the course of these three or four days of reunion merely an accord of sentiments and ideas—however important and difficult this first result may be. We should not separate before we have initiated a permanent international movement against the risks of that war which is smoldering everywhere under the ashes. This movement should be founded upon a close union between the two great groups of confederated workers: those who are called the intellectuals and those who are called the hand-workers.

In my quality of intellectual, I hold it essential to denounce and castigate here the stupid and evil pride which

the heads of the great controlling bourgeoisie know only too well even at this hour how to exploit, and which tends to oppose, like castes, the so-called elite and the masses. As if the elite could exist without the masses, as if without them the intellectuals could maintain their existence, as if they were capable, in these conflicts where the fate of humanity is at stake, to carry on the least action without the support of the army of laborers and of workmen which is the lever of all action! Let us say it: Action is the end of thought. All thought which does not look towards action is an abortion and a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought we must be the servants of action. And we should seal here the union of those intellectuals worthy of the name with those who are the very substance of living action: the working people.

## *The Show Business*

### III. What It Costs\*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

**I**N the last previous article I described the steps through which a play passes before it finally achieves a Broadway first night. Nothing was said of the cost of the various processes and procedures, but in the present article I shall try to give some idea of where the huge sums of money sometimes spent on a production go, and how the profits (if any) are divided. Incidentally, it should be noticed that though the playwright risks his time, the money risks are borne entirely by the producer or his backers and (sometimes) by the theater-owner, who may rent his theater on a speculative basis. Scenery, properties, costumes, et cetera, are paid for, whether or no. Actors, directors, stagehands, and musicians work on a strictly salary basis. Except for the director all these others are, however, hired only from week to week, and of course the actor who gives four weeks free rehearsal and then finds himself in a failure actually gets very little for his time.

When a producer has decided to put on a play upon which he probably previously bought an option at a sum ranging from about two hundred and fifty dollars up, the first of the contractual obligations into which he enters is probably with the author, to whom he agrees to pay a percentage, not of the profits but of the gross receipts. The general nature of the contract is fixed by the Dramatists' Guild, but the exact percentage is left to the individual contracting parties. Shaw, said to be the highest paid dramatist, gets 15 per cent, and Barrie is said to demand 12½ per cent. A more usual arrangement would be, however, for the author to get 5 per cent of the first five thousand gross, 7½ per cent of the next two thousand, and 10 per cent of all receipts above that. A play with any chance of success will probably gross at least ten thousand during the second week, and so 10 per cent may be considered the author's normal share. Of this, however, he will probably pay 10 per cent to his agent.

Probably the producer will not be able to arrange for a theater until the production is about ready to come to New York, but when he does make such an arrangement its conditions are much less firmly fixed and depend upon many things. If there happens to be a shortage of theaters at the moment, he may be kept waiting a long time before he can secure one at all. When he does get it he may be compelled to guarantee the owner four thousand dollars a week, and, unless he is an established man known to be solvent, to post a bond besides. If, on the other hand, many theaters are vacant he may persuade an owner who thinks well of the play's chances to let him have the house on a purely speculative basis.

Just now, when so many houses are not only vacant but in the hands of receivers who are not always familiar with the show business, it would be rash even to guess what a typical arrangement would be, but before the depression hit the show business a typical contract would probably provide—in addition to the possible guaranteed minimum—that the owner should receive 50 per cent of the first five thousand dollars gross, 40 per cent of the next five thousand, and, possibly, a slightly smaller per cent above that. Probably, also, there is a clause providing that if the gross receipts fall below a certain amount either party may terminate his agreement on two weeks' notice. It is evident from this that the producer who has a moderate success in hand will expect to pay to the author and theater-owner about 50 per cent of the gross receipts, and to pay initial production costs and current expenses out of the remaining 50 per cent. From this, again, it is evident that the present level of real-estate prices is one of the largest factors in the enormous cost of a play.

To what do the initial production costs amount? It is impossible to give a satisfactory answer to this question because the costs vary enormously, not only in accordance with the elaborateness of the production, but in accordance with the smoothness with which it has passed through the various stages from script to Broadway. Even in the case of two

\* The third of a series of articles on The Show Business. The fourth and last, Can Anything be Done About It? will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.



equally elaborate productions, one may cost many times as much as the other if it so happens that the first has passed quickly along while the second has undergone the process of rewriting, recasting, repeated try-outs, et cetera, and has, besides, perhaps had either to suspend or to play an unprofitable out-of-town engagement while waiting for a suitable theater. Some idea can, however, be given of the prices paid for services and materials and a table of costs can, finally, be given for one or two more or less typical productions.

Unless the producer intends to stage the play himself, or unless he has a permanent staff, his first step is probably to engage a director to whom he may pay a flat salary of from three hundred and fifty dollars a week up; pay a flat sum of, say, fifteen hundred or more dollars; or, perhaps, give a small percentage of the gross in addition to other compensation. Next, he will hire a designer to design scenery and costumes for possibly one to five thousand dollars and arrange for the building and painting of the scenery, the purchase of the necessary electrical effects, the transport of the scenery and properties, et cetera. Perhaps not until later will he hire a press representative, but meanwhile actors have been engaged and rehearsals started—possibly in a hall rented for that purpose. When a certain stage in these proceedings has been reached, an out-of-town try-out will probably be in order. Transportation costs, not only for the actors and the scenic equipment, but also for the director, special stage crew, and other assistants, must be paid, and, since the try-out will probably not pay for itself, much of this must be charged to production expenses. Finally, however, and likely enough after extensive changes in various departments, the play is ready to open on Broadway.

In the case of musical comedies and reviews all the percentages would probably be different from those given, and the production costs may run up to several hundred thousand dollars, though the grand total of \$134,500 published by Laurence Schwab as the cost of his "Good News" is probably more or less typical. To illustrate more or less typical outlays for spoken drama, two detailed sets of figures may be given. One is quite unusually high, the other rather low.

1. A drama in modern clothes. Nine male and five female characters; four sets; no specially constructed sets. Opened out of town and played one week and one day. Ran twelve and one-half weeks in New York. A convention which does not mean very much classifies as a success any play which runs ten weeks.

	Cost	Per Cent of Total
Scenery		
Construction . . . .	\$6,500	
Painting . . . . .	3,500	
	<hr/>	
	\$10,000.00	32.2
Properties . . . . .	7,500.00	24.2
Lights . . . . .	4,200.00	13.6
Costumes . . . . .	1,431.50	4.6
Rehearsal labor . . . . .	1,000.00	3.3
Hauling . . . . .	500.00	1.6
Railroad . . . . .	530.14	1.7
Director's fees . . . . .	1,500.00	4.8
Decorator's fees . . . . .	500.00	1.6
Miscellaneous . . . . .	3,850.53	12.4
	<hr/>	
	\$31,012.17	100.0

2. Modern drama in civilian clothes. Produced by Arthur Hopkins. Twelve male and seventeen female characters. Three sets. No specially constructed props. Opened out of town and played one week. Ran four weeks in New York.†

	Cost	Per Cent of Total
Scenery		
Construction . . . .	\$4,101.07	
Painting . . . . .	1,900.00	
	<hr/>	
	\$ 6,001.07	37.2
Props . . . . .	1,456.54	9.0
Lights . . . . .	1,495.10	9.2
Costumes . . . . .	1,742.50	10.8
Rehearsal labor . . . . .	2,601.99	16.1
Rehearsal rental . . . . .	490.63	3.0
Hauling . . . . .	220.75	1.4
Director's fee . . . . .	1,500.00	9.3
To stage manager . . . . .	500.00	3.1
Miscellaneous . . . . .	139.71	.9
	<hr/>	
	\$16,148.29	100.0
Loss on try-out . . . . .	3,374.90	
	<hr/>	
Total . . . . .	\$19,523.19	

Once the opening has occurred, the running expenses are relatively light except for the rent of the theater which, together with the author's royalties, will probably take 50 per cent of the gross. The manager will have to pay his press agent, his extra stage hands (if any), and will have begun to pay his actors at the try-out—provided of course that the rehearsals have not occupied more than four weeks. The sum required for the actors' salaries will depend upon the number of performers and their popularity. Salaries have been considerably reduced since the depression began, and probably fluctuate now more than usual, but formerly a star would receive from eight hundred a week up, leads from four hundred to eight hundred, others from as low as fifty for mere "bits" to as high as four hundred for more important parts. Purely by way of illustration the operating costs for the two plays whose production costs were tabulated above may be given—operating being understood to include authors' royalties but not the percentage of gross paid to the theater-owner. The first of the two plays cited cost \$4,110.57 per week to run, of which \$3,287.00 was for salaries of actors and stage manager. Yet in spite of the fact that the play ran twelve weeks it averaged only \$6,000 a week gross, and since 50 per cent of this went to the theater-owner, the twelve-week run lost \$13,882 which, added to the production costs, made a total loss of \$44,894. The second play referred to cost \$6,022.42 per week to run and lost a total of \$26,747.

The chief fact to be noted is that, production costs being as high as they are and running costs being, relatively, as low as they are, the difference between a tremendous loss and a tremendous profit is the difference between a short run and a relatively long one. Since no one can really gauge the potential popularity of a play, this is what the statement that the theatrical business is in reality a gambler's business comes down to.

† Both of these tables as well as most of the other economic data given are drawn from the study made by Alfred Bernheim and Sara Harding referred to in the last article. It was made through the Labor Bureau.



# The Political Front

I

## Dr. Brinkley of Kansas

By RICHARD HUGHES BAILEY

*Emporia, Kansas, August 24*

**A**LL signs in Kansas point to the election this year as governor of Dr. John R. Brinkley, upon whom the Kansas City *Star* first bestowed the opprobrious name of "goat-gland quack," a title which hundreds of newspapers have repeated since. Who is Dr. Brinkley?

At Milford, Kansas, several years ago, Dr. Brinkley established a hospital where he soon built up a large practice with a gland operation for men. He was "exposed" by a reporter, A. B. MacDonald, in an article which was printed in the Kansas City *Star*. There followed other articles. His medical education was discussed, and it was alleged that his diploma had come from a diploma mill; his "ethics" were attacked and the merit of his operations questioned. As a result of these articles the Kansas medical board became aroused and Dr. Brinkley's license to practice was taken away from him.

That was two years ago. Dr. Brinkley, incensed, announced his intention of running for governor, apparently on the theory that his election as governor would vindicate his standing as a physician. When those in charge of the State election, good Republicans all, pointed out that it was too late to get his name on the ballot, Dr. Brinkley was not discouraged. He opened a campaign over his radio station at Milford, and for three months urged the electorate of Kansas to write his name in on their ballots. When the votes were counted it was found that 180,000 citizens of Kansas had voted for Dr. John R. Brinkley. His total was only a few thousand votes behind that of Harry H. Woodring, the Democratic candidate who was elected; and Governor Woodring won over his Republican rival by only a few hundred votes.

This year the race will again be three-cornered. Dr. Brinkley announced early in the year that he would make the race a second time. The Democrats renominated Governor Woodring, and the Republicans put up Alfred Landon, an oil man from Independence. This year Dr. Brinkley's name is on the ballot, and he has been waging a strenuous campaign. While he no longer owns the radio station at Milford—he was forced to sell it under pressure from the Federal Radio Commission—he has been speaking over that station

daily and over other stations as well. Some of the largest crowds ever gathered in Kansas for political rallies have heard his speeches from the end-gate of his "Ammunition Train No. 1," a big truck garishly painted. Roy Faulkner, "the singing cowboy," is a featured attraction at his open-air talks. He has run big advertisements in the newspapers. He has used, in fact, every electioneering trick except torchlight processions, and those may yet appear.

The "goat-gland quack" of Milford, as even the careful Associated Press calls him, is making a deep impression on the voters of Kansas, though it is hard to see how they can reconcile all of his promises. He has promised "when I am elected" to pave hundreds of miles of roads in every county in Kansas—the newspapers say sarcastically that he will even pave the cowpaths. He has promised free textbooks in the school, artificial lakes in every county created by State money, and scores of other expensive improvements. Yet he winds up every speech with a promise to reduce taxes. Another question which remains unanswered is how he plans to put his grandiose program into effect with an antagonistic legislature. Nevertheless, thousands of persons, anxious for "a change," intend to vote for him.

The Brinkley movement is said to be "all talk" by both Democrats and Republicans, who believe, publicly at least, that Brinkley will not roll up nearly as many votes as he did two years ago. On the other hand, there are many more people who are openly for Brinkley than there were two years ago when no one was quite willing to admit having voted for him. Brinkley stickers, tire-covers, and banners adorn many a Kansas automobile. The farmers seem to be almost solidly behind him, especially in the great wheat-raising belt in the central and western part of the State, where the low price of wheat has turned the farmers against everyone now in office.

Two years ago Dr. Brinkley polled 30,000 more votes than were given to William Allen White, one of the State's best-loved citizens, when he ran for governor in 1924. Mr. White at that time ran in protest against the stand taken by Benjamin Paulen, the Republican candidate, on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan. White was bitterly opposed to the Klan, and although he was not elected governor, the Republicans were so impressed with the size of his vote that they, too, turned against the Klan. Yet Brinkley in 1930 polled more votes than White in 1924. If Brinkley is elected, he will immediately be the target of his enemies. There are indications that the Republicans feel that his election is probable and his im-

### Dr. J. R. Brinkley

WILL SPEAK AT

## Sodens' Grove

EMPORIA, KANSAS, AT 8 P. M.,

## FRIDAY, AUGUST 26TH

Dr. Brinkley will be accompanied by AMMUNITION TRAIN NO. 1, equipped with loud speakers, and Roy Faulkner, the Singing Cow Boy from Radio Stations KFKB and XER, who will entertain. Dr. Brinkley will positively appear in person and the speaking will begin promptly at 8 P. M.

A BRINKLEY HANDBILL



peachment possible—the August primaries were distinguished by the largest list of candidates for lieutenant-governor in the State's history. The lieutenant-governor would replace the governor in case of impeachment.

## II

### "Ma" Ferguson Wins Again

By HAROLD PREECE

*Austin, Texas, September 6*

IN Texas, our throats are still hoarse from cheering because "Ma" Ferguson has apparently won, after days of uncertainty, with a majority of more than three thousand votes. We crank up our dilapidated Fords with a bit more verve as we start to town to make our scanty purchases. As we drive down the main street, Bill, the garage man, yells a passing greeting to us. "Howdy, folks. Things are goin' to be different, now that Ma's goin' back to office." The Fergusons, Jim and "Ma," though present in the flesh as the records of their gubernatorial terms graphically attest, are a benevolent myth to thousands of Texas tenant farmers and workers. Jim may have compromised himself with the breweries and the road contractors; "Ma" may have prostituted the pardoning power of the chief executive; but those are minor failings. "They know how to talk with common folks, and there ain't nothin' high-hat about them."

The impeachment and removal of James E. Ferguson from the governor's office in 1917 has proved a boomerang to his political enemies. The ordinary politician, after conviction for gross malfeasance, would have departed into obscurity; Jim simply changed costumes and became a martyr. In every campaign but one since 1914, he has been a candidate for some office. In 1920 he organized his own party and ran for President of the United States, the party evaporating into thin air after the November election. I say that Jim has been a candidate each time. True, the Ferguson banners have been carried by Mrs. Ferguson the last four times, but everybody knows that "Ma" is simply a proxy for her disqualified husband. It has become impossible to hold a primary campaign, based upon a constructive issue, in the State of Texas. Unemployment relief, economy in governmental expenditures, improvement of the sadly deficient public-school system—all these pressing questions are swept aside as we battle over the perennial issue of Fergusonism. Young Texans are growing up under the shadow of a feud as intense as any of the early cattle wars. Because of the Ferguson personal following, numbering over a hundred thousand devoted souls, one of the Fergusons is always one of the two highest candidates in the first Democratic primary. Under the Texas law, if no candidate in a multiple race receives a majority, the two contenders polling the most votes enter a second primary. As in 1930, the gubernatorial race this year resolved itself into a contest between Ross S. Sterling and Miriam A. Ferguson.

The political barometer was unusually favorable to the self-styled champions of the forgotten man. Mortgages have been foreclosed right and left; people hitherto in comfortable circumstances have been reduced almost to the level of paupers; the cost of State government has increased by

a third, while tax receipts have declined correspondingly. Viewing the glaring incompetence of Governor Ross S. Sterling during his single term of office, Texas voters forgot the equal incompetence of Mrs. Ferguson during a like tenure of office, and have now exchanged a present evil for a former one.

The ineffectual administration of Mr. Sterling has forever dispelled the fetish of putting successful business men in office. The Governor had been an eminent success in his way as a salesman of oil and gas, emerging from the obscurity of a small-town merchant to the eminence of a millionaire petroleum operator. But a mind conditioned to mere acquisition of property could not, perhaps, be expected to manifest any deep sympathy for the economically submerged. The minor petroleum operators even assert that he took advantage of the depression to convert East Texas into a satrapy of the Humble Oil Company. Martial law was declared in East Texas, ostensibly to enforce the oil-proration laws. But it is an indisputable fact that the troops sent by Governor Sterling, founder of the Humble Oil Company, were commanded by General Jacob Wolters, attorney for the Humble Oil Company. Many lower-ranking officers of the national gubernatorial guardsmen, stationed in the territory, were either connected with the Humble or other major oil companies. Governor Sterling has denied that he has had any connection with the Humble Oil Company since 1925, but in 1930, according to the record of a legislative investigating committee, he received an advance royalty of \$400,000 from that concern. The Humble Oil Company is a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Theoretically, the Standard is outlawed in the State of Texas. But in 1918, Sterling, then president of the Humble, sold 50 per cent of its stock to the Standard interests. The Standard has since increased its holdings to 65 per cent of the Humble stock, while the anti-trust laws of the State have been nullified by the passage of a bill giving foreign corporations the right to vote stock held in Texas concerns.

Sterling's second great error was the advocacy of a three-hundred million dollar bond issue for the building of highways. During the period of prosperity, Texas counties saddled themselves with bonds for every conceivable purpose, and the total indebtedness will probably not be liquidated in a century. The *Ferguson Forum* made such political capital out of the proposed highway issue that Governor Sterling ignominiously reversed his position on the matter. Adroitly, Ferguson called upon the voters to dismiss Sterling and thereby get "two governors for the price of one," a clever catch-phrase for a people struggling to pay taxes out of reduced incomes. If history repeats itself, the two-for-one combination will prove expensive in the long run, after the fashion of most bargains.

Ferguson, himself, is not averse to feasting with the Pharisees and taking their cash. As an attorney, he has represented corporations almost as imposing as the Humble Oil Company; his connections with the American Book Company and American Road Company, during his wife's term of office, constituted a public scandal. The American Road Company was subsequently outlawed from the State, and forced to return \$600,000 excess profit to the State treasury. Simultaneously, Ferguson was drawing a retainer of \$20,000 per year from a railroad. Not even his most ardent supporters deny these facts. But as I have intimated,



Ferguson is friendly and approachable where Sterling is cold and aloof. The successful demagogue knows how to fool the people and make them like it. Governor Sterling can neither fool them nor make them like it.

To some extent, the Ferguson victory denotes an awakening class-consciousness, since "Ma" was commonly regarded as the candidate of the people against the corporations. I use the term class-consciousness advisedly, but so long as the Ferguson organization serves as a stop-gap, no party with a genuine program of social readjustment is going to make any headway in Texas. The Fergusons have never held office during a period of depression. Will they institute some adequate measures of reform and relief, or will they

follow their usual policy of converting the gubernatorial position into a lucrative dispensary of pardons and political favors? The voters of Texas have had an opportunity to become disillusioned with the successful business man. Will this resentment at the established order of things be wreaked in a year or two on the "friends of the people?" The developments of the next two years will afford an answer to these questions. The most significant feature, at present, is the moral bankruptcy of the Democratic Party of Texas. In a State where the Democratic nomination is generally equivalent to election, the members of that party were forced to choose between two persons, both of whom have figured in what may well be termed genuine public scandals.

## What Really Happened

By MORRIE RYSKIND

[Editor's Note: The following is an alleged transcript of the notes, taken by an alleged stenographer in alleged shorthand, of an alleged conversation alleged to have taken place at an alleged meeting between two alleged statesmen who shall be nameless. How it came into my hands would make an interesting story in itself, if I could only think of it. Suffice to say that after considerable difficulty—due to the fact that I do not know shorthand—I succeeded in decoding the message, and hereby offer it for what it is worth. No reasonable offer refused.]

The scene is the office of Mr.—let us say—Smith. A secretary announces a Mr.—let us say—Garner.

MR. SMITH

Who?

SECRETARY

Garner. John Nance Garner.

MR. SMITH

Oh, yes. Show him up! Show him up! . . . No, I did that . . . Show him in.

[The Secretary does so, and Mr. Garner enters, his hat in his hand. It is the same hat that was formerly in the ring. He seems embarrassed, and you can hardly blame him.]

MR. GARNER

[a little doubtfully—say about as doubtful as New York State]

Hello.

MR. SMITH

[Believe it or not, he's cordial. I, for one, don't believe it.]

Hello! Glad to see you! How have you been?

MR. GARNER

Pretty good, thanks. And you?

MR. SMITH

Great! Never felt grouchier. What's on your mind?

MR. GARNER

Oh, nothing, nothing.

MR. SMITH

Well, that's progress. Have a cigar?

[Garner takes it—and he certainly can take it. He tries to light it with a lighter given to him by Congress but, like that body, it doesn't work; it just sputters. Smith strikes a match for him.]

MR. GARNER

Thanks. . . . Nice office you have here.

MR. SMITH

Not bad. Of course, it's not the office I had in mind when I made that Chicago trip.

MR. GARNER

I know, but when you come right down to it, there's only one Empire State.

MR. SMITH

Yeah, and it's got forty-seven electoral votes.

[For some reason, this reply disconcerts Garner, and he chokes on the cigar. Smith waits hopefully but, seeing that Garner will recover anyway, pours him a drink.]

MR. GARNER

Thanks. . . . How's business?

MR. SMITH

Great! Subscriptions are rolling in. . . . How are subscriptions with you?

MR. GARNER

Not so good.

MR. SMITH

You could learn something from us. You get our magazine?



MR. GARNER

No.

MR. SMITH

You can't afford to miss it. I'm going to run some swell stuff this year.

MR. GARNER

Gosh, I'd like to, but I don't get time to read much, and I already subscribe to one magazine, *Better Babies*.

MR. SMITH

Never heard of it. Who's the editor?

MR. GARNER

Mrs.—er—

*[He is at a loss, and who isn't these days?]*

MR. SMITH

*[He's either puzzled or he has a grand poker face. You pays your money and you takes your choice.]*

Yes?

MR. GARNER

I'd rather not tell you. You wouldn't want me to be a cad, and bandy a woman's name about?

MR. SMITH

Certainly not. But I still think you ought to subscribe.

MR. GARNER

I don't think I can afford it right now. Later on, maybe, when business picks up—say November.

MR. SMITH

That reminds me. What business are you in now?

MR. GARNER

Why, I'm running for Vice-President.

MR. SMITH

*[You never saw a more surprised man in your life.]*

No! On what ticket?

MR. GARNER

Democratic.

MR. SMITH

Is that so? Mind if I make a note of that? Might mention it in the magazine. Publicity never hurts.

MR. GARNER

I'm not so sure about that. . . . Tell me, what issue would you run that in?

MR. SMITH

I wouldn't know at this minute. Why don't you subscribe and then you'd be sure to see it?

MR. GARNER

Well, now—

MR. SMITH

Sure!

*[To Secretary]*

Mrs. Moscovitz! Give Mr. Garner a subscription blank.

*[Mrs. Moscovitz does so after a conference with her husband.]*

MR. GARNER

*[still trying to get out of it]*

I really oughtn't do this till I balance my budget.

MR. SMITH

Go on—you're only young once.

*[Garner puts his X on the dotted line. Smith looks it over to make sure it's not the double X.]*

MR. GARNER

Take a check or do you want cash?

MR. SMITH

Is the check any good?

MR. GARNER

Take my word for it.

*[So Garner pays cash.]*

MR. SMITH

Thank you very much. Drop in any time.

MR. GARNER

I'll do that. Call me up some time.

MR. SMITH

I did once, but they said you were out.

MR. GARNER

No!

MR. SMITH

I know—but that's what they told me.

MR. GARNER

Well, better luck next time.

MR. SMITH

Same to you. Well, glad to have seen you. Another cigar before you go?

*[As Garner reaches for the second cigar, the one he is puffing explodes and blows him right out of the building. Mr. Smith takes the departure very philosophically. Then he has an idea.]*

MR. SMITH

*[to himself]*

SAY! I wonder if McAdoo smokes!

CURTAIN



## In the Driftway

FISHING, like every other form of the good life, has been thoroughly exploited by politicians, sportsmen, and various other people with ulterior motives. In the movies there is a continuous succession of business-like men, in speed-boats elaborately equipped, dragging giant tunny or dangerous swordfish out of the ocean; or of pudgy puzzled politicians trying to pass themselves off as honest fishermen. Not long ago the Drifter saw a film in which a professor of fishing in one of our universities (believe it or not) was shown demonstrating his skill. As a result, the true nature of fishing is in danger of being overlooked, especially by the younger generation. It is in the interest of the youngsters particularly that the Drifter would like to point out what every true fisherman knows: that catching a fish does not constitute fishing; that fishing is neither a profession nor a sport. It is, rather, a state of mind, an attitude toward life, which can best be cultivated beside a quiet stream of a sunny afternoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

YOUR authentic fisherman is not the sportily dressed, energetic extrovert who wades in hip boots in a rushing stream and keeps his line curling through the air in the constant and strenuous casting of fly-fishing. He is, instead, the unambitious man in old clothes with simple pole and line who sits on the bank of a deep pool for hours at a stretch in a silence that is broken only by the occasional splash of a sleek muskrat going about his business or the soft plop of a fish which may or may not be caught. The fisherman is an introvert, but not a neurotic. His mind is like his pool, tranquil, full of lights and shadows and muted reflections. What non-fishermen contemptuously call his patience is not patience at all but a profound absorption in water and light and swift-swimming fish under the surface. The Drifter knows of no silence so intense as that which surrounds a fisherman at his calling. Approach him, and he looks up out of a startling depth, whether he is fishing a lonely stream in the mountains or the populous Seine in the middle of Paris. It is along the Paris Seine, in fact, that the perfect fisherman is probably to be found. The Drifter has never seen a Seine fisherman catch a fish. He has never heard of anyone who ever saw one caught. Obviously the men who fish there fish for fishing's sake, which is the true test. For them, fishing has become in fact a way of life.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter speaks knowingly of fishing because he once fancied it as a career for himself. For weeks, one summer, he sat as an apprentice on quiet banks with a veteran fisherman. He felt the fascination of water and light and fish and of the silence which is so profound that the catching of one trout is a dramatic and disturbing event that often makes it necessary to move to another, quieter pool. But the Drifter's trouble was an insatiable curiosity to investigate the country beyond the other bank of the stream—a sure indication that he was not at heart a fisherman but a drifter.

MARCEL Proust, in his "Remembrance of Things Past," describes the course of a walk he took regularly with his parents in Combray, along the river Vivonne. On the way they passed a hazelnut tree "under which a fisherman in a straw hat had taken root."

At Combray [writes Proust] where I knew what individuality of blacksmith or grocer's boy was hidden under the uniform of the church guard or the surplice of the choir boy, this fisherman was the only person whose identity I never discovered.

M. Proust would probably have found that the fisherman under his straw hat was a fisherman and nothing else. He is never anything else if he can help it. For fishermen are, above all, contented. A President often fancies himself as a fisherman. But the Drifter has never met a fisherman who cared about being President.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Elect Them Both

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your own political comment and the articles of Paul Y. Anderson are realistic and honest; but Sherwood Anderson's suggestion that we elect both Hoover and Roosevelt as copresidents is the stroke of genius.

Many reasons come to mind why this would be the best possible solution of the impending election. First, it will please from 95 to 98 per cent of the electorate. Second, it will enable us to compare Democrats and Republicans under approximately similar conditions. And finally, in this year of all years, when we so need to economize, we can dispense with the election altogether, and let the consuls begin functioning at once.

Galesburg, Ill., August 31

SAMUEL M. BERG

## Max Nomad Interprets Himself

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is remarkable how some people manage to read into a text interpretations which are the very opposite of what the author intends to convey. Thus H. Kendall, according to his letter in your issue of August 31 found that "almost every page" of my "Rebels and Renegades" "carries ridicule of the radical proletariat and its ultimate aspirations," while in fact my attacks were directed solely against the ingenious devices used for taming and deceiving the laboring masses. Moreover, that same reader thought it necessary to "defend" the originality of my point of view against V. F. Calverton who, in Mr. Kendall's opinion, unjustly denied me the deserved credit. Now, whatever sins Mr. Calverton may have committed in reviewing my book, he certainly made no mistake in attributing its philosophy to my late friend, Wacław Machajski. Mr. Kendall's conception—which I am supposed to share—involves the perpetuation of the rule of "brains" over "brawn" as a "biological" matter, so to speak. Machajski's fundamental idea was that while the various schools of socialist thought have, consciously or unconsciously, shaped their policies for the purpose of establishing and maintaining the rule of the intelligentsia as an economically privileged class, the revolutionary economic struggle of the manual workers, aiming at the equalization of incomes,



will eventually do away with the intelligentsia as an economic category, by making higher education accessible to all alike, thus removing the division of the human race into educated masters and ignorant robots. In the last two pages of my final chapter the reader will find that there is a complete identity of my conclusions with Machajski's opinions which I presented in my chapter on Trotzky.

Mr. Kendall, like so many other defenders of an intellectual aristocracy after Plato's model, seems to think that higher education can be acquired only by biologically superior minds, and that such superiority is hereditary. A refutation of this long-exploded fallacy which is only a modernized version of the "divine-right" theory, was not within the scope of my book.

New York City, September 1

MAX NOMAD

## The Baltimore *Sun* and Mr. Pearson

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note with regret your comment on the Baltimore *Sun* and the dismissal of Drew Pearson, and believe that you would not have written as you did had you been fully conversant with the *Sun's* side of the case, instead of basing your comment on the somewhat misleading press reports. As a friend both of Mr. Pearson and the Baltimore *Sun*, may I say that the case is not one which is just a matter of black and white, and that, in the eyes of the *Sun*, Mr. Pearson's relation to the new volume of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" is but one phase of the situation. It appears, also, that it was not Mr. Pearson's connection with the book, as such, that caused the trouble, but his handling of certain personalities therein. That it would, perhaps, have been wiser for the *Sun* to have been more patient if only in order to avoid being misunderstood, is probably true. It is my belief, however, that the Baltimore *Sun* has not yielded either in its liberalism, or its readiness to allow liberty of action to its staff representatives.

New York, September 9

JUSTICE

[The editors of *The Nation* would greatly regret doing any injustice whatever to the Baltimore *Sun* for which they continue to have a very high regard, and are therefore happy to print the above letter.]

## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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ROBERT CANTWELL is author of "Laugh and Lie Down."

## A First Novel of Literary Importance



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Pulitzer Prize Playwright

Author of "In Abraham's Bosom," etc.

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A STIRRING novel of the New South which tells of young Danny Lawton, a penniless poor white, who laughs and sings his way into the mansion of Judge Long, and into the heart of the Judge's aristocratic daughter. Humor and pathos mingle in this clash, and a tense emotional drama emerges from the conflict. In *The Laughing Pioneer* Paul Green has written a remarkable first novel with the true stamp of genius.

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### □ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

Another Language. Booth Theater. Relatives at their worst realistically and hilariously described in one of the very few plays to survive the summer.

Ballyhoo of 1932. 44th Street Theater. A better than average musical review with some good tunes. (H. H.)

Best Years. Bijou Theater. A competently written but none too original drama about a selfish mother and a self-sacrificing daughter.

Bridal Wise. Cort Theater. Very light but funny comedy concerned with love and horses. With Madge Kennedy.

Counsellor-at-Law. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

Here Today. Ethel Barrymore Theater. The most talked about of the new comedies. Reviewed in this issue.

Of Thee I Sing. Music Box Theater. The one inescapable "must" now on exhibition. Politics done up brown in the Ryskind-Kaufman-Gershwin Pulitzer prize winner.

Show Boat. Ziegfeld Theater. Revival of one of the most successful musical shows of recent years.

Smiling Faces. Shubert Theater. An uninspired musical show starring the Stones. Some good dancing. (H. H.)

The Cat and the Fiddle. Cohan Theater. A tuneful operetta held over from last season.



# Books and Drama

# High City

By LEONORA SPEYER

*The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea.*

All day the singing in my ear,  
The lordly words, all day the face  
Of him who loved this Broken Place—  
Imperious face, full, scornful eye—  
And where the splintered marbles lie,  
And where the capital still heaves  
Its stone acanthus toward the sky,  
Unfolding lush those carven leaves,  
He limps, he leaps the tumbled stair,  
Up to the gods no longer there.

This is the hill he made his hill,  
By right of song and by love's right,  
That English town that scattered him  
Grew unimportant overnight—  
Save when he sang of it, and then  
Nightingales screamed, to scorch and spill  
Sweet lava on its roofs again,  
And London ran and women ran  
To read his words—and read them still.

*The mountains look on Marathon!*  
The mountains . . .

where the light snow lies

Sifted along this Grecian south,  
Beneath these too-blue Grecian skies—  
And cold; and bare; no grappling root  
Climbs as he climbed (mis-shapen foot  
He called his little hoof), proud mouth  
So cruel-curved, yet tender grown  
For each high, adamant stone, for this  
The City that he made his own:  
Acropolis . . . Acropolis . . .

All day the voice—Byronic sound  
Where no sound is, unless this Pile  
Cluttered along the god-like ground  
Be sound indeed. All day the smile  
That London loved a little while,  
A sister over-loved, and she  
The weeping wife whose narrow heart  
Was like these stones—without their art—  
Broken as they, its stilted gods  
Scattered as theirs—a crumb of clay!

In Athen's street his image stands,  
And pale as life, the bold head bent,  
His lofty brow and insolent  
Receives its laurel from the hands  
Of the Muse leaning . . .

# London town

Still hoards its sooty towers and walls,

Looks down its nose—the smug, the long—  
But here where Marathon looks down,  
Through year that crumbles into year,  
Echoes a step that is his step,  
Resounds his opulent, aching song;  
Beneath Erechtheum's porticos,  
Intent and tall, the Maidens peer,  
Dreaming he comes and goes.

*"There will be many write of me—"*  
(Defiant boast and prophecy),  
What need to write?

## Acropolis

Looks down from its bleak precipice,  
And mountains looks, and Marathon,  
Forever on the sea.

# Spanish Katzenjammer

*The Revolt of the Masses.* By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.75.

THE anonymous translator of this work says that "in the Spanish histories of the future Don José Ortega y Gasset will probably be spoken of as one of the Fathers of the Republic." If so, then the definition of republic will have to be changed, at all events in Spain. For what Professor Ortega denounces most violently in his book is precisely the idea upon which the whole science and art of republicanism has always been based, to wit, the idea that there is some mystical virtue, and what is more, some mystical wisdom, in men in the mass—that what everyone believes is somehow likely to be true. Upon this doctrine he flings himself with great enthusiasm, and, save at moments when he loses the thread of his discourse and argues against himself, with considerable effect.

The liberation of the masses, he believes, has done Europe a lot of harm. It has upset the old scale of values, especially in the field of government, and substituted a kind of moony indifference, grounded upon simple and even childish desires. The mob is impatient of all ideas, and hence refuses to consider and discuss them. The one thing it esteems is a comfortable conformity, and that conformity is naturally pitched upon a low level. Moreover, it is quite irrational, for there is no coherent concept behind it, but only a yearning to be "undifferentiated from other men," to pass unmarked and unmolested in a vague crowd. Thus mere quantity is substituted for quality, and all the high aspirations and enterprises of superior men sink into desuetude.

Señor Ortega's thesis is here clear enough, but it cannot be said that he maintains it with unfailing consistency. It is hard to follow an argument which begins with an eloquent plea for aristocracy (page 22), and ends with the conclusion that "liberal democracy based on technical knowledge is the highest type of public life hitherto known" (page 56). Nor is it easy to agree, on the one hand, that the stupidities of the mob now engulf and smother *homo sapiens*, and on the other hand that his "vital tone," which "consists in his feeling himself possessed of greater potentiality than ever before," is now at its historic maximum.

But such confusions, of course, are apt to occur in a book which covers so wide a field, especially if it comes from the studio of a metaphysician. When Señor Ortega turns into by-paths he often writes with great clarity, and is pleasantly persuasive. In one of his later chapters, for example, he has an



excellent short treatise on the nature of the state, along with a hearty denunciation of the current tendency to regard it as a stupendous Peruna bottle, with a cure in it for every ill. And he pleads with fine eloquence for some of the standards that democracy has tended to destroy. From his main contention few will dissent—that it is bad government which particularly afflicts the world, and especially Europe, today. But most readers will regret that he did not state it more simply, and argue for it with a more concentrated assiduity.

Señor Ortega is professor of metaphysics at the University of Madrid, and a busy controversialist. He edits a review and has printed a number of books, but this one, I believe, is the first to be done into English. The translation is very smooth.

H. L. MENCKEN

## Inquiry into Life

*The Sheltered Life.* By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

WHATEVER her place among them, Ellen Glasgow writes in the style of the best novelists. She belongs in the great tradition, and the difference between her and the rawer, bolder, keener spirits who are concerned with the contemporary scene is that they believe they know what life should be, and Miss Glasgow is merely trying to find out what it is.

That is what makes of "The Sheltered Life," which is the story of yesterday in the South, something more than another "Age of Innocence." Ending her tale with the first reverberations of the World War in August, 1914, Miss Glasgow has placed it in time far beyond wars or the insecurity of governments. She has described a lost world, the world of sheltered women and sheltering, if unfaithful, men; her Queenborough which may be only another name for the Richmond she knows so well, is as remote as the moon from the Europe of 1914-18, and the world of 1932. Her Mrs. Birdsong, whose whole career was to be a beauty, may exist no more. A set of manners which would make a man ask a woman to marry him simply because he had inadvertently spent half the night with her in a broken-down sleigh, although neither loved the other, and which would make her accept him and live with him as his wife for thirty years, may have vanished. But if this code of behavior is no longer observed, Miss Glasgow is by no means dependent on its existence for the wisdom and penetration of her observations about men and women. She holds this vanishing day in her hands and turns it around as carefully as if it were a ball of glass in which she could see the human heart. Who were these people, she asks? What did they think when they acted as they did? Out of what clay did they spring, and in what mold may they, with their inheritance and their traditions, eventually be cast?

This particular form of inquiry would, I believe, lift Miss Glasgow above the run of her contemporaries, even if she were not also gifted with wit and irony and with the ability to tell a well-ordered and moving story. Those furious young Don Quixotes who find in Willa Cather, for example, merely gentle piety about a lost age, would, if they were as honest as they are brave, be compelled to acknowledge more substance in Miss Glasgow. She it is who can say: "For one confirmed habit had not changed with the ages. Mankind was still calling human nature a system and trying vainly to put something else in its place." Or: "To be sure, as Jenny Blair was too apt to retort, we were living in the twentieth century, and ideas were modern. Modern, yes, but there had been modern ideas in every age, not excepting the long ages that were probably arboreal." Or: "First love is simply between two persons, you and your lover,

and it changes as everything must that exists merely between two human beings. But last love has courage in it also; it has courage and finality, and facing the end and all the emptiness that is life." Courage to face the emptiness of life is a quality that only years can bring. The young scorn it, probably rightly. The old cannot explain or define it, nor do they always own it; but I should imagine that when they met this particular courage they would salute it with the highest honors.

It remains only to say that the men and women in "The Sheltered Life" are warm and living. Mrs. Birdsong, of the radiant eyes and the queenly carriage, who could finally not endure having been an ideal for forty years; George, her husband, who loved her, who knew he was not worthy of her little finger, and who was not able, therefore, to be faithful to her; General Archbald, who after eighty years had discovered that happiness was to be free from the tyranny of chance, to be released from wanting; Jenny Blair, a child, a young woman, whom the sheltered life did not quite cover, and yet who remained in it for first love which would be restrained neither for loyalty nor kindness—these and the other persons in her book Miss Glasgow has drawn fully and credibly. In creating them, she has contributed something to human experience, merely by saying, dispassionately and completely, what their experience was. That perhaps is all that should be asked of a novelist. And while novelists remain who can do it, to whatever degree, we need not be concerned about the future of this particular form of literary endeavor.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## Senator Beveridge

*Beveridge and the Progressive Era.* By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

ONE does not often find so admirable a piece of political biography as Mr. Bowers has given us in his life of Beveridge. The high quality of the work is the more notable because Mr. Bowers himself is far from sympathetic with some of the things for which Beveridge stood, but while he does not wholly conceal his own divergence, he holds a steady hand in controversial matters and refrains from pressing criticism where it would be essentially partisan. Only an elaborate review could take account of all the new light which he has drawn from the voluminous Beveridge manuscripts and other sources, and it must suffice to say here that he has swept the field with thoroughness and scrupulous care and utilized his material without being at any time inundated by it.

The outstanding characteristics of Beveridge were his oratorical brilliance, his passionate devotion to the causes he took up, and his prodigious capacity for work. It was as an orator that he made his way into public life and widened his political fame, and his speeches, whether in the Senate, or at party conventions, or on his whirlwind campaign tours, are memorable examples of the gorgeous rhetoric and effective manner which move audiences to enthusiasm even though they fail to convert. His oratorical gift, joined to unusual powers of observation, was reflected in the long succession of magazine articles in which he discussed current political issues, and notably in the remarkable series of articles, viewed with suspicion by editors and branded as pro-German by a deluded and distracted public, in which he described what he saw and heard behind the lines in Europe in the winter of 1914-15. He dug deeply into the political questions which he discussed in the Senate, and once his interest was aroused he went into the fight with his whole heart.

The climax of his career came with the Progressive movement. Mr. Bowers has not undertaken to write a history of that episode, although his account of Beveridge's connection with it inevitably includes a good deal of general narrative and



comment. Seen in the perspective in which Mr. Bowers places it, much of Beveridge's public life seems to have been a preparation for the Progressive role which he played. Distrustful of Jefferson and an admirer of Hamilton, he went over without reserve to imperialism in the war with Spain, hurried off to the Philippines to study the problem there, longed to see Cuba a part of the United States, and sneered at the evidence of Philippine outrages by American army officers and men. He fought the Payne-Aldrich tariff and locked horns with the Old Guard over the admission of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma. Then, with suspicions that all was not holy with big business, he led the demand for an investigation of the packing industry, and called for tariff revision with the condition that it should be the work of the tariff's friends.

His devotion to the Progressive movement was due only in part, although in considerable part, to his liking for Roosevelt. "For the moment," as Mr. Bowers points out, "he had utterly lost faith in the Republican Party," but he also realized that a new party must rest upon principles and not upon devotion to a leader. As long as there was hope of achieving "a vital program of political and social reforms" he labored arduously for the cause, but when the movement, defeated at the polls, foundered on the rock of Roosevelt's ambition, he returned sadly to the Republican fold. He had already lost his seat in the Senate, and his political career was practically at an end. It is hard to resist the impression that, as far as progressivism was concerned, he was an opportunist, anxious for reforms and willing to take a chance, but careful not to break completely with his Republican past.

There is a good deal besides politics in Mr. Bowers's book, and the accounts of Beveridge's travels, his wide friendships, and his personal traits and habits are well done. A series of sketches of Aldrich, La Follette, Dolliver, Cummins, and Bristow are models of literary portraiture. One would gladly have had more about the preparation of the monumental life of John Marshall and the unfinished life of Lincoln, for it is through these works that Beveridge's memory is most certain to be honored.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Prices Versus Planning

*Recovery. The Second Effort.* By Sir Arthur Salter. The Century Company. \$3.

*The World's Economic Crisis and the Way of Escape.* By Sir Arthur Salter, Sir Josiah Stamp, J. Maynard Keynes, Sir Basil Blackett, Henry Clay, and Sir W. H. Beveridge. Halley Stewart Lectures, 1931. The Century Company. \$1.75.

*The Financial Aftermath of War.* By Sir Josiah Stamp. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

*Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World.* By Alvin Harvey Hansen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

SOME of the soundest and most realistic economic work in the world today is being done in Great Britain. It is not simply that the British economists are well trained, though there is no finer tradition than that in which they are brought up. But by the very necessities of their insular, yet imperial, position, the British people stand face to face with the hard realities of an economic situation that imperiously demands intelligent cooperative action on a world-wide scale. It is that situation which gives bite to the best of present-day British economic writing. Just as the problems and perplexities of the post-Napoleonic era gave rise to the intensely practical speculations of the much-misunderstood classicists, so the staggering difficulties of today are bringing about the creation of a literature some parts of which the student in future may

well rate as high as the intelligent critic today places the work of Ricardo and his successors.

In that literature Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery" is bound to take high rank, not for any keenness and originality of theoretical analysis, though it is marked by understanding of the possibilities as well as the limitations of economic theorizing, but for a masterly presentation of the immense body of facts, both economic and political, relevant to the crisis, and for the sanity, sobriety, and balance with which the author judges the significance of those facts. Unwilling to attempt to express the whole of the present infinitely complex situation in terms of any one convenient formula, Sir Arthur undertakes, with marked success, to analyze it into the various elements, agricultural, industrial, financial, political, and psychological, that make it up, and, with less success, in my judgment, to indicate the way out. He points out the disappearance of the old automatic adjustment of production to wants through free competition, and the necessity of finding a new way in which "competition and individual enterprise on the one hand, and regulation and general planning on the other, will be so adjusted that the abuses of each will be avoided and the benefits of each retained." The hardened critic is likely to look with skepticism on this attempt to mix oil and water, an attempt at present so characteristic of sacred business men and politicians clinging to a job—in neither of which categories do I mean to place Sir Arthur. But the critic should remember that great numbers of sensible and practical men agree with him in thinking it possible to construct out of our present society "such a framework of law, customs, institutions, and planned guidance and direction, that the thrust of individual effort and ambition can operate only to the general advantage." After all, men have muddled through much; maybe muddleheadedness is not altogether without its advantages in a world, like this one, not wholly clear and logical in its arrangements and development.

Among all the post-war books, "Recovery" is unique in the comprehensiveness with which it deals with all the outstanding problems of the present inextricably tangled situation—money and currency, banking, credit, and foreign loans, "reparations" (dead and damned), war debts (moribund and accursed), tariffs (mischief-makers par excellence), cartels and industrial organization (with unemployment of course looming large), armaments, alliances, League Covenant and Kellogg Pact. All are handled with eminent common sense and with the rare fulness of knowledge that befits the author's former position at Geneva. Sir Arthur believes that the path to security and reduction of armaments lies at present only through the strengthening of the League and the Kellogg Pact; he says frankly that in building up the peace machinery and establishing confidence in it, European activity is undermined by complete uncertainty as to what America would do in case of threatened war. His sober and moderate words offer Americans much food for reflection. His common-sense suggestions as to what we might actually do within the limits set by American tradition and the present state of public opinion raise the question whether the mind and heart of America are yet ready for the world cooperation necessary to anything better than what we have, just as his demands on Europe make one wonder whether the radical changes that he shows to be essential can in fact be worked out by governments dominated by economic interests intent on getting everything possible for themselves. Some of us believe that we are involved in a fatal contradiction.

There seems to be little reason, aside from the natural desire of the publishers to cash in on the success of the Salter book, for American publication of the Halley Stewart lectures, even though the lectures were good ones, containing many interesting suggestions. The distinguished authors naturally could say nothing specially important within the limits of a



single lecture. I venture to say that the most important point in the whole course, at a time when politicians, business men, and even economists are talking glibly about economic planning without having thought the thing through, was that made by Sir William Beveridge: "There is here, I believe, an inescapable, fatal danger—the danger of mixing control and freedom. We have to decide either to let production be guided by the free play of prices or to plan it socialistically from beginning to end." Sir William votes for "seeking a way out of the world's crisis within the framework of the capitalistic system, by suppressing, through international cooperation, the anarchy of purchasing power . . . and keeping and increasing the liberty of production and exchange." Even those who disagree with this judgment should be grateful to him for pointing out that we here face a genuine alternative, instead of joining the ranks of those tender-minded reformers who would persuade us that we can eat our cake and have it too. Henry Clay's analysis of the industrial causes of the crisis, as opposed to the financial explanations commonly current, is a highly interesting and useful bit of theorizing. Sir Josiah Stamp's "Financial Aftermath of War" is the required publication of a series of popular lectures delivered at Aberystwyth in 1930. They make no pretense at profundity, but constitute a clear and simple explanation, after the fact, of some of the abominable industrial results of war finance.

Professor Hansen's book, which he and his publishers have damned with an impossible though accurately descriptive title, is a legitimate occasion of pride to every person interested in American scholarship. No more solid and important work in economic theory has appeared in any country since the war. It embodies an almost incredible amount of the most diverse factual material, all ordered and arranged in such a way as to illuminate and not obscure the author's theoretical argument, which has the rare merit of being at once clear, consistent, and reasonable. It is no book for babes and sucklings, and it will not be a best-seller, like Sir Arthur Salter's; but it will have to be taken into account by every future writer who pretends to deal seriously with this crisis and with the avoidance of future crises. It is divided into four parts, dealing successively with international causes of instability, world-wide unemployment, population stabilization, and a program of increased stabilization under capitalism.

Professor Hansen is an uncompromising but intelligent advocate of the price system; that is, he favors the direction of production and distribution by individual choice acting through the medium of prices, rather than the creation of a "planned" economy. He is too clear a thinker to imagine that we can have both at once. He shows clearly how the increasing measure of social control (as, for example, our control of railroad rates) has interfered with the "normal" operation of the price system, automatically adjusting production and consumption. Recognizing the huge waste involved in economic instability and the enormous social cost of unemployment as we know it under our system, he does not go into a panic about it, as most contemporary writers do. Instead, he weighs soberly the advantages and disadvantages of what we have, and the probable gains and losses of the alternative system of control, so far as it is possible to judge them on theoretical grounds and to check the results by Russian experience up to this point. This is theoretical work of a high order, and Professor Hansen demonstrates anew the incomparable value of theoretical economic analysis as a practical tool in the hands of one who knows how to use it. One need not agree with all his conclusions in order to admire the intelligence with which his work is directed and the skill with which it is done.

Without going into details, it is enough to say that Professor Hansen, while recognizing the desirability of a larger measure of stabilization, and indeed its necessity if capitalism is to

survive, is squarely of the opinion that entire stability, if it could indeed be attained, would be purchased at too great a cost. He therefore favors the effort to stabilize consumption by the use of unemployment insurance and other devices of social control, without any attempt to secure entire stability of production, which he rightly holds to be impossible under a free market, whether capitalistic or socialistic. The conflict between freedom as we know it on the one hand, and regularity and order with consequent security on the other, is one that goes to the very heart of the problem of organized society. Just at the moment the desire for security is so completely dominant that most men are in a mood to sacrifice almost everything else, if necessary, in the hope of obtaining it. At such times it is particularly important to have at least a few clear-headed thinkers like Professor Hansen, capable of pointing out the probable gains and losses involved in various proposed courses of action; for the choices before us concern not only bread and shoes and automobiles, but the unquenchable desires of the human spirit.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

## Distinguished Tedium

*The Burning Bush.* By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

CONSIDERED with "The Wild Orchid," to which it is the sequel, "The Burning Bush" must take an honored place among the world's most tedious works of fiction. Specifically, these two volumes are made up of approximately three hundred and fifty thousand words conveying information about the life of Paul Selmer, a Catholic, the son of well-to-do, liberal, divorced parents. The episodes the author selects from Paul's career for particular emphasis are his unhappy love affair with a girl of the lower classes, his religious conversion, his unhappy marriage, and the complicated troubles resulting from innocent meetings with his former mistress.

The two books are also conscious propaganda for the Catholic faith. In comparison with their other departments, the propaganda is the best part of them; that is, the propaganda for Catholicism is much more interesting and much more intelligently conveyed than the propaganda against so many other things—against liberalism, the Protestants, against communism, divorce, spiritualism. Sigrid Undset has one major objection, apparently, to everything in life which is not Catholic; her reason for objecting, by a beautiful logic, is that these things are not Catholic, and consequently they are works of the devil. She is militant; she is direct; she is willing to make her position on these matters clear if she has to repeat it on every page for eight hundred and seventy-eight pages. And so she does.

There is another little twist to the propaganda which enlivens the last two hundred thousand words—enlivens it provided you are interested in studying the ways in which propaganda is or is not effective. It is all, evidently, propaganda for the lesser evil. Paul doesn't experience any overwhelming ecstasy after his conversion. On the contrary, in "The Wild Orchid," before his conversion, he is shown as being made miserable by relatively minor unhappinesses in his life; he experiences great emotional distress and mental confusion from small sources of worry. In "The Burning Bush," after he has become a Catholic, and has what is for him a satisfactory way of judging his experiences, he undergoes greater trials without experiencing the same confusion. Prior to his conversion small doubts about his career, about his sweetheart's former lovers, about his divorced parents' relationship, are shown as having a great effect upon him, while afterwards he carries on in spite of the following difficulties: an unfaithful wife who is also completely brainless and extravagant, and who leaves him to return when



she is with child (which turns out to be an idiot) by another man; shame visited upon his children; financial troubles of a vague sort; the reappearance of his mistress, in terrible straits; imprisonment for murder. In other words, the author implies that while Paul may have been in pretty bad shape even with his Catholicism, the imagination is threatened when it attempts to picture how he would have ended if he hadn't accepted it.

There is very little more in this long book. There were a few good character sketches in "The Wild Orchid"—that of Paul's mother was very good—but even so slight a reward for the industrious reader is omitted from the second volume. There would be no point in reviewing the book at all if it were not that it is the work of Sigrid Undset, who once won the Nobel Prize and is a distinguished writer whose name commands a certain respect from those who have never read her works. Readers who are interested in the political significance of fiction will find that Madame Undset says candidly what many other writers merely say by implication. In spite of all the information she gives about Paul, the author leaves out a good deal that one would like to know about him—she is almost prudish on the subject of his income, for example. At one point we learn that he becomes a Catholic at the same time that he becomes a successful business man, and at another point we are told that the workers in the factory he owns are on strike. No explanation is given; we are not told why the men are striking or what happens to the strike; it is a mere incidental annoyance to Paul at a time when he has other things to worry about. The tone of the various opinions offered is level and unruffled for the most part, but becomes snarling and angry when the reference is to Russia or to the French Revolution.

The weakness of the author's point of view is evident in the excessive length of these two books. They are long, not because the material demands such exhaustive treatment, but because the author repeats herself so frequently: it is as though she were conscious of the weakness of her case, and so repeats herself because she fears she will not be understood or believed.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## Shorter Notices

*Peace Broke Out.* By Heinz Liepmann. Translated from the German by Emile Burns. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

The title is the best single feature of this novel of post-war Germany. Herr Liepmann has an excellent subject in the days of panic among the petit bourgeois, when the mark was falling so rapidly that the fantastic character of money, and the flimsy base of such dogmas as the virtue of thrift, became apparent to everyone. Superficially a record of the happenings of a few days among a loosely-connected group, the novel is an attempt to dramatize the intellectual and moral and economic confusion of the times. The trouble is that the author seems to share the bewilderment he describes in his characters; in its way the novel is almost as disorganized as the times with which it deals.

*Ebenezer Walks with God.* By George Baker. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Ebenezer, retired manager of a Bible Emporium in Paternoster Row, is past sixty when his childless wife, Elizabeth, of similar age, insists upon adopting their orphaned great-nephew. The baby brings dissension to the pious couple, who have never quarreled before, and finally causes Ebenezer to have a breakdown. During his recovery, through a sense of guilt, Ebenezer develops the illusion that his little nephew is really Jesus come again. He keeps a journal thereafter of "His" doings, referring

to the boy, whose right name is Paul, as "J." His wife tries to have him committed to an asylum for insanity. Ebenezer leave home, taking the boy, and settles among the poor. The rest of the story is a tender, fantastic farce concerning Ebenezer's "walks with God" and their joint adventures with Cockneys Elizabeth, and life. The views of the rigid old Calvinist are considerably altered on such subjects as tobacco, wine-bibbing Papism, and loose women. Mr. Baker's point seems to be that even though Paul, or "J.," is an ordinary boy, by being loved as though he were Christ he is able to show the way to a truly Christian life. This attractive idea is worked out with charm and a remarkably sure touch, though sometimes with a humor that is too conventional, particularly in the Cockney scenes. But as a whole the book is quite individual.

*There Is a Door.* By Kathleen Coyle. Paris: Edward W. Titus.

Miss Coyle's lovely prose and Mr. Titus's handsome format are the chief distinctions of this parable of life and death, the flesh and the spirit. The content of "There Is a Door" resembles too closely the worst of Maeterlinck, which might be described as the parable on all fours. Those mystics, the great religious teachers, have made use of the parable to express the essence of experience in concrete terms easily grasped by the common man. But mystifiers like Maeterlinck, and in the present instance, Miss Coyle, reverse the process, inflating the concrete until it eludes our comprehension and drifts away like smoke into nothingness.

*Odin in Fairyland.* By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This, the fourth volume of Olav Duun's saga of modern Norway, "The People of Juvik," is concerned with the early years of a boy whose developing character promises a revival of initiative and vigor in a family stock that has rather gone to seed. Odin is the illegitimate son of Elen (daughter of Aasel Haaberg and granddaughter of the old berserk, Anders) and Otte Setran, who also has a strain of the Juviking blood. An irresponsible ne'er-do-well, Otte had left for America before the child was born. When Odin is seven, Elen marries and places her son as herdboys for a queer couple who live by the sea at Kjelvik. There, in a world new and strange to him, he lives half in reality and half in imagination, peopling the hills with the nature spirits of folklore. In his fairyland he gradually acquires sturdy independence, learns to fight his own battles, and finds his first sweetheart. One is left with the impression that the boy has good material for manhood. In the original title, "I Eventyre," lies the suggestion both of adventure and fantasy. An allusive, abrupt style keeps the reader's mind alert, and an unobtrusive wit lurks in many an unusual turn of phrase.

*The Captive Shrew.* By Julian Huxley. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 5 shillings net.

Julian Huxley, the scientist, believes that the thought which scientific research leads one into may be very fit subject matter indeed for poetry. He says:

As to publishing my verses, I have no apology handy: to wish to publish what one has written is just frailty which scientists share with other human organisms.

And the verses show the scientific mind turned to more emotional contemplation of the whys and wherefores of the Universe. In observing the shrew Mr. Huxley notes that

"Life hurries without Power, and Mind,  
Cocooned in brain, is almost blind."

The subject of his lines are birds, beasts, people, love, places, thoughts. And if one cannot call Mr. Huxley a poet, one can



feel him to be a close student of life in its many aspects. His verses are often fairly well turned, and the subject matter is likely to prove interesting.

*Thinking of Russia.* By H. H. Lewis. B. C. Hagglund, Publisher. Holt, Minnesota.

*Red Renaissance.* By H. H. Lewis. B. C. Hagglund, Publisher. Holt, Minnesota.

These two little pamphlet collections of very bad verse, show the tendency of the working-class poet to address his audience in terms they will comprehend. The author denounces the eclecticism of the modern poet and praises the *New Masses* for its attempt to print poems from poets who speak in proletarian terms. His themes are the denunciation of the capitalistic system, the praise of Russia, the rights of labor. The verses are sincere even though they may sound bombastic.

*Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East.* By Hans Kohn. Translated from the German by Margaret M. Green. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

Professor Kohn takes up the problem of the clash between European imperialism, embodied in the mandates commissions of England and France, and the nationalism of Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Trans-Jordania, and Syria where these mandates are operative and where they have sharpened national feeling. Professor Kohn shows how far imperialism has had to back down already, and makes visible by keen and close studies the ebb movement of the tide of Western expansion. His work has real distinction. It is exhaustive, scholarly, and completely objective without, however, anaesthetizing the living elements in the international situation it describes. It is written clearly and with force—a very interesting and valuable book.

*American Foreign Policy in Mexican Relations.* By James Morton Callahan. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

This is a restatement of United States policies toward Mexico for the last one hundred and twelve years as seen through our official dispatches. It does not replace Rippey's "United States and Mexico" as the standard work on the subject.

## Drama They're Off

AT the Ethel Barrymore Theater the new dramatic season got off to a pretty good start with the production of "Here Today"—a semi-satirical and wholly irresponsible farce-comedy which has only one serious defect: namely, that it is never quite as funny as it seems, because it always seems that it ought to be funnier than it is.

No one could deny that the author, George Oppenheimer, has a very promising idea. Bring a group of chronically irrepressible wise-crackers into improbable but intimate contact with a very serious family from Boston's best circle, and one begins to smile at the very possibilities. Give them a continuous stream of flippant commentaries which does not pause even to absorb the bewildered indignation of the respectable folk, and it is impossible not to say that this is very good indeed. Yet the fact remains that one does not laugh as heartily as one feels that one should be laughing, and that one ends by concluding that the fault is not wholly one's own.

The trouble can hardly be with the direction of George S. Kaufman—even though that direction does sometimes seem to lack accent and variety. Neither, on the other hand, can the

## CURRENT PRICES INDICATE *an upswing* — BUT FIGURES DON'T LIE!

THE stock market is experiencing a pronounced "upswing"—yet *The New York Times'* business index of August 20th showed business activity at 52.2 per cent of normal, the lowest point it has yet touched. The *United States Bureau of Labor Statistics* reported that in July employment fell off again, leaving only fifty-five men employed for every one hundred employed in 1926.

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lack lie in a cast which is headed by the poker-faced Miss Gordon, whose solemn mien might bewilder more agile-witted persons than those who inhabit the Algonquin's idea of the on and only Back Bay. There seems, therefore, to be nothing for it except to conclude that the trouble lies somewhere in Mr. Oppenheimer's often scintillating script, and to remember once more that a collection of even the most amusing lines does not always—indeed does not ever—make the most amusing kind of play.

At any given instant "Here Today" is just exactly as funny as the line which is being said at that particular moment. Nothing works toward any climax, nothing builds upon anything else, and nothing is ever any better because of what was said before. One knows as much about the characters five minutes after the curtain has gone up as one knows about them when it is ready to descend, and that is not the way in which the most deeply, hilariously, and soul-satisfyingly funny plays are built. They must always be more than the sum of their parts, and that is exactly what this play is not. Even farce is a structure which becomes more dizzily preposterous as one unstable equilibrium is laid upon the foundation of a previous one; it is not a series of bright sparks which go out the same second that they dazzle.

Half a minute before the end of the play Mr. Oppenheimer remembers that he has a theme. The Boston girl who thought she was going to marry the most agreeable of the wise-crackers turns to him and his friends to explain why she has decided that it would not do. "You are different from me. You are here today and gone tomorrow. I want to be here tomorrow too. I want to prepare for something and plan for something. You don't." And a very good theme it is, too. If it had been borne consistently in mind it might have supplied the continuity necessary to make the play more than the brief Roman candle it is. Perhaps our author thought of it before he thought of the plot or the lines, but he kept the secret hidden from everybody else until it was too late. The play was already over before the rest of us knew that it was about anything at all.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Most of the New York reviewers gave the impression that "Ballyhoo of 1932" (Forty-Fourth Street Theater) is a distinctly third-rate revue. This reporter finds it difficult to understand why they felt that way about it, and suspects that some of them, at least, were translating moral into critical disapproval. They remarked, for example, that some of the sketches "touched a new low point in vulgarity," but anyone who has seen an Earl Carroll review, not to mention a dozen others, knows that this is simply not so. True, in one sketch the humor is mildly scatological, but the sketch really is amusing. Compared with "Of Thee I Sing" or a typical Ed Wynn show, "Ballyhoo of 1932" is not first-rate, but it is considerably above the average offering of its kind. It has humor and a generous supply of it, much of it of the type familiar to readers of *Ballyhoo* magazine; it maintains a consistently rapid pace; its chorus is unusually attractive, the dancing in it is very good, and it has more good tunes and amusing lyrics than I have heard in any similar offering in months. Among these are "Thrill Me" and "Man About Yonkers." Certainly it is superior in nearly every respect to "Smiling Faces" the musical comedy at the Shubert Theater headed by Fred and Dorothy Stone. The latter is handicapped by a really stupid book, and Fred Stone, while always amiable, is unfortunately not nearly as funny as Willie Howard. "Smiling Faces" compares well with "Ballyhoo" in the dancing, thanks to the astonishing grace and suppleness of a group called the Merriel Abbott dancers; but "Ballyhoo" is supported by the Albertina Rasch specialty dancers, and by the exceedingly graceful Gloria Gilbert.

H. H.



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1932

No. 3508

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**T**HE BRITISH NOTE on the new German attitude on disarmament is sound and well-reasoned if smacking somewhat of the toplofty. The rebuke administered for their manners and methods in raising the issue at this time, the Germans have well deserved. Their threat to withdraw from the disarmament conference, in response to domestic political considerations, is indefensible save as a pandering to nationalist and jingo sentiment, while Von Papen, in giving orders to go ahead with the third pocket battleship, is playing not merely with fire but with dynamite. If the German Government persists in this attitude, it will not merely smash the disarmament conference; it will raise at once the question as to what action France and England will take to uphold the Versailles treaty. The weakness of their position is that they themselves have not disarmed, and, despite the brave words in the British note, there is not the slightest evidence that, with or without the presence of the Germans, there will be that genuine and far-reaching disarmament which Germany and the world have had the right to expect. There lies the most direct road out of the situation, and the most honorable one. But if the Allies will not now take it, there is no reason on earth why those Germans who happen to want greater armaments should not possess their souls in patience a few years longer. Nobody in Germany,

and not the nation itself, is suffering in the least degree as a result of the nation's being disarmed—it is a situation, in fact, for which the people should be profoundly grateful. If the Berlin militarists go on and further defy the Allies, by, let us say, increasing their army and altering its character, they will deliberately invite forcible reprisals, alienate the good-will which has just practically forgiven German reparations, and risk a fresh war which can only have one outcome.

**W**ITH THE GERMAN POLITICAL SCENE changing daily and kaleidoscopically, it is difficult to gauge at this distance the meaning of the various recent happenings. But the fact stands out that Germany is well along in its revolution, which began in July when Von Papen took charge of the government. The republic is now only a shell, and the Weimar Constitution is laid upon the shelf. Von Papen has had his way in proroguing the Reichstag, but has called for a new election on November 6—an election which nobody wants and everybody dreads, and which will surely be unproductive of a working Reichstag majority. Meanwhile, President von Hindenburg continues to be the real ruler of Germany with powers almost as autocratic as the Kaiser himself enjoyed. While the Hitlerites profess to be discontented, and joined with the Communists and Socialists in censuring the Von Papen Government in the last vote taken in the Reichstag, it grows increasingly unlikely that they will take any extra-legal action against the government. Nor should they, if one considers that most of the measures of the Von Papen Government have been precisely along the lines of the Hitler program. Even the announced government training camps for youths, for which the poverty-stricken government easily finds the initial sum of \$357,000, can hardly seem undesirable to the Nazis. It is still a puzzle just how the Junker government of today differs from the Hitlerites. Time alone will make that clear, but at present we do not see why Hitler should be unhappy, provided he can salve his wounded pride at not being a member of the government.

**M**AHATMA GANDHI PROPOSES TO STARVE himself to death in protest against the British Government's communal awards, which would divide the Indian population into twelve separate electorates according to religion, race, and occupation. Gandhi, like the Congress Party, is opposed to the whole idea of separate electorates, but his protest is specifically against special representation in the provincial legislatures (to which the communal awards have reference) for the depressed classes, the untouchables. Throughout his public career Gandhi has proclaimed "untouchability" to be the "greatest blot on Hinduism"; in his personal life he has carried on the fight against it, beginning with his adoption of an untouchable child many years ago. He feels that legally to separate the untouchables from the Hindus, as the communal award contemplates, is to recognize officially, and therefore perpetuate, a separation that he has been trying for years to wipe out. The objection of the



Congress Party to separate electorates in general is based upon the same theory. It is impossible to deny the wisdom of that theory; and it is difficult to justify the British Government in its decision, especially in the light of the Simon Commission report, which the British Government can hardly dismiss and which expresses the following opinion:

Communal representation . . . is an undoubted obstacle in the way of the growth of a sense of common citizenship. . . . Communal electorates . . . perpetuate class distinctions and stereotype existing relations, and they constitute a very serious hindrance to the development of the self-governing principle.

The death of Gandhi by self-starvation would not only mean the loss to the world of one of its most significant figures. It would let loose in India a storm which the British already foresee. It is to be hoped that the government and Gandhi will somehow find a compromise.

**G**OVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH on the railroads in Salt Lake City was a much abler and more statesman-like address than his talk on agriculture and the tariff. The Governor has grappled honestly with this problem and consulted informed advisers. The address is only mildly liberal in its tendency—it avoids the issue of government ownership or management—but within its limitations it is thoughtful. It advocates the termination of the present unfair competition between the railroads and motor trucks by bringing the latter also under federal supervision. It attacks those "financial comets," railroad holding companies, and insists that these, too, be brought under federal control. It approves the present policy of loans to railroads through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but only as an "emergency measure," and it justifiably attacks the present Administration for making these loans, "not in accordance with a plan for relieving fundamental difficulties, but only with the hope that within a year or so the depression would end." It recommends that the government "stand back of the railroads for a specified period," and attempt to prevent receiverships, but holds that when these become unavoidable, an "appropriate scaling down of fixed charges" should be made by the railroads. The Governor also recommends a thorough overhauling of the federal laws affecting railroad receiverships. This would be a reform of first importance if it could be achieved, though the Governor does not supply any details. Finally, he indorses the present policy of encouraging the consolidation of the roads into a few systems, and urges the gradual scrapping of unprofitable railroad mileage.

**F**OR SEVERAL GENERATIONS the slogan "As Maine goes, so goes the nation" has been capitalized by the party usually favored by the results. Of late years the Republicans have done most of the capitalizing, and while the Maine results have not been an infallible barometer, they have for half a century proved highly suggestive. Maine elected Republican governors and the nation Republican Presidents from 1860 to 1876. In 1880, when Garfield was elected, Greenbackers and Democrats united in the State campaign to elect their candidates, but the Democrats by themselves would have been in a minority. In the years of Grover Cleveland's victories Republican governors were elected in Maine, but by small majorities. In 1912 the Democrats won

in State and nation, but in 1916 the Republicans were returned to power in the State, while Woodrow Wilson was reelected. Since then Maine has been safely Republican, in 1928 by the unprecedented majority of 140,000. How striking and inevitably prophetic appears the swing of more than 142,000 votes, which elected by approximately 2,500 votes not only a Democratic governor but two out of Maine's three Congressmen!

**S**OME OF THE RESULTS of the primaries held on September 13 were gratifying. In South Carolina the veteran Senator Ellison D. Smith defeated that champion demagogue, Cole Blease, and, it is to be hoped, eliminated him from future political consideration. In Colorado the progressive Democrats, headed by Senator Costigan, succeeded in nominating their candidate for the United States Senate, ex-Senator Alva Adams, and were able to give to Governor Roosevelt, when he arrived there, the assurance that the State would be safely Democratic in the coming election—a promise borne out by the fact that for the first time the Democratic enrolment has surpassed the Republican by 18,000. Equally gratifying is the news that Louisiana, by electing Representative J. H. Overton, has retired to private life Senator E. S. Broussard, whose affiliation with the sugar-cane interests has long made his remaining in the Senate and voting for sugar tariffs only short of scandalous. We note with regret, however, the defeat of the veteran Governor George W. P. Hunt of Arizona, who has presided over the destinies of that State since 1923—he had previously been the first Governor elected, and had also served from 1915 to 1919. A genuine liberal, his loss to public life is great. The retirement of Congressman Charles R. Crisp removes from the House the chairman of its Ways and Means Committee, who has had twenty years of Congressional service. All in all, the drift of voting is so favorable to the Democrats that it is no wonder Mr. Hoover has decided that he must take the stump and aggressively oppose Mr. Roosevelt.

**H**ERBERT HOOVER WROTE on July 17 last, when he signed the so-called relief bill which granted \$300,000,000 for temporary loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation "to such States as are absolutely unable to finance relief of distress," that as a result "we have a solid back log of assurance that there need be no hunger and cold in the United States." On September 15, forgetting all about that solid back log of assurance, he issued an appeal to the nation "to see that no man, woman, or child shall go hungry or unsheltered through the approaching winter." But he added: "We must maintain the bedrock principle of our liberties by the full mobilization of individual and local resources and responsibilities." Then the President, who as much as any man in our public life has shown himself callous and indifferent to individual suffering, preached that "a cold and distant charity which puts out its sympathy only through the tax-collector yields a very meager dole of unloving and perfunctory relief." Finally, he said, we are to "maintain the spiritual impulses in our people for generous giving and generous service—in the spirit that each is his brother's keeper." In these words he has again sought to shoulder off on private charity the sacred responsibility which is the state's, and nobody else's, of keeping starving Ameri-



cans alive. Everybody knows that the response of charity next winter can only be a fraction of what has been given heretofore, that the suffering has already reached dimensions menacing in the extreme. Again we repeat our question to the President, "Is it to be mass murder, Mr. Hoover?" Only action by the government will prevent it.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT signed the bill increasing by \$1,500,000,000 the loans that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation might make, it was on the strict understanding that these loans should be "self-liquidating" in character, that is, that they should consist of projects that would return an immediate and direct income to pay off the loans. It was supposed that this would apply particularly to toll bridges and tunnels. It is rather surprising, therefore, that the first so-called "self-liquidating" loan should be one of \$40,000,000 toward an estimated \$283,000,000 required to finance the vast metropolitan water district of Southern California. As it is estimated that it will require at least six years to complete the work, it will obviously be a long time before this project begins to be "self-liquidating." Moreover, it is estimated that only 1,000 men will be employed in the project by December 31 of this year and only 4,500 by July 1, 1933. If these figures are correct, they surely represent an amazingly small amount of employment for the expenditure of \$40,000,000. That the first money under this new provision should have gone to the politically doubtful State of California is perhaps only a coincidence, but certainly the loan will bear further investigation. Apart from the justification of these specific loans, the whole general policy which the R. F. C. represents becomes increasingly dubious. Dr. Lewis H. Haney, professor of economics at New York University, has recently warned against the inflation "which may be forced upon us by the government's policy of forcing its credit into business through huge loans" by the corporation. Such a policy, he remarks, may "engulf us in a brief period of false prosperity similar to that which developed in 1896. The reaction will be inevitable."

## Glassford Sees It Through

GENERAL PELHAM D. GLASSFORD'S reply to Attorney-General Mitchell's attack upon the character of the bonus army was clear and devastating. He demonstrated that the bonus army was not composed of criminals and Communists, and he denied once more—with a persistent courage which his pusillanimous and confused superiors must find incomprehensible—that troops were necessary on July 28.

His statements with regard to the character of the bonus army are remarkably borne out by the report of a quite disinterested survey of the army made immediately after it was driven out of Washington. When the army reached Pennsylvania, Mrs. I. Albert Liveright, State Secretary of Welfare, at the instance of Governor Pinchot, called a conference of representatives of social-welfare agencies to consider the bonus expeditionary forces "in relationship to the general problem of migrant unemployed." We quote from the

recommendations of the committee appointed to inquire into the problem of caring for the bonus army, as of August 11.

The evidence presented to us today indicated that the men in the bonus expeditionary forces and their families camping in Pennsylvania are of a higher type than the average economic migrant. They represent a very fair cross-section of the unemployed and are not typical of the "hobo" of past years.

Among those making independent eyewitness reports to the Secretary of Welfare were J. Prentice Murphy, member of the Welfare Commission, and Helen Glenn Tyson, Assistant Deputy Secretary of the State Department of Welfare. From Mr. Murphy's long report we quote the following significant extracts:

One could not fail to be impressed by the appearance of the campers. . . . They showed a high degree of intelligence. . . . Every one of the approximately seventy-five men whom I questioned specifically as to their service records produced his service papers showing honorable discharge.

There were men who seemed quite obviously to be floaters . . . but there were very few of such men.

There were graduate physicians, nurses; a graduate pharmacist; passenger conductors; locomotive firemen; artisans, such as structural ironworkers; carpenters; white-collar people such as clerks, down to the casual and irregularly employed workers.

Mrs. Tyson's observations were very similar:

. . . They represented a cross-section of America, as had the army in 1918. They were highly conservative—indeed, had a middle-class psychology in their attitude toward the whole situation. Service badges, even distinguished-service medals, were in evidence. The men treasured their army papers. . . . There can be no question whatever that almost all of them were war veterans.

While the men had adopted the bonus as a symbol of their needs, they seemed entirely realistic about the limitations of a few hundred dollars to meet them. Their real demand was for security, and in their bewilderment and confusion they seem to have reverted to the old army ways, to the earlier institutional situation where shelter and food are provided and where leadership is given. American flags were everywhere, repudiation of the "reds" was violent; though the speakers often added that "that night in Washington was enough to make anyone a Bolshie."

Meanwhile, it becomes increasingly apparent that on July 28 the Administration sowed the wind. A resolution touching upon the violent expulsion of the bonus army from Washington was kept off the floor at the national convention of the Legion, but it is probable that the vote of ten to one by which the convention reversed its decision of last year and demanded immediate payment of the bonus was inspired at least in part by resentment against the Administration—particularly since the vote was taken the day following President Hoover's vigorous, straightforward, well-written, and unanswerable statement against payment. Whatever the inspiration, that demand and its sponsors become ever more menacing. Already we are being told that Congress will be stormed again in December by 50,000 or 100,000 men. The challenge of the reactionary Legion must be met sooner or later. But events since July 28 have demonstrated that force followed by official lying is the least effective way of meeting it.



# Mr. Roosevelt's Tariff Nonsense

G OVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S speech to the farmers leaves us gasping. There are, frankly, passages in it which make us question our sanity, for we can make neither head nor tail out of them, and we defy anybody to tell us what they mean. We cannot even venture to guess what the Governor is really driving at, or what his proposals are. The whole performance is the worst blow which has been struck at his candidacy since it began, for it seems to confirm what his adversaries have charged—that he has a confused mind which has not thought things through, and therefore has no clear remedies to suggest. While he berated Mr. Hoover—at one point with absolute unfairness—he no more advanced the case of the farmer than has the President. If this satisfies farmers, then they are easily duped.

But the protected manufacturers ought to be feeling both satisfied and pleased, if they have had any fears that Governor Roosevelt might be radical on the tariff. Like Al Smith in 1928, the Governor makes the incredible blunder of accepting the entire Republican protection principle. He, too, discards the historic Democratic position of "a tariff for revenue only," and he, too, really believes the humbug that some kind of tariff can be worked out which will equalize the position of the farmer in our economic system, in relation to the manufacturer. Instead of coming out and saying what he must know, what we believe he knows at heart, that the attack should be on the whole tariff principle, he avoids alienating the protected and privileged interests by not threatening to put an ax to the whole poisonous tariff growth, which, like some evil jungle vine, is strangling our foreign trade and corrupting our whole domestic political and economic life. He has now nothing left to offer to the American people on the tariff issue except some modifications of the existing schedules. The only issue that he can raise with Herbert Hoover hereafter is as to what rates shall be increased and what lowered, and how that shall be done. He had a magnificent opportunity to declare, as did Cobden and Bright in the great fight against the Corn Laws in England nearly a hundred years ago, in clarion tones that there shall be no tariffs on foodstuffs, and also that all tariffs on materials and machinery used by the farmers shall be finally ended.

One has only to read passages in this speech to see the utter confusion of the candidate's thought. Here is one:

The Democratic tariff policy consists, in large measure, in negotiating agreements with individual countries permitting them to sell goods to us, in return for which they will let us sell to them goods and crops which we produce. An effective application of this principle will restore the flow of international trade; and the first result of that flow will be to assist substantially the American farmer in disposing of his surplus.

What does this mean? Would not such individual treaties involve ending the most-favored-nation agreements forthwith? And why should we negotiate agreements with countries to *permit* them to deal with us? Haven't they been dealing with us for years, hampered only by the increasing tariff restrictions? Is it not true that, if our markets were thrown open to the world, we should have demand enough

for our surplus, provided we allowed other countries to pay for the surplus in manufactured goods? But no, Governor Roosevelt winds up his discussion of this phase of the problem by praising the farmers for saying: "We must make the tariff effective"! When it comes to his six separate specifications or remedies, the first one demands for the farmer "a differential benefit [which] must be so applied that the increase in farm income, purchasing, and debt-paying power will not stimulate production." How can that possibly be done? Crops in other countries, as in the United States, are constantly affected by weather and other crop conditions, by floods, by revolution, by a number of causes. How can any human being devise a differential tariff for the farmer which will keep him on an equality with the protected manufacturer, and yet never stimulate overproduction? This seems to us a conglomeration of words that means precisely nothing.

And the further we read into these proposed remedies the worse the confusion. Each one whittles away at the first. Thus, we hear that "the plan must finance itself." How, in heaven's name? The Governor merely says that agriculture is not seeking and will not seek "access to the public treasury"; beyond that nothing. His third recommendation is that agriculture "must not make use of any mechanism which would cause our European customers to retaliate on the ground of dumping." But—if the Governor is hinting at the export-debenture plan, as he appears to be—is there any country on earth that would not consider such subsidized exports dumped goods? And what is the mechanism to be? Again the Governor does not elucidate. He merely says: "It must be based upon making the tariff effective and direct in its operation"! How any tariff on agricultural products which we export on net balance can possibly be made effective we are not told. Next, however, we learn that we shall have to make use of existing agencies, and that the administration of this machinery, terribly complicated because of its relation to thousands of situations in other countries, must be decentralized so that the "chief responsibility for its operation will rest with locality rather than with newly created bureaucratic machinery in Washington." For the life of us we cannot understand this, nor what he means by the use of the word locality. We submit that this is the veriest nonsense.

As for the attack on Mr. Hoover, the Governor assails him because he said that "an adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief," precisely as if he were not arguing for an "adequate tariff" himself. Then he misinterprets Mr. Hoover's remark that "continuance of overproduction means surplus," to be corrected only by lowered prices which would make unprofitable some of the acreage, into a scheme of Mr. Hoover to "lower the price; starve out one-third of the farms; then see what happens." This is indefensible, for whatever may be said of Mr. Hoover's agricultural or tariff policy in general, he was here plainly merely stating an economic truism and making no argument or demand based upon it. This is not only unfair politics, but politics and economics of such low grade that we cannot even apply the word kindergarten to them without being too complimentary.



## Meeting Japan's Challenge

IN signing a treaty of alliance with Manchukuo on September 15 Japan has taken one more step toward the ultimate annexation of this puppet state, and has again challenged the civilized world. The Tokio militarists have attempted to win sympathy for this action by proclaiming that it has been taken to meet the "vital" needs of the Japanese people. The falseness of this contention is forcefully demonstrated by the events of the last year. The Japanese militarists inaugurated their campaign of subjugation in Manchuria on September 18, 1931, ostensibly for the purpose of restoring order, which was threatened by bandit raids, and of improving the economic and financial situation in Japan, which is dependent upon conditions in Manchuria.

What has been the result? The most casual newspaper reader realizes that Japan has failed miserably in securing either of these objectives, and that this campaign of aggression has merely aggravated the conditions which Japan sought to remedy. Since August 20 at least three bandit attacks upon the South Manchuria Railway have been made. Moreover, in early September Manchurian rebels opened a well-organized attack upon three large cities, including Changchun, the capital of the new state.

In Japan itself conditions are going from bad to worse. Despite the reimposition of the gold embargo last December, the unfavorable trade balance during the first six months of 1932 increased by 153,000,000 yen over the same period in 1931. The United States *Commerce Reports* declare that, except for Manchuria, Japan's "trade with China was practically at a standstill during the first part of the year." The Japanese yen has fallen from 49.35 cents a year ago to 23.37 cents today; Japanese 5½ bonds have declined during the same period from 96 to 52. Despite the brave assertions of the military fascists that they would relieve the distress of the Japanese farmer, the Diet adjourned on September 4 without appropriating more than a bagatelle for this purpose.

From the international standpoint Japan's present Manchurian policy makes another disastrous conflict with China sooner or later inevitable. The Chinese will never acquiesce in the loss of a territory inhabited by 29,000,000 Chinese, which has been a part of China at least since 1644. In view of its enormous superiority in population and the great power it may exercise through the boycott, China will inevitably wreak destruction upon Japan. But the result for both countries will be fatal—a future Sino-Japanese conflict must be prevented at all costs.

The most serious aspect, however, of Japan's recognition of Manchukuo is that it is an act of defiance against the Washington treaties of 1922, the League Covenant, and the Kellogg Pact. If Japan's challenge is not met, the world peace machinery, already pitifully weak, will be dealt a blow from which it may not recover. The members of the League and the United States must meet this challenge. They must meet it without bitterness—without the rancor which leads to war—but with a firmness born of the conviction that the future of world organization is at stake. Toward this end

the United States should take four definite steps. First, as *The Nation* urged several weeks ago, it should send a strong delegation to the forthcoming sessions of the League Council and Assembly to deal with the Lytton report. Secondly, it should formally declare, jointly with the League members, that Japan has brought the "state" of Manchukuo into existence in violation of the anti-war pact and the Nine-Power Treaty. Thirdly, it should extend recognition to Soviet Russia, in order to avoid any possibility that Moscow will itself recognize Manchukuo in return for Japanese trade privileges and in order to make Soviet Russia a part of the common front against Japan. Fourthly, the United States, along with the League, should formally embargo any foreign loan or other extension of credit either to Manchukuo or Japan so long as the Tokio government does not live up to its international obligations.

These four steps are all within the range of practical international politics; they are the logical development of Mr. Stimson's peace policy, which has already received our praise. These steps are essential to the vindication of the anti-war pact and world peace machinery. While avoiding the danger of war, they make it impossible for the Japanese militarists to consolidate their position in Manchukuo, and they would ultimately cause a revolution against militarism among the Japanese people. Having taken these steps, the League of Nations and the United States must then secure genuine results at the world economic conference, in order to demonstrate that the existing peace machinery provides a far better means for satisfying the economic needs of Japan and other countries than a futile resort to force.

## Liberalism and Sex

A RECENT morning's mail brought us a letter on which we propose to comment. It comes from a pastor in Kansas, and reads as follows:

I am a pastor in western Kansas. I preach to my people the wisdom of holy living and, as best I can, I practice what I preach. In general, we are liberals in politics and business, but we have not learned to scoff at Puritan morals and womanly virtue. We still believe—most of us—that chastity is a woman's crown that man should respect and imitate. Therefore I would question such an article as that by Ernst in *The Nation* for August 10, which seems to me to be an instance of Freudianism at its worst. Does the editor approve the attitude of the writer, who seems to have neither moral nor aesthetic sense? Does the editor hold that there should be no public standard of decency? Or does liberalism include, by necessity, this barnyard philosophy of life? Is there any necessary connection between liberalism and lechery? I would like to know the attitude of *The Nation*.

Now it is evident enough that our correspondent begs the question when he asks whether or not liberalism necessarily implies a "barnyard philosophy of life." Obviously the point under dispute is not whether we approve "a barnyard philosophy," but whether or not the morality implied by Mr. Ernst and others could fairly be described in those terms. Nevertheless, and despite our correspondent's very human unfairness, the question in his mind is one of real importance. It divides liberals who would otherwise work more effectively together,



and it is not often very frankly met because nearly everyone would rather ignore it than give an answer which would satisfy, at best, only one of the groups which the question divides. Yet our correspondent's patently sincere question deserves an answer and we propose to give it—not flippantly but with the same gravity as that with which it is asked. Does or does not liberalism in politics and economics imply liberal or unconventional attitudes toward sexual morality?

At first sight it might seem that history would answer in the negative. The great Victorian liberals, despite their usual religious skepticism, were, for two reasons, conspicuously austere in both precept and practice so far as sex was concerned. In the first place, they felt themselves particularly open to attack because they were admittedly unconventional in other respects. In the second place—and this is even more important—their inquiring minds stopped short when they came upon one of those questions which have always seemed so delicate as to be almost undiscussable. What we learn before we begin to reason is more firmly fixed than anything we learn afterwards, and hence the first generation of liberals cast off their earliest reasoned convictions while they held firmly to those which they had acquired before they began to reason, while, indeed, they frequently protested that the criticism which they applied to other moral standards was irrelevant to all questions of sexual behavior.

Nevertheless, it is perfectly plain that every generation since the first has seen moral liberalism more and more usually associated with liberalism in other fields. As soon as a rational criticism was applied, it resulted in the discovery that what convention taught about sexual morality was no more reasonable than what it taught about the divine right of those "whom it had pleased God to make our betters." Much that was all but universally believed about the inviolability of marriage vows and the just punishment for any kind of incontinence was as completely arbitrary and as needlessly cruel as what was taught about the privileges of rank or wealth. One cannot logically ask that one section of the moral code be tested by its usefulness to humanity without asking that every other section be tested in the same way. And we, at least, believe it to be evident that the "new morality" in regard to sex is conspicuously more humane, more reasonable, and more useful than the old.

We certainly have no desire, on the other hand, to prescribe what any man must believe about sex before he can call himself a liberal or join with other liberals in working for the things in which all believe. But we have tried to answer our correspondent's question frankly while, at the same time, presenting as forcefully as we can both our reasons for believing as we do and our realization of the danger that a difference of opinion on such matters may sunder those who ought to be united. We shall end with a plea that the author of the letter we have quoted be not led by any disapproval he may feel into the camp of the enemy. Moral and religious respectability is one of the most dangerous of the red herrings which the conservatives are only too ready to draw across the trail. "Barnyard philosophy" is a phrase that can serve them quite as usefully as "Bolshevik menace" or "un-American ideas." But the political liberal who flees from his brothers because of that bugaboo is quite as likely as not to find himself in the arms of highly respectable Anglicans like the late J. P. Morgan or ardent advocates of "a clean city" like the now happily "ex"-Mayor Walker.

## Books and Pocket-Books

A NEW publisher has conceived the idea that there is a public which wants to buy "distinguished books while they are best-sellers, in a full leather format in keeping with their distinction," and so he has arranged with other publishers to bring out such special editions to sell at \$5. Now if there is a public that wants to pay more for its current fiction than the rest of us are paying, it should certainly be entitled to do so. But it seems to us very probable that before the list has grown very much some of the volumes chosen will prove to have been meretricious. Therefore we are rather among those who would welcome the opposite scheme from this one—current novels bound merely in paper covers, as in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain—if that would save us money—and binderies that for a reasonable price would provide any individual with the solid and handsome bindings he desires.

Moreover, it seems to us that the books which most of us really want to have in solid and permanent bindings are not those current novels which have not yet passed through the ordeal of time, but the classics which have survived precisely that ordeal. Here the current situation is a rather curious one. We have on the one hand a large number of cheap reprint "series," and on the other innumerable de luxe editions. The de luxe editions may range in price from \$5 to \$50 and up, but most of them have the serious defect, apart from their expensiveness, that they are meant to be admired rather than read. The covers are frequently so precious that one dreads to profane them with one's maculate hands; they are usually too heavy or bulky to be comfortably held for sustained reading; it is usually necessary to keep a paper cutter by one's side to slit the pages as one turns them; and the illustrations are usually made for their own sake rather than to illuminate or even to carry out the spirit of the text.

The cheap reprints usually sell for a dollar or less. The two most popular of these are probably the Everyman's Library and the Modern Library series. There is also the admirably printed World's Classics series published by the Oxford University Press. We have no complaint that these do not give "money's worth": on the contrary, the Modern Library's recent publication of such volumes as "Don Quixote" and "The Magic Mountain" in full provides astonishing examples of bargains and of compression. Even more remarkable from the standpoint of low price is the recent Jacket Library, containing books like "The Way of All Flesh," well printed and in cloth covers, for fifteen cents a volume. But these books published at a dollar or less can seldom stand a great deal of punishment; the type is frequently too small, there is often too much skimping on the inside border around the type; and most of us prefer more physical durability in such spiritually durable books. There is room, in short, for a series of classics of intermediate price—selling, say, like the ordinary new novel, at two dollars or two dollars and a half each. The recent compact but handsome and solid volumes of Blake, Hazlitt, and Donne, published by the Nonesuch Press at three dollars and a half each, or the Oxford Standard Authors series, selling at one dollar and a half and higher, are examples of what we mean. Their deficiency is that they do not contain enough titles.





*The Road Back*



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

The Democratic and Republican Parties stand nationally for the same thing. . . . The two old parties are undivided when it comes to anything but fictitious and unreal issues.

In their essence, the Democratic and Republican machines are alike. Both are controlled by the like powerful beneficiaries of privilege—privileged politically and privileged financially. To try to punish one set of defenders of political and industrial privilege by occasionally voting for the nominee of the other is to play into the hands of both. . . . It is to follow the course most gratefully appreciated by the corrupt bosses of both.

The Democratic and Republican organizations alike represent government of the needy many by professional politicians in the interest of the rich few.

DEAR readers, who was it that voiced these sentiments? Can any of you guess? No, it was not the "pessimistic, ever fault-finding, and censorious" editor of *The Nation*. No, it wasn't Norman Thomas, or Eugene Debs, or some "wild-eyed radical." It wasn't Woodrow Wilson in the heyday of his reforming "New Freedom." It certainly was not William Z. Foster or Emma Goldman. Well, I see you cannot guess, and so I had better tell you. The author of these sentiments was no less a person than the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, twice President of the United States. Surely if there ever was an expert witness as to the character of the two old parties, he would qualify as such. Knowing a great deal better, he worked his way up through the machine and never really bolted his party until the summer and fall of 1912, when he gave utterance to the sentiments quoted above, when also he referred to his former Republican allies as a "set of crooks and thieves." Otherwise he gave to the pot and to the kettle of our national political life the fury of his abuse in equal measure and equal heat. Had he not watched them at close range during his years in the White House? Had he not done business with them both in order to get through legislation that he desired? Was he not intimately acquainted with the masters of privilege to whom he refers above? Did he not sneak some of them into the White House by a secret entrance at seven o'clock one morning, when, in the last days of his campaign for reelection against Alton Parker, he thought that he was being beaten, and sell his so-called idealism to these railroad magnates and captains of industry in return for large campaign contributions with which to buy the election? As a matter of record, he did.

I SUBMIT that these words that I have quoted from Theodore Roosevelt comprise a complete statement of the case of those of us who in this campaign are saying: "A plague o' both your houses; our self-respect will not

## *The Testimony of a Great Expert*

permit us to vote for either." I cannot add one word to or subtract one from the clarity and truth of his description of the issues as they are

again presented today. Yet we are being told once more that if we vote for Thomas and a new deal we are throwing away our votes, and insuring the reelection of Herbert Hoover (the State of Maine has just given the lie to this). We are sick of voting for "good men" in the hope that they will change the system or the situation. I admit that I personally fell for Woodrow Wilson in 1912, and hoped great things of him in the way of domestic reform. I even voted for Al Smith four years ago, not because I was under any illusion as to the character of his party, or what he could do with it if elected, but because it seemed to me supremely important to combat the new-fangled idea that a man cannot be elected to the Presidency of the United States if he happens to belong to the Roman Catholic church. But this year there is no such issue. It is only a choice between the intolerable Hoover, the most unfit and incompetent man, unless we except the late Brother Harding, to occupy the White House since the Civil War, and the kindly, well-meaning Franklin Roosevelt, who will be our next President if Maine has pointed the way. And when the kindly and well-meaning Franklin Roosevelt enters the White House, he will find for himself that the Democratic machinery is controlled, like the Republican, "by the powerful beneficiaries of privilege—privileged politically and privileged financially," and that as long as he advocates no radical program, in fact, no program at all which differs diametrically from that of the Republicans, he will not get the country anywhere. Let us finish once and for all with the idea that the election of a good man or a nice fellow will alter the situation in which we find ourselves, of being one of the most backward countries, politically speaking, in the world, ranking about on a level with Rumania and Turkey.

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IT would seem as if this ought to be perfectly obvious to any intelligent man, but here is my old friend, George Foster Peabody, writing to the *New York Herald Tribune* that this is no time for a protest vote. "I wish," he writes, "it were worth while to plead with the followers of the critical tempers of the editors of *The Nation* and *New Republic* to be patriotic pragmatists with their votes, and not merely critics." Therefore he appeals to us deluded editors and our dupes not to throw our votes to Norman Thomas—he says we take the stand we do in order "to avoid hard thinking and courageous action"! Bless my soul, this is the same sort of thing that Henry Cabot Lodge and Reed Smoot and Matthew Stanley Quay and Mark Hanna and all the rest of the big bosses would applaud to the sky, as Theodore Roosevelt pointed out. I know Mr. Peabody loves Franklin and believes in him. I know that he is therefore not to be swayed by the pictures of Governor



Roosevelt with his arms around Boss McCooey and Boss Curry of Tammany Hall, and Mayor Hague of Jersey City, who ought long since to have been driven out of public life. These men some of us would not touch with a thirty-foot pole even if we were candidates for the Presidency—least of all would Norman Thomas do business with them. But Mr. Roosevelt is, I suppose, merely pragmatic and practical,

merely "doing what the situation calls for," with the result that these bosses will ride him and thwart him when he takes office as they thwarted Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson on more occasions than one. Excuse me, dear Mr. Peabody, friend of my lifetime. I prefer to be dubbed a crank, an impractical idealist, as well as your affectionate

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Danube Blues

By JOHN GUNTHER

*Vienna, August 15*

HAVING made an unfortunate omelette out of Central Europe, the so-called Great Powers are seeking to retrieve whole eggs from the mess. The badly cracked states of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and so on are to be carefully pasted together again, in order to encourage them in the belief that they are really nations and to satisfy British financial and French political desires. The Powers made Central Europe what it is today, at Versailles, at St. Germain, and at the Trianon, and they were tolerably well satisfied with the job until they discovered that a bank failure in remote and decrepit Vienna could, and did, shake Britain off gold. The condition of Central Europe thereupon became a serious matter. Central Europe had, meantime, all but expired. The Powers muddled toward "reconstruction," within the framework of the treaties, and M. Tardieu produced his famous still-born plan. Now new schemes are afoot, following the agreements at Lausanne.

The Lausanne treaty contains two resolutions specifically directed to Central Europe. The first suggests a conference before December on non-German reparations. This means that the hopelessly difficult quarrel between Greece and Bulgaria over the Hoover moratorium is painfully reopened, and also the monstrous business of the Hungarian optants, probably the single most obscure and intricate politico-financial imbroglio of the post-war period. At present Hungarian landowners who lost their property when Rumania seized Transylvania are recompensed by their own government through a reciprocal deal wherein Hungarian reparations to Rumania were canceled out. Count Bethlen as Premier simply turned the cash over to Count Bethlen, landowner—if I may oversimplify. It is going to take some bitter bargaining before this pleasant system is superseded. The non-German reparations conference will also, presumably, apportion to the smaller countries their share of the Lausanne loot, when and if the bonds are marketed. There is, of course, very scant chance of those 3,000,000,000 marks ever seeing the light of day. Meantime, Rumania stands to lose a gross sum of \$3,200,000 per year in reparations, Greece about \$3,500,000, and Yugoslavia about \$17,500,000. The sums are small, judged by Western standards, but they are large in the life of local budgets, and the wind of bewilderment and wrath from Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest has whipped the Danube high. The second Lausanne resolution affecting Central Europe is a vague and hopeful statement calling for a conference, another one, which shall (a) persuade the Danubian states to relax their currency restrictions, and (b) persuade God to raise agricultural prices.

Then, approved at Lausanne, came a 300,000,000 schilling (\$42,000,000) Austrian loan, unusual among loans in that Austria did not want it—at least Austrians respectable enough to realize their dignity as a nation, or educated enough to add and subtract. Of the 300,000,000 schillings, 100,000,000 never reaches the country, but is repaid to the Bank of England for the advance which was to have "saved" Austria after the Credit Anstalt debacle in June, 1931. The rest was planned to buttress the melting reserves of the Austrian National Bank so that service could be maintained by Austria on the 1923 League reconstruction loan, the League's "key" loan, which is guaranteed by the governments, among others, of France, Great Britain, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia. These governments would be liable for the service, 102,000,000 schillings per year, in the event of Austrian default. Their representatives at Lausanne were thus understandably eager to inflict on Austria enough cash to save their own pocket-books for another two years.

The Lausanne loan also embodied the provision of the 1923 protocol forbidding Austria to jeopardize its independence, in other words, to form a customs union with Germany. The loan protocol specifies the appointment of a League of Nations adviser, resident in Vienna, which is a good thing. It may hurt Austrian pride, but it will save Austrian pocket-books. It simply is not true, as most Central European countries are prone to plead, that the bedrock limit of economy in national administration has been reached. There is room for an ax as wide as the Danube and as sharp as poor Seipel's wit. Let Austria cut down its pension list. This country of 6,500,000 people has more civil servants than Great Britain. Let all the countries have a look at their armies. Austria, a disarmed state, spends \$32,000,000 per year on military and police forces; Hungary spends \$21,000,000 on its "disarmed" army alone; Czecho-Slovakia spends \$60,000,000, and Rumania and Yugoslavia about \$50,000,000 each. These are the sums formally admitted in the various budgets, so the real sums are sure to be far greater. It is a fairly safe bet that the five succession states spend at least \$250,000,000 a year on arms—whereas the military budget of the old empire never exceeded a modest \$75,000,000.

The Austrian loan brings up another and more serious problem. It is that of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of borrowing more money simply in order to maintain service on old debts. Count Karolyi, the Hungarian Prime Minister, told me in Budapest the other day that if someone were to offer him a loan of \$10,000,000 on a silver platter, he would throw it out of the window. It would be nice to call this



bluff. But indeed Hungary is grossly overborrowed, with a total foreign debt running to \$700,000,000, which is about \$100 per capita, almost as high as the per capita *total* debt of the United States. Hungary, Bulgaria, and Greece, the three countries which with Austria received League loans, have all had to default on them in varying degree. Bulgaria is trying to transfer a small percentage of its debt service, despite harrowing difficulty. Greece has gone the whole hog and defaulted on both interest and sinking fund. Austria and Hungary deposit the sums due in local currencies in blocked accounts at their national banks, but transfer of these sums into foreign currency will for many years be impossible. American investors, if any, have a right to know that only by borrowing new money can these countries ever pay what they already owe.

Everywhere in the Danube basin the faces of American bankers cooling their heads before blocked accounts in the various national banks are a pretty picture. Such smart young bankers, these! How well we remember them high-hatting us in the boom years, graciously pleading on street corners of Budapest, Prague, Athens, for people to take their (i. e., our) money away from them. How well-dressed they were, with such neat polka-dotted ties under such knife-edged collars, with such glaucous cheeks and pearly smiles, and what a profound knowledge they had of elementary high-school economics. Well, they have a name for them in Central Europe now—God's Frozen People.

So much has come from Lausanne so far. Not much. But more is coming. It seems pretty generally understood that some sort of deal was made between MacDonald, Papen, and Herriot for a new and modified consideration of the Tardieu Danubian plan. Germany, people are saying, will not so truculently oppose this effort, if it is made again, nor will Italy, which indeed has been thoroughly squelched and will probably keep clear of international settlements for some time to come. Now this is of the highest importance. The London conference for Danube salvation failed last April mostly because Franco-German distrust and disagreement were so acute in all fields that the negotiators locked horns on minor squabbles and hardly bothered even to face the real issues. It was not a conference at all. It was an abortive flirtation of enemies. It was also an election maneuver on the part of both Tardieu and Brüning and both were beaten by it. But today things are quite different. Lausanne may of course go the way of Dawes and Young, but at the moment there is some slight possibility of a Franco-German settlement. Without this, no Danube plan can come to anything. It is the *sine qua non* of Danubian recovery.

The original French plan was slick as soap, and deceptively ingenious. Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia are, taken together, their own best customers. The French plan took note of this, and recalled that about 35 per cent of the trade of "Danubia" is with itself. It recalled familiar platitudes about the economic unity of the old empire. It pointed with distress to those grim old warriors, Politics versus Economics, destroying what trade there was left in Central Europe in their efforts to destroy each other. It deplored the economic chauvinism which produced ridiculously excessive tariff barriers, exchange restrictions, trade wars. And it suggested an immediate slice of 10 per cent in inter-Danube tariffs, with further reductions to be expected later.

It is a beautiful plan except that it simply will not work. One reason is political. It is very difficult for an observer even so near as Paris or London to appreciate the intensity with which most of the Danube countries detest each other. They would much rather sink alone than swim together. To keep even one country, Yugoslavia, from spontaneously splitting asunder under pressure of the loving cousins who compose it, has been a nightmare to every Belgrade cabinet since the war. Think of trying to get the Yugoslavs to join an embryo economic union with Hungary! They hate the Hungarians even more deeply than their allies, the Rumanians. A 10 per cent tariff cut would spell in the primitive political language of these countries a warning that their sacred nationalism was endangered. The Austrians are more civilized, but Vienna has never forgotten that the Czechs were once her cooks and chauffeurs, and the Viennese will never forgive a parvenu. The Viennese positively adore it when these countries, even their own, get mixed up in a new tariff war. As things now stand, they can't fight with arms but they are more than pleased to take hate out in trade.

Economically, the difficulties of any Danube confederation are enormous. Each country has precious mushroom industries to protect, and their legitimate economic interests are disconcertingly diverse. Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, is not really part of Danubia at all; it carries on more trade with Germany than with its four succession cousins together. Again, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia are agrarian countries, living by the grain they struggle to produce; but their export surplus, small as it is by world standards, is enormously more than the two industrial partners in the putative combination, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, could possibly consume. Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia have on hand about 2,000,000 tons, for instance, of wheat; but Austria's wheat import averages only about 250,000 tons a year; the Czech figure is less. Hungary alone, or Rumania alone, or Yugoslavia alone, might supply the Czech-Austrian demand, but the agrarian states plus Bulgaria would together utterly swamp a Danube confederation market.

The most important factor, we find, is Germany. It is true that the succession states grouped together are their own best customers, but Germany is the greatest *single* factor in Central European trade. You cannot minimize the force of a market of 63,000,000 people eager to buy Danube grain. Germany is Austria's best customer, Czecho-Slovakia's best, Rumania's best, Hungary's third best, Yugoslavia's third best. Conversely, Germany supplies 20 per cent of Austria's imports, 24.9 per cent of Czecho-Slovakia's, 21.3 per cent of Rumania's, 19.5 per cent of Hungary's, and 13.6 per cent of Yugoslavia's. About 10 per cent of Germany's total trade is with the succession states. Contrast this with figures for the other Powers: only 1 per cent of French imports comes from Danubia, and less than 1 per cent of British imports! The spectacle of France and Britain trying to freeze Germany out of a Danube scheme is therefore laughable. Germany is overwhelmingly the most important element in the whole problem. Even Dr. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister, says so.

It is easy, then, to summarize. Without Germany, nothing is possible. But without French political and British financial support, very little is possible. One must not forget the exceedingly large French and British financial, as



apart from purely commercial, interests in Central Europe. What one must hope for from the post-Lausanne negotiations is willingness by the French to admit Germany's commercial supremacy, plus German concessions to allow reciprocal intra-Danube tariff cuts. The Tardieu plan must somehow be warped around to include German preference schemes, so that an eventual agrarian bloc of Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Bulgaria can trade more or less decently with the industrial Austro-Czech-German group. Not easy. And it depends utterly on general Franco-German amity. Meantime, business being business, France, Germany, and Italy, all three, have been competitively diving underneath the

whole mess to sneak out private trade agreements to their own exclusive advantage.

Of course a Danube agreement in about 1940 will not do much good. It is this winter which will tell the tale. Austria and Hungary, among the Central European states, have collapsed completely once since the war, and it is going to be decided pretty soon whether or not this will happen again. Already their currencies, like those of their neighbors, have only an artificial internal value, and a little bit of inflation has begun. A Central European inflation might bring the rest of Europe down. Austria and Hungary are sick. It does not take long for sick nations to die.

## *The Show Business*

# IV. Can Anything Be Done About It?\*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ANYONE who has read the previous articles in this series will probably be almost too ready to agree that theatrical production costs too much. He will, moreover, be confirmed in this opinion if he is informed still further that between 1914 and 1929 costs rose about 100 per cent and that this rise was accounted for by proportional increases in practically every department, from the salaries of actors and stage hands to the price of the most trivial prop. But the theatergoer himself is partially responsible for the unnecessarily large outlay required to produce a play. He has become accustomed to absurdly lavish mountings, and the man who grumbles at paying \$3.30 for a ticket to a simple drama and \$5.50 for a ticket to one of the elaborate reviews is often the very one who would grumble at the slightest evidence of even reasonable economy. We are accustomed to a sumptuousness of scenic investiture which in many cases does not add enough to the artistic effect to justify the handicap which it imposes, and our theater would be a great deal more healthy if we would learn to demand less in certain respects. A good play is just as good if the curtains which deck the drawing-room windows have been used before, and no one ought really care whether or not a buffet is real mahogany. But unfortunately the American playgoer will recognize and resent the cheapness of a material much more readily than he will resent the cheapness of an idea, a character, or a phrase. He demands the best—in fabrics and furniture and clothes.

Of course this is not, however, the only reason why play production costs too much, and there are various reasons why the producer pays outrageously even for what he gets. Ask him what is the matter with the theatrical business and he is pretty sure to answer in one word, "Labor." Nor is it to be denied that he has a real grievance, even though, as I shall try to show, he is usually guilty of important sins of his own. Three years ago the stage hands received their last increases and they, almost alone among the workers in the theater, have, so far at least, accepted no reductions of any kind, though negotiations are now pending. Their pay is very high as the pay of laborers goes and (this

is the producer's chief complaint) the iron-clad rules of their union necessarily involve great wastes.

It is true, for example, that a carpenter, an electrician, or a property man is theoretically paid at the rate of only \$82.50 a week, while the various assistants receive only \$7.25 a performance. But since the production of a play is not something which can be carried on in the routine manner of a factory, all the typical union rules concerning pay at an increased rate for broken time, overtime, holiday time, and the like become enormously important, and under certain circumstances the theatrical worker may pile up earnings ridiculously disproportionate to those of the actors, directors, or managers.

As I write I have before me the booklet setting forth the "Wage Scales and Working Conditions," issued by the Theatrical Protective Union No. 1, and there is no doubt of the fact that some of its provisions—especially those concerning what a particular kind of worker may or may not do, or what shall constitute a "load" for a transfer agent—have a kind of Alice in Wonderlandish quality. It may sometimes happen that a producer is compelled to employ a staff which does little except play poker in its room below stage, and as a perhaps extreme example we may cite the situation against which Mr. Ziegfeld was complaining loudly just before his death.

In reviving "Show Boat" Mr. Ziegfeld employed a stage crew of exactly the same size as that which he had employed during the original run of the play. But after its original run the play had been taken on the road with an increased crew. And since less than five years had elapsed between the time when "Show Boat" was on tour and the time when it was revived in New York, it was still technically "on the road." Therefore Mr. Ziegfeld was compelled to hire additional men at a cost of something like \$800 a week, in spite of the fact that there was nothing whatever for them to do. Not unnaturally he felt that he had been wronged.

There seems little doubt that the unions are unreasonable to an extent which ultimately works to their own disadvantage by reducing the number of their opportunities to work, and it is possible that some of the abuses for which they are responsible will be remedied. This does not, how-

\* The fourth and last of a series of articles on The Show Business.—  
EDITOR THE NATION.



ever, mean that the producers themselves are guiltless of costly inefficiency. The account previously given of the processes of production ought to make it abundantly clear how much will depend upon the smoothness with which they are carried through. Undoubtedly it is difficult to coordinate them efficiently, but the fact remains that upon the extent of this coordination depends, more than upon any other single factor, what the cost of production will be. At best it will cost enough or too much. But delays, changes, and overtime labor used to get an inefficiently managed production ready in time for its scheduled opening can cause costs to mount so dizzily that they may easily be double or triple what they would have been and thus make all the difference between a tidy profit and a crushing loss.

Last and perhaps most important of all is the more general fact that theatrical activity of all kinds is too irregular or sporadic to be efficient. Workers and materials alike are employed for only an indefinite part of even the theatrical season and for that reason cost too much. The rent of a theater is very high because a theater is used only part of the time. Actors' salaries are high because even important stars ordinarily work only relatively few weeks of the year, and it is for the same reason that all other employees from directors on down to carpenters receive compensations which appear unreasonably generous. If a manager could lease a theater for a long period, hire actors, directors, et cetera by the year, and then keep his staff employed as constantly as, for example, a publisher keeps his staff employed, then both production and running costs could be cut nearly in half.

The Theater Guild has worked out an organization which makes possible an approach to this ideal. It has one theater of its own, it has a semi-permanent company, and it makes a definite number of productions per year in its own house, moving to other theaters only those plays which require long runs. It is partly for this reason that the Theater Guild has become an unusually stable institution, even though, it should be noted, it receives no concessions from the unions; and it may be added that in general the larger the play-producing organization, the more economically its operations can be planned. So far, however, as the "independent" producer is concerned, his activity continues to be so sporadic as to be inevitably wasteful. One year he may produce three or four plays, another year possibly none at all. He can maintain no staff, lease no theater, and gather no useful store of scenery, lighting equipment, or props. He exists through alternate periods of inactivity and bursts of feverish effort, in the course of which latter he pays high salaries to individuals who know that their employment may last only a couple of weeks and spends large sums for materials which may be soon sent to a storehouse where their value immediately sinks to almost nothing. Add the fact that the very nature of the enterprise attracts men who are reckless, impulsive, and changeable, and it is no wonder that, even if we leave out of account the many plays abandoned after try-outs, something like 70 per cent of those which reach Broadway during a good season close with a net loss for the producer or his backers.

Many of the remedies commonly suggested are more or less utopian, or at least imply a change in popular psychology which no one knows how to bring about. Of course it would be more economical if theaters were scattered over

the city and built in regions where rents are cheaper than they are on Broadway—but experience has shown that the public will not seek such theaters out. Of course a genuine repertory theater can be run more economically than theaters managed under the present system can be run—but the American public does not want "standard" plays and will not patronize a repertory company. No theater off the beaten track has been financially successful, and admirable as is the work done by Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater, even it must be run at a loss because of the low prices charged.

So far as the immediate future is concerned, it will not, I think, see the American theater "saved" by any radical change in theatergoing habits. We are not going to have repertory theaters dominating the scene, we are not going to have the theaters built in cheaper sections, and we are not going to have state theaters. Even the various experimental groups—the little theaters, the summer repertory companies which operate in the country, and the like—will continue, I think, to be as they have been in the past *merely* experimental, and hence important largely because of what can be absorbed from them into the commercial theater. Even that ideal producing organization hinted at above—one, that is to say, in which a permanent company and staff are employed to produce a definitely planned-for series of productions—is not likely to be more than approximated, because there are various difficulties in the way—notably and above all the difficulty of securing suitable scripts with suitable regularity.

But if the depression continues, some changes will nevertheless have to take place. Theater rents will have to come down and so probably will labor costs—at least in proportion to the reduction which has already been made in actors' salaries. Finally and most important of all, the manager will have to manage more efficiently. In the past he has fixed his eye on big profits, and with the possibility of several hundred thousand dollars dangling before his eyes he has not been inclined to consider the difference between ten and twenty thousand dollars in production costs very important. In the future he may, like all other business men, have to think more seriously of that small margin which can make the difference between a reasonable profit and a definite loss.

It may seem a very unsensational conclusion to reach after a rather long consideration, but the chief trouble with the show business is a kind of extravagant recklessness which was generated partly by the traditionally hectic atmosphere of the theater and partly by the excitement of boom times. Perhaps our actors and playwrights have had too little temperament, but our producers have generally had too much. What we need in their department is not less commercialism but more—at least of a certain kind. Your manager ought, of course, to know a good play when he sees it, and it is doubtless a good thing if he cares enough for the art of the theater to want to put on the best manuscript he can find. But once he has selected his play he ought to become a business man first of all and to conduct his enterprise as a good business man would conduct it. Efficiency, care, executive ability become his great assets. The smoother things run and the less temperament interferes, the less wasteful the production will be. And in the end the audience will profit.



# Don't Overlook Philadelphia!

By SAUL CARSON

**G**REAT things have been happening in the State of Grundy and Pinchot, in the city of Penn and Atterbury. But the press, preoccupied with New York's achievements in the field of city government, has given Pennsylvania little notice. New York is stirred by its Mayor's large bank accounts and its Mayor's accountant's disappearance. The bank accounts of some of our State officials are entirely overlooked. New York exercises itself over mere attempts to grab monopolies in buses and taxicabs. In Pennsylvania we give such things away and make no fuss about it. New York has discovered that one of its municipal officers held a mere few thousand dollars' worth of shares in a bronze company that had somehow something to do with city contracts. We have a former Mayor who admits being on the pay roll of the transit trust while he was chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board; and our Attorney-General apparently sees nothing wrong in such a connection with the transit trust—perhaps because the Attorney-General, too, has taken fees from the same trust while working for the State.

Enough of comparisons. Let us speak of the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia in their own right. In Pennsylvania the late chairman of our Public Service Commission, William D. B. Ainey, who headed that body from the time of its organization in 1915 until very recently, was accused of accepting \$150,000 from the late Thomas E. Mitten. The latter headed Philadelphia's unified system of street cars, subways, elevated railways, buses, and taxicabs. Chairman Ainey entered a vigorous denial. But just as a special committee of the State senate was assembling to investigate the charges, Mr. Ainey resigned. Did the senate committee lay the resignation on the table and dig into the accusations? Not Pennsylvania. The senate accepted the resignation forthwith.

Another former member of the Public Service Commission, James S. Benn, banked \$650,000 in ten years, during which time his salary totaled \$100,000. In a period of a year and a half Mr. Benn bought government bonds which cost him \$129,000. His salary during that period did not exceed \$15,000. Governor Pinchot, apparently thinking that Mr. Benn's deposits and Mr. Ainey's income might have had something to do with increased rates granted public-utility corporations, asked the senate to investigate. And now Pennsylvania has another senate committee, created by a resolution which in its preamble invokes invective against the Governor—presumably for forcing senators to work overtime.

Again, here is a photostatic copy of a check for \$100,000, signed by the late Mr. Mitten, indorsed by Mr. Mitten, and paid in cash "to bearer," his confidential secretary. The former secretary, now a free lance, shouts aloud his desire to trace the destination of that cash. The senate committee ignores him.

On the records of our legislature is spread information to the effect that a Mr. Albert M. Greenfield had transferred \$736,000 in cash to the late Mr. Mitten. Mr. Mitten, theoretically an employee of the street-car company, had bought

for the company a taxicab corporation. We find that the taxicab company he bought for his employers was owned by his own "straw man." So much is known. Where did the \$736,000 in cash go? The same former confidential secretary, A. A. Chapman, wants to tell. The senate committee does not want to know.

Or take the case of a politician high in the councils of his fellows, a man who was leader of his ward, representative of his ward on the Republican city committee, candidate for Congress from his district, and holder of a job in the coroner's office, where he controlled much patronage. This man had been intrusted, by virtue of his position in the coroner's office, with administration of 115 estates and trusts. A political opponent made public the information that all had not been right with the man's administration of the various estates. Opponents of the organization had obtained warrants for the man's arrest. The sheriff's office, whose duty it is to serve such warrants, could not find the politician. Of course, the fact that the sheriff was boss of his potential prisoner's Congressional district had nothing to do with the matter. An enterprising attorney finally served the politician with a warrant. There were hearings, delays, adjournments. The man committed suicide, and that matter ended happily for the organization. Not a cent has as yet been recovered for the 115 estates and trusts.

Mayor Harry A. Mackey, from 1915 to 1923, was chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board. From 1918 to December, 1925, Mr. Mackey received \$1,000 a month as counsel for the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. The transit company employs thousands of men. It might be presumed that one or two of these men sprained an ankle or hurt a thumb in those years between 1918 and 1923, when the chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board was also an attorney for the street-car company. Was Mr. Mackey culpable in thus accepting pay from the transit company while in that important State position? Not in Pennsylvania. Mr. William A. Schnader, the State Attorney-General, openly forgives Mr. Mackey on the ground that Mr. Mackey had a right to act as attorney for whatever client chose him as counsel. And to clinch his point, Mr. Schnader admits that he too was on the pay roll of the Yellow Cab Company, a subsidiary of the same transit trust, while working for the State as a special deputy attorney-general. His salary? Before Mr. Mitten of the transit company took over the Yellow Cab Company, Mr. Schnader's salary, according to his own statement made to the writer, was \$6,000 a year plus 1 per cent of the gross income of the taxicab concern. After Mr. Mitten assumed control of the taxicab company, Mr. Schnader's salary was \$12,000 a year—precisely what Mr. Mackey's salary had been. But Mr. Schnader no longer received the 1 per cent of gross income. Mr. Mitten complained throughout that period that his newly acquired Yellow Cab Company was losing money.

New York's doings are more widely publicized than ours. But don't overlook Philadelphia!



# Mourning Becomes Herbert

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, September 17*

**G**LOOM, thicker than a London fog, descended on the White House with the Maine election returns. The atmosphere is reminiscent of a funeral parlor or "Mourning Becomes Electra." Secretaries tiptoe about their chores with long faces, politicians make sad entrances and sadder exits, and even the boys in the press room bid small slams in muted tones as Mark Sullivan wipes a furtive tear. The picture of a Great Heart bleeding silently but steadily over the ingratitude of a perverse electorate fills every eye, and it is thoroughly depressing. Is all this grief and foreboding warranted? I think so. Not only is Maine normally Republican by a large majority, but it has suffered far less from the depression than the large industrial centers. The result indicates that the various straw votes—in which Roosevelt has been running far ahead—by no means reflect the full Democratic strength, because all of them have purported to show that Maine was safe for Hoover. Republican workers are discouraged, Democratic workers are correspondingly stimulated, and wavering voters are prompted to hop on the band-wagon. Still more important, perhaps, is the influence on campaign contributors. No one wants to bet on a dead horse; on the other hand, those with money to give are eager to expend it in behalf of the candidate who will be in a position later to reward them. The question of funds at Republican headquarters was acute already; the Maine disaster has aggravated it. For some time the Democrats have been hinting that their adversaries would be so unscrupulous as to use the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to amass a campaign chest. Recently a Washington bank obtained a loan of \$600,000 from that institution, and a few days later the bank loaned \$15,000 to the Republican National Committee. However, the head of the bank assures me positively that the two transactions were not related, and I believe him—believe it or not.

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**T**HUS far it seems obvious that Roosevelt is winning votes on his Western tour, but if he has accomplished any higher purpose I have been unable to discern it. For example, his Topeka speech on the farm problem undoubtedly will cause a lot of farmers to vote for him, but whether it contributed anything to a solution of the farm problem is questionable. To me it bore a disturbing resemblance to the addresses on the same subject delivered in 1928 by the Honorable Herbert Hoover. He also promised to mobilize the best talent and attack the problem from every angle. His program eventuated, as everyone knows, in the government losing more than a quarter of a billion dollars speculating in the grain and cotton markets. It seemed to me that Friendly Frank was hinting to the farmers that he was for the equalization fee, while avoiding an open statement to that effect. After all, the fee plan is not wholly disreputable: Owen D. Young has indorsed it, and—take it from a reporter who covered the Senate investigation of the radio trust—Owen D. is no red radical. The fact is that Roose-

velt enjoys a tremendous political advantage in the fact that the country knows Hoover, and knows precisely what to expect if he is reelected. He enjoys another tremendous advantage in the fact that his personality is pleasing, that he has a sense of humor, and that obviously he is a very decent fellow. When he is placed beside the sour and devious Hoover the contrast is almost startling. Nevertheless, it might be reassuring to hear him tell just where he does stand on the pressing issues (excepting prohibition) of the campaign. The fact that Hoover won't is all the more reason why Roosevelt should. Indeed, all participants in a Presidential race should be prohibited from wearing gumshoes.

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**T**O be awakened from one's dreams by the coughing of gassed babies must be rather terrifying. The Administration's incredible attempt to persuade the country (and possibly itself) that the ragged men, women, and children who were bombed out of Washington on the dreadful midnight of July 28 included "an extraordinary proportion of criminal and Communist elements," can be attributed only to stark panic. Aside from that mad adventure, Attorney-General Mitchell's tortuous effort to justify it must be set down as the deadliest blunder of the campaign. The vision and tact of the Administration are fairly measured by the circumstances that an episode which was planned as a master campaign stroke became within a month the source of its deepest anxiety. But the lie factory simply cannot turn out a finished product. With all his boasted glibness Mitchell's performance succeeded no better than those of Hurley, Joslin, and Davison. His principal accomplishment was to draw from Chief of Police Glassford a complete and devastating reply, showing that there was less crime in Washington while the veterans were here than after the expulsion, and that the percentage of veterans indicted for actual crimes was vastly smaller than that of the Harding Cabinet to which Mr. Hoover belonged, or even of Hoover's own original Cabinet. (Twenty per cent of the Harding Cabinet was indicted; 10 per cent of the original Hoover Cabinet has been indicted.) Considering what the unemployed veterans and their families had already suffered, the meanness of the effort to paint them as criminals is shocking. That anyone could expect to make political capital out of such an effort is inexplicable. I note that the gallant Hurley, after twice exposing himself to the boos of the American Legion convention, slunk out of Portland, but before departing he declared on his "word of honor" that not a single veteran's shack was fired by the troops. Concerning the quality of Pat's "honor" I am uncertain, but I am quite certain that the troops took drums of kerosene to Pennsylvania Avenue and Anacostia, and that soon after their arrival at the first camp an infantryman entered a drug-store and purchased a carton of matches. However, my testimony is not needed. At the moment when Hurley was pledging his "word of honor," the War Department was in possession of an affidavit by Private Thomas E. Davis, Company M, Twelfth



Infantry, stating that he fired huts at Third and Pennsylvania avenues by order of his commanding officer. On top of this comes a statement from General Moseley, who is acting as Chief of Staff while the valiant MacArthur parades his decorations before the astounded natives of Prague and Warsaw. "We have nothing to apologize for," says General Moseley. "The huts were fired by troops in reserve. Troops were in waves. The last wave was ordered to burn down the hovels." The preceding waves, it should be added, had gone through with bayonets and tear gas. To oust Glassford for telling the truth would be an act of fright and desperation, but any policeman will testify that there is no one so dangerous as a coward with a gun.

\* \* \* \* \*

ALTHOUGH Ogden Mills undoubtedly is a much abler man than his predecessor in the Treasury, he seems to have inherited Uncle Andy's ineptitude at estimating the federal revenues. When the Senate, during the last session, accepted Ogden's schedule of new taxes, we were told em-

phatically that the nation was assured of "a balanced budget." Indeed, I clearly recall that May day when Mills, emerging triumphantly from an executive session of the Senate Finance Committee, informed the poor, ignorant reporters in the anteroom that his "peace offering" had been accepted, and that the added levies would yield \$1,025,000,000 in new annual revenue, which would meet the approximate requirements of the government. A tremendous sigh of relief issued from each reportorial breast. For months we had (at a modest wage) followed the Administration's heroic efforts to "balance the budget." Alas for optimism! It now appears that there is a Treasury deficit of approximately \$400,000,000 for the first sixty days of the new fiscal year. Consequently, the next session of Congress must again face the job of increasing taxes and reducing expenditures. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Mills has a sound alibi. When one man is suddenly required to perform the same campaign services that were performed four years earlier by William E. Borah and Charles Evans Hughes, he cannot waste much time on figures.

## Skimmed Milk and Watered Stocks

By E. R. McINTYRE

THERE are two kinds of stock in the dairy business as it is conducted today. One is the stock that produces the milk, the other is the stock that produces profits. The old wheeze about watering the milk applies exactly to the methods adopted by the officials and controllers of the dominant dairy trusts of America, who are in a position to water their gilt-edge paper stock much more effectively than any farmer could ever water his milk.

The reason why the stock of the principal national dairy trusts has been such a good investment lies in the hold they have upon all the centralized metropolitan and subsidiary markets, plus the unorganized state of dairy production, with its so-called "bargaining" cooperatives which agree to the ineffectual and harmful systems of price determination largely in vogue. The consumer has little to do with it, since the rate of consumption, except for the producer, seldom alters the general situation.

The system of holding-company finance has converted many local officers of distributing companies into outright speculators. These men, who were on the ground floor when the process began, took advantage of the chance to exchange stock in the operating company for holding-company shares, and have been playing the spot market ever since for all possible gains.

As a result, even those managers who were once rather close to farmers and shared with them the rise and fall in the fortunes of the dairy business, have long since, by means of stock manipulation, ceased to plod the slow pathway traveled by their cow-owning associates. An official of a milk-distributing company in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, began to invest in his company's stock fifteen years ago. His first real harvest came when a national chain became the holding company and he traded in his stock for a share in the bigger venture. Special audits have shown that during a period of eight years profits, accruals, and increment on 1,000 shares

in his name have brought him total profits of \$450,000. Aside from his direct salary, which was a generous one, this particular "milk man" has netted an average of \$50,000 a year in stock values and cash dividends, including a profit of \$32,000 through the sale of a few hundred shares in 1930. It is not likely that he worried much about the producers during this interval of rapid accumulation.

So much for 1,000 shares of stock. How did 1,000 head of stock contributing to the same business pay out in that period? One thousand cows owned by about fifty dairy farmers, according to the usual size of a herd in the Milwaukee area, yielded during the same period of eight years about 60 hundredweight of milk each per year, or 60,000 hundredweight. The net farm price of milk averaged \$2 for 100 pounds, of which only \$1 represented net profit above feed and labor costs, making a profit of \$60,000 a year for eight years, or a total of \$480,000. But this sum divided among fifty farmers meant a yield of only \$9,600 for each farmer for eight years, or \$1,200 a year per farmer. Furthermore, the taxes on farm equipment and live stock of the producers who were netting \$1,200 a year had to be paid each and every year, while the speculators who were making \$50,000 a year in paper stock were always able to deduct dividends received from the corporation in making out their income-tax returns.

It has been truly said that farmers themselves cannot erect and long maintain a monopoly in any common food commodity; but it is easily possible for organized groups of farmers situated as the fluid-milk producers are to become unwitting and helpless cogs in a flawless and well-oiled machine of privately managed profit-taking corporations.

Since 1920 the movement to gain absolute control of the distribution of all fluid milk and dairy commodities within the principal metropolitan consuming centers has proceeded with consummate success. Today about five chain



organizations dominate the distribution of milk, cream, butter, and cheese throughout the leading cities of the Northern and Western States. They have within their control and dictate to a great degree the market for nearly 10 per cent of the intensive producers of raw material. The remaining 90 per cent feel indirectly the effect of this control, and they actually lose money when surplus milk by-products are thrown back upon them from the fluid-milk centers to depress and narrow their prices for condensed milk, butter, sweet cream, and cheese.

Within the past decade a national federation of fluid-milk producers has been formed to seek mutual protection in legislation, and to exchange price quotations and experience in collective bargaining, market conditions, and standards. In a few cases member associations have taken hold of the distribution of the milk as well as its production, but as a rule the procedure is to bargain with private dealers on price and to work out systems of regulating the supply. In most cases they are obliged to deal with members of a chain. Owing to the quality demands of the leading fluid-milk markets, the member producers surrounding those markets have found production costs higher for them than for producers in outlying zones where milk goes to cheese factories, creameries, and condenseries. Hence the rule has been for the association to set a higher base price for the milk used in the city's bottled supply and to sell the remainder at a surplus price somewhere near the prevailing butter-fat quotation.

In times like these the maintenance of such an artificial price margin in places adjacent to large supplies of manufactured-price milk has been almost as difficult as to dam Niagara Falls. But at this point the obliging civic-ordinance committees and boards of health have stepped in, to throw a screen around the milk shed. This development has been hailed at times by cooperative producers as a form of protection for the industry. But it is a very flexible screen. When milk is scarce and dealers want to import it in tank cars from long distances, the health authorities conveniently issue inspection permits. When consumption lags and milk is plentiful close to the city, the same authority is invoked to shut out the very milk it had admitted before. The chief beneficiary of this elastic system is the dealer.

Armed with local authority and backed by high finance, the operating companies that control each local zone are able to arrange that whatever money may at times be lost on whole-milk distribution is easily doubled and trebled in profits on commodities derived from low-cost surplus milk. The following example of procedure is typical—I have used specific prices prevailing in Milwaukee as of June, 1932.

The base price for fluid milk was \$1.75 and the surplus price was 55 cents per 100 pounds, less the hauling charge of 20 cents per 100. A large share of all the surplus milk was utilized by the dealer as sweet cream. The retail selling price of cream testing 22 per cent was 13 cents a half-pint or \$2.08 a gallon. For the cream which the dealer sold for \$2.08 a gallon to consumers, the cost price was 29 cents, for the reason that in one gallon of 22 per cent cream there are 1.84 pounds of fat. Since 100 pounds of 3.5 per cent milk bought from farmers cost 55 cents, the cost of each pound of fat was only 15.7 cents. The difference between the dealer's sale price of \$2.08 and the 29 cents which was the cost price represents \$1.79 gross profit, or 86 per cent of the sales price—a handsome profit in 1932.

To illustrate the process in another illuminating way: Each 100 pounds of 3.5 per cent milk cost the dealer 55 cents, but the farmer had to pay 20 cents for hauling and 2 cents more for his association dues and advertising fund, leaving him 33 cents net. The dealer averaged 1.89 gallons of 22 per cent cream from each 100 pounds of milk. Sold in half-pints, the value to the dealer of this surplus milk was \$3.94 gross minus 55 cents cost price, or \$3.39 gross margin. Thus, the dealer's income from the 100 pounds of milk was eleven times as much as the producer's. At that rate, the farmer member of a cooperative "bargaining" association got exactly 11 cents for a sixteen-quart pail of milk, leaving the dealer free to skim off the cream in more ways than one.

When the dealer finds that he has an excess amount of cream left over from this surplus milk that the "bargaining" farmers have delivered to him for 55 cents, perhaps he makes some butter out of it. Or maybe he ships the cream into another market. In either event he helps to ruin the market for the outlying farmers beyond the limits of his own milk shed. He could really afford to dump it after taking such a heavy margin, but that, of course, is not the way of a highly efficient national chain.

What is to be done about this destructive price-juggling system? Everyone who is aware of the true state of affairs wants to know. Commissions and bureaus set up by some States, and in league with the Federal Farm Board's dairy-market experts, have no answer for it. Their only counsel to militant dairymen suffering under this monstrous maladjustment is "Remember your responsibility to your own market." When the producers' association in the St. Louis milk shed was battling with a stubborn private distributor in 1931, the managers of one of the dairy chains shipped milk from northern Wisconsin down into Missouri to break the farmers' small vestige of control. Responsibility ought to work both ways, but there seems to be no determination or power resting with the "saviors" of agriculture to prevent its being abused by the milk trust.

To provide an adequate supply of pure milk at reasonable prices is one of the greatest social questions of the age. If milk is a universal, indispensable food, then its sound economic position becomes a universal, inescapable problem for all. Equitably managed, the industry would easily weather the economic storm. Big dairy mergers have contributed better sanitation to the milk business, but so have intensive dairymen producing the raw material under severe regulations to hold their markets. Big dairy mergers have put thrift and business acumen into the improvement of the enterprise; but so have dairy farmers in breeding better cattle and keeping careful records. Big dairy mergers have expanded the capital structure and equipment of their plants and services; but thousands of dairymen have done relatively as much on far less means.

In many sections of the West dairymen, panic-stricken at getting only 50 cents a 100 pounds and pressed by debts and family needs, are breaking through to the consumer with so-called "bootleg" milk and cream. Wild schemes of milk-pooling and dumping are afloat among farmers, price wars are imminent, strikes and even violence have ensued.

Daring plans for taking control of the distribution of city milk by farmers' companies so as to escape the toll taken by the monopoly in salaries, stocks, and dividends are usually frustrated through lack of capital or experience. Further-



more, the erection of added new distributing facilities at extra expense might not result in victory but only plunge the producers deeper into difficulties.

Appeals to the various existing market outlets in the interests of stability for the dairy industry have fallen on deaf ears. The milk dealers are competing as far as getting cheap milk is concerned, but they are thoroughly agreed among themselves to keep the upper hand and to throttle all initiative or understanding among farmers. Consumers are chiefly interested at present in cheaper milk; dealers are concerned mostly with stocks and margins. The farmer's only resort lies in appeal to a thoughtless public. Some degree of stability must somehow be achieved in the dairy business or the whole industry may turn sour.

If the distributors will stop their effort to prevent producers from controlling their own products to the market entrance; if they will recognize that producers share in the good-will of the consumers and are equally jealous of keeping it; if the dealers will remember that the farmer has a real concern in good distribution and fair labor costs; and if and when the producers find that they are not obliged to pay swollen dividends out of shallow pockets toward an over-capitalized system—then perhaps the dairy industry will become stabilized.

## In the Driftway

**M**OST of the world has learned to cherish rivers. In France particularly they are treasured by the cities through which they happen to flow. The classic example, of course, is Paris, where the Seine and its bridges play such a vital part in the life of the city. In the mind as well as on postcards, Paris is more often than not remembered in terms of the Seine and its ever-changing aspects. The Drifter's most persistent memory of that charmed city is of his first arrival there. He was fortunate enough to enter at the Gare Quai d'Orsay at sunset, when the river, its embankments, and the domes of Paris as far as the eye could see were bathed in rosy light. Likewise he remembers a picnic he once witnessed on the little island which lies under one of the long bridges across the Seine—the Pont Neuf if he remembers correctly. A party consisting of mère and père, two children, and a mild gray cat led by a string took up what seemed accustomed places against the embankment, next to the stream, opened a basket, and settled down for a quiet supper on the quiet bank of a beautiful river in the middle of one of the world's greatest cities.

\* \* \* \* \*

**R**IVERS have played a tremendous part in the development of America, and probably no country has so many beautiful streams. But rivers in this country, outside the remotest mountains, are used almost exclusively for commercial purposes. In an American city, the river, like the railroad, runs through the most unsightly part; it is a dumping place for refuse and for human derelicts as well. And imagine a picnic beside one of our finest rivers, the Hudson, in our largest city, New York. For most of the island's length, of course, it is impossible to get near the river. Commerce owns it all. When finally the piers end

and the river comes into view, it is cut off by the track of a railroad that owns the river bank for miles. And even if one could get to its shores, it would be unsafe to use it even for bathing for the reason that the largest modern city in the world dumps its sewage in Hendrik Hudson's river to be carried out to sea, polluting a dozen bathing beaches as it goes.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

**A** RIVER is one of nature's finest manifestations. There is no more pleasant or reassuring accompaniment to life than a stream running steadily past one's door. Continuity and permanence, variety and peace, all are to be found in the daily life of a river. One of the Drifter's settlings down will certainly be on the edge of a broad stream or a swift brook which will carry off his cares every night and bring him fresh delights, including brook trout, each morning. Until that time, he is willing to be a charter and fighting member of any good Society for the Rescue of American Rivers.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The System Is Doomed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to take vigorous exception to the closing remarks in your article Free Trade at Ottawa, in your issue of August 31, in which you say: "The British Empire cannot help itself at the expense of world trade. Both must prosper together, and that can be achieved, not by partitioning markets, but by lowering artificial trade barriers." This is on all fours with the argument so often made that this country should lower its tariff sufficiently to permit other nations to send us goods with which to pay their debts and to enable us to rehabilitate our export trade.

Have you ever stopped to consider that each capitalist country has a surplus production which its workers are unable to consume because of their insufficient income, and which the capitalists in spite of their riotous standard of living are likewise unable to absorb? Can you not see that it would be piling Pelion on Ossa to admit the production of other countries into the already overburdened home market?

That is the trouble with the capitalist system today. It is in a dilemma from which it cannot escape; no amount of tariff tinkering will solve the problem of markets for the surplus production of the workers. No matter what the capitalists, their political henchmen, or their editorial advisers may say or do, the system is doomed. Its extinction is only a matter of years.

Montvale, N. J., August 31

OTTO DITTMANN

## Thomas for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will those people in Cincinnati and immediate vicinity who are interested in the candidacy of Norman Thomas for President get in touch with me, either by mail or telephone, with a view to organizing a non-Socialist committee to aid in his election? My address is 845 Dayton Street, Cincinnati. Telephone: West 0983-W.

Cincinnati, August 31

MARY D. BRITE



## For Tom Mooney

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On August 14, the last day of the Olympic games, during a lull after the awards of victory, six boys and girls ran around the track wearing banners bearing the words, Free Tom Mooney. They reached their seats again and were arrested, while the final event, the parade of the nations, proceeded.

Through the courage of these young people the world heard at least one protest against the imprisonment of Tom Mooney. The names of a great many intellectual leaders who also protest against this injustice are mounted on signs at Olive Hill, Hollywood, but that is a silent protest and a safe one. Youth is more direct.

After a trial lasting two weeks and marked from start to finish by shocking bias, the court gave the defendants the maximum sentences, 90 days and 180 days, to run consecutively. In addition, Meyer Baylin was given a jail sentence of 100 days because of contempt of court and Ethel Dell a sentence of 50 days. To show how thorough he is, the judge, who is an appointee of Governor Rolph, set bail at \$1,000 pending appeal.

Los Angeles, August 31

N. HIGMAN

## Young Progressive League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having realized the necessity of a strong liberal youth movement in this nation, we have formed the Young Progressive League. The purpose of the league is to acquaint its members with the true facts and then to fight for the election of progressive men and women.

Young people between the ages of thirteen and sixteen may become members regardless of sex, race, creed, or nationality. Perhaps some of your younger readers who are already interested in current affairs may wish to join or at any rate receive information regarding this organization. If so, they should address me at 896 Fox Street. Information will gladly be sent them and their interest will be appreciated.

New York, August 31

IRVING ELLENTUCK

## False Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We wish to call to your attention the situation that exists among the teachers of New York City. There are at present 10,000 unemployed teachers, of whom 5,000 have been denied licenses through the elimination tests of the Board of Education. The Board of Education has not made any appointments for the coming term, and it is probable that it will not make any appointments during the year 1933. Three hundred and ten teachers licensed in 1928 will lose their licenses this December. If the board continues its present policy, there is a great danger that all those teachers on subsequent lists will also lose their licenses and never be appointed. Furthermore, the board has announced that it will not give any teacher examinations in 1933, thus preventing those who have failed in the elimination tests from repeating them. Four hundred teachers who have held "permanent substitute" positions have lost these positions because of the board's policy of consolidating and increasing the register of classes. This increase in the pupil load will not only create more difficult tasks for the teachers em-

ployed, but will also very seriously hamper their efficiency. Thus, the sufferers are not only the employed and unemployed teachers, but the 1,000,000 school children as well.

In this situation it is imperative that the city and State governments immediately take measures to remedy these conditions. In the coming State elections, in which one of the major issues will be economy in the government, it should be the task of the political parties to insure that these economies shall not be effected at the expense of the educational system and the teachers.

The Unemployed Teachers Association calls upon the political parties to include in their State and local platforms the following planks:

1. No economies in education at the expense of the school children and the teachers.
2. Appointment of all teachers before their licenses expire.
3. Immediate relief at the expense of the State for all unemployed teachers, licensed or unlicensed.
4. Reduction of class registers throughout the school system to a maximum of thirty.

UNEMPLOYED TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

New York, September 1

## Lectures on Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Nation* readers in San Francisco and the Bay district will be interested to know that the American-Russian Institute for Cultural Relations between the two countries, founded here on the initiative of Dr. Ralph Reynolds, is planning a series of lectures under the auspices of the institute by people who have visited Russia. The series will begin in the present month with a lecture by Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Ella Winter). It is expected that one lecture of this kind will be given each month during the season.

The institute, occupying Room 210, Woman's City Club, 465 Post Street, near the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, will be open every week day. It has on hand a number of books dealing with various phases of Russian culture under the U. S. S. R., exhibits of art under the Soviet, et cetera. The educational exhibit (Russian) now being shown at branches of the institute in the East will later on be brought to San Francisco.

*Nation* readers living in this region can help promote wider knowledge of Soviet cultural achievement by bringing their friends to the institute headquarters and securing programs of its activities. Mrs. Rose Isaak is now in charge and will gladly give whatever information may be desired.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

San Francisco, September 10

## Prohibition Ballyhoo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ballyhoo about the resubmission of the Eighteenth Amendment seems to me to be a waste of time and energy. All the votes for resubmission are futile. There is only one way to repeal the amendment and that is to submit a new one by a two-thirds' vote of Congress and send it to the States for ratification. All this talk about resubmission only serves to blind the people to the real issue before the nation—and that is our economic conditions. I hope *The Nation* will see it in that light and show it up.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 16

B. F. THOMPSON



## For the Defense of Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The California branch of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners is fighting police terrorism, political imprisonment, and discrimination against political prisoners within the walls of San Quentin and Folsom, and also cooperating to aid the Scottsboro victims.

It has been instrumental in securing the release on parole of three of the Imperial Valley prisoners within the last month. Tetsuji Hariuchi, who was scheduled for deportation to Japan, was saved from imprisonment or death in that country by a change of destination to Soviet Russia. The committee raised the funds for his passage.

All Californians desiring to assist in this work are requested to send funds to Anita Whitney, Treasurer, 74 Macon-dray Lane, San Francisco. Information as to local conditions would also be welcomed.

San Francisco, August 21

ORRICK JOHNS

## The World Jewish Congress

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment on the World Jewish Conference in your issue of September 14 indicates a complete lack of understanding of the conference and congress and of the opposition to both, which is unworthy of *The Nation*. The mere use of the terms world Jewish conference and world congress is misleading, inasmuch as they imply that world Jewry is represented at these conclaves. As a matter of record, the opposition far outnumbers the supporters.

You unjustly impugn the opposition by giving it credit for little courage and less intelligence, failing to see that as much courage was required in keeping off the congress band-wagon as in hitching on, and that honest and sound reasoning might just as well have led Jews to oppose the conference as to uphold it. As a publication known for presenting honest analyses of important problems and exposing shams, *The Nation* ought to go into this question more deeply.

New York, September 14

ALBERT ALLEN

## Contributors to This Issue

JOHN GUNTHER is Vienna correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*.

SAUL CARSON is a member of the staff of the *Philadelphia Evening Ledger* and author of a biography of Spinoza which will be published this year.

E. R. MCINTYRE is editor of a Wisconsin farm journal. C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "Why We Fought."

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler."

LIONEL TRILLING is now teaching at Columbia University. MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology at Northwestern University.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

ARTHUR WARNER, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is author of "A Landlubber's Log."

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### International Affairs—

MAURICE HINDUS, RICHARD VON KUHLMANN, JULIUS CURTIUS, GEORGE SOKOLSKY, CARLETON BEALS, etc.

### Literature—

JOHN DRINKWATER ("Literature and Life," 4 lectures); JOHN ERSKINE ("American Spokesmen," 5 lectures); LOUIS ANSPACHER ("Shakespeare, Man of His Hour," 4 lectures); DOROTHY CANFIELD, RUPERT HUGHES, EVA LE GALLIENNE, WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, etc.

### The Arts—

WALTER PACH ("Trends in Modern Art," 4 lectures); EUGENE STEINHOF ("Architecture and Space," 2 lectures); DANIEL GREGORY MASON ("Great Composers," 4 lecture-recitals); JOHN MARTIN, MARTHA GRAHAM, DORIS HUMPHREY, AGNES DEMILLE, CHARLES WEIDMAN ("The Modern Dance in America," 1 lecture-recital); etc.

### Science and Exploration—

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM ("Biology in Human Affairs," 4 lectures); DR. ARTHUR COMPTON, ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, JULIAN HUXLEY, FATHER HUBBARD, "the glacier priest"; HERBERT SPENCER DICKEY, etc.

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# Books, Drama, Films

## Epilogue

By FRANCES FROST

When under a sky more savage than a hawk,  
The woods are a pattern of sorrow and secret dawn,  
Then is my soul, of wounds and inward war,  
Cleansed by the driven image of the sun.

And I am witness of the shape of love  
Which, like that planet, burns above the storm:  
Excessive fire, by midnight unremoved  
From a constant heaven radiant and warm.

Then is the enduring ecstasy revealed  
Where the homesick heart's four stricken quarters were,  
While morning breaks in full triumphant flood  
Upon this patient, earthen, and leafless star.

## Another Charlotte Brontë

*Charlotte Brontë.* By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.

FOR three-quarters of a century the image of Charlotte Brontë which has existed in the mind of readers of the English novel has been the image placed there by Mrs. Gaskell in 1857. Mr. Benson, who after careful examination of the Brontë documents, adds to and subtracts from that picture, would be the first to admit that Mrs. Gaskell's memoir presented on the whole a faithful picture of life as it was lived in the remote parsonage on the moors. Mrs. Gaskell said that it was a bleak and unfriendly life, one which quite understandably could have nourished the strange genius of Emily and have encouraged the pathological shyness of all three of the sisters. And when Mr. Benson has finished his story, the life is still bleak and unfriendly, the moors seem an altogether proper environment, Emily is still strange, and Charlotte is still pathologically shy.

At two important points, however, Mr. Benson and Mrs. Gaskell differ. The latter dutifully described the years that Charlotte spent in Brussels at the Pensionnat Héger. But although she carefully read all of Charlotte's letters written during that time, including four vital ones to M. Paul Héger, and even quoted from some of them, she left out the supremely interesting fact, to students of the Brontës and particularly to readers of "Villette," that Charlotte, the reserved, the shy, the inarticulate, had undergone a period of torture as a result of her unrequited love for her schoolmaster. Nor is it hard to understand why Mrs. Gaskell left out this astonishing period in the life of her heroine. She was writing shortly after Charlotte's death, while the Reverend Arthur Nichols, Charlotte's husband, and the Reverend Patrick Brontë, her father, were still alive. They knew not a word of the pitiful love story, of Charlotte's importunities and of M. Héger's stony lack of response. What is the faithful biographer to do in such a case? Mrs. Gaskell, by her unguarded and careless statements on several other points, got herself threatened with more than one libel action. But in the Héger matter she simply was silent. After seventy-five years, Mr. Benson need be less scrupulous; and a highly important episode in Charlotte Brontë's life can be revealed to us.

The other interesting point developed by Mr. Benson concerns the authorship of "Wuthering Heights." By careful study of the existing documents, including letters from Branwell Brontë, the only brother, who came to such an unhappy end, he develops with considerable persuasion the theory that Branwell was the author at least of the first two chapters of Emily's unforgettable story. This does not detract in the least from its wild, triumphant power, but it helps to explain certain inconsistencies in style and an otherwise inexplicably awkward plot structure. Emily remains Emily. Mr. Benson makes her even more reserved, more silent. He effectively explodes Mrs. Gaskell's pretty story of the intimacy that existed between Emily and Charlotte. Anne was Emily's confidante; for Branwell, unlike the intransigent Charlotte, Emily had always pity and gentleness. When she was dying and Charlotte was full of loving eagerness to nurse her she would have no nursing. Charlotte's description of this last proud illness is worth quoting, both for the facts it reveals about both of them and because it is Charlotte's style at its best:

Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly, she made haste to leave us. Yet while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of love and wonder. The awful point was that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity: the spirit was inexorable to the flesh: from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eye, the same service was exacted as in health. To stand by and witness this and not dare to remonstrate was a pain no words can render. . . .

A strange pair, a strange household, a strange flower of genius that bloomed there for a short while. Mr. Benson recreates it all with admirable skill, with evident care, with reserve yet with a proper eloquence.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## Sunday Paper

*The Family Circle.* By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

THE longest novel that André Maurois has written is unusually easy to read and unusually hard to summarize. It moves with a legerity that is characteristically French; indeed, it conforms almost perfectly to the popular notion of what a French novel should be. Yet for all the finesse and clarity of its individual parts, it lacks as a whole the first ingredient that would seem to be presupposed in such a work, i. e., unity. For example, I am unable to explain exactly what the title means, though I am aware that it is vaguely ironical. The story is supposed to be a psychological study of a woman whose life is poisoned because in childhood she discovers her mother's unfaithfulness to her father, and who ends by inflicting the selfsame torture upon her daughter. Yet one needs only half an eye to see that Denise Herpain and her "complex" serve M. Maurois merely as a convention, somewhat like the plot of a musical comedy, while he seeks to hold his audience with other legerdemain. He is far too astute a showman to expect the members of the best-seller public to be kept entertained these days by a "straight" psychological study of an adulteress, à la Flaubert. So we allow the feature film, as it were, to drift into the background, and settle back to follow the newsreel flashes of intellectual chatter, especially designed for the populace, that take command of the screen. A statistical analysis, I



believe, would show a preponderance of the book's pages devoted to this chatter, for it enters much of the "narrative" as well. It covers every conceivable topic of the day, from Proust to Hoover, from unemployment to romanticism.

In the secret ballot personal grievances play a much greater part than abstract principles. In the secret ballot the desire to catch a train is put before the salvation of Europe. . . .

. . . and what I aim at showing is that we are God's Robots. . . . It's a fine idea, Bertrand. You must write the play.

But do you imagine that communism would bring the slightest relief, say, to England's troubles? Communism, my dear fellow, would mean the end of England.

Hullo, you have Pilniak's book about the Volga. I found it exceptionally good.

In the end we wonder if it is a novel we are reading; is it not the Sunday newspaper?  
GERALD SYKES

## How Possible Is Peace?

*The Causes of War.* By Sir Arthur Salter and Others. A Publication of the World Conference for International Peace Through Religion. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

FOR a people who know a good deal about the consequences of war, we are singularly little interested in the causes of it. I doubt that there are ten thousand readers in the United States who have conscientiously studied any of the several excellent works on the outbreak of the World War. Consequently I have little hope that this brief notice will persuade many to look into "The Causes of War."

Of course, I do not mean to imply that this little book is a scripture. It is, indeed, far from perfect, and errs on the side of conventionality rather than the reverse. But all in all it is a good job, and never becomes as unrealistic in its discussions as the skeptical might suspect from the name of the group that published it. Several times in these pages I have inveighed against all religious and idealistic diatribes against war on the ground that they fail to place the emphasis where it belongs: they fail to take sufficient account of the fact that war is economic in basis and that peace must be economic likewise.

In the opening chapter Sir Arthur Salter classifies the causes of wars in the past under four headings: religious, dynastic, political, and economic. He sees the first two causes as practically eliminated in the contemporary world, the third as of decreasing importance except as a camouflage for the fourth, which is, in the last analysis, the factor which must be reckoned with by all those who are for peace. "If we take a longer view," he writes, "we shall see that the importance of the economic factor is likely to increase steadily, and ultimately to constitute the central problem of the peace of the world." Moreover, he recognizes that while preventive machinery is desirable, the real problem is "whether the normal life of the world is, or is not, such as to create deep and intensely felt divergences of policy and interest." The present-day world is, as all recognize, so constructed that divergences of policy and interest are more characteristic than a community of policy and interest.

This is the discouraging aspect of the whole situation, and makes pessimists of many who are quite willing to fight for peace in print and out. In valuable chapters G. A. Johnson shows how industrial and labor influences nourish divergences of policy, C. F. Andrews illustrates how racial influences work toward that end, and Alfred Zimmern demonstrates how even "culture" can produce that result. There seem to be no rushlights in this darkness. It is impossible to imagine that there can be peace as long as the world is characterized by varying standards of living, by the drive toward industrialization and the consequent search

for foreign markets, by racial conflicts which, while perhaps not biological particularly, still carry terrific emotional burdens and exacerbate economic conflicts as in South Africa and dictate foreign policies as in Australia, and by pretensions to cultural superiority on the part of Europeans who have never for one moment tried to define wherein their superiority justifies the suppression of other peoples. Certainly there cannot be peace on the basis of any religious reconciliation of differences, a several of the contributors to this volume dutifully hint.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## Lady Caroline

*Lady Caroline Lamb.* By Elizabeth Jenkins. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.75.

THERE are characters toward whom it is impossible to be neutral. They seem to us unique, with a rich endowment of qualities strangely juxtaposed, a heightened emphasis, a peculiar balance, a vitality that compels a vital response. One cannot think of them without strong feeling, sympathy, love, admiration, or an irritation and repulsion as great.

Lady Caroline Lamb was such a person. Until now she has been known to the general reader only through her chapter in the life of Byron and, of late, in Michael Sadleir's "Life of Bulwer-Lytton," a treatment calculated to throw into high relief all that was most eccentric and unbridled in her nature, the streak of madness of which the most tragic element was that she was never really quite mad, that "the blend of acuteness and frenzy" which Galt said composed her character subjected her throughout her life to the double suffering of uncontrollable impulses and unsparing self-knowledge.

In this biography we have the first full-length portrait of Lady Caroline, and in it the "frenzy" by which she has been chiefly known to posterity becomes something very different when seen in its relation to her character as a whole and to her background. Her mother, Lady Bessborough, was a sister of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Caroline was partly brought up by her aunt and spent some years of her youth surrounded by the brilliant, fashionable life of Devonshire House. Her aunt was "wild and loving"; her mother, if not wild, was a warm-hearted, emotional woman. Their intelligence had an eighteenth-century grace and sophistication which Lady Caroline inherited, complicated, however, with the unfathomable currents of a surging romanticism, the beginnings of the nineteenth century.

She was even as a child of such a high-strung sensibility that a doctor decreed she should be taught nothing and never coerced, and she relates that she learned nothing until she was fifteen, existing freely in a world in which she thought people were "either dukes or beggars" and where she, as one of the "first-rates," had everything. She was charming, with short golden curls and large dark eyes and a nymph-like figure too slight for the feminine ideal of the day. Her fragile and piquant charm is shown by her nicknames—Sprite, Ariel, Squirrel. She had a lovely voice and a fashionable drawl—which the future Lady Byron, who did not like her, compared to a lamb's baa—a complete naturalness of manner and indifference to convention often misunderstood, a daring and mischievous wit, a sensitive intelligence, and a love of beauty that often dissolved into tears over music or the loveliness of nature. There was an extraordinary sweetness about her when this was not obscured by passion or hysteria, in her affections, in her candor in admitting her errors, in her generosity of mind and heart, which she showed notably to Byron and to Byron's memory.

With an emotional equilibrium so precarious, the greatest joy could easily become pain, and even her marriage, which was one of great mutual love, occasioned a hysterical crisis and a



period of nervous illness. With all her wildness she had at this time a childlike purity and innocence which she once accused her husband of having taken pleasure in destroying. However that may be, the picture of her drawn by Elizabeth Jenkins shows a strangely fascinating and lovable being, with many charms and an unusually gifted mind, and the "frenzy," the wild, uncontrollable side of her which ruined her, seems like something outside herself, a malign fate bent on destroying a nature fundamentally good, lovely, and even wise.

For how wise she could be afterward, as in her letter to Godwin near the end of her life, when she had lived through so much—Byron and Byron's death and his terrible attack on her recorded in Medwin's "Conversations," her agonizing self-reproaches at the pain she gave her husband and her mother whom she loved, the hatred and contempt of some of her closest relatives, and her son who grew up tall and beautiful with a mind that was never older than seven! And then in the end William Lamb, who had borne so much from her with such patience and tenderness, could bear no longer her increasing periods of violence, her laudanum, and her lovers. The separation put off so many times took place, and she had to leave Brocket, the country home she loved. He soon let her come back, though he would never live there with her again. And not long after she died, at the age of forty-three.

Lady Caroline's life is a tragedy of splendid gifts wasted, but she compels, in spite of all, not only love and pity but respect. In this charmingly written and sympathetic, but never uncritical, biography we have for the first time the whole woman and her spell made manifest. It will undoubtedly add to the number of those for whom the author wrote it—those who, like herself, so strongly feel the charm of Lady Caroline Lamb that they dislike those who dislike her.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

## The British Sixties

*The Eighteen-Sixties.* Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by John Drinkwater. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

THE rather sharp separation which obtains in America between creative writer, critic, and scholar does not hold in England. There the tradition of the man of miscellaneous letters is still alive. Theoretically, this is admirable. It is certainly desirable for criticism and scholarship to be aerated by the creative mind and for the creative mind to be hardened by the disciplines of criticism and scholarship.

But this volume, the third in the series by the Royal Society of Literature, derives no virtue from the continuance of the tradition. This, however, is the fault only of the Royal Society. In the face of the members' determination to practice what is called polite letters, to be a little charming, a little familiar, and only a little thoughtful, it is hard for any good tradition to assert its efficacy. None of the essays is really bad, but none is really good, and all of them treat literature with that easy camaraderie which the English so often have (the result, sometimes, of being related to the Victorian masters), and which they so often substitute for thought. The only contributor who writes from a clear and formulated point of view is Sir John Fortescue, who uses the sporting novelist, George Whyte-Melville, as the text for a sermon on the beauties of Toryism, the unselfish joy of domestic service, and the civilizing influence of the horse.

Of the nine essays, the five which are simply historical are, on the whole, better than the four critical. The resuscitation of the forgotten critic, Eneas Sweetland Dallas, by Mr. Drinkwater, and Mr. Granville-Barker's study of Planché, best practitioner of the theatrical burlesque from which W. S. Gilbert evolved his satiric form, are perhaps the most successful of the

historical essays. Their success is the simple one of clear presentation of comparatively new material. C. L. Graves's résumé of *Punch* in the sixties is a little dispirited. He has not managed to convey the vigor by which *Punch* mitigated its heavy respectability—its capacity for social anger (since lost) and its detailed cognizance of the minutiae of middle-class life. F. S. Boas's summation of the characteristics of the historians of the decade is fairly elementary, though lucid enough; Sir Oliver Lodge's discussion of the scientists of the period is not better than mediocre.

Of the critical essays, Humbert Wolfe's on Arthur Hugh Clough is reasonable, if not original, in its thesis that the two Arnolds had a bad effect on Clough and that probably he was a jollier person than is usually represented. Whether, without the influence of his friends, Clough would have "found a place beside Dryden and Byron" as a great satirist is a question which Mr. Wolfe does not satisfactorily answer. Professor Lascelles Abercrombie is so often an interesting critic that his dulness on Sir Henry Taylor (admittedly no exciting poet) can only be ascribed to the influence of the Royal Society. But even the Royal Society cannot excuse the wearisomeness of Walter de la Mare as, for fifty pages of very fancy prose, he delicately tastes, smacks his lips over, and rolls on his palate the early novels of Wilkie Collins. This is the wine-tasting school of criticism at its best and most boring.

LIONEL TRILLING

## Melanesian Poets and Poisoners

*Sorcerers of Dobu.* By R. F. Fortune. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

THIS volume gives us additional information concerning the peoples who inhabit the island region to the east of New Guinea, making fuller the picture of their cultures that, commencing with the scientific work of C. G. Seligman, has been continued in the work of Malinowski, Armstrong, Margaret Mead, Jenness, and others. Its importance in this connection lies in the fact that the Dobuans inhabit an island which is not far from the center of this area, and thus the investigation merits, from its very geographical setting, the comment of Professor Malinowski, who, in his introduction to the book, states that it "supplies us the key to many riddles of Pacific culture."

Beginning with an analysis of Dobuan social organization, Mr. Fortune studies the manner in which the conflict between the family group and the matrilineal *susu*, or extended family, works out through mechanisms of bilocal residence and economic exchange, portraying the never-ending suspicions that mark village life, showing how it is from the frictions inherent in this situation that arise the sorcery and magic which play so overwhelming a part in the lives of the Dobuan people. Sorcery and magic invade the relationship between man and man, the contacts between man and woman; they are depended upon to insure the successful growth of the yam gardens which furnish the main food supply of the Dobuans, as they are depended upon to make successful the trading voyages of the Kula ring. This working out of magic and sorcery is portrayed throughout the entire volume, and it is from this aspect of the culture that the author has derived the title he has given his work.

As we are informed in the introduction, the approach to the data is the "functional" one, and in this volume one sees both the advantages and defects of the methodology to which this term has been given. Although Mr. Fortune sees the culture as a whole, there is, in common with most "functional" studies, an interlarding of ethnographic data with ethnological controversy that diverts the reader's attention from the description in hand. Why is it necessary, for example, for Mr. Fortune to



mar his description of the social organization of Dobu by setting up and savagely attacking a straw man of mother-right? Again, there is a tendency to introduce what Professor Malinowski himself terms a "literary overweighting" that encourages the author to sacrifice relevant data to literary appeal, something that occurs, according to the author's own statements, several times in this book. Ethnologists, however, will be indebted to Mr. Fortune for his clear description of the ritual of the Kula trading expedition, though it is regrettable that he does not follow through with a description of what the actual trading is like. The chapter entitled Dance and Song, in which an analysis of the stylistic character of one type of Dobuan poetry is undertaken, must also be remarked. The data contained in this chapter are the more noteworthy because they necessitate translating highly intangible literary values from one language to another, and the presentation should stimulate further investigation into one of the most difficult problems known to students of primitive literature, the problem of style.

The writing of the book as a whole, however, falls short of the standard set by this chapter. Particularly difficult is the tendency of the author to coin involved terms for simple concepts. Instead of a well-accepted word such as "outsider," for instance, he employs "incomers." Worse, he uses terms like "those-resulting-from-marriage," with such derivative terms as "he-resulting-from-marriage," "she-resulting-from-marriage," and the like. Such a style does not make for an easier reading of what is the closely fitted report of a conscientious field worker.

At the same time, the value of this book must rest, not on its stylistic characteristics, but on the information it presents. That value I have indicated above, and for that reason it stands as a book which must be referred to if adequate knowledge of the Western Melanesian region is desired.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

## Exploding Skies

*Kosmos.* By Willem de Sitter. Harvard University Press. \$1.75.

A HUNDRED years ago Auguste Comte sought to lay down the law to scientists that they should confine their studies to the bounds of the solar system, these being for him the outer limit of phenomena having a practical importance on earth. Needless to say astronomical science refused to heed this narrow-minded injunction. It had already launched on the exploration of the Milky Way, an exploration which was to lead step by step to the galactic system, then to the extra-galactic systems, and finally to the spiral nebulae whose recession has given us the present conception of the expanding universe. The work of charting the position of man and the earth in the total physical universe may be said to be complete today—if not complete against the surprises of the science of tomorrow, at least complete in its general intention of including the outermost limits of observation in the theoretical framework of science.

It is the story of the exploration of the stellar universe that forms the major theme of Dr. de Sitter's book, the history of the earlier astronomical science of the solar system serving only as an introduction to the cosmical problem. Although this theme is far more abstract and technical than the efforts to decipher the system of planetary motions, to which most histories of astronomy confine themselves, it is handled with great clarity by the author. Particularly illuminating is his treatment of the theory of the expanding universe, about which the layman has had only confused newspaper accounts.

Compared with works like those of Jeans, Eddington, and even Shapley, Dr. de Sitter's exposition may be said to lack

dramatic human qualities. But this is in many ways an advantage. For it is rather dangerous to humanize astronomy, in the sense of developing a philosophic attitude for man out of purely astronomical data—just as dangerous as the old idea of modeling astronomical science on a philosophy of human interest. Far better to let astronomy tell its important story straightforwardly, and postpone human emotion until the moment of synthesis with the findings of all the other human activities.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

## Real Lives

*In Great Waters. Memoirs of a Master Mariner.* By S. G. S. McNeil. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

*Through the Hawse-Hole. The True Story of a Nantucket Whaling Captain.* By Florence Bennett Anderson. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE life of every merchant seaman which stretches back through the past half century has necessarily been full of change, to correspond with the revolutions that have taken place in shipping in that period, but "Sandy" McNeil's career seems to have been unusually varied. After ten years in sailing ships, he read aright the handwriting on the waves and went into steam, eventually joining the Cunard Line. The World War took him out of the merchant service, into mine-sweeping and convoying in the North and Mediterranean seas, and finally to be naval vice-consul at Fayal, where, almost single-handed, he coped with an influenza epidemic on a munitions steamer, the captain of which—himself sick—put in for help with only one engineer, two firemen, one deck officer, and two seamen able to do duty. After the war, when the Cunard Line shifted its base from Liverpool to Southampton, Captain McNeil acted as marine superintendent for the company in organizing the service at the latter port. Then he returned to sea until compulsory retirement at the age of sixty years took him from the bridge of the *Mauretania*. It sounds like a good life, and as presented by Captain McNeil it is an absorbing and satisfying story.

The author's war experiences have led him to pen some caustic paragraphs in regard to the British navy, but obviously he has allowed only a little of the resentment he felt at the time—and probably feels still in lesser degree—to trickle out. There is an age-old jealousy between the officers of the merchant services and the navies of both Great Britain and the United States. Naval officers look down on those of the merchant service as of inferior social position. Merchantmen laugh at naval officers as inferior seamen. In the war Captain McNeil was bossed and patronized by whippersnappers who, on the basis of their experience and ability at sea, would have been lucky to be fourth mates in the Cunard Line.

"During the late war," he writes, "the public money that had been expended on training the officers of the R. N. R. [made up from the merchant service] was largely thrown away." Fortunately, since the war, officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Naval Reserve have been made to rank with each other, according to seniority.

The German naval equipment was superior to the British in every respect, thinks Captain McNeil. He says further that British losses from submarines were due largely to ignorance of the limitations of that type of vessel:

It took more than two and one-half years to teach the value of zigzagging; and I believe that the opinion was general that the submarine was dashing about at anything from 10 to 17 knots under water, and was able to swing her torpedo tubes around just the same as a gun. With such a belief, obviously what was the use of zigzagging? . . .



It should have been impressed with much more vigor on all ships' commanders that the 1914-18 submarine was a more or less impotent weapon against a surface ship that could steam even 9 knots, provided that she used a suitable zigzag. . . .

I remember during a hurried visit to England meeting an old shipmate.

I said: "Hullo, what's your ship?"

"The S," he replied. "Two nights ago I was torpedoed off the Ormes Head in the C."

"Sorry, old man," I said. "But I thought you were in the P the last time I heard of you."

"Oh yes, so I was," he replied. "But I was torpedoed off the north of Ireland while waiting for daylight."

"Heavens!" I remarked in astonishment. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

This hurt him. "Ashamed?" he queried.

"Yes," I said, "damned well ashamed. How are we going to win this war if you go and lose three fine passenger ships while looking for daylight? In my opinion," I wound up, "you ought to be damned well court-martialed for it."

The vitality of a career like that of Skipper McNeil is attested by the fact that one can turn without sense of incongruity from his book to the biography of Seth Pinkham, who shipped before the mast on a Nantucket whaler in 1800, when such a life was as real and earnest as the most robust could wish. Young Pinkham stuck to whaling until he captained his own ship and had amassed what, in his days, was a small fortune. When this disintegrated in a period of hard times, he went back to whaling at the age of fifty-three years, and died while returning home.

In presenting his biography, his great-granddaughter has searched old letters and recorded from word of mouth the recollections of Captain Pinkham's daughters. Although of less general interest than Captain McNeil's story, the book seems to be a conscientious and intelligent piece of work, in which the author has salvaged a bit of Americana well worth saving.

ARTHUR WARNER

## Shorter Notices

*The Theory and Practice of Modern Government.* By Herman Finer. The Dial Press. Two volumes. \$12.

This is an age of the encyclopedia, especially in the social sciences. In a recent book Professor Pipkin covered the field of social legislation in England and France. Beside this must now be placed these monumental volumes on administration in England, the United States, Germany, and France. As the author himself says of his work in his preface:

Among the subjects never before treated with such care, some hardly at all, are State Activity, Constitutions, Federalism, Political Parties, Parliaments, the Executive, and the Civil Service in the Modern State. . . . Even where the topics have been treated before, the present study contains something new, be it in facts or interpretation, on every page.

Whether students will forthwith turn from their Bryce and Lowell to adopt Dr. Finer's more scientific method is perhaps questionable. This work is, however, of indubitable importance; it renders readily accessible material not before easily available; it is more thorough than Marriott's "Mechanism of the Modern State"; it is the product of immense industry. One lesson especially emerges from this conscientious study: the extreme delicacy of the governmental organization as it has grown up during the course of generations. Against the spread of corruption and the infectious lowering of standards the body politic appears to Dr. Finer to secrete no anti-toxins; he ap-

pears to have serious doubts whether men possess intelligence and self-control enough to manage, through the instruments of governments, the vast mechanism of contemporary civilization. After hesitating whether to prescribe Plato's system of governors as the only way of salvation, Dr. Finer ends with the more tempered recommendations of raising the voting age and of testing by examination the qualifications of prospective parliamentary candidates. This book is a 1,500-page warning against American democracy as politically practiced.

*Native Tales of New Mexico.* By Frank G. Applegate. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

New Mexico is rich ground for the writer of regional tales. Mr. Applegate's volume includes stories of Hopis and of Navajos, of Mexican villages and their saints, of prospectors, and of Tom Thumbs of folklore. Mary Austin's generous introduction promises more than the author can fulfil, and the tales will not be likely to captivate those who cannot add to these scenes a long and affectionate familiarity of their own.

*The Heart of Scott's Poetry.* By John Haynes Holmes. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

This is a valuable little collection of the best of Scott's poetry. The introduction by John Haynes Holmes is a well-written critical essay attempting to restate Scott's position as a poet and to summarize his particular virtues. Mr. Holmes shows how the rise of Byron and the popularity of Scott's own novels tended to obscure Scott's worth as a poet in his own times, how in the next generation, the vigor of Scott's verses was ignored because of the mode of personal, introspective lyrics. The editor places Scott as the last and greatest of the balladists. He reevaluates the beauty of Scott's poetry in the light of modern criticism, and finds that for the impersonal, dramatic quality of his folk stories in verse Scott has few equals.

## Drama

### The Left Banksy

WHEN Samuel and Bella Spewack were the Russian correspondents for the New York *World* they doubtless interviewed the kulaks, took a look at Dnieperstroi, formed an opinion about the Five-Year Plan, and did all the other things that good correspondents are supposed to do. At the same time, however, they evidently kept one eye open to catch the lighter shades of local color, and it is upon the memory of these that they have drawn in composing the topical melodrama "Clear All Wires," which has just been produced with considerable eclat at the Times Square Theater.

From it one will learn nothing whatever about production and distribution in the U. S. S. R. Indeed, the shafts of satire go in so many different directions that neither the *Daily Worker* nor the D. A. R. will have any excuse for regarding the exhibition as insidious propaganda for or against the capitalist system. But the light-minded spectator will, on the other hand, get an amusing glimpse of the foibles of both commissars and foreign correspondents as they are revealed in the best room of the Savoy Hotel, Moscow, into which everybody drifts for the simple reason that it has a telephone which works and a real bath attached. Last year Mr. Elmer Rice delighted those in the know with his picture of a typical hostelry on the left bank of the Seine; now the Spewacks do something of the same sort for that more select group who can recognize the leather jacket of a bureaucrat when they see one, and—as a member of that selector company—it seems to me that they have done a very amusing job.



Soberly considered, there is doubtless not much to be said for the central tale of Buckley Joyce Thomas, the high-powered correspondent who descends upon Moscow, starts his series on "How I Lived with the Red Army" before he has got a refusal to his request to visit it for an afternoon, and finally overreaches himself when he arranges for the assassination of an alleged Last-of-the-Romanovs just in order to liven things up a bit. But then, on the other hand, such plays as this are not intended to be soberly considered, and, indeed, everything humanly possible is done to make it difficult for the spectator so to consider them. Everything happens very fast, surprising turn is added to surprising turn, and the authors give the hint that they will not be disappointed if one laughs at the melodramatic climaxes. There is, for example, a too devoted lady friend of the great Thomas whom he gets put on the train to Siberia, a commissar who almost gets in the way of the assassin's bullet, a mad student who explains his ideology whenever not restrained, and a miscellaneous collection of correspondents whose function it is to give us the inside story of inside stories. Moreover, there are moments when the extravaganza is illuminated by bits of satiric dialogue which cut deeper than the piece as a whole makes any pretense of doing. One of them occurs when the super-correspondent realizes that the Hearst papers are the only refuge left for an old timer like himself, now that "people are no longer interested in *news*; they want to know what is happening." Another is when the student launches into a harangue which begins promisingly with the declaration that "Stalinism is not bolshevism; bolshevism is not communism; and communism is not Marxism"—a thesis which makes everything very plain indeed.

In a word, "Clear All Wires," being admirably performed and skilfully staged, is very good entertainment without being by any means a contribution to that American Drama about which I and others like sometimes to talk. And now that I have got around to this inappropriately solemn consideration of the merits of the piece, I should like to add that I view with mild alarm the increasing prominence of topical plays on our stage. Gradually, the "Front Page"—"Wild Waves"—"Louder Please" sort of thing has come to be the genre most frequently cultivated on Broadway, despite the fact that such plays are almost necessarily of very ephemeral interest. Obviously the subjects are tempting to the practical playwright who may doubt his ability to interest an audience in a theme in which it is not already interested. Half his task has been performed for him if he selects a well-defined topic and writes upon one of the subjects which any Sunday editor would recognize as suitable for a feature story. But though the procedure may often constitute a short cut to popularity and an easy way to become part of the talk of the town, it is not very likely to lead to anything more important, more permanent, or more profound than the subject of such talk usually is. The best American plays of the past decade were not news until after they had been performed.

"The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" (Broadhurst Theater) is another but different sort of attempt to turn the interest in radical social ideas into theatrical entertainment. The story of a deformed genius who betrayed himself when he consented to become the brains behind an ambitious French politician takes itself very seriously and gets itself told in sixteen scenes with all the elaborate paraphernalia of a revolving stage, trick lights, mob scenes, and the like. At occasional moments it almost persuades the spectator to take the whole thing seriously, but in the end one realizes that all the elements—the deformed genius, his great passion for the child of nature who betrays him, the midnight visit to confess a murder, etc., etc.—are only the familiar elements of the romantic melodrama which comes down from the palmy days of Henry Irving, and that not much can be accomplished by tricking them out in a few tags of socialistic platitudes.

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**CLEAR ALL WIRES.** Times Square Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.** Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

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**THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.** Cohan Theater. A tuneful operetta held over from last season.

**THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD.** Broadhurst Theater. Reviewed in this issue.



## Films

### "Strange Interlude"

**E**UGENE O'NEILL is a tremendously earnest writer. He delves into the mysteries of human life and conduct with a passion and fearlessness that give his work a sort of incandescence. The very intensity of his feeling invests his plays with a monumental quality that is but rarely present in the work of other American playwrights. Yet underneath this impressive weightiness, which seems to be so solid and four-square, there is nearly always something that betrays an inner weakness. This is evident in his last play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," and to a still greater degree in his earlier "Strange Interlude." In "Mourning Becomes Electra" the fierce passions that drive its characters to destruction have the ring of reality (if one excepts perhaps the much too deliberate parade of Freudian complexes, particularly in the case of Orin). But behind this chain of seemingly inevitable calamities one can see the author himself assuming the role of inexorable fate and blocking one possible detour after another so that his characters may be forced to follow the course which he has laid out for them.

In "Strange Interlude" O'Neill confronts his characters not so much with a situation of his own making as with a psychological theory, a concept of woman's love, which at his bidding they are compelled to enact in their various destinies. Nina's love is a compound of cravings for a child, a lover, a husband, and a father, and accordingly the play develops into a series of episodes in which all these cravings are finally gratified. The play stands or falls by this concept of complementary loves. If we question its truth, "Strange Interlude" becomes merely a brilliant exercise in dramatic make-believe. Yet it is

difficult not to question it. Without going into details, one may point out that the craving for a child and the sensual craving for a lover are not usually regarded as sojourning amicably in a woman's heart, one by the side of the other. Even if Weininger's classification of women into two types, mothers and prostitutes, is unquestionably far-fetched, there is the penetrating analysis of feminine psychology in D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," dealing with a situation closely resembling that of "Strange Interlude," which lends no support to O'Neill's view of the complementary nature of the erotic urge and the instinct of motherhood.

However, Nina's sexual make-up as it is seen by O'Neill is the core of the play, which alone gives it unity and meaning. In the screen version of the play, now being shown at the Astor Theater, this inner significance of Nina's relations with her four men is largely lost. The pentagon has been reduced to a triangle, with Nina's husband and her doctor lover contending for her favors, instead of Nina herself trying to hold all her strings in a balanced relationship that is completely satisfying to herself. The story is further conventionalized by the omission of two important episodes—Nina's resort to abortion in order that her husband's offspring may not inherit the taint of his family, and her frank proposal to Darrell that he become her lover for the sole purpose of giving her and her husband a healthy child. Yet even so bowdlerized and deprived of many of its subtler points, the film version of the play is to be regarded as a notable achievement. For once Hollywood has dared to produce a picture that deals with life in terms of adult intelligence. But though the courage thus shown deserves every credit, the outgrowth of this courage, the film itself, is hardly a feather in the producers' cap. It conforms faithfully to its Hollywood type of an uninspired crossbreed of the stage and the screen; and it is badly miscast in its two principal parts. Neither the beautiful but cold Norma Shearer nor the uncouth Clark Gable are the actors for the parts of Nina and Darrell.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1932

No. 3509

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**I**N THE DUEL between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover it is but the truth that the Governor of New York has forced the fighting and taken the lead, as almost every newspaper poll shows. The poll conducted by the Des Moines Register, a pro-Hoover paper, in the customarily safe State of Iowa is especially significant. Governor Roosevelt has so far received 13,954 votes, while Mr. Hoover has received only 9,187—a result particularly interesting in view of the fact that the regular Republican Senatorial candidate is leading his Democratic rival. The Hoover regime is not popular even in Iowa. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt has shown greater ability and frankness than had been expected of him, and his political sagacity is to be rated much higher than heretofore. His speeches, too, have been more effective, his political sparring keener than anticipated. Thus, he has made skilful use of the bad break made by one of the Hoover Cabinet members and a prominent Republican Senator, in accusing him, on the same day, of talking dangerous radical nonsense and of merely filching all his ideas from the President. Plainly the Republican attack is completely groggy, as is well evidenced by the descent of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke to declaring that the Governor has made "wilfully false" statements in all but one or two of his speeches, and has made his campaign one of "intellectual dishonesty." Again, the original Republican attack has broken down because it was to have been a fusillade against Governor Roosevelt's "radi-

calism." The Governor having proved that this is non-existent to the extent of being charged with stealing Mr. Hoover's clothes, and, by the ineffable Mark Sullivan, with being so conservative as to have dampened Senator Norris's enthusiasm for him (this on the day it was announced that Senator Norris is to stump the country for Roosevelt on behalf of a new Progressive Roosevelt League), the Republicans have had to change all their tactics while crossing the stream. Even in Los Angeles, the New York Herald Tribune states, the Governor was received with a tremendous demonstration from some 250,000 spectators, while the New York Times reports that important Republican leaders privately concede California, Oregon, and Washington to him. The only hope now left to the Republicans lies in Mr. Hoover's three forthcoming speeches—a slim one, indeed.

**T**HE DEFEAT OF SENATOR BLAINE and Governor Philip La Follette in the Wisconsin Republican primary is a hard blow to liberals everywhere, even if one finds the explanation in the great increase in the Democratic primary balloting. How significant the latter was appears clearly when one notes that in Sheboygan County there were 152 Democratic votes in 1930 while there were 3,249 cast this year. In Door County the figures are even more striking: 25 Democratic votes in 1930 and 3,200 this year. Apparently the Democrats have been voting in the Republican primary as Progressives heretofore, and now propose to put over their own candidates. If that is the case, there is very little in the conservative Republican victory to cause any rejoicing in the White House, especially if the prevailing feeling against everyone in office contributed to the result. It now remains to be seen what the La Follette Progressives will do. We earnestly hope that Senator Blaine, at least, will run independently for Senator and thus assure the defeat of John B. Chapple, the thirty-two-year-old editor who won in the primary. It would be a national misfortune if Mr. Chapple should reach the Senate, for his mentality is a cross between that of the most reactionary D. A. R. and that of Hamilton Fish. To call him a Fascist would be an insult to the Fascists. In addition he is vindictive and vituperative to a degree—a demagogue whose career should be ended at its beginning.

**T**HE GENERAL QUESTION of the future of the La Follette brothers now demands an answer. Their adversaries' charge that they are not genuine Republicans is obviously true, if your genuine Republican means Herbert Hoover, Andrew Mellon, or Simeon Fess. They are certainly bound to be more at home in the same party with Franklin Roosevelt. But even the platform of the Governor is by no means thoroughgoing or radical enough to satisfy the La Follettes. If, however, they definitely leave the Republican Party they must expect to be in private life for some time to come, and they will face the enormously difficult task of creating an entirely new political machine. Yet, with the liberal forces the country over demanding a new alignment



and a new leadership, it seems a pity that these useful and able brothers cannot steel themselves to do what their father did in 1924—create a new party to carry the banner of progress. Indeed, had the elder Senator La Follette not died so soon after the 1924 campaign, we believe that it would have been possible to keep the party alive and make it the dominating factor in the present election. But the Senator La Follette of today is not letting the public know where he stands; whereas Senator Norris refuses to vote for Hoover and tells everybody, “Young Bob” has kept silent. Now, if he comes out for Roosevelt, he will be charged with bolting out of revenge, which merely proves again the mistake he made in not taking an unequivocal stand against Hoover in the beginning. Indeed, the whole Republican Progressive group has cut a very poor figure in this campaign, with the exception of Senator Johnson of California, who has vigorously and properly denounced the Hoover Administration as totally unfit, and, of course, Senator Norris. As for Senator Borah, sitting back in Idaho and declaring he has been disfranchised because both major parties are anti-prohibition, he is a sight for the gods.

CONNECTICUT'S REPUBLICANS have not helped the Hoover candidacy by renominating Hiram Bingham for United States Senator and passing resolutions calling for the immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead Act. The “party of moral principles” is pretty badly off when it has to renominate a man who has been officially censured by his colleagues of the United States Senate for his shameless conduct in introducing into the Senate Finance Committee an employee of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, palming him off as an employee of his own, and is the most disliked and unpopular man in the Senate of the United States today. As for its liquor stand, the party shows its small regard for Mr. Hoover's intricate and laborious straddling by taking the exact position of the Democratic National Convention on this issue. Is not this treason both to the President and the national party? The Connecticut organization has gone out of its way to demonstrate its reactionary character by refusing to support old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and the forty-eight-hour law for women in industry, or to do anything in the direction of remedying the shocking factory conditions in the State. Outside of the Presidency, there is nothing more important than that so unrighteous a servant of his State, Hiram Bingham, should be retired to private life, and we note with satisfaction that clergymen have taken the lead in putting a bolting Republican Party into the field, while the Socialists have nominated Devere Allen, lately of the staff of *The Nation*, for the Senatorship.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is entitled to credit for having proposed a plan for State liquor-traffic control, following the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Undoubtedly some will sneer at him for assuming that the Eighteenth Amendment is within reasonable sight of being repealed. On the contrary, we think he is entitled to high praise for sitting down and planning what should happen when prohibition goes, for we have repeatedly pointed out that it is a weakness of the anti-prohibitionists that they cannot unite on any scheme, but have merely talked vaguely

about the Quebec plan or the Swedish or Norwegian systems. It will take a precious lot of thinking to devise any plan which will suit America and not be subject to gross abuses. In the first place, Mr. Butler pays his respects to Mr. Hoover by saying truthfully that “it is quite idle to talk of a federal guaranty against the ‘return’ of the saloon.” His constructive suggestion is a State liquor-traffic authority, created as a corporation, to follow the general lines of the Quebec act, and to be vested with full and complete power to control the manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquor within, for example, the State of New York. All private or corporate profits from liquor he would exclude. He would make hard liquor costly, and light wines and beer very cheap, and he would “define with great care the sort of place where liquor could be sold to be drunk on the premises.” Any political community or unit that so desired might, under Mr. Butler's plan, forbid altogether the sale of liquor to be drunk where purchased. As a basis for discussion President Butler's proposal is well worth careful study.

THE HAITIAN SENATE has refused to confirm the proposed new treaty with Haiti. That is good news, for, as we pointed out in our issue of September 21, that treaty contains ties which would, if accepted, keep the Haitians in servitude to us indefinitely. That the treaty's main motive is to preserve and enforce the payment of the debt to the National City Bank of New York, which debt was forced upon the Haitians and conferred no real material benefit upon them, is perfectly plain. Now the Haitian Senate, eagerly as all the Haitians desire a definite settlement with the United States, has refused to accept the treaty despite the bait offered, and the State Department must begin over again. We sincerely hope that this time it will live up to Secretary Stimson's assertion of February 15 that the government of the United States has not guaranteed the National City's loan in any way and that it does not intend to do so now.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the obstructionist nature of American diplomacy was given when the State Department served notice on the League of Nations that the League's plan for the reconstruction of Liberia was unsatisfactory. The department declares that the League plan does not vest adequate authority in the chief adviser who is to be appointed to Liberia; still dominated by a Haiti complex, it demands the appointment of a virtual dictator. The League of Nations is thoroughly justified in refusing to resort to the interventionist methods of the State Department; it must respect the independence of its member states. On the other hand, it is folly for the United States to impose a veto upon a reconstruction plan for which the League is willing to accept complete responsibility. Unless the department withdraws its veto, the League will wash its hands of Liberia, and this country will then be confronted with an effort to apply what we had hoped was a discarded interventionist policy to the coasts of Africa. Another difficulty seems to have arisen over the nationality of the chief adviser. Apparently the leading Powers wish to appoint a Belgian to this position—an appointment which we frankly believe would be a mistake. The Liberians are unfamiliar with Latin culture or the French language; their cultural ties



are with the United States. From the outset a Belgian would have extreme difficulty in understanding and gaining the confidence of the Liberian people. Certainly the League would be justified in refusing to appoint a State Department official to the position of chief adviser, but it is a mistake for it to assume that all Americans would be interested primarily in maintaining the predominant position of the United States or of protecting the Firestone interests in this unhappy republic. There are a dozen Americans who, by virtue of their association with the Negroes of this country, would be far more suitable for the position of chief adviser than a Belgian acquainted only with colonial problems, and who also would be conscientious in guarding both Liberia's independence and the prestige of the League of Nations.

**MUSSOLINI IS POWERFUL.** Mussolini is formidable. But Mussolini is no match for Margaret Sanger, who has been spreading the word of birth control in Italy this summer under his very nose. True, Mrs. Sanger resorted to subterfuge. Being unable to storm the shores of Italy as Margaret Sanger, she slipped in unobtrusively as the wife of her husband, J. Noah H. Slee. True, also, Mrs. Slee did not get into Rome. But she managed to hold many private meetings on birth control in other cities. In Venice and Milan, she told the reporters who met her on her triumphant return:

... I had more demand for secret lectures before women's clubs than I could supply. In spite of Mussolini's opposition to birth control, I noticed that there was a great underground movement for it in his country, which has undoubtedly been responsible for the astonishing fact that the birth-rate has fallen there this year.

We should enjoy seeing the anger of Premier Mussolini when he finds out that Margaret Sanger has accomplished a successful march on Italy despite all his precautions. We find altogether satisfying the humor and fearlessness with which Mrs. Sanger continues to defy dictators, whether they operate from the Post Office in Washington or a palace in Rome.

**PROFESSOR PICCARD** having gone ten miles up into the stratosphere, our own William Beebe now retorts by going down more than two thousand feet under the sea in a strange contraption which he calls a "bathysphere"; and of the two achievements it is Mr. Beebe's repartee which interests us the most. Being laymen, we are still a little bit vague as to just what it was that Professor Piccard found way up there where there is practically nothing at all, but even we are intrigued by the description of the strange fishes which were seen in the stranger phosphorescent light deeper under the sea than man has ever penetrated before. We could, if we liked, make various satiric observations. We could ask, for example, why man should want to get so far above the earth and so far under the earth when it is obvious that he is quite incapable of properly managing the affairs which take place on its surface. Instead, however, we shall break down and confess that we are pleased with Mr. Beebe's achievement, that we should like to see the odd creatures of the depths, that we rather envy him his adventure, and that we think him a very useful and entertaining American.

## Gandhi Succeeds

**A** LITTLE brown naked man lies in a bare prison yard, and by his simple refusal to eat brings two warring classes of his countrymen together and the proud Empire to terms. It seems incredible, but it is true. Gandhi's readiness to die of starvation has achieved this result on the sixth day of his fast, and the British government, whose India office worked Sunday and Sunday night lest Gandhi die suddenly, has agreed to revise that portion of its recent communal plan which provided for separate electorates for the depressed classes. When ever before did a political prisoner behind the bars achieve anything like this by a simple readiness to die rather than to accept what he considered an intolerable award? What clearer example have we ever had of the ability of a great spirit to make the imprisonment of his body seem supremely ridiculous?

Beginning with his adoption many years ago of an "untouchable" child, Gandhi has steadily fought to wipe out what he considers the greatest blot on Hinduism, and his fast was but the logical continuation of his battle against the principle of "untouchability." He and the Congress Party have favored the democratic ideal of one electorate with suffrage extended to all adult Indians regardless of sex, race, occupation, and faith, but with legislative seats reserved for minorities. The British award, contrary to the advice of three separate British commissions in India, established for provincial elections twelve separate electorates based on religion, race, and occupation. But worst of all to Gandhi was the setting apart of the "untouchables" into a separate electorate. Gandhi is not opposed, as MacDonald has accused him of being, to representation for the "untouchables." On the contrary, the new compromise, providing for a joint electorate for all Hindus, reserves 148 seats for depressed-class representatives instead of the 71 designated in the British award. What he does oppose, "unto death" if necessary, is the setting apart of "untouchables," thereby, in his opinion, freezing into permanence social and racial prejudices which are at last beginning to break down after years of propaganda.

Gandhi's protest was directed not only against the British government but against certain sections of Indian opinion who accepted the award—including Dr. Ambedkar, himself an "untouchable," who has now, however, agreed to the new compromise. The communal problem in India, not only as it affects the "untouchables" but as it touches the Hindu-Moslem situation, goes as deep as our own Negro problem. It is probable that only a gesture as deeply significant to all Indians as the possibility of Gandhi's death could have brought about, for instance, the resolution just adopted by a conference of high-caste Hindu leaders that henceforth "untouchables" will receive their full rights and be permitted to enter all temples, schools, and other public places. It is very probable that his actual martyrdom would bring the Hindu and the Moslem to terms with each other. But the surge of emotion that would bring that about would also sweep the British out of India. It was the part of imperial wisdom for the government to agree to the new compromise in its essentials and end the hunger strike which threatened Gandhi's life.



# The Answer to Germany

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER'S statement on September 20 urging Germany to continue its participation in the work of the Geneva arms conference was a statesman-like appeal, which may assist in breaking the Franco-German deadlock. Apparently this statement was issued to contradict Paris dispatches to the effect that Ambassador Edge and Senator Reed had given assurances to Premier Herriot that the United States supported the French position in regard to the German plea for equality. It would be manifestly improper for any American representatives to give assurances which would be interpreted in Paris as establishing a Franco-American entente against Germany. From this standpoint President Hoover was justified in saying that the United States was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles and that the German arms problem was "solely a European question." Nevertheless, in pleading with Germany to remain at the arms conference and in emphasizing the desire of the United States to reduce armaments "of the world, step by step," the President threw his full support behind the position that the only sound means of meeting the German plea for equality was for the rest of the world to disarm. In opposing the rearmament of Germany, while in effect admitting that the German plea for equality is well founded, the French, British, and American governments have committed themselves more strongly than ever before to concrete reduction when the Geneva conference reconvenes. We hope that the Papen-Schleicher Government will be intelligent enough to realize that it has thus won a victory, and that it will take part in the meetings of the conference bureau.

There are a number of signs that the present French government, in contrast to its predecessors, is willing to accept an immediate measure of armament reduction. The new spirit which appears to be dominating French foreign policy was indicated last July at Lausanne when the Herriot Government virtually agreed to wipe out all reparations. There is considerable evidence, moreover, that France will abandon its alleged entente with Japan and join the United States in taking a strong stand against the recognition of Manchukuo. In his Marne-anniversary speech of September 11 Premier Herriot praised Secretary Stimson's recent address upon the anti-war pact, and declared that France had received the Hoover arms proposal of last June "with the most sincere respect and that it had studied and was studying this proposal in order to associate itself in an effective manner with such a remarkable initiative." Of equal significance the nationalist Paris *Temps* is publishing a series of editorials stressing the necessity of reorganizing the military establishment of France partly on the ground that the present financial burden of this establishment is "insupportable."

In view of this new attitude, the outlook at Geneva would seem considerably better than in the past, provided Germany—and Soviet Russia—will only be patient for a few months longer. Whether or not Germany returns to Geneva, the Allied Powers and the United States should proceed to find a formula for reduction. The simplest way to start is to agree to abolish the weapons which have been denied by the peace treaties to Germany and the Central Powers. The

Allied Powers and the United States should undertake to abolish all battleships above 10,000 tons, submarines, military aviation, tanks, long-range artillery, and poison gas. By such a step they would at once place themselves upon the same status as Germany in the matter of "aggressive weapons," and would also make possible enormous savings.

Secondly, the Powers at Geneva must agree to some reduction, perhaps 20 per cent, in the number of their effectives. The Germans, however, cannot reasonably ask the French at once to reduce their army to 100,000 men—the present German level—because of the fact that the greater number of French soldiers are conscripts and hence individually inferior to the German professional type. This problem of finding a system of measuring the comparative value of a professional and a conscript soldier should not, however, prevent the French from agreeing to a 20 per cent reduction in their effectives, provided one other problem is solved. This problem arises out of the existence of huge, vociferous "private armies" in Germany, such as the Steel Helmets, the veterans' organization, and the Hitler storm troops. French public opinion is unanimous in declaring that these "private armies" should be taken into account in measuring the actual military strength of the Reich. For many years, moreover, the French press has charged that the Germans are concealing huge armaments and munition dumps, in violation of the peace treaties. Although many of these charges sound utterly fantastic, they continue to be reiterated, thus poisoning Franco-German relations as much as any other single issue.

Fundamentally, the dissolution of the German "private armies" depends upon the growth of pacifist sentiment in Germany, which in turn depends upon economic improvement and a rapprochement with France. Nevertheless, we believe that France is justified in raising the question of "secret armaments" and of "private armies" if it will carry this principle to a logical conclusion. Obviously no agreement abolishing aggressive weapons will be effective if private firms in any country remain free to manufacture such arms; obviously no agreement reducing the size of regular armies will be effective if governments remain free to organize subsidiary military forces. For this reason an armament treaty must place all private munition manufacture under severe control, as well as limit such bodies as the Fascist militia, the British territorial army, the National Guard of the United States, and, most important of all, the trained reserves of countries continuing conscription. We believe France should be supported in its position on the German private armies only if France is willing to permit the international regulation of its trained reserves. Previous French governments have adamantly refused to allow these reserves to be restricted by any reduction agreement. The test whether the French government today is dominated by a new international spirit will depend upon whether it is willing to reconsider this position. If so, the prospect of satisfactorily settling the Franco-German military problem, upon which the fate of the Geneva conference depends, will brighten considerably.



## Roosevelt's Economics

**W**HATEVER may be thought of the specific proposals in Governor Roosevelt's recent series of speeches outlining his policies, the Governor is to be commended for his relative courage and straightforwardness in elaborating a constructive program, even if sometimes a vague one, when it would seem on the surface so much safer for him merely to continue to call attention to the glaring weaknesses in his opponent's policy and record.

Of the Governor's recent addresses, that on power policy is the most satisfactory. He insists on full publicity on all public-utility financial operations and on the regulation and control of holding companies by the Federal Power Commission. Of the urgent need for these policies there can be no question. His recommendation that the "reproduction-cost" theory for rate-making should be abolished by law, and that the "actual-money, prudent-investment principle" should be adopted in place of it, is more dubious. The situation here is curious, and in some ways ironic. For a period of twenty-five years there was a rising world-price level, and in the war and early post-war periods this rise became violent. Consequently it was in the interests of the public-utility companies, including the railroads, to argue that the valuation upon which "fair return" was based should be the current relatively high cost of reproducing the plant rather than the relatively low actual investment.

It was in the interests of those arguing for lower rates, on the other hand, to contend that the fair return should be based only on actual "prudent" investment. It was under these circumstances that Governor Roosevelt probably acquired the views that he still holds. But since 1920, and more violently since 1929, construction costs have been declining, and it now seems probable that over the next decade they will continue to decline. It has already been estimated that the American electric light and power companies, representing a cash investment of about \$12,000,000,000, could be reproduced at present costs of labor and commodities for about \$11,000,000,000. Under such circumstances it is likely to be in the interests of the utility companies, and not of the consumer, to have rates based on actual investment rather than reproduction-less-depreciation costs. It would hardly seem defensible that older electric power companies should be allowed to charge consumers higher rates than new companies simply because of the accident that they were erected when costs were higher. The first principle that should rule here, if private ownership is to continue, is that public-utility rates should be just sufficiently high to continue to attract the necessary amount of new capital into utilities—and no higher. With public ownership of utilities, of course, the valuation problem in its present form would disappear.

We regret that Governor Roosevelt does not go as far as we should like to see him go in the direction of public ownership and development. On the contrary, he states "categorically that as a broad general rule the development of utilities should remain, with certain exceptions, a function for private initiative and private capital." Nevertheless, the exceptions he names are highly important. They include the St. Lawrence development, Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam,

and the Columbia River development. These the Governor would keep as constant models to set standards for judging private ownership, and in addition he would hold the possibility of publicly owned and operated utilities constantly in reserve as a weapon and a recourse whenever private ownership proved unsatisfactory. This position is so far ahead of that of Mr. Hoover that there is no comparison.

Mr. Roosevelt's second speech on the tariff at Seattle is much less satisfactory. In general tone and attitude, it is true, it is also much in advance of President Hoover's policy, for where the President affects to see foreign countries merely as competitors seeking to drown us in the products of sweated labor, Mr. Roosevelt at least sees them constantly as potential customers. The policy he actually proposes for dealing with the matter, however, is far from promising. He is for "tariff by negotiations," which means "to deal with each country concerned [our italics] on a basis of fair barter. If they have something we need and we have something they need a tariff agreement should be made satisfactory to both." The Governor seems never to have heard of the "most-favored-nation" treaties, which make it impossible for us to grant low tariff rates to one country without granting them to practically all. Waiving this rather important point, does the Governor mean that we should make separate treaties with fifty-odd nations, involving tariff rates on thousands of separate articles, and then depend on a two-thirds' vote of the Senate in each case to get these treaties ratified? No more effective way could possibly be devised for postponing real tariff reform indefinitely.

## Scott's "Social Significance"

**C**OMMENTING in the New York *World-Telegram* on the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, Harry Hansen remarks:

I shall read the extracts which Hugh Walpole has so carefully culled from the works of Scott. Then I shall read the inevitable deflation which I will find in the pages of *The Nation*, in which we will be told that Scott, after all, says nothing about communism, that he does not direct the mind to the social inequalities of 1932, and hence is without validity for our generation. Thus comforted, I shall place him beside Goethe—who was quietly chloroformed this spring—and resume my pilgrimage among the lusty records of the Hooverian era.

This is an unkind cut to come from a friend, and one which we cannot let pass. It is true, to be sure, that more than one contributor to *The Nation* has expressed opinions upon which this is a recognizable burlesque. It is true, that is to say, that we often permit reviewers and essayists to have their say even when that say is contrary to our own beliefs. But we thought that those of the editorial staff who concern themselves with such matters had let it be clearly known in print that they did not agree with the more enthusiastic of the Marxians in their judgment upon literary values, and that articles of the sort Mr. Hansen refers to were not to be expected as a matter of course.

Back in the days when the Genteel Tradition still ruled



American literature we pleaded heatedly for the right of the poet or novelist to touch upon mooted social questions when he felt so disposed. Now, when a numerous, or at least vociferous, group insists that this right is an inescapable obligation, we are inclined, on the other hand, to urge the possible importance of works which do nothing of the sort. The realm of literature has always seemed to us a very inclusive realm, and we still believe that it may include plays, novels, and poems which are concerned with "the problems of the individual soul" or even with no problems at all. We believe that Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, and the rest have written significant works. But it seems to us that V. F. Calverton achieves the *reductio ad absurdum* of his own argument when he allows it to lead him to the conclusion that among contemporary American writers the only ones deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison. We still believe that, to name two, Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow are worth reading, and that, to go further afield, Marcel Proust is not wholly contemptible—despite the fact that his acquaintance with Marx was probably slight. "Tous les genres sont bons—hors le genre ennuyant."

Fortunately we are not, like some we know, obliged periodically to readjust our opinions in accordance with those of Moscow. If we were, we should have been a little nervous upon reading the decree which was promulgated in that capital last April, and which was confessedly intended to relax somewhat the restrictions of orthodoxy in so far as they apply to educational and cultural matters. According to the reports which come, it has already resulted in the production of some works of pure imagination, and apparently it was the result of a very sensible conclusion on the part of the Communist Party that the purpose of communism was not merely to deprive the rich of their riches but to make these same riches available to the mass. But if some of the American members and camp followers of that party are not careful, they are going to find themselves more Catholic than the Pope, and—historically—that has always been a very uncomfortable position.

But to get back to Sir Walter, whom we had almost forgotten. Here we find ourselves compelled to return good for evil and to confess that on the whole we are in agreement with Mr. Hansen, who seems to cherish a mild admiration for the author of "Waverly," but who takes Mr. Walpole to task for some remarks which he would probably not have made at all if he had not been moved by that warm and generous enthusiasm which seems usually to affect those who find themselves called upon to celebrate centenaries.

To us it seems that Sir Walter failed to be first-rate, not because he was not profound about society, but because he was not profound about anything at all. He supplied excellent entertainment of a superficial sort to nearly all the literate men of his time. He still supplies first-rate entertainment of the same sort to a considerably smaller proportion of the readers of today. But whether one is charmed or bored by his work is not a matter of great importance. He is not one of the touchstones of taste. To like or to be indifferent to the kind of thing he wrote implies nothing concerning the general soundness of one's literary judgment. The day when Scott imposed himself is long past. Today any man can take him or leave him, and it ought to be no matter for public concern.

## One Price of the War

THERE is something almost amusing in the indignation of some of our greatest advocates of militarism and preparedness against the American Legion because it is demanding its bonus. Among the conspicuous denouncers of the Legion are the men who were most eager to have us go into the World War, who declared that our national honor demanded it. Now, if these men knew anything—and they claimed to know so much as to be willing to condemn innumerable of our young men to death in Flanders fields—they must have known that, whatever the outcome of the war, there would be raised up an army of pension and bonus grabbers. The history of the United States tells nothing else. It is true that President Wilson and others sought to head this off by the war-risk insurance policies, but they were simple, indeed, to believe that when the army got back it would not go into politics as a body to get what money it wanted. There was the example of the Grand Army of the Republic. It held up the United States until finally pensions were voted to everybody who had served ninety days, even if he had never heard a shot fired and his disability had nothing whatever to do with the war.

But if they were not familiar with the story of the Civil War pensions, they could have looked at the Spanish War and what was happening in regard to the veterans of that conflict. Rear Admiral Sims has just described the whole business of these Spanish-American War pensions as "a steal of the nastiest kind and an outrage on the American taxpayer." Less than 20,000 men reached Cuba or its coast during the war. As the Admiral pointed out, the war lasted exactly 114 days, less than 400 men were killed, and less than 5,000 died of wounds and disease. Yet out of the 280,000 who enlisted voluntarily, for patriotic reasons, more than 227,000 are now drawing pensions, which must be pretty close to the entire number of living survivors of a war which was fought thirty-four years ago. The cost of these pensions this year is \$119,000,000, and Admiral Sims announces that the new National Economy League proposes to knock \$109,000,000 of this out, which will still leave enough to take care of the 20,000 worthy veterans and their dependents—he is even certain that \$450,000,000 could be struck out of the \$690,000,000 appropriated for the World War veterans in this fiscal year.

Now this is splendid, and we certainly shall do our best to help the National Economy League to succeed in its crusade. What we want to point out now is, however, that it is much more important for the future peace of America to stress that this is one of the inevitable results of any war in which we engage than merely to close the stable door now that so many hundred of millions, yes, actually billions, of dollars have been wasted or stolen—we think it a deliberate theft when a woman twenty years old marries an old man of eighty merely in order to draw a pension for life. Yet pensions are only one of the evil results of our entrance into the World War which have brought us to our present pass of political and social and economic depression. One might almost ask if any war was ever entered into with more superb disregard of inevitable consequences than the United States showed in 1917.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

**NORMAN THOMAS**

has put it well: "The only way to throw your vote away is to cast it for somebody you don't really want,

and then get him." There are literally millions of men who despise Herbert Hoover and don't like Franklin Roosevelt who are none the less going to vote for one or the other, thus doing their best to fasten upon all of us the shackles imposed upon us by the present corrupt and worthless political parties. Never in my experience has there been so little enthusiasm for either candidate. As has been well said, almost nobody is voting for anybody in this campaign. Everybody is voting against somebody or something. But that does not advance us one single bit. The impending election of Roosevelt gives little assurance that there will be anything like far-reaching, deep-seated, and thoroughgoing grappling with the problems which confront us. Even if Franklin Roosevelt had some heroic remedies to apply—I don't deny his power proposals are good as far as they go—what guaranty is there that he would have a Congress to uphold him? I am aware, of course, that all the indications are that the Democrats will easily control both houses. But when was a Democratic President able to control his own party? Certainly never on the tariff. The tariff revision put through at the insistence of President Cleveland was ruined by a Democratic Senator, Gorman of Maryland. The Wilsonian tariff revision was also knifed in the home of its friends. Since neither party has any principles nowadays upon which all its representatives in public life stand, you never can tell what will come to pass after a party takes power. Especially is this true of the Democrats. There is no certainty whatever that a man who plumps his ballot for Roosevelt will get what he wants if he is interested in water power, or desires a radical revision of the tariff, or wants to have the farmer freed from all tariff burdens, or believes in a small army and rapid disarmament on the seas. And heaven knows what the Republican voters will get if they reelect Herbert Hoover. There are no pledges in the Republican platform that will not be violated; that is what a platform is there for, to be violated.

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SO, I insist, the man who votes for either Hoover or Roosevelt is the one who is throwing away his vote. He is again turning the country over to the "bosses, or their owners, the great capitalists." He is again postponing the peaceful revolution which Woodrow Wilson said in 1912 was on the horizon. Look at the news from Wisconsin. There is a case of the failure of another effort to reform one of the major parties from within. How many failures have there not been since the days when the young Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt walked out of the Republican convention of 1884 and declared to Horace White that they never, never would stand for the nomination of James G. Blaine—only to decide that they would

## *On Throwing Away Your Vote*

stick by their party and reform it from within. Well, forty-eight years have passed since then, nearly half a century, and the Republican

Party is still nominating unfit men for the Presidency, and is not a whit better than it was in 1884. But how many efforts have there not been during that period to reform both the parties from within? Were we not assured that Woodrow Wilson would purify the Democratic Party by the greatness of his spirit and his statesmanship, and by his silver tongue? Philip La Follette has worked hard to make his branch of the Republican Party in Wisconsin the dominant one; so has his brother, and so did his father. He has gone down to defeat. What is the earthly use of his remaining in the Republican Party? I do not know how Bob La Follette is going to vote in this campaign, for he has refrained from telling the public, but I feel very sure that these two fine young men ought to be in the forefront of a radical party rather than trying to profit by working under the shadow of the name of the Republican Party, from which spiritually and politically they are utterly separated. A vote for the Republican nominees in Wisconsin will certainly be throwing away one's vote.

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THE only way to make one's vote really count in the coming election is to cast it for a new and square deal. Throw away your vote when you put it in a box for Norman Thomas? I deny that with all possible warmth. No one can put his ballot to higher or better use than to cast it according to the highest dictates of his mind and his conscience. If one does that, one cannot throw it away. To protest against intolerable evils when they arise is the chief reason why we have the ballot. To use it in this way is not to be impractical and visionary, but in the best sense patriotic. Certainly no one can deny that we shall not take a step toward any new order with either Mr. Hoover or Governor Roosevelt in the White House; we shall merely again be asked to be content with a little patching here and a little patching there, on a machine which cannot be made to work efficiently. But a vote for Norman Thomas means another vote of protest, another serving of notice that the voter is through with both the old parties; that he wants something different, some promise that there will be a genuine attempt some day to rebuild our social and political system in a way really to return the government to the people. Let no man think that he is not going to have a lot of company if he votes for Thomas. One of the foremost practical Democratic politicians in the East has gone on record as saying that there will be at least three million votes for Norman Thomas in November. If that is the case, it will be a protest vote which will make both the old parties sit up and take notice, and encourage those who desire a third liberal party without the Socialist name.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



# Jimmy Walker\*

By NORMAN THOMAS and PAUL BLANSHARD

JAMES JOSEPH WALKER and William Hale Thompson are the two greatest wonders of American city politics. Thompson was the greatest political clown in the United States. But Thompson never attained the personal popularity of Jimmy. Jimmy did not need to "bust King George on the snoot" or carry around a cage full of rats bearing his opponents' names. He was his own show. He was one of the most adroit and charming campaigners that this country has ever produced. His popularity in New York was based upon the solid foundation of good public speaking, quick wit, and a real personal warmth.

Walker was a machine-made mayor, but almost equally he was a press-made mayor. He was "good copy for the boys," and shrewd men know that the sheer weight of publicity is the important initial factor in creating a political hero in America. Walker knew how to use his commanding position as mayor to win that publicity. The reporters liked him because he was easy and warm-hearted and lent them money and thought of something to say that would fill an assignment. They swallowed his every utterance, for the most part uncritically, and gave him front-page headlines.

The average New Yorker, reading only headlines in the newspaper, judged Walker by those headlines. The newspaper editorial writers might try to undo the work of the headlines by commenting soberly on civic problems, but the subway strap-hanger did not read the editorials. Moreover, until the *World-Telegram* entered the field, Walker was not faced with the kind of blistering day-to-day exposure that was necessary to destroy his popularity with the common voter. The old *World* and the new *Herald Tribune* were intelligently hostile, but the *Times*, New York's most influential paper, did not take the initiative against Walker. It waited until someone else did the exposing. And, as always, Hearst was incalculably crafty, preaching high civic morality while backing Walker and his gang by every journalistic artifice. Hearst's hand was apparently the guiding one in Walker's final resignation, for it was Hearst who made him believe that his vindication at the polls would be overwhelming.

Walker's prestige was increased by the mediocrity of the men around him. The borough presidents who sat on the board with him were colorless and obedient, voting like automatons for the administration measures after the usual log-rolling for their district interests. Probably the most colorless and obedient of all was the nominal Republican, George U. Harvey of Queens, who worked hand in glove with Walker on almost every Tammany measure, and even introduced the resolution which raised Walker's salary from \$25,000 to \$40,000 a year.

Walker handled his powers as mayor with the utmost carelessness. On all the occasions when we visited the Board of Estimate during his administration he was never once on time. Quite commonly he was an hour late for the opening of the session, although his presiding over this board

was the most important duty of his office, and often the most pressing legislative matters had to be held up until his arrival. Likewise in our experience we have never known him to take less than an hour and a half for luncheon, even while sweating crowds were standing up in the board chambers waiting for his return. When he did arrive he often scolded a citizen who was protesting against some measure for taking one minute over his allotted five minutes. His tact and charm were not always evident in the legislative chamber. Often he appeared so tired and cross from his labors of the previous day or night that he hardly seemed to know what was going on. He was savage and coarse in shouting down (through his loud speaker) many a luckless citizen who aroused his anger.

Walker came to the mayoralty through steady promotion at the hands of his Tammany colleagues. His father had been a Tammany alderman, assemblyman, and leader of the old Ninth Ward. In his youth Jimmy wanted to be an actor, and this aspiration explains a large part of his conduct as an adult. At Albany, where he served for fifteen years in the legislature, Jimmy Walker revealed two qualities necessary for political success. He always voted with the machine and he made a host of warm personal friends. In personality and conduct he was the antithesis of the dullness and routine of legislative life at Albany. He dressed boldly, drank gaily, and fought for the freedom of sports. He gradually became known as a warm-hearted "regular fellow." His party finally chose him as its leader in the Senate, a post usually occupied by a rising young subordinate of the machine who can be trusted to have no mind of his own in serious matters. It was from this post that Tammany promoted him to City Hall, with the potent help of Alfred E. Smith.

After the stupidities of the Hylan administration, the city and Tammany Hall gave a sigh of relief when a personable and plausible mayor moved into City Hall. Hylan, who had been forced on the Democratic organization by Hearst as his price for supporting the party ticket, had neither intelligence nor charm, and he was one of the most erratic mayors New York ever had. The Tammany leaders were relieved when Walker took office because they again had a man at City Hall who would obey orders, and the people were relieved because they were rid of a colorless bore. Walker promptly appointed as heads of various departments a whole string of Tammany district leaders whose qualifications for the offices consisted of loyalty to the machine and personal friendship for Jimmy. His judicial appointments, also, were machine appointments made without heed to the recommendations of bar associations. The degraded character of his administration was partly concealed by a brilliant publicity stunt, the appointment of a gigantic committee on plan and survey for the city, composed of 472 more or less distinguished members. The various activities of this gigantic committee distracted public attention for months. Subcommittees were appointed and reports were filed away; and if Walker ever read the reports, there is no evidence of it.

\* An extract from a book, "What's the Matter with New York?" published October 4 by the Macmillan Company.—EDITOR THE NATION.



Walker threw all caution to the winds in appointing Tammany district leaders and in rewarding his personal friends. In his administration eighty-five district leaders—the real political rulers of New York—sat in comfortable chairs with their feet on large desks and drew an average salary of \$7,300 a year. The Mayor boosted his own salary to \$40,000, almost three times the salary of a member of the President's Cabinet. The salary of his assistant, Charlie Kerrigan, was raised to \$17,500. It is probable that the city paid \$25,000,000 a year for the excess Tammany and Republican baggage of Walker's regime. In several cases he appointed powerful district leaders who were obviously unfit. There were, for example, James F. Geraghty of the Bronx and Charles L. Kohler.

The City Affairs Committee, in its charges against Walker in March, 1931, cited the appointment of James F. Geraghty as Commissioner of Licenses and Charles L. Kohler as Director of the Budget. During Walker's first administration the regulation of private employment agencies had become such a scandal that the State Industrial Survey Commission had recommended that the regulation be put in State hands. Walker's answer was to place in charge of the important employment bureaus a Bronx district leader, Geraghty, who, during his administration of the Division of Licensed Vehicles, had been officially condemned for incompetence by the Meyer Legislative Investigating Committee. The Meyer committee disclosed that "the administration of the Division of Licensed Vehicles of the License Department under Deputy Commissioner Geraghty not only made it a hotbed of petty graft, but that the safety of the public had been seriously menaced by the large number of licenses as taxicab drivers issued to ex-convicts." Walker not only left Geraghty in office but defended him with gusto.

In the same way, Walker ignored the notorious record of Dr. William F. Doyle, the ex-veterinarian who made more than a million dollars by his magic power to get the zoning laws changed by New York's Board of Standards and Appeals. Dr. Doyle's zoning-law racket came very close to the higher-ups in Tammany. John F. Curry, Tammany boss of Manhattan, rushed to his defense. George W. Olvany, while serving as leader of Tammany Hall, took enormous but concealed fees for getting the zoning laws adjusted for favored clients. Walker could not possibly have been ignorant of all this, for the activities of Doyle had been spread on the record of the Board of Aldermen as early as May 26, 1925, when a resolution demanded to know how "a veterinarian could come before city boards as an architect, and amass a fortune of \$2,000,000 in three years."

It is indicative of the public attitude toward politics that Walker's failure to be a good mayor was not considered half so serious as any personal dishonesty that might be charged against him. The City Affairs Committee's charges against Walker in 1931 set forth certain convincing reasons why Walker should be considered an incompetent and irresponsible mayor of a great city; the Seabury charges of 1932 set forth equally convincing reasons why the mayor was personally unreliable. Of the two sets of charges those of the City Affairs Committee were more serious from the point of view of the average citizen's welfare, because they showed the actual breakdown of government under Walker's reckless rule. But a large part of the New York press at-

tacked the committee's charges as too general simply because they did not produce sworn testimony concerning the commission of a crime. Few stopped to ask how a voluntary civic body could produce sworn testimony without the power of subpoena. The charges which had been intended only as the starting-point for an official probe were attacked as incomplete, and under cover of the attack Governor Roosevelt was given the chance to dismiss them without loss of prestige.

After this experience it became evident that Walker, no matter how unfit, could not be removed unless he was convicted of a crime, either morally or legally. The line of the attack taken by Mr. Seabury against Walker was marked out for him by circumstances. He had to prove that the Mayor either had accepted a bribe or had come so close to it that the distinction was not a difference. It would have been better for the city if he could have made a survey of the city government, department by department, but he was forced by the emotions of the electorate to make the first part of his investigation a man hunt.

The most obvious material ready for Seabury's use was the scandal involving the Equitable Coach Company. It was no worse than the Queens bus scandal of this year, but its completeness made it possible to draw a picture of how business interests pay their brokerage fees to Tammany henchmen in return for city favors. In the case of the Equitable bus scandal the stakes were \$19,000,000 in profits in ten years which the promoters stood to win without the investment of a nickel if they could get a city-wide franchise for buses. It was not surprising that a group of financial adventurers began working on the new Mayor from the beginning of his first administration, using as contact man the Mayor's loud-mouthed salesman friend, Senator John A. Hastings, who, as soon as his intimacy with the Mayor became known, became a "bus expert." Hastings had organized a bus syndicate composed of Frank R. Fageol and Charles B. Rose, bus manufacturers, and William O'Neil, a tire manufacturer. Two weeks after Mayor Walker was elected in 1925 they incorporated the Equitable Coach Company and filed an application for a city-wide bus franchise. Hastings was put on the new company's pay roll at \$1,000 a month and expenses.

The reason why the Equitable Coach Company was exposed was that it could not secure a contract with New York City without public hearings, and its franchise would not stand the glare of publicity. In jamming through the franchise, Mayor Walker and his associates clearly violated Section 74 of the city charter, which compels the city to make an investigation of the money value of a franchise before granting it—a fact which, strangely enough, was not brought out at the Seabury hearings. What finally killed the franchise was the fact that reputable bankers would not back it. They pretended that the Equitable's prospects were not bright. We believe that this was only a pretext, since the franchise would have made millions for its backers, and that the bankers shied away because they saw that the transaction would inevitably lead to scandal.

Walker jammed through the Equitable franchise by bargaining with the Bronx and Richmond leaders to give them their own franchises separately. He signed the contract on August 9, 1927, and sailed for Europe on August 10 with a \$10,000 letter of credit bought for the Mayor in cash by



J. Allan Smith, the Equitable's New York representative. He says that the two events had no connection!

Such a storm was raised by the awarding of this franchise to an irresponsible fly-by-night corporation that the Mayor and the promoters of the Equitable had to start the fight all over again when Walker returned from Europe. Some of Walker's superiors in Tammany were obviously worried, and J. Allan Smith wired to Fageol two messages which deserve to be classics in municipal political literature because they show how Tammany appeals to its financial masters. One of them read as follows, the words in brackets being Judge Seabury's interpretations:

No answer yet your suggested financing stop He [Hastings] advises War Board [Tammany Hall] notified boy friend [Mayor Walker] time limit [for commencement of operation of buses under Equitable franchise] was April 15 stop Have made progress upstairs [General Electric Company] and arranged meeting late yesterday between Judge [Charles W. Appleton] and boy friend [Mayor Walker] before he [Mayor Walker] left for Florida stop Judge [Appleton] reported favorable progress and expected to see his boss [Owen D. Young] today and advise me Monday stop His boss [Young] poor health ordered away for months but if he [Young] says yes we can get extension. Will keep you advised.

There is evidence for believing that the Equitable Coach deal was part of a great transit plan in which the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation and Gerhard M. Dahl, its head, had bargained successfully with Tammany Hall for transit monopoly of the city. The B. M. T., which had originally been bitterly opposed to the Equitable's bus franchise, was suddenly converted to it and offered to cooperate. The Borough President of Brooklyn was also converted to the Equitable franchise, and the McCooey machine later helped to put through the award of a bus franchise in Brooklyn to the B. M. T. for \$2,000,000 when it was worth more than \$14,000,000. At about the time of the Equitable discussion Gerhard M. Dahl was receiving an annual bonus of \$75,000 a year in addition to a salary of \$100,000, chiefly for improving relations with the public.

Yet Walker finally fell, not because he sold out the city to private traction interests, but because he was too reckless in receiving money from friends whose generosity had developed after he became mayor. Paul Block, for example, might have been more plausible in explaining his \$246,000 beneficence to the Mayor if his generosity had dated back to Walker's pre-mayorality days. As it was, the story of how Block opened a stock account for the Mayor on the inspiration of his warm-hearted ten-year-old son, who wondered how such a well-dressed mayor could live graciously on \$25,000 a year, brought loud laughter from the city. Probably those laughs hurt the Mayor more than many of Seabury's factual thunderbolts.

In the Sisto case, as in the Block case, the Mayor received stock profits without any written commitment on his part to pay for any stock or to pay losses on any stock. His friends simply "let him in." In one case he received \$246,000, in the other \$26,000. The \$26,000 from J. A. Sisto had definite signs of taint. Sisto was heavily interested in taxicabs, and the Mayor, shortly after he received the Sisto bonds, fought for legislation that would have greatly benefited the big taxi companies. That the Mayor finally failed

to win as favorable a measure for the taxicab owners as he had originally planned is beside the point.

Walker floundered pathetically in explaining the gifts of both Sisto and Block. He said that they were not gifts but profits on investments and that he would have borne the losses if there had been any. If they were profits, then why did he not pay income taxes on them?

Probably the unexplained millions of Walker's personal business agent, Russell T. Sherwood, did more than any one thing to force him out of office. Here was the story of a man who ran away after giving about \$75,000 of somebody's money to an unnamed person who was a friend of somebody. The tabloid readers could understand that. The unnamed person became the most named unnamed person in history—somebody suggested building a monument and laying a wreath upon the tomb of the unnamed person. Sherwood forfeited all his property in New York rather than return to face Seabury, and an income-tax levy of almost \$50,000 was made against him.

The public could not find any reason for Sherwood's disappearance except his connection with the Mayor. He had been a \$3,000-a-year assistant in Walker's former law office; suddenly, when Walker became mayor, his bank deposits jumped to \$98,000 in Walker's first year and totaled \$961,000 during the first five years and eight months of Walker's rule. It was significant that almost \$750,000 was cash. Sherwood paid many of the Mayor's and Mrs. Walker's bills out of his bank account and then, when asked to explain where it all came from, disappeared.

Walker's fall had been long overdue. He had been an incredibly bad mayor in relation to the things that count in the life of the common citizen—decent housing, unemployment relief, clean streets, economical government. When land values were soaring and business was expanding hysterically, the wealthy and the intelligentsia thought it smart to cheer him. While he cut ribbons and laid cornerstones, his misdeeds were forgotten in the national exuberance. When the taxpayers began to feel the pinch of his extravagance, his doom was sealed. At the end Tammany stood with him—Tammany and the Central Trades and Labor Council of the American Federation of Labor, whose president issued a stirring appeal for Walker's vindication at the polls!

Slinking from the stage as if he were a fugitive from justice, James J. Walker could not deny himself his final curtain. He saw that his defense had failed and that even a dawdling Roosevelt could not refuse to remove him. So he resigned with the final flourish of a vaudeville star. And to the end he was backed by the machine which he had served so faithfully. Tammany leaders did everything in their power to save him. They sent filibustering lawyers to Albany for the Mayor's trial before Roosevelt to raise every possible fantastic objection to a straightforward discussion of the facts. They kept their machine intact after Walker's downfall, and it still rules New York.

When James Joseph Walker resigned under fire September 1, there came to a temporary end one of the most significant careers in American politics. We say "temporary end" because even lightweight champions sometimes come back, and given the judgments of New York voters—only half of them go to the polls in the average municipal election—a triumphal return from Italy might still greet the world's greatest greeter and sweep him back into power.



Whatever the future of Walker, however, there can be no doubt of the future of Walkerism. Walkerism is as much alive in American cities today as it was when Lord Bryce remarked that city government was the great failure of American democracy. Even today, when a Seabury investigation has just revealed a thousand new proofs of the contention that the rottenness of the Democratic machine is the all-pervading sickness of New York government, thousands of good citizens and "liberal" newspapers are welcoming a member of that organization as the savior of the city. Joseph V. McKee, who succeeded Walker, has inaugurated a few

spectacular economies that any decent mayor of the city would have inaugurated years ago, and the realty interests are hailing him with loud huzzahs. They forget that he sat at the right hand of Mayor Walker for almost seven years, voting with him on the Equitable bus deal, the salary grabs, and all sorts of malodorous measures. Finally, he deserted the Walker ship only at the end when it was good politics to desert. Moreover, he said on September 12: "I am an organization Democrat, always have been, and always will be." Those are almost precisely the words that Jimmy Walker used when he began his reign in 1926.

## The Indian Bureau's Record

By JOHN COLLIER

When Secretary Wilbur and Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood took office in 1929, we were led to feel a wonderful hope. They announced great programs and made wonderful promises. We assert that they have forsaken their programs. They have broken their promises. They have set up new evils of far-reaching kinds—evils which their predecessors did not sponsor. . . . We solemnly affirm that conditions among the Indians today . . . are more deplorable than they have been at any time since the United States became guardian over the Indians.

**S**O ran the petition of spokesmen of forty-nine Indian tribes, read on the Senate floor March 9 last. Thirteen major charges were detailed by the Indians, who concluded: "Our main plea is that the destruction of our citizenship rights and of such legal protections as exist for our property be not permitted to continue. . . . We have not stated one fact that is not of proved record."

What are the facts? Answering in 2,500 words, I am forced to be summary, selective, dogmatic. The complete record is accessible to all citizens, and is in the hands of practically every Indian tribe.\* Each one of the Indians' thirteen indictments was true. Indian affairs since 1929 present a startling and paradoxical tragedy, including some shocking wrongs. But justice requires that the credit side be stated first.

1. As a statistician, the Indian Bureau now tells the truth. Prior to 1929 it was, in this capacity, an incompetent liar.

2. The inspectorial system, vitally important with respect to personnel and to reservation achievements, has been radically improved since 1929.

3. With almost fatal delay, yet with incontestable progress, personnel has been improved.

4. Modern social-service ideals and techniques, practically non-existent before 1929, are being pushed with resourcefulness and tireless purpose by Robert I. Lansdale, an appointee of Commissioner Rhoads, with the title, but not the authority, of director of the Human Relations Division of the Indian Bureau. A beginning has been made.

5. As director of Indian Education, W. Carson Ryan has brought, since August, 1930, vision, knowledge, and an uncompromising honesty of statement to the problem of the Indian school. He envisages a beneficent change which would lift the Indian schools out of a dark age that white schools have never known. It is as yet a future change.

6. The administration has moved toward cooperation with States and counties in Indian welfare work, and has earnestly promoted enabling legislation to this end.

7. After three years the administration has joined with Congress to lift from the backs of the Indians more than \$20,000,000 of debts illegally imposed and productive of no benefits to the Indians.

Such are the credits. The most important of them, educational and social-service improvements, exist as yet (after three and a half years) less as actualities than as ideals—ideals which certain men and women below the rank of Assistant Commissioner are permitted to hold, to preach, and occasionally to apply. The record does not show that Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood have embraced these ideals or even comprehended them; and to Secretary Wilbur, as judged by his speech and actions, the ideals are foreign and antipathetic.

Now for the debits, of which a mere fraction are here to be told. I believe that they overwhelm the credits, justify the indictment which the Indians have brought, and go beyond that indictment. But the Indian service is a continuing organization of 6,500 men and women. Within that organization the improvements here listed have taken their rise. They must be proclaimed as a matter of justice, and in order that public opinion may guard and extend them.

The Wilbur administration inherited in 1929 a system of non-responsible absolutism over Indian property and person. The "system" had been elaborated across a century, steadfastly in the direction of an always more silent and more exhaustive spoliation of Indian property. Before 1929 the "system" had become thoroughly understood. In 1914 the National Bureau of Municipal Research had lifted the veil. After 1922 many agencies had probed the "system" and its effects, and the lines of remedy were clearly indicated.

The Wilbur administration's record may be thus summarized: Secretary Wilbur and his commissioners took office following the expulsion of Charles H. Burke. The Burke regime (1921-1929) had a credit side—for example, the

\* Printed hearings, Senate Indian Investigation Committee, Vols. I—XXV; publications of the Institute for Government Research and of the American Indian Defense Association, of Washington; letters to Congress, December, 1929, by Secretary Wilbur and Commissioner Rhoads; the Indian tribal petition, with replies and counter-replies, *Congressional Record*, March 9, 10, and 11, 1932; and an exhaustive and un rebutted analysis by Senator King of Utah, dealing with Indian appropriations and the system of Indian property management, *Congressional Record*, May 12, 1932.



Indian medical service was improved and greatly extended under Burke. But Burke and his office had protected and deepened the absolutist "system," and the ruinous and sinister consequences had gone far beyond any deliberate intent of their own. That is why the Burke regime was finally overwhelmed with condemnation.

Wilbur and Rhoads in 1929 stood, as it were, on a "great divide." They knew the facts and the truth, and proclaimed them. They marked out and publicly espoused a program of general direction and of detail—a program of reorientation, reconstruction, and, for the Indians, salvation. Enthusiastic supporters eagerly rallied behind this program and behind Wilbur and his commissioners personally—among these supporters were Indians and Indian-welfare groups and the predominant elements in Congress. But opposed to the new program were the corporate and regional special interests which by means of the absolutist "system" were battenning on the Indians. These interests were, as they are today, powerfully represented within the Department of the Interior and the Indian Office; while their sway with and within the Department of Justice, whose role in Indian affairs is often decisive, has been greatly intensified since March, 1929.

Having thus begun, the Wilbur administration reversed itself before the end of its first year. It became the apologist and protector of the inherited "system." With increasing resource and audacity Wilbur and his office have blocked efforts by Congress to rectify laws which they had initially denounced, and to pass laws which they had initially demanded as conditions precedent to good administration. Going beyond this point, they have worked with persistent resource to extend the administrative absolutism. They have overridden the statutes which by letter and intent give to some Indians some legal rights. They have promoted legislation designed to kill these vestigial rights. The practical consequences, in old evils continued and new evils set up, have been immense.

The "system" of 1929 is the "system" of today. Once believed by the public to be inevitable and protected by Congress and the executive, it is now protected by the executive alone. Among its starkest features, certain ones must be outlined. Indians are government wards and the wardship is peculiar in that the ward cannot seek accounting or redress in the courts. The guardian ultimately is Congress, and the guardian's authority is plenary and conclusive. The guardianship of person and the trusteeship of property have been delegated by Congress to the Secretary of the Interior. Some protective and limiting statutes remain, as above implied; but to enforce these statutes through mandamus proceedings or otherwise, the Indians must use money which the Department of the Interior controls and lawyers whom the department, the adverse party in the litigation, finds agreeable. There are other statutes, notably those providing the framework of the land-allotment system, which virtually compel the executive along lines fatal to Indian property interests.

Details include the following: Indians can be, and customarily are, seized and jailed by the Indian Bureau without warrant; they are tried without advice of counsel or jury, in administrative courts without required procedure, without record and without court review; they are imprisoned for periods up to 180 days for offenses against an administrative code of offenses never yet published. Indians

and their "Indian country" of 100,000 square miles subsist under a group of espionage and "gag" statutes which apply likewise to white welfare workers and investigators on reservations. These archaic statutes constitute a sort of permanent martial law, suspended, used as a threat, or crushingly enforced, as administrative opinion thinks most expedient.

Being denied the right of contract, Indians are shut out from the normal sources of credit. The government's credit system for Indians was in 1929 a mere shadow, and is a no more substantial shadow today.

Indian tribal and group organizations exist, if at all, through the suffrance of the Secretary of the Interior. All modern instrumentalities of business enterprise are denied to Indian groups as to individual Indians. Always the Secretary of the Interior may temporarily, as a privilege, lift these restrictions, as he may other features of Indian slavery, but it was Wilbur and Rhoads who, in 1929, in letters to Congress, pointed out what decades had proved—that Indians cannot build enterprises on the shifting sands or petrified sandbanks of unreviewable administrative whim.

The allotment system breaks up Indian family life and blind-walls husband from wife, parent from child; and when the allottee dies, his land is sold to whites. The government sells the land; the Indian is voiceless and helpless. Two-thirds of the remaining Indian estate is destined for white ownership within the present generation.

The boarding-schools, originally established with the stated purpose of sundering Indian generations and killing Indian native loyalties, demand their 21,000 Indian children. Through all the years of guardianship, and since 1895 in defiance of a prohibiting statute and a court decree, the Indian Bureau has kidnapped the children to fill these schools when other persuasion failed. This kidnapping has continued into 1932. Nominally, Wilbur and Rhoads repudiate this barbarism; actually, they have left the proved offenders undisciplined.

The "system" includes an administrative code of Indian religious offenses and compulsory Christianizing of Indians.

As a final item, moneys belonging to the Indian tribes are used by the Indian Bureau, in the amount of millions each year, for its own salaries and conveniences, without the consent of the owning tribes. Until 1928 the department was required by law to make an annual public report to Congress on the uses of Indian-owned moneys. The department smuggled a repeal clause into an omnibus bill and got it passed by Congress. Since then Senator King of Utah has led an effort to reenact the publicity requirement. Wilbur and Rhoads, the trustees of these moneys, have blocked the effort.

It is this "system" as a totality which the Wilbur administration since 1929 has successfully protected. Legislation may be blocked through delays in rendering the requisite administrative report on bills. It may be blocked through open opposition and through administrative lobbying. It may be blocked through pre-veto by the budget director, representing the President. All these methods have been used by Secretary Wilbur and his office. I give instances merely—representative instances of what the administration has thus far blocked:

1. The Frazier-Howard bill to repeal the espionage and "gag" statutes.
2. The McNary-Butler bill permitting the incorporation of Indian tribes (the Klamath tribe of Oregon, to begin



with), shifting the federal guardianship from the individual Indian to his corporation, and meeting the situation of land-disinheritance under the allotment system.

3. The ultra-conservative Frazier-Howard bill chartering Indian tribal councils.

4. The King bill requiring a functionalized Indian Office budget and publicity on the uses of tribal funds.

5. The Frazier-Leavitt bill for safeguarding and promoting the arts and crafts of the Indians.

6. The Leavitt bill designed to expedite the payment to Indian tribes of damages due on account of governmental depredations. Under the present system these payments are put off by decades, generations, and up to a hundred years.

In no instance here listed has Secretary Wilbur or his office made counter-proposals to meet the self-evident necessities. And Wilbur has issued a formula which amounts to terrorization of the Indians. It is, in substance, that if Indians are to be given rights, including the right of responsible group self-help, it must be at the cost of assuming the tax burdens. This fiat, which has no constitutional or legal support, has been echoed by Rhoads. It was at the center of the Indian policies of Burke and of more remote predecessors; it is, indeed, the core of the system.

I conclude with a much-abbreviated account of three cases. The chief ally of Burke in Congress, and the most famous enemy of Indian rights outside the Indian Bureau in the years preceding 1929, was Louis C. Cramton, chairman and director of the House committee on Interior Department appropriations. Cramton promptly established an effective dominance over Wilbur, Rhoads, and Scattergood; and when in 1930 Cramton was defeated for reelection to Congress, Wilbur promptly appointed him to the Interior Department with a roving commission which has included important Indian assignments. This action by Wilbur was a symbol of his abandonment of the aims and commitments of 1929.

The giant power site of the Flathead tribe was licensed in 1930 under the provisions of the Federal Power Act and by Wilbur as guardian of the Indians. The Montana Power Company, and behind it the Electric Bond and Share Company, was the real licensee. But in behalf of these companies John D. Ryan created a dummy corporation, 100 per cent owned by them, and application for the license was made in the name of the dummy. To license the dummy meant to truncate federal regulation—to truncate the Federal Power Act as a whole. Wilbur espoused the Ryan plan; and not only did he issue the license to the dummy, but he incorporated in the license a mandatory provision that the dummy should sell the generated power to its monopolist owners and to no one else—no municipality, for example. The negligible exception was a tiny block of power to be sold to the government's irrigation district. Indian rights were mutilated, but public advantage and the intent of the Federal Power Act were massacred by the Wilbur action, in which Rhoads and Scattergood concurred.

Herbert J. Hagerman was appointed by Secretary Fall as Commissioner to the Navajos in 1923. Fall destroyed by an executive order the pre-existing Navajo tribal and jurisdictional organizations and instituted a fiat tribal council which was prohibited from meeting except in Hagerman's presence and on his call. Hagerman secured from this council a power of attorney to make oil leases in behalf of the tribe. He leased the Rattlesnake oil structure for a \$1,000

bonus paid to the tribe. The white lessees sold their lease for a \$3,000,000 bonus paid to themselves.

Thereafter, Hagerman represented the Secretary of the Interior on the Pueblo Lands Board. He dominated the board. The Indian committees of the Senate and House have found that the Hagerman board maladministered the Pueblo Lands Act of 1924. Indian title to 20,000 acres was transferred to whites without a penny of compensation; Indian title to another 20,000 acres was transferred to whites with compensation to the Indians totaling only one-third of the unimproved value as found by the Hagerman board's own sworn appraisers. The act creating the board had directed that Indian compensation should be set at the fair market value of the lands, with allowances for improvements made by the whites. Congress directed that the compensation money be spent to buy other needed lands and waters for the pueblos. Land starvation in many pueblos is extreme. Hagerman's action threatened the whole future of many of the tribes. Fall, in 1922, had tried to confiscate the pueblo land titles and had failed. Hagerman, provisionally, had succeeded.

Hagerman represented Wilbur on the Lands Board. And Wilbur and Rhoads in 1929 gave Hagerman commissionership over all Indians in Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. The Senate investigated Hagerman through its Indian Investigation Committee, consisting of Senators Frazier, La Follette, Wheeler, and Thomas of Oklahoma. For one year it appeared that the main Indian concern of Wilbur and Rhoads was the defense of Hagerman. The indictment, slowly piled up and accepted by Congress as substantially proved, led the House and Senate by joint action to remove Hagerman from the government's pay roll on July 1 last.

Meantime, the House and Senate Indian committees had moved to rectify the Pueblo Lands Board's confiscations against the pueblos. These committees unanimously reported a bill, the Bratton-Cutting bill, leveling upward the compensation to the Indians, in no case to an amount greater than that which had been found by the appraisers of the Hagerman board. The Senate unanimously passed the bill. The same bill endeavored to speed up the buying of lands for pueblos in desperate need. The purchase money (\$620,000) lies in the Treasury. It belongs to the pueblos, and Congress has directed that lands be bought with this money to supply the tribes, which must perish without land. Part of this money has lain idle since 1927. Since Wilbur and Rhoads took office not one acre has been bought for the pueblos.

Wilbur has bitterly contested the pueblo-relief bill. He has persuaded or coerced Rhoads and Scattergood into a position which dramatizes the record since 1929. The Indians' guardian fights with denunciation and intense lobbying a bill which meagerly fulfils a legal and moral obligation assumed by the government eight years ago. He fights a bill which would expedite the purchase, with their own money, of land for Indians who have farmed for 3,000 years, and who now, through governmental dereliction which Congress has acknowledged, are clinging with desperation to their self-support on tiny islands of watered land within rich areas which until two, three, and four years ago were their own. It is incidental that these beleaguered pueblos contain nearly all that is left of the spiritual splendor and profundity of a great race.



# How Safe Is Iowa?

By DONALD R. MURPHY

*Des Moines, September 26*

**T**HERE are a good many Republican mathematicians who laugh—or go through the motions of laughing—when you ask them about Republican chances in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas this November.

"All safe, of course," they say. "Naturally there's some discontent and some protest voting, but look at the 1928 majorities of 250,000 in Iowa, of 150,000 in Nebraska, and of over 300,000 in Kansas. You can't wipe those out. It's true that the Republican National Committee has officially listed Nebraska as a doubtful State, but that's really just to pep up the boys out there and make them work. Really Nebraska's just as safe as Kansas or Iowa."

Perhaps it is. But how safe is that? Democrats are officially claiming Nebraska and Kansas and admitting that Iowa is doubtful. The truth is, of course, that neither crowd knows much about it. Neither does anybody else. If there is a landslide for anybody, it will be for Roosevelt, but lines are so torn up that it is hard for anybody to do any guessing that means much. The political mathematician, of course, starts figuring from 1928. Look at those figures again. There was 73 per cent of the total Presidential vote for Hoover in Kansas, 61 per cent in Iowa, and 63 per cent in Nebraska. Those are facts. What has happened in the last four years to change voting habits in these three States?

First, of course, is the shift in the economic situation. In all three States the farmers, badly hurt in the deflation of 1920, had struggled back until, in 1928, they had their fingers gripping the edge of the precipice. They were still having a hard time but they were hopeful. Wheat was over a dollar and hogs brought nine dollars a hundred. Since then fate or Mr. Hoover or somebody or something has come along and cracked those fingers with a crowbar. Farmers and the business houses dependent on them have been sliding down the precipice. A good many have already smashed on the rocks below. Today wheat is thirty cents; hogs are four dollars a hundred. In addition to that, Kansas has only 60 per cent of a normal wheat crop this year; Nebraska has 40 per cent. Multiply that small crop by present prices and see what you get. For one thing, a lot of protest votes. Since the Republicans are the "ins," that means Democratic votes. (Not very many farmers know Thomas is running.)

Foreclosures of farms are mounting in number. Taxes and interest are being paid with dollars worth twice what they were a few years ago. Prices of farm products in general are half what they were in the pre-war period. Farm strikers are blocking roads. Sheriffs are being manhandled by angry farm crowds. Protective associations to resist evictions are being formed. Four years ago farmers were hopeful that the depression they had experienced since 1920 might be drawing to a close. They were willing to give the Republican Party and Mr. Hoover another chance. Today they feel differently. Out in Kansas—rock-ribbed Republican Kansas that goes Democratic when hell goes Methodist—they told me that farmers had used up their last reserves, that

thousands of once prosperous landowners were bankrupt, and that there were no conservative farmers left in the State. That sounds a little strong to me, but I got the report from Republican farmers.

The economic change is one difference between 1928 and 1932. Another change is that the dry-wet issue has been buried. Four years ago dry farmers were pretty indignant about Smith's wetness. This year you don't hear much talk about prohibition. The talk is all about hog and corn and wheat prices and about foreclosures. This is true, at least, of farm men. Farm women, in some cases, still consider prohibition an issue.

Another difference is the personality of the candidates. Smith, besides being a Catholic, talked like a New Yorker. His radio voice lost him votes. The Tammany taint lost him votes. He sounded like a foreigner to Kansas. This year Roosevelt has the right name, and although he is not quite orthodox with his r's and a's, he comes close enough to the Middle Western tongue so that nobody is shocked. He is a Protestant; he makes a good appearance; he sounds like one of the folks.

Four years ago Hoover was still profiting from the glamor of Belgian Relief days. Many liked the way in which he talked about how God and he were going to fix up the American people and protect the American home. Many farmers, after hearing his St. Louis speech, really believed that Hoover was going to give them farm legislation that would pull them out of their troubles. They know better now. An old Iowa farmer said to me a few weeks ago: "There must have been some dirty work counting the votes four years ago. The story was that Hoover got 600,000 votes in Ioway, but dummed if I can find a man now that admits he voted for the cuss."

This shift in economic conditions is without question bound to trim down the Republican majorities. But there are two other major factors at work. One is the difference in the attitude of the two candidates toward agriculture. The other is the presence in each State of a disturbing political personality on the anti-Hoover side. Brinkley in Kansas, Norris in Nebraska, and Brookhart in Iowa will all help to produce votes against the party in power. Roosevelt's Topeka speech, with its pleasant words about stopping foreclosures and its indorsement of the principles of the domestic-allotment plan, is lining up some farm-organization leaders. Hoover's declaration that everything possible has been done for agriculture and that further aid must come from the indirect effect of a business revival has not gone over so well.

In each of the three States some dramatic political figure is throwing the spurs into the Republicans. "Goat-gland" Brinkley of Kansas, who was very nearly elected governor two years ago when his name was not on the ballot, is running again. He may be elected. Very few that vote for Brinkley will vote for Hoover. In Nebraska Senator Norris is out for Roosevelt. Nebraska doesn't always follow Norris's advice. It didn't four years ago. But Norris, like other old foes of Hoover, can say: "I told you what would



happen if you elected him. Well, it happened. Now will you listen to what I say?" A good many will listen.

In Iowa Senator Brookhart, who four years ago was claiming that Hoover was the farmer's best friend, is out for Senator as an independent. Now he insists that Hoover has double-crossed the farmer all along the line. Brookhart was beaten in the Republican primaries, but he still has a lot of friends. Nobody that votes for Brookhart will vote for Hoover.

Two years ago Kansas and Nebraska elected Democratic governors. Two years ago Senator Dickinson, a conservative Republican, ran 100,000 votes behind Turner, the liberal Republican candidate for governor, in the Iowa elections. The Democratic trend which started then is still going strong. In a State-wide poll taken by the *Des Moines Register*, a pro-Hoover paper, Roosevelt has so far received 13,954

votes, Hoover 9,187. Hoover's decision to speak in Des Moines was a recognition of the fact that the State is slipping.

At this writing there seems evidence that Roosevelt has a good chance of carrying Nebraska, a fair chance of carrying Kansas, and a fighting chance of carrying Iowa. In 1928 these States voted not so much for Hoover as against Al Smith. This year they will be voting, not for Roosevelt, but against Hoover. Some observers see a Roosevelt landslide in the making. Two factors make me doubt this. The first is the ingrained Republican voting habits of a majority; the second is the still prevailing feeling among many women that Mr. Hoover is a great and misunderstood man who is at heart dry. The church vote and the woman vote may yet save Hoover's neck in Iowa and may—though this is much more doubtful—permit him to squeeze by in Kansas and Nebraska.

## "All Radicals Are Jews"

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

I gather from anti-Semitic sources that while there may have been great and good Jews in the past they are all dead, or perhaps a few survive in distant lands. The Jews we know are obsequious and arrogant, superficial and inscrutable, intrusive and clannish, capitalistic and bolshevistic, Orientals without background, unscrupulous, competitive, commercialized; in short, un-American and a menace.  
—Charles Horton Cooley.

THE prejudice of every period seems to be expressed in terms of its chief preoccupation. The blood accusation against the Jew was a natural libel of the age of faith. The Jew, who had killed Christ, still indulged in slaughtering Christian children. The advantage of the doctrine was obvious: since it was a logical corollary of a generally accepted major premise it needed no other proof than its mere statement. It is still believed in the more remote hamlets of the world, but even in Poland and the Balkans it begins to lose ground as an effective agent for anti-Jewish prejudice and pogroms.

The times have left it far behind. The dogmas of religion have been refined, and in the process the grosser myths have been banished. But the Jew is still a useful scapegoat in the social amenities of the twentieth century. Thus a new rationalization for an ancient dislike has had to be found. Again it has been derived from the most natural source. The Jew is no longer anti-Christ. He is a far more sinister being. He is a follower of Karl Marx. The Jew is fomenting the class struggle in all its ugliness. He is ready to plunge the world into the chaos of communism. He is, after all, destined to usher in the terrors of the final Judgment Day. Every honest peasant and yokel should beware of him. He is trying to take the bread out of their mouths.

The Jew has thus become the international Socialist and the international Communist. In the United States it is part of the great American credo that every Socialist is a Jew. In Russia it seems that the revolution was engineered entirely by Jews, and not only is every member of the Communist Party a Jew but the chief purpose of the revolution

was to suppress anti-Semitism. Everywhere left-wing trade unionists and strike leaders are for the most part Jews. The influence of the Jew is to be found at the source of every disturbing movement and in the projection of every dangerous idea. In short, the Jew is a natural trouble-maker. All Jews are radicals.

The superiority of this indictment to the blood accusation must be obvious. It is at least rooted in the realities of the social struggle. It is believed by many Jews themselves, especially by those who are radical, for it is the habit of radicals to exaggerate their own numbers. But it finds credence also among conservative and orthodox Jews, who find in it the explanation for the irreligion of the younger generation. There has been many a sermon preached to warn the congregation against listening to radical counsels, especially where the position of the Jew is very insecure. The Jew who is a radical will have a double burden to bear. He must not give aid and comfort to the enemy. The doctrine may be summed up in the proposition that the Jew cannot afford to be a radical. For the sake of his religion he must sacrifice his intellectual honesty and economic interest. The rather contemptible assumptions of this demand are generally overlooked.

Moreover, a great many learned social theorists believe in the radicalism of the Jew. It is a favorite doctrine of some German sociologists. Everything nowadays is made by Germans into a system of sociology, and there is, of course, a "Soziologie der Juden." It is taught that the Jew in any social group tends naturally to nonconformity. To be sure, this tendency is not derived specifically from his Jewishness. It has a much more "scientific" basis. It is simply the result of a sociological theory of alienage. The individual who grows to maturity as a member of a group becomes fully integrated in the life of the group. He shares its characteristic viewpoints and prejudices. He has to be a very unusual individual to disassociate himself from the group *mores*. Dissent comes to him only with great difficulty. The Jew, on the other hand, never becomes fully a member of any group. He always remains a stranger. His perception of



the incongruities of the group is much keener than the native's. He penetrates at once to its illusions, and becomes its critic. The Jew has almost to struggle against radicalism.

It must be confessed that there is in this theory a certain plausibility. Actually, however, it is full of many gratuitous assumptions. The Jew who lives in the Ghetto or under practically Ghetto conditions is an integrated member of an autonomous group. Presumably, then, the theory must apply to the Jew who has gone forth to mingle with some particular group. Far from being bold, the stranger in any group is extremely timid. His consciousness of difference makes him very uncomfortable, and as far as possible he seeks to efface himself. At least externally he wishes to look like his neighbors. Apparently none of the theorists had ever felt the acute awkwardness of the immigrant. If the stranger perceives the weaknesses of his new compatriots, he will naturally adopt the politic course of keeping his knowledge to himself. If he makes use of it, he will be more likely to do so for the purpose of making a living than to subvert the ideals of his hosts. Even if the natural antagonism of the stranger toward the group is assumed, it must be only an initial attitude. It is lost very soon, at least by the second generation. The assimilation of the Jew in the United States takes place very rapidly, at least with regard to those externals which are the most obvious sources of anti-Semitism. Wherever immigration has been restricted—it has been greatly restricted in many countries since the World War—there should be little tendency toward radicalism. Moreover, a critical mind is not only the result of social environment. The biological inheritance is far more important. It thus becomes necessary to assume that every stranger is born with a superior mentality, which, of course, is an absurdity. If the Jew revolts, it is not because he is himself on the lookout for the faults of those among whom he lives, but because the conditions of life are made difficult for him. If he becomes a radical, it is from resentment.

The sources of social resentment are, of course, many. They operate, however, upon Jew and non-Jew alike. It is true that to be a Jew is to encounter in many countries a special disability. Yet it must be remembered that economic radicalism is not necessarily the inevitable result of anti-Semitism. It has not been the traditional reaction of the Jew. Certainly as long as anti-Semitism is predominantly of a social variety, it does not itself drive the Jew toward the sinister "isms." Conversely, the mere opposition to anti-Semitism does not necessarily enlist the support of every Jew. Many Jews are bitter opponents of the Russian Revolution despite the fact that it has made the most determined effort in all history to eradicate all manifestations of anti-Semitism.

The action of social as well as psychological forces is so complex that the radicalism of the Jew must necessarily be regarded in terms of each individual equation. Without doubt many Jews are radicals. But until it is possible to investigate the question of Jewish radicalism upon the basis of extensive statistics, no very definite tendency toward radicalism can be established. At present it seems to be established solely in terms of the desirability of having the Jew known as constitutionally addicted to radicalism.

The origin of the belief in Jewish radicalism may be traced to all those causes which make it useful. But probably the belief is primarily due to the fact that the greatest of all radicals was a Jew. The philosophy of Karl Marx

represents the fundamental theory of social revolution in the modern world, but its appearance is ascribed not to the transcendent personal genius of Marx, but to the genius of his race and its inferior social position. Not long ago Edmund Wilson wrote an article on Karl Marx in which he declared that his ability to see the inevitable tendencies of capitalist civilization so much more clearly than any of his contemporaries was the result of the fact that he was a Jew. Apparently Wilson has read Karl Marx in vain. Alas, the greatest political theorist of imperial Germany, Georg Jellinek, was also a Jew.

The most curious aspect of the myth of Jewish radicalism is its coexistence with the myth of the special talent of the Jew for economic acquisitiveness. The Jew, it seems, is not only the international Socialist but the international banker. In other words, every Jew is not only a Marx but a Rothschild! Obviously only one explanation of this remarkable proposition is possible. The international bankers are backing the world revolution. The Jewish storekeeper, the very backbone of the petty bourgeoisie all over the world, is sick of his supposedly immemorial occupation, and is a secret member of the Communist local. Shylock is about to revolt.

## Gershwin and Our Music

By B. H. HAGGIN

"AN evening which may become memorable in the history of American music." So read the Stadium Concerts press release announcing the all-Gershwin program of August 16 at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York. And the evening would deserve to be remembered if it put an end to certain ideas about American music, and about Gershwin as an American composer, that have been current for several years. But those who were convinced by the Stadium program that the American symphony would not be written by Gershwin had known this before; and the rest will no doubt continue to believe that his is the music which alone may be called American. They will do so because the conditions originally responsible for their belief still exist.

Schubert and Brahms wrote Viennese waltzes; but so far as I know they never were told they must use waltzes as the material for their symphonies. This may have been because people understood that a symphony was not just a form, but the form of something; that it had a content, and a content more profound, more complex, more subtle than that of a waltz; and that one, therefore, could not be made of the other. That is, a symphony made of waltzes would be only waltzes arranged in the pattern of the symphonic form.

But one reason there was for certain: the fact that composers were producing great symphonies, and that, as a result, there was no occasion to ask why they were not producing them, and to give wrong answers. Where, on the other hand, no cultivated music of consequence is being produced, and the question arises why it is not being produced and how it may be produced, the answer is likely to be that a nation's music, if it is to amount to anything, must be rooted



n its soil, must express the character and feeling of its people, and must therefore use as its material folk or popular music, or idioms derived from folk or popular music. And this is accepted as true because a piece of music constructed in this way refers unmistakably, in musical terms, to Russia or Spain or whatever country it may be. But it is wrong.

A Beethoven symphony is an expression of a personality with roots not in Germany alone, but in the entire world and its cultural heritage; and even what is German in this personality manifests itself in other ways than the use of German folk or popular music; for the feeling expressed in the symphony is precisely that which is not expressed in folk or popular music. And that is the point: in the Beethoven symphony, though there is no musical reference to Germany, there is what we recognize to be a symphonic content; whereas in the music that refers to Russia or Spain there is only the content of folk or popular music.

We are now in a position to understand the Gershwin vogue. Since America had produced no cultivated music of any consequence, but only a fascinating and distinctive popular music, the idea arose that the American symphony must be made of this popular music, which was recognizably American in origin and spirit. This idea gained additional support among people whom it provided with an excuse for enjoying popular music and for thinking that when they did so they were enjoying cultivated music. And the first work to make an impression was Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," because of the excellence of the jazz melodies of which it was composed.

Even this work had the weakness of all such works—a weakness which may have been the reason for highbrow composers dropping jazz: there was no relation between its material and its form. The form was only a more extended pattern of arrangement; the effect of the work was still that of the jazz melodies individually. And on the other hand the flashy Liszt piano pyrotechnics which connected the melodies betrayed the weakness of Gershwin as a composer of cultivated music—personal and musical resources inadequate for his objective.

Both weaknesses appeared in more striking fashion in the Piano Concerto, his most ambitious work in the large forms of cultivated music. In the first movement he followed every specification of the first movement of the classical concerto: there was an exposition of jazz material, a development of the material in the form of variants of the original melodies, a restatement of material of the exposition. But in the end the form was a mere superimposed pattern, not an inevitable outgrowth of the material; and the effect was only that of the jazz melodies individually. There was, then, an incongruity which made the movement sound pretentious. And on the other hand, where, as in the third movement, the work was not jazz, it was all sorts of derivative claptrap, and revealed again Gershwin's inadequacy for his objective. In this work he was still only a composer of delightful and distinctive show music.

And this he has remained in succeeding works. The good thing in "An American in Paris" is the blues episode. The only good thing in the "Second Rhapsody" is the interlude in which he sets out one of his finest popular melodies. The rest of this work shows the influence of another false notion—the notion that American music must refer to the American scene by using as material the industrial noises that

are supposed to be peculiar to America. The "Second Rhapsody" was originally called "Rhapsody in Rivets"; and except in the interlude I have mentioned, it does nothing but repeat a theme which suggests riveting, and is therefore almost painfully dull.

One thing which Gershwin's attempts have demonstrated is that jazz is not material for a symphony. And from this it follows that the symphony is not a form for Gershwin. For though the American symphony will be different from the European, it will be different only in the way that one European symphony differs from another. Our cultivated music will continue to be part of the cultivated music of the Western world; our composers will follow the same tradition and use the same materials as European composers; and their task will require of them what it requires of Europeans. In his admirable study of Beethoven, J. W. N. Sullivan describes his music as an expression of Beethoven's personal vision of life—that is, of states of consciousness evoked by his experiences, conditioned by his spiritual nature, and made explicit through the medium of his art. "In his capacity to express this content," says Sullivan, "Beethoven reveals himself as a great musical genius, and the content itself reveals him as a great spirit." Gershwin, it has become clear, is neither a great spirit nor a great musical genius; and we may expect from him only further American counterparts of Chabrier's "España" and minor descriptive works.

## In the Driftway

ADVERTISING has delivered another body blow to the radio. From now on millions of loud speakers will pour into the American home not only the fatuous and puerile words of sales talks, but even the prices of dust-proof gelatin, life-preserving tooth paste, and varnished breakfast food. The Columbia Broadcasting Company, which was the first to break down before the insistence of advertisers, has cut down (all too slightly) the time limit for sales talks, but the Drifter fears it is an empty gesture, and the new rules, as the daily newspapers report them, do not hearten him:

The advertiser shall be entitled to mention price in his program, within the following limitations: (a) not more than two price mentions on a fifteen-minute program, provided that the total length of all "sales talk" shall not exceed one and a half minutes; (b) not more than three price mentions on a thirty-minute program, provided that the total of all "sales talk" shall not exceed three minutes; (c) not more than five price mentions on a sixty-minute program, provided that the total length of all "sales talk" shall not exceed six minutes.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Drifter's ears already fold up as he approaches a loud speaker. The prospect of five "price mentions" in an hour's program, not to mention six minutes of sales talk, puts him even farther outside the pale of radio enthusiasts. He feels sure that it is only a matter of time until the radio salesman will step out of the loud speaker into the middle of the living-room, price mentions, sales talk, and



all; and he would not care to witness such a sight. Still, on second thought, he might not find the experience so unpleasant, after all. He cannot believe that American radio listeners are as fatuous as the stuff they allegedly listen to. He has faith enough to think that the only reason that American radio salesmen—and most of the entertainers as well—are tolerated is that they are inaccessible and can be turned off. If the listener could talk to the salesmen with as little restriction in matters of taste as the salesman enjoys, the broadcasting companies might learn that the price of tooth paste five times in one hour is not what this country needs or wants.

\* \* \* \* \*

MEANWHILE, the Drifter turns for relief to the advertising pages of the London *Spectator*, in particular to the "Musings of a Mineral Water Manufacturer, No. 154." That is the heading. The last inch of the advertisement contains the name of the firm, the address, and a list of beverages. The "copy" for the advertisement consists of an intelligent essay on Platonism, which the Drifter has not space to quote in full but which ends as follows: "To be modern is to be critical, and the fault of us moderns is that too often we are not modern enough." He commends those words to the listening public of America and to the broadcasting companies, who profess, no doubt, that they are merely giving the public what it wants. Further, he might point out that a country cannot claim to be more civilized than what it listens to.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The Next War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am spending part of the summer at Bohinj Lake high in the Yugoslav Alps, which the Italians think should be, as they understand their "rights," Italian Alps. The peaks to the south of the lake are a section of the post-war Italo-Yugoslav border. On this side is Yugoslavia; on the other Italy. At the moment everything is peaceful here. The lake is smooth, very smooth. It mirrors the mountains around it. On the ridges cattle graze, but their bells, along with the chirr of crickets and the sounds of birds, only enhance the deep quiet of the place.

Yet it is not inconceivable that within a few hours after I mail this letter bombs will begin to rain on the villages hereabouts. It is quite true that, as Romain Rolland wrote a few weeks ago, war "can burst out tomorrow." Before me lies a little book, recently published in Italy, entitled "*La guerra futura*" ("The Future War"), by one Ulixo Guadagnini, an officer in the Italian navy, one of the so-called Young Fascists, prominent in the councils of Il Duce's most aggressive followers; and the book calls to mind Mussolini's declarations in 1927 to the effect that between 1935 and 1940 Italy would attain a sufficient height of development to enable her to claim her "rights." By 1940 or sooner, counting on the Italian peasants' famed procreative powers, Italy's population would reach sixty millions, and if she lost a few million men then she would never miss them. So Mussolini, five years ago.

Now, in "*La guerra futura*," we read that it is not necessary to wait until 1940, nor even till 1935, and that it is needless to calculate Italy's losses in the next war in terms of

millions of men. The author maintains that a smart government like Il Duce's has only to make sure of its position at home—and strike. One of the early paragraphs in the book reads: "The next war will be a war of surprise. The attacking Power will have to be certain of its internal safety [which of course can be attained only via fascism], and if necessary within a few hours drop its seeming policy of peace, and attack." The author counsels the government of the "attacking Power" against such nonsense as formal war declarations. Says he: "Why shout, 'Look out there! We shall attack you'?" Common military horse sense dictates the attack without warning. Signor Guadagnini maintains that Germany lost her last war by reason of her conventional diplomatic courtesy and formality. If in the summer of 1914 Germany had struck unexpectedly instead of fooling around for days, she would have had Europe on her knees in a few days.

The coming war, Guadagnini further tells us, will be largely an air war. This will make sudden attack easy. No mobilization in the old sense will be necessary. The air force must be kept up to date and ready at all times—that is all. When the psychological moment arrives, the "attacking Power's" government needs merely to shoot out a simple secret-code command, "Attack!" More, the author hints that a sudden attack is necessary, for the "enemy," too, has airplanes, and if given time—even a few hours—is likely to frustrate some of the attacking Power's plans. The idea is to strike holy terror into the enemy before he can realize what it is all about. Attack! Win! That is all that matters. All else is nonsense.

"*La guerra futura*" is creating great interest in Europe. In Italy, I understand, it is being discussed everywhere, for, as Il Duce wrote in the *Giornale di Genova* early in July, "Fascism believes neither in the possibility nor the desirability of peace." Yugoslavia, the closest of Italy's "enemies," trembles. The little book may turn out to be a sort of preface to the coming war, as Bernhardt's "*The Next War*" was to the last war. It certainly is a hint of what we may expect. "If war," again quoting Romain Rolland, "sets fire to one corner of the world, it cannot be localized." Italy, with her fascism, her Mussolini, and her fantastic "rights" (which date back to the Caesars) in Yugoslavia and elsewhere, is to world peace today what Germany was to world peace in 1910-14.

LOUIS ADAMIC

Lake Bohinj, Yugoslavia, August 20

## Mr. Rockwell States His Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 21 you commented on a recent sermon of mine with that vigor which makes your editorial columns stimulating to a host of us who are your appreciative readers. Inasmuch as your review was based not upon the sermon as a whole but upon newspaper excerpts from it, I wish the privilege of stating the following in an effort to clarify my criticism of the Labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of Churches.

If one believes that clergymen and religious organizations, acting as spokesmen for Christ's church, have a right to criticize political, social, and economic conditions, then the Labor Sunday message of 1932 is a heartening document. If one believes, as I firmly do, that the church is commissioned only to continue the message and policy of Christ, then this message leads those who advocate it to depart from His methods. We learn little from the Gospel records of the sayings of Him who was supremely conscious of the sufferings of mankind, about the political conditions, about the details of social injustice, about the economic problems of that time. What we do learn is a vast deal concerning the value of the individual, from His viewpoint.



Christ struck at the basic cause of all human maladjustments in His far more disturbing appeal to the individual to right his personal life by discipleship to Jesus in the experience we term conversion. It must be apparent that no wrong condition can be truly corrected until the individuals responsible for it have been changed spiritually. Merely to attack unjust conditions, as the Labor Sunday message does, is superficial, meddling, and unlike the policy of Christ.

Your editorial suggests that the sermon in question had certain "comfortable" and "convenient" aspects. It was preached, as you state, at the Little Church Around the Corner, where assembles each Sunday a congregation representative of every walk of life; further, the sermon manifests the conviction of one who for the past seven years has been the rector of the only Episcopal church in the tenement district of the extreme lower East Side of New York.

New York, September 21

HARRISON ROCKWELL

## Russia Has Changed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fischer ends his review of Paul Scheffer's book with the following two sentences: "It is now several years since Scheffer left Russia. It has changed a great deal in that period."

I have just come back from Russia. Yes, it has changed a great deal in that period, but changed decidedly for the worse. Any honest, unbiased person who has come in close contact with all classes of people, including the proletarian workers, will agree with my statement.

New York, September 1

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

## Questionnaire with Answers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned, students of the new economics formulated by Major C. H. Douglas of England, would like to submit the following questionnaire to readers of *The Nation*:

1. Upon whom or what do you fix responsibility for the present industrial slump in America?
2. Where is the seat of power in modern society?
3. What is the policy of our power-holding groups?
4. Are the majority of people poor because a minority are rich?
5. What is the proper aim of an industrial system?
6. Is a *leisured* society possible?
7. If so, what are the practical steps to be taken toward it?

In order not to appear as mere propounders of difficult questions, we would like the privilege of stating our answers to the questionnaire. They are as follows:

1. "The action of the Federal Reserve banking system, partly by the raising of rates of call-money to a fantastic figure and partly by the calling in of loans irrespective of the interest rates offered."—Major C. H. Douglas.
2. In high finance, whose organs are the central banks of issue.
3. To keep money in short supply. "The banker is normally a deflationist."—Major Douglas.
4. No, because the fundamental defect of the financial system is mathematical and results in a chronic shortage of money quite apart from the money-dealer's policy of keeping his commodity scarce. The community, the rich included, has not sufficient money to absorb home products.

5. To produce goods and deliver them to the people who want them.

6. Thanks to progress in the industrial arts, it is possible.

7. The socializing of credit through the national dividend (increase of the volume of money) and the just price (scientific price regulation).

GORHAM MUNSON,  
W. A. NYLAND,  
JOHN RIORDAN

New York, September 15

## Spare Mr. Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read five copies of your paper, sent to me by some friend. I used to admire *The Nation* in Mr. Godkin's time and I have much sympathy now with its desire for a different system of economics from our present one, in which Mr. Hoover sincerely believes and which he could not change if he wished. But I think you make a great mistake in allowing to appear in your columns such scurrilous attacks on our sincere and humane President. The tone of these criticisms is to me so unjustified and undignified that it produces a sharp reaction in the President's favor.

It would seem to any sane person that to start industry by putting the wheels of banks and industrial enterprise to turning is the only permanent way of helping unemployment, and that if there is any man in the country who does not deserve your reproaches it is Mr. Hoover.

If you would spend a little more of your energy in helping to stop the colossal waste of New York City, that it might have more money to spend on helping its unemployed citizens, it seems to me you would be more useful.

Cambridge, Mass., September 1 JANE NEWELL MOORE

## Refusing Military Drill

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As college opens, we should again be reminded of the growing number of students who object to being drafted into the military training units maintained at many institutions. Many readers of *The Nation* will be interested to learn that it is both quite possible and highly important for students opposed to these onerous courses to seek exemption. Students who know how to press their plans are being excused from this form of military conscription each year. After years of experience in aiding such students, the Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, New York City, of which I am chairman, has prepared folders outlining the procedure to follow in refusing drill. We will gladly send one of these folders to any of your readers facing this problem.

New York, August 30

GEORGE A. COB

## For Readers in Maplewood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very much interested in forming an economic discussion club in South Orange and Maplewood, New Jersey. *Nation* readers living in these localities, and interested in such a club, will please communicate with me at 24 Maplewood Avenue.

Maplewood, N. J., September 15

K. M. PALMER



# Books and Drama

## Dark Woman

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Dark Woman, when I dwell upon your face  
And mark that shadow eloquent of some  
Foreknowledge no disaster can erase  
Or bury with dead Herculaneum,  
I know what mask Medusa wore, and how  
In her Ionian exile she was prone  
To hide with flowers what writhed upon her brow,  
Till the warm flesh turned utterly to stone.

Heavy upon your forehead hangs the weight  
Of garlands by the sea made bitter-sweet;  
Your narrow hands curl delicately as if  
Still they would hold what was more delicate  
Than this poor witness of your last defeat—  
This little dust beneath the Leucadian cliff.

## The Mind of T. S. Eliot

*Selected Essays: 1917-1932.* By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

**T.** S. ELIOT has one of the most curious and interesting minds of the present age. It would doubtless be absurd to imply that he has a split personality, in any pathological sense, but one finds it difficult to discuss his work until one has divided him into three Eliots: the poet, the critic, and the philosopher. Eliot is a major poet if we have any major poets living. I do not intend to discuss him as a poet here, but merely as a critic and thinker: it is sufficient for our present purposes to observe that anyone who first comes to his prose after reading his poetry (I except "Ash Wednesday"), or who first comes to his poetry after reading his prose, receives something like a shock of incredulity: they seem so violently contrasted in vocabulary and tone. If we could imagine each of them surviving, without signature, it seems to me highly improbable that posterity would have the wit to put them together again. The contrast almost makes one believe that the same man who wrote the prose of Bacon could have written the poetry of Shakespeare.

Yet among critics Eliot's eminence is hardly less than among poets. His acute sensitiveness to literary values, his insights and fine incidental observations, the range and depth of his erudition, the boldness and independence of his judgment, and the dignity and closely woven texture of his prose, entitle him to rank with some of the greatest English critics; while the definiteness and self-assurance, one might almost say the arrogance, of his point of view, are much more a strength than a weakness. His tone and attitude toward his subjects outwardly resemble the tone and attitude of the scientist. He is a lecturer who puts his specimens under the microscope and tells us in great detail what he finds there. He is an analytical chemist who is not satisfied with mere qualitative analysis but only with exact quantitative analysis. Is he going to tell us something about Seneca's influence on the Elizabethan drama? Then you can be sure he will not rest in generalities: he will consider, first, the precise extent of Seneca's responsibility for the "tragedy of blood"; "second, his responsibility for *bombast* in Elizabethan diction; and third, his influence upon the *thought*, or what

passes for thought, in the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries."

The two chief instruments in Eliot's criticism, then, are analysis and comparison. The analysis, as I have hinted, is almost chemical: it is the punctilious and rather thorough separation of a compound into its elements. The comparison is almost as thorough, and is not made, as by most critics, merely now and then, but systematically:

No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation, is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism.

Evidently we have come a long way from impressionism.

This straining for exactness in Eliot becomes almost an obsession. I have never read a critic more impatient with the individual statements of other critics, more eager to pounce upon one unfortunate word. He will quote Hazlitt on Dryden, so that he may write: "In one sentence Hazlitt has committed at least four crimes against taste." He will begin an essay on Marlowe by quoting Swinburne on Marlowe, merely that he may say: "In this sentence there are two misleading assumptions and two misleading conclusions." He will quote a paragraph from Norman Foerster's "American Criticism," a book which he professes to regard as "brilliant," only to call the paragraph "a composition of ignorance, prejudice, confused thinking, and bad writing." Matthew Arnold he finds distressingly vague: "Culture and Conduct are the first things, we are told; but what Culture and Conduct are, I feel that I know less well on every reading. . . . Culture is a term which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can."

One might suppose that a writer so harsh in dealing with the alleged looseness of others would be himself a paragon of definiteness and precision. But here is where my bewilderment begins. As soon as he departs from a description of the specific qualities of the author or work before him (where he is for the most part admirable), as soon as he begins to launch into general statements, either about literature, or science, or religion, or morals, Eliot seems to me to use words not only loosely, but recklessly, meaninglessly. What can he possibly mean when he tells us, for example, that "the business of the poet is . . . to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all"? I have only a vague idea of what he is talking about, again, when he goes on to remark that "poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion." Why should the poet—or his reader—want to escape from emotion? In what sense is poetry an escape from emotion? Is it a sublimation? a deflection? a katharsis? Well, one may have several guesses, but surely both "escape" and "emotion" in this context are words which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can. The reader's predicament is even worse when he encounters such a statement as, "Dryden, with all his intellect, had a commonplace mind." His dizziness is not lessened when he comes to the Johnsonian sentence immediately following: "His [Dryden's] powers were, we believe, wider, but no greater, than Milton's." Thus the poet with wider powers than Milton's had a commonplace mind. Words have lost all meaning; let us hold our heads in our hands and stagger out.

One of the difficulties in dealing with Eliot is that, while he is fond of paradoxes, he enunciates them so solemnly that one never knows how literally he takes them himself, or even whether he actually intends to be paradoxical. In an essay which has become enormously influential, *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, occurs this passage:



What happens when ■ new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

Eliot himself thought this observation so important that he quoted it in its entirety several years later in his essay on *The Function of Criticism*. Of course the contention that the past is altered by the present is just as nonsensical as it appears to be. All that Eliot's elaborate paradox means, on examination, is that our (present) *idea* or *appraisal* of past art and literature is altered by the art and literature of the present, or of the recent past. What I should like to know is whether or not Eliot knew that his pretentious and mystical paradox reduced itself to this simple truism. If he did, I cannot understand how he could have made such a fuss about it.

The truth is that philosophically Eliot is a very confused man. What chiefly disguises this fact, apart from the illusion of precision which his constant verbal distinctions and qualifying phrases create, is that he never condescends to argue a problem on its merits. One almost gathers that his real objection to certain views is not that they are logically untenable, but that their proponents are rather crude, and when he has pointed out the crudity of the supporters of an opinion, he sometimes forgets to ask whether the opinion may not after all be true. His superciliousness thus frequently protects him from exposing his own logical weaknesses. He almost invariably begs the question, and hardly pretends to do anything else. Thus in an essay which professes to be about a forgotten divine named John Bramhall, but immediately switches to his immensely more interesting opponent, that "extraordinary little upstart" (to quote Eliot's somewhat less than objective description), Thomas Hobbes, Eliot quotes the views of I. A. Richards and of Bertrand Russell, in which each seeks to show that value springs from desire and depends upon the harmonization of conflicting desires. "The difficulty with such theories," comments Eliot aloofly, "is that they merely remove the inherently valuable ■ further degree." And that is all he deigns to say about them: the reader is supposed to consider them disposed of. But the mere phrase "inherently valuable," in this context, reveals that Eliot himself is quite at sea in philosophy. To recognize that this is so it is not necessary to go to the length of Spinoza, who says boldly that we desire nothing because it is good, but it is good only because we desire it. It is merely necessary to recognize that no value—economic, aesthetic, or moral—can exist apart from some human appreciation of it, or some human preference for it.

But perhaps one should not criticize Eliot because he refuses really to argue with his chosen opponents, when it is so often impossible really to argue with him. When, in a discussion of birth control, we find him advising his reader, if "wholly sincere and pure in heart," to "seek for guidance from the Holy Spirit"; when he holds that "spiritual guidance . . . should be clearly placed above medical advice," we can only read in silent incredulity. This is not Bishop Manning talking, and in the face of such statements we may permit ourselves ■ certain skepticism regarding Eliot's complete sincerity. Personally I

cannot feel that the total drift of his thought carries him to the destination where he pretends to be. As Edmund Wilson has shrewdly remarked: "We feel in contemporary writers like Eliot ■ desire to believe in religious revelation, a belief that it would be a good thing to believe, rather than ■ genuine belief." The truth of this observation is confirmed for me by, among other things, ■ phrase which Eliot allows to slip out in discussing Irving Babbitt's humanism. His own analysis leads, Eliot thinks, "to the conclusion that the humanistic point of view is auxiliary to and dependent upon the religious point of view. *For us*, religion is Christianity." The italics are mine. By "us" Eliot here means, I suppose, us Occidentals, those of us who have been *brought up* as Christians. But the remark implies that what is important is not the objective truth of the religion, not *which* religion, but the supposed functional value of "religious" belief itself. No real believer would let such a phrase escape him. It would not occur to Eliot to say: "For us, two and two make four." That would imply not belief, but skepticism; it would imply, at best, that the fourness of two and two was the most desirable or convenient assumption for the Western world. This is the serpent's doctrine of *As If*, of necessary illusions; and it is more cynical at bottom than the crude beliefs of us poor naturalists, who feel, with Santayana, that illusion may be truly pleasing while we think it true, but that to cling to it knowing it to be illusion is ignominious and well-nigh impossible.

HENRY HAZLITT

## Economics and Fiction

*Inheritance.* By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

**B**ECAUSE this book is perhaps the first clean-cut example we have yet had of a novel based firmly on the effects on character of economic as distinguished from social class (which separates it from such a work as "The Forsyte Saga," for example, despite other resemblances), it is of special importance at the present moment. We have had so much talk recently about the theoretical relations between economics and literature that it is interesting to have these relations concretely worked out for us in a specific work. And Miss Bentley's is such ■ solidly distinguished talent that her particular working-out of these relations may be taken as an indication of how they are likely to be worked out generally in the fiction of the near future.

The theme of "Inheritance," it may be said, is the development of a family in terms of the development of the Industrial Revolution. Using materials that served Charlotte Brontë in "Shirley," and later Mrs. Gaskell in her life of the Brontës, Miss Bentley gives ■ dramatic account of the troubles following the introduction of mechanical looms in the textile districts of Yorkshire at the beginning of the last century. William Oldroyd, whose family have been cloth-makers for generations, ambitiously installs one of the new machines; he is forced to do so in dead secrecy and at great risk; and in the effort to protect his property against the irate weavers mobilized by General Ludd he is killed in his own mill. The next Oldroyd manages to run the machines, only to encounter new troubles at the hands of the workers. The labor movement has begun in England with the demand for a People's Charter assuring protective legislation for the workers. And the second Will Oldroyd, like the first, meets death as ■ result of an attack on his mill. But industrialism in the Ire valley survives this crisis as it did the last, and what follows is the rich expansion of the later Victorian epoch. The hard-working Oldroyds increase in wealth and join their stock to that of the older county families. At the same time a new class arises out of the descendants of



the old exploited mill workers, a class of intellectuals who resist the industrial idea with their minds as their ancestors did with their hammers and pikes. Irony is created when a girl belonging to this class refuses to marry one of the later Oldroyds. The Oldroyd family, however, settles more and more firmly into economic security and social eminence. By the time the war comes, they have produced in Colonel Francis Oldroyd something very like a perfect English gentleman. But this world event is at the same time destined to mark the end of their progress. With precise reference to recent economic history—such matters as the Labor Party and the excess-profits duty—Miss Bentley traces the rapid descent of the Oldroyds to bankruptcy and annihilation. By devoting the final pages to a monologue of the last of the Oldroyds, a sensitive adolescent conscious of his family's history, she recapitulates all the elements in her story. But unfortunately here, where the device permits of some larger interpretation or vision for the future, Miss Bentley seems to fall down. Young Roger Oldroyd leaps from the train bearing his family from Yorkshire forever because he wishes to stay rooted in the soil of his ancestors. But what he proposes to do with himself there, what terms he expects to make with his environment, are left open questions.

But while Miss Bentley's novel is without the social vision implicit in so many recent works, its structure is built more consistently on an economic subject than that of any other novel in a great many years. The narrative curve of her story, so to speak, coincides with that of the Industrial Revolution. Moreover, its interest derives largely from being something like a concentrated history of that revolution and of a particular industry. In other words, one takes away from "Inheritance" a better knowledge of economic history and a great deal of information about cloth-making. The danger is that it is so very easy to confuse this interest with the particular kind of interest which we usually associate with the novel.

For the first question which occurs when one attempts to evaluate this rather imposing work is whether or not the interest it provides is as deep, as real, and as abiding as that of certain other novels we have read. It must be admitted that the interest here as in other novels, despite the many dangers, is laid pretty uniformly in character. In the first half especially, Miss Bentley draws her people with a warmth and intimacy which make certain of them, like Mary and Jonathan Banforth, come to life as fully formed human beings. But as the book advances, the space Miss Bentley permits to the close delineation of character is gradually lessened. The result is that the later characters have very little existence apart from their role in the development of the theme. We know nothing about young Roger Oldroyd, for example, apart from his passionate absorption in his family history. The tendency, in other words, is to present the individual only on the single level of his adjustment to an economic situation. And the consequent effect is a shifting of interest from character to theme; from character considered as the sum total of all the influences and processes operating in an individual, moral and psychological as well as economic, to the effects on him of a particular economic system.

If such is the tendency here—for Miss Bentley does not fall into such obvious pitfalls as do writers like Dos Passos and Gold—the so-called "economic" school of fiction threatens to be as narrow, artificial, and transitory as the naturalistic or the Freudian or any other of the labeled schools of the past fifty years. The only excuse the novel has for being, as Henry James so simply insisted, is that it create interest; and that interest, if the novel is to be regarded as an identifiable art form, must presumably be different from any that may be secured from any other source. So far the peculiar interest supplied by the novel has derived so fundamentally from character that this element may very fairly be considered the standard in judging not only any particular novel but any new school of novel-

writing that may arise. And anything which threatens to endanger the hierarchy of character can only be looked forward to as something like a calamity.

At the moment, when the problem of economic adjustment tends to throw all other human problems into shadow, fiction based on this problem is certain to evoke a large amount of immediate and very genuine interest. But novelists who stress this problem without taking sufficient account of the total complexity of elements which go to the making of even the simplest human being give us something much less interesting than we expect from the novel form. While it is true that in addition to man the moral being and man the psychological organism there is man the economic unit, it is also true that there is always simply man, who is all of these things at one and the same time. And it is on the synthesized projection of man considered in this sense that the unique interest of the novel must depend if it is to retain its identity as an art form.

WILLIAM TROY

## A Very Royal Book

*A Princess in Exile.* By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

THIS book is disappointing and decidedly inferior to "The Education of a Princess," although there is apparently much less ghost writing and editing in it than there was in that earlier book. This does not mean that the present bulky volume is uninteresting. On the contrary, it is extremely interesting as a psychological document. It teaches us much about the royal mentality, that mentality which for centuries characterized royalty all over Europe with the possible exception of England, where sovereigns have known how to adapt themselves. The Grand Duchess Marie is but the personification of her caste. For a few moments one felt tempted to forget this while reading "The Education of a Princess," which treated of such stupendous events that its tone could not but be affected by them. But once these events were passed, the author immediately became her old self again, this self which nothing seems likely to destroy, so powerful is the force in her of royal atavism.

All through her story, which, though interesting at times, is never enlivened by humor, the Grand Duchess looks at the world only from the point of view of her own imperious person. In her account of her brother's wedding ceremony, for example, she remarks that as she entered the church in Biarritz where it took place, she "felt eyes watching the expression of my face." Very likely what they were really watching for was the arrival of the bride. Royal persons, however, have been brought up in the idea that wherever they appear they become immediately the cynosure of all eyes, and it is probably impossible for this generation of royalty to rid itself of that idea. Another example of the royal mentality can be found in the Grand Duchess's description of her relations with her second husband, Prince Poutiatine, of whom she speaks all the time as if he had been a servant with whom she had reason to be displeased, whom she orders about with a splendid *désinvolture* which culminates in the declaration that her marriage with him "had been an unequal union."

Modern royalty in its palaces breathed a different atmosphere from that of ordinary mortals. It was always the one point around which everything converged. Centuries of selfish isolation had accustomed it never to give a thought to those who existed outside of it. From this point of view "A Princess in Exile" is, as I have remarked, instructive, but otherwise it is almost childish in its conviction that the few struggles which the author had to undergo were absolutely overwhelming and tragic.



There were tragic events in her life, but her democratization and her so-called Americanization savor more of the comical than of the tragic. It is true that everything she tried to do she did earnestly, and often very well, but she did it from the personal, not from any human, point of view. There are some charming pages in her book—for instance, her description of Queen Marie of Rumania—but even here we find a naivete of which only a royal person would be capable. The book does not contain one page showing that the author is or could become interested in the actions or the welfare of those “beneath” her. All through it still runs the note that the world owes everything to a Grand Duchess, who owes nothing to anybody. Yet it is an entertaining book as well as a very royal book. It probably will be widely read, especially in America, where there exist so many of us who “dearly love a lord.”

CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ

## Chesterton on Chaucer

*Chaucer.* By G. K. Chesterton. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

WHEN I was a youth I read Chaucer at college, like most of us, because I had to, and discovered, rather to my surprise, that a troublesome body of “classic” verse, written in an idiom so archaic as to be almost a foreign language, contained on the whole less bad poetry than can be found in a single volume of Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, or Browning. It was a capital antidote for one brought up on the romantic tradition of English verse, for Chaucer lived in the Middle Ages, instead of writing about them rhapsodically; Chaucer, in other words, unlike his latest biographer, was not a romanticist. If Mr. Chesterton expended on his Middle Ages a tenth of the realism with which the period considered itself, the great bulk of his work (and it is more than a bit bulky) would gain considerably in historic value and insight. It was natural that he should seize upon the great Geoffrey as a *beau sujet*, Chaucer being much nearer to Mr. Chesterton’s comprehension than Browning or Blake. That is, Chaucer, with all his genius, seems, like Rabelais afterward, a late medieval or an early Renaissance anticipation of Mr. Chesterton’s lusty ideal of the “good fellow,” the “regular guy.” Chaucer presumably liked oddities and beer and the consolations of the church and the company of his fellow-men; and all these things, as we know from some fifty volumes, are liked by Mr. Chesterton. Perhaps there is only one important difference which divides the father of English poetry from his genial biographer. Chaucer, so far as we can judge, did love and enjoy his own time (*circa* 1360), and Mr. Chesterton, whatever he may say to the contrary, loathes and detests his own time. Doubtless it was not always so; doubtless the author of “The Everlasting Man” began, like most of us, with rather liking the time in which he had the experience of being born. His association with the austere Mr. Belloc seems to have brought about a conversion to anti-modernity. Don Quixote taught Sancho Panza to abhor the wicked millionaire and the industrial slum and the Puritan up-lifter, and, since these unpleasant phenomena were happily absent from the Middle Ages, to adore that period. This in turn has led Mr. Chesterton to exaggerate its alleged beauties, and also, by a singular but typical paradox, to romanticize his own time simply because he cannot stomach it as it really is. In short, if Mr. Chesterton expended more of his energy and wit in satirizing the real horrors and inanities of his actual period, the sort of thing which makes more decent people go Marx than go Thomas Aquinas, he would be at once more useful and more readable. He might also be less wealthy.

Mr. Chesterton’s study of Chaucer, though generally the dullest he has yet written, contains several notable but little-

noticed truths, imbedded, as usual, in a mass of brittle and brightly colored verbiage. It contains astonishingly little about Chaucer’s poetry, but a great deal, as might be expected, about medieval and modern politics, finance, and religion. As a superficial study of the fourteenth century, it might be read as a counter to Mr. Trevelyan’s “England in the Age of Wycliffe.” In his second chapter, called the Age of Chaucer, the author has a good deal to say about the life and death of Chaucer’s patron, Richard II, which he takes to be the first act in the tragedy of English monarchy. When a Tory starts to embellish British history he can be as romantic as any Whig. In fact, when it comes to lack of realism, the two party legends balance each other. Because Richard II, then a boy of fourteen, made all sorts of wild promises to the Labor rebels, he is held, forsooth, to be the champion of popular and democratic monarchy against a rising and predatory upper class, which then and there declared occult war against the lad. Richard was dethroned, as Mr. Chesterton well knows, because his cousin, Lancaster, wanted his place, and Cousin Lancaster had, we grieve to say, the backing of Mr. Chesterton’s “democratic” English church. If only the medieval church (to say nothing of the modern one) would live up to Mr. Chesterton’s roseate vision of it, he would have far less to prove, and would not have constantly, like Father William, to stand on his head to prove it. Thus he says, quite correctly, that the age of Chaucer was, in many ways, a decaying civilization, even a dying one, but a dying one by which a man might live; and even live merrily. In so far as Wycliffe and his Lollards wished to reform and purify its Catholicism they were right, but in so far as they wished to simplify it, the church was ten thousand times more right to crush them, for that *simplification* has ended in Calvin and Sister Aimee and the tin Bethel beyond the railroad tracks. And in closing he advises us not to desert the creed and civilization which he admires—even for the Soviet.

When Mr. Chesterton can prove, even by standing on his head, that his creed has not itself betrayed the civilization he admires, there will be no danger of deserting the “perpetually sinking ship.”

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

## Good Old Humor

*Nothing but Wodehouse.* Edited by Ogden Nash. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.39.

*Hot Water.* By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

THERE are lots of people, some of them personally known to me, who jump up and down when Mr. Wodehouse’s name is mentioned. When they learn that he has written a new book, they cry aloud for joy. And doubtless when they hear that in the present “Nothing but Wodehouse” volume they may read “the contents of three books, a novel complete, over 1,000 pages, 24 stories,” as the cover promises, they will froth at the mouth in a delirium of laughter. Frankly, I am not like that. I can take Mr. Wodehouse or leave him alone, and most of the time, even with a feast of 1,000 pages of his inimitable style before me, I prefer to do the latter.

I have reached this conclusion only after mature consideration. I have, in short, read Mr. Wodehouse. And having done so, I find myself regretfully obliged to differ from Ogden Nash, a humorist for whom I have the highest admiration. Mr. Nash says in his too brief foreword that although the woods are full of persons who would like to write like the Old Master, no one has been able to do it yet. I should doubt both of these statements. For Mr. Wodehouse’s formula seems to me an all-too-simple one. Take the famous Jeeves stories, for example. You select a scion of the British aristocracy who is not quite bright;



you give him for a gentleman's gentleman a man who talks ■ bad imitation of the too scholarly detective in the Benson murder stories, but who, nevertheless, is endowed with a Brain; you allow the scion ■ selection of friends gifted like himself, horses to bet on, beautiful girls who pursue or elude him, and maiden aunts who threaten to cut off his allowance. Then you sauce all this matter up with a generous helping of good old tea, chappies, rummy things, barging into rooms, and frequent references to getting the bird, biting the bullet, and the old lemon (meaning, dear, dear reader, the scion's head). You do all this and you have Mr. Wodehouse, although what you would want with him I leave to Ogden Nash, who is infinitely funnier and who does not need to be so loud, to explain.

And when, as in "Hot Water," you get Mr. Wodehouse writing about Americans and, particularly, attempting to depict life among the gangsters, the result is pretty hard to bear. Safeblowers and confidence men, meeting in southern France, do, of course, have to keep their hands in, and abstracting the "ice"—which Mr. Wodehouse believes is gansterese for jewels—from ■ ponderous American lady from California is a job, if not ■ large one. When you have introduced into the problem ■ Yale football player named Packy, a British intellectual who is missing, as Mr. Wodehouse would say, in the upper story, a United States Senator who, although he is the leader of the dries, is in danger of being blackmailed over ■ letter from his bootlegger, and a quota of ravishing young ladies, you have, I should judge, about the usual complications of a Wodehouse plot. Two chapters of it and I am crying into the pages of my Oxford Dictionary. To Mr. Nash, P. G. Wodehouse may be the Old Master; as far as I am concerned he is just another would-be funny man.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## War Guilt Again

*Germany Not Guilty in 1914.* By M. H. Cochran. The Stratford Company. \$2.

**T**HIS little book is a remarkably effective attack upon Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "Coming of the War, 1914," which won the George Louis Beer Prize of the American Historical Association and the Pulitzer Prize of 1931 for the best book of the year on American history. That it won the latter award is indeed curious, for the book has little to do with American history; it deals, rather, with the outbreak of the war in Europe, ostensibly in an objective and scholarly fashion, really in ■ prejudiced and misleading manner. Cochran sums up his indictment of it as follows:

One can only say, at the end, that "The Coming of the War" contains a series of errors and misunderstandings of the origins of the World War on every crucial point from the making of the alliances through the outbreak of the war. It is unsound and its doctrines are unproved. It is full of errors of the most serious kind on racial, economic, military, and diplomatic matters. It is the most misleading book on the subject that has yet appeared.

It does not often happen that a professor attacks the work of a living colleague in such an extensive and intensive manner. Cochran's motive is to insure that Schmitt's distortions and misrepresentations shall not go unchallenged in their ultimate details any more than on general and particular issues such as have been raised in reviews. If one could be sure that his book would be read, there would be no doubt in the mind of this reviewer as to the success of his enterprise. For Cochran tracks down his quarry with extraordinary diligence. All that is really lacking is a skill in polemics—a skill, unfortunately, that rarely goes hand in hand with such detailed learning as this task required.

Cochran pounds away so appositely at Schmitt's extraordinary edifice that one can fairly hear the bricks falling as one reads. There is no dodge of the special pleader that does not come in for exposure and denunciation: distortion, mistranslation, ignoring of chronological sequence, use of secondary sources at crucial points where only primary material should be admitted, use of sources long since exposed as worthless, tipping the balance in favor of the Allied side wherever possible and so on to the bitter end.

What have Shotwell, Fay, Schuman, Hayes, Scott, and Lingelbach, whose encomiums of Schmitt are quoted in the front of this book, to say now? Particularly I should like to know what Fay has to say, for his excellent work was passed over and high honors were accorded to Schmitt's rubbish. I leave it to the ironic gods to explain why Fay, who knows a great deal better, indorsed "The Coming of the War, 1914."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## Shorter Notices

*Lenin.* By James Maxton. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

Few lives lend themselves so happily and so easily to a condensed and disciplined treatment as Lenin's. His character was so monolithic and his contribution so sharp that the usual long-range "verdict" of history is by no means so very essential. Unfortunately Mr. Maxton has written not really a biographical essay but a rather fat and somewhat slovenly pamphlet of the kind which serves as a text in labor-education groups. In one of Mr. Maxton's deep familiarity with international labor nothing can explain the few obvious factual mistakes except haste. Kerensky was never a member of the Social Revolutionists, unless one qualifies. And Lenin was not "president" of the government. Still, Lenin's spirit was so clear that it breaks through into a picture even in a rush job such as Mr. Maxton's; and the author was aided by his sympathy and large background for his subject. One should not be too hard on the leader of the British Independent Labor Party, whose valiant efforts are so largely consumed in fighting the ubiquitous spiritual corruption of MacDonaldism in English labor.

*The English in India. A Problem of Politics.* By Sir John A. R. Marriott. Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

Marriott has written on English, Italian, Prussian, and Oriental history, and on constitutional history in general. In all cases his point of view has been the same. He has a great admiration for the imperial game and its players, considers it divinely or at least naturally ordained, and explains away questions of motive chiefly as irrelevancies. It is characteristic that in this book Lord Wellesley is his particular hero as in his "Makers of Modern Italy" it was the double-dealing Cavour. "The English in India" is less a history than an elaborate apologia. It is perhaps a good sign that Sir John should consider the defense necessary. That fact and its beautiful revelation of an imperialist mind are the chief contributions of this book, and in their way they are quite important. It may be added that Sir John commands an easy narrative style.

*The Spanish Crown. 1808-1931.* By Robert Sencourt. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

As its name implies, this is a dynastic history. The people of Spain are summoned briefly and dismissed in platitudinous generalizations. It is the kings and queens and ministers with whom Mr. Sencourt deals. His point of view is that monarchy is a mystical necessity and the monarch the high priest of *la patrie*. When they chase a monarch across the border it is because the Spaniards are changeable; when they call him back



or hail his successor it is because they are constant. If the reader looks for nothing more than dynastic history and skips Mr. Sencourt's feeble conclusions and garishly prejudiced account of the recent revolution, he will find the book readable enough, for Mr. Sencourt is a graceful writer and shows some biographical skill in his account of the buffoons, voluptuaries, fanatics, egoists, and ignoramuses, royal and ministerial, who ran the court at Madrid and, after a fashion, the affairs of Spain for more than a hundred years.

*Phases in the Religion of Ancient Rome and Other Classical Lectures.* By Cyril Bailey. University of California Press. \$4.

The religion of the Romans was a relatively immature development of animism. Its natural evolution was arrested by its formalization into state cults. That and the extension of the empire into regions with elaborate and attractive new religions led to syncretism. The old Roman beliefs settled into the country districts and to some extent still survive, with Christian modifications, in Italy. The upper classes wavered between skepticism and fashionable cults. Dr. Bailey admittedly makes no new contributions to his subject, but his thorough, orderly, and clear presentation gives his book distinction and value.

*Poems.* By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

This is another collection of charming poems by the Irish poet, who, whether he lives in America or not, has always kept close to the Irish folk traditions. Padraic Colum's rhythms, his use of refrain, his subject matter, his quiet simplicity, all spring directly from familiarity with a rich folk song. His work shows no traces of being "literary"; he makes no use of symbols, as does Yeats; he sets forth no fixed personal philosophy as does Stephens. Colum's gift is lyric, and he sings. If he tells a story it is in ballad form. There is no obsessing passion here, but there is a large range of feeling, and Mr. Colum knows his Irish peasants, the tenderness, the pathos, the simple tragedy of their lives.

## Drama

### Ridi, Pagliaccio

**D**RAMATIC criticism, unlike acting, does not run in families, and perhaps it is for that reason that one never hears about the heroic traditions of the craft. Yet the critic, no less than the play, "must go on." Though his heart may be breaking (or his stomach aching), the critic feels as imperative a necessity to be on one side of the curtain as the actor feels to be on the other, and the paper of the one must be "made up" no less infallibly than the face of the other. Why, then, are there no tales, plays, movies, or operas about the critic's noble devotion to his duty? What happens when he hears, ten minutes before the dead line, that his child is dying or that his wife has just eloped with a Literary Editor? We know, of course, what the actor does under similar circumstances. We know that he sinks the man in the artist and gives the funniest performance of his career. But the critic—does not he also pull himself together and write something like "The cast was adequate," just as though nothing had happened? Why, then, should he not be equally celebrated? We have our feelings too. We also are men. "If you cut us, do we not bleed?"

From this outburst the reader is expected to deduce that the author of the present column is confined to his bed, that he

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## □ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

**ANOTHER LANGUAGE.** Booth Theater. The family next door together with all its relatives and in-laws hilariously delineated.

**BEST YEARS.** Bijou Theater. Katherine Alexander in a sincere but not very novel story of a mother-ridden daughter.

**BALLYHOO OF 1932.** 44th Street Theater. Obstreperous and vulgar but funny review. (H. H.)

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**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.** Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

**FLYING COLORS.** Imperial Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

**HERE TODAY.** Ethel Barrymore Theater. The adventures of some Algonquin wits among the respectables of Boston. With Ruth Gordon, Donald McDonald, and a choice collection of wise cracks.

**OF THEE I SING.** Music Box Theater. How a Presidential campaign looks to Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. If you have not seen it already you will.

**SHOW BOAT.** Ziegfeld Theater. Revival of an operetta which seems by way of becoming a classic.

**THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD.** Broadhurst Theater. Spectacular melodrama performed on a revolving stage and exhibiting socialistic leanings.

was physically unable to attend the performances of all the plays that he should have reviewed this week, but that, mindful of the traditions of his craft, he is determined nevertheless prop himself upon his pillows and to perform his duty by commenting to the best of his ability upon the one show which did see—namely, "Flying Colors" at the Imperial Theater.

Like the previous entertainments devised by its director Howard Dietz, and sponsored by its producer, Max Gordon, "Flying Colors" belongs in that refined tradition which originated at the Music Box, and which was developed through the series of "Little Shows." Scorning the dreary pomposity of the typical Ziegfeld exhibition no less than the deafening vehemence of the Shubert review, it undertakes to beguile us with graceful dancing, well-mannered comedians, and sets which are soothingly rather than exasperatingly ingenious. If lavishness be the keynote of the "Follies," and noise be the keynote of the "Scandals," then taste is the keynote of the typical Dietz review, and it is taste which is conspicuous in nearly every scene of "Flying Colors." Talent also is there in abundance—notably in the persons of the faintly British Clifton Webb, of the sad-faced Charles Butterworth, of the casual Patsy Kelly, and of the intensely Slavic dancer Tamara Geva, whose very waltzes seem to express some never quite explained *Weltschmerz*. But despite the talent and despite several excruciatingly funny scenes—especially that of the too prolonged farewell at the dock—one is always aware (more than of anything else) how well-mannered it all is. In such a spectacle the review is moved as far away as it can possibly be got from the burlesque show, and seems designed especially for the entertainment of those well-groomed persons who have just dined too well to want anything deep but too elegantly to tolerate anything vulgar.

In short, "Flying Colors" is a first-rate show of its kind and one which I enjoyed very thoroughly without, nevertheless, ceasing to wonder, as I have wondered before, just how far it is worth while to go in refining a species of entertainment which tends to show signs of anemia when it has been too drastically purged. To some persons the sort of taste exhibited by the dressmaker, the interior decorator, and the designer of toilet articles is a source of great aesthetic satisfaction. To me it becomes rapidly cloying, because the chic is no satisfactory substitute for the beautiful. And if "Flying Colors" has a fault it is exactly the fault of being almost too impeccably chic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1932

No. 3510

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE LYTTON COMMISSION'S REPORT on Manchuria is a remarkable document, extremely well written, well-tempered, wise and just, and it completely upholds the Chinese case. As to that outcome there could be no doubt in the minds of impartial observers, but it is refreshing to have a League commission laying down ten principles as essential to a permanent peace between China and Japan and elucidating them in a clear-cut, straightforward, and eminently practical manner. Thus the commission, besides starting from the position that a settlement by the League must be just to both sides, declares that it must also have due regard for the interests of the Soviet Union, and must conform to the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact. But, of course, the commission dwells upon the fact that any solution which did not recognize the "rights and interests" of Japan would be unsatisfactory. Its major specific recommendations are these: New treaties between China and Japan to clarify the situation and restate the rights and duties of each; a machinery for the prompt settlement of minor disputes as they arise; greater autonomy for Manchuria under Chinese sovereignty; the establishment of a gendarmerie to preserve order; security against aggression to be obtained by the withdrawal of all armed forces and by the making of non-aggression treaties. Finally, the commission recommends a new and equitable commercial treaty between China and Japan, and stresses the fact that a satisfactory settlement depends on temporary international cooperation in the reconstruction of China. The report is a constructive achievement of which the Lytton Commission may be proud.

AS IT STANDS, the Lytton report is, however, the greatest challenge to the League of Nations we have yet seen. The case of humanity and justice and right in Manchuria is now clear. The culprit is clearly exposed to the world and the proper course outlined in moderate and just language. How will the League handle the case against one of its major members with a permanent seat on its Council? Its weakness heretofore, notably its inability to stop the needless, horrible bloodshed at Shanghai, which cost the lives of 16,000 men, women, and children, dealt the severest blow to its standing and prestige. If it cannot now take the just and brave course as to Manchuria it might as well disband. Not that we minimize the difficulties that confront it, or the extreme dangers in the situation. We realize them fully. But the whole question of the value of the peace-making machinery at Geneva is now at stake, and so is the question whether Japan may deliberately defy the Kellogg Pact, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Covenant of the League. If it can, then these documents are all of them mere scraps of paper of no value whatever. If Japan can now successfully defy the League, then the League merits only contempt. Its tendency will, we fear, be to delay, to defer, and to compromise, but it must not be deterred by Japan's reported defiance, by her threat to leave the League, or by the world-be-damned attitude of the Japanese militarists. The League can act for the peace of the world even if Japan ceases to be a member. The United States, too, cannot falter. The State Department's course has so far been judicious and correct. The next steps will, however, call for still greater wisdom and the highest type of constructive leadership.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S defense and passionate praise of Herbert Hoover was the outstanding event of the political week. Reviewing, ably enough, the praiseworthy moves made by the Hoover Administration—among many sins of omission and commission not mentioned—he loyally declared that more had been accomplished for the good of the world and America in particular through the foreign policies of President Hoover "than through those of any other President in the history of the country." He also described the President as courageous and farsighted, with a keen and ever-ready power of analysis, a well-poised and balanced intelligence, and an unceasing mental energy. Behind these qualities, he added, "lies the guidance of the human sympathies of one of the most sensitive and tender natures which have ever wielded such official power." What a pity it is that these wonderful qualities of this wonderful man have been so hidden that no one outside the State Department and other government bureaus suspects them! On the other side, Governor Roosevelt has concluded his tour of the West, becoming more outspoken, more progressive, and more courageous as he went along. His unqualified indorsement of Senator Norris will convince Wall Street that he is dangerously radical, and so will his excellent defense of the University of Wisconsin and his praise of the Wisconsin Progressives. On his return to Albany he suc-



ceeded in forcing the nomination for governor of Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, after declaring that he would not stop fighting for him "until the other fellow is dead"—a direct defiance of Tammany Hall. As we go to press, New York politics are indeed simmering, with the Republicans putting forward their strongest candidate, Colonel William J. Donovan, and with the mayoralty issue, and the question of Walker's running again, hanging in the balance.

**N**O FOREIGN STUDENT, according to the recent ruling of Secretary of Labor Doak, shall take bread from the mouth of the American laboring man, especially at the moment when the laboring man is about to cast a vote. As a result, hundreds of the foreign students now scattered throughout the country must either get more money from home or go back where they came from—with an unforgettable parting lesson in American government and manners from Secretary Doak. By taking part in American life, and by forming firm and lasting friendships with American young men and women, foreign students have been invaluable agents in the promotion of international understanding and good-will. Now a great many of them must leave, since they will no longer be allowed to earn their meals and lodging by washing dishes or by doing any of the odd jobs which are inconsequential in relation to American unemployment but the lack of which may have a serious effect upon American popularity abroad. In the words of Nicholas Murray Butler, the ruling is "reactionary, stupid, and clearly against the interests of the American people and their influence in the world." In its narrow and disgusting provinciality it is painfully typical of Secretary Doak, but we are amazed that a cosmopolitan of Mr. Hoover's experience should tolerate it.

**T**HE CONSERVATIVE PRESS has leaped to the conclusion that the bomb which destroyed the home of Judge Webster Thayer in Worcester was the work of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers or of anarchists. If that is the case they have been a very long time in screwing their courage up to the bombing-point. One would certainly have thought that if Judge Thayer were to be done away with, it would have been soon after he had taken upon himself the dooming of two innocent men. Since then he has had his way with gangsters and other criminals whose friends and allies may quite possibly have committed the outrageous act that might so easily have ended in tragedy. We have been proud of the fact that the sympathizers with Sacco and Vanzetti have held themselves so completely in restraint, for that is the best way to serve the memory of those judicially murdered men. Any further injury to Judge Thayer, or any attack upon President Lowell or ex-Governor Fuller, would be a misfortune for all who believe that violence and injustice in this connection should be restricted to those who made a mockery of justice on August 23, 1927.

**T**HE SCOTTSBORO CASE is scheduled to come before the Supreme Court of the United States this month, when the court will hear argument on the appeal from a lower court. If the Supreme Court should refuse to intervene, after having taken the initial step of consenting to review the cases of the seven Negro boys who, under conditions of mob terrorism, were convicted without the semblance

of a fair trial, a miscarriage of justice without parallel in any civilized country will occur. Should the Scottsboro case be added to the Sacco and Vanzetti case and the Mooney case there will be little, indeed, left of the fair name of America and justice. Civilized opinion all over the world has expressed itself in no uncertain manner, and it is hardly too much to say that the conscience of the world will be profoundly shocked. To be sure, judges are not supposed to take "judicial notice" of public opinion, but that, of course, has never been more than a mischievous fiction. Apart from the fate of the particular Negro boys in the case, there is to be considered the effect which a refusal to grant them a fair trial would have in encouraging legal lynching in the South. We have had occasion to comment favorably in the past upon reports of the Civil Liberties Union showing the decline of lynching in the South in recent years. In the future it would become more and more easy to relate such decline to the character of Negro trials. A failure of justice in the Scottsboro case would set the seal of the land's highest tribunal upon a neat technique of disposing of troublesome Negroes under seeming "due process" of law. The court in the South would become the substitute for the mob.

**F**ORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, the outlook for justice in the Scottsboro case is very bright. A good deal has been written about a new liberal trend in the Supreme Court in the last two years. Whatever may be said of the economic liberalism of the reconstituted Supreme Court, or in general of its record in cases involving civil liberties, it has shown itself ready to protect Negro rights. Only last year it reversed the death sentence of a Negro whose counsel had not been allowed to examine prospective jurors as to whether they might be influenced by racial prejudice. In 1923, in the case of Moore against Dempsey, the Supreme Court granted a new trial to five Negroes who had been convicted of murder in Arkansas under conditions of mob violence which it would be difficult to distinguish from those that prevailed in the Scottsboro case. The Moore case may be taken to have overruled the contrary position of the Supreme Court in the Leo Frank case. It is hopeful to recall that Justice Hughes, the present Chief Justice, voted with Justice Holmes to intervene in favor of Frank. If he is now joined by Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo, the triumph of justice will be assured. The due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which was designed as a procedural safeguard of the rights of the Negro, will cease to be merely a protection of property rights.

**S**EVERELY CRITICIZING the State Department for holding up the League of Nations plan for Liberia, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People charged in a telegram to Secretary Stimson that "should the League adopt the American suggestion of imposing upon the League adviser dictatorial powers, the result would be, in our opinion, a destructive occupation similar to that which the United States has carried out in another Negro republic—namely, Haiti." It expressed the fear that if the League plan failed, the State Department would undertake a unilateral intervention for the protection of the Firestone interests. In a remarkably courteous and good-tempered reply Mr. Stimson declared that the United States "has no desire or plan to intervene in Liberia," but that it did



not feel that the League plan bestowed adequate authority upon the proposed international commission to Liberia. The Firestone interests had, he added, no immediate connection with this problem, which was one of "order and humanity." This statement as to the disinterestedness of the United States is reassuring, but we repeat what we said last week—that if Geneva is willing to take responsibility for Liberia's reconstruction, the United States would be ill-advised to block the League's effort at regeneration. It is more than ever necessary for the facts to be known concerning the present negotiations. We urge that the sessions of the Liberia committee in Geneva be thrown open to the public.

**WAR GOES ON IN THE GRAN CHACO**, despite the peace-making efforts of neutrals and the counsels of common sense. Bolivia for economic reasons wants an outlet to the Paraguay River and thence to the sea. Paraguay is determined not to let any hateful Bolivian use *its* river. And so 1,000—or as unofficial reports have it, 4,000—Bolivian and Paraguayan young men have died of the disease called war in a wilderness unfit for human habitation, where tropical mud and poisonous insects add to the glory of a patriot's death. Meanwhile, in the capitals of the two countries, those who are never called upon to fight have been enjoying a frenzy of nationalistic hysteria. Young women have been marrying young men and sending them out to die. In Asuncion, President Ayala, on receiving news that Fort Boqueron has fallen before his brave soldiers, makes the supreme sacrifice of visiting the wounded in the hospitals; the War Office, 225 miles from the front, issues a fearless and uncompromising statement of defiance to Bolivia; and the people of the city "go wild with joy." In the Gran Chaco the World War in miniature is on view—stupidity, rapaciousness, death, and all. Let the world look well at the Gran Chaco. It will find there one more lesson in the futility and insanity of war. How many more such lessons will civilization need before it becomes sane?

**OUR CONGRATULATIONS** are due to Paul Blanshard, of the City Affairs Committee of New York, who has proved once more that a stockholder can exercise considerable influence upon the conduct and business methods of a company even if he only owns a share or two. Learning that the New York Telephone Company had charged to operating expenses a donation of \$75,000 to the Emergency Unemployment Fund of New York City, he went into the stockholders' meeting and protested against it because, if it is included in the operating expenses, it becomes part of the basis for rate-making and is therefore eventually paid by the users of the telephones. He was at once overruled by the officials. The case then went to the New York Public Service Commission, which ruled that the expenditure should be charged to surplus. The Interstate Commerce Commission, next appealed to, has now decided with Mr. Blanshard that the \$75,000 must be charged to profit and loss. Thereby it becomes a real contribution on the part of the stockholders out of profits, which is as it should be.

**THE REJUVENATED RADIO STATION WEVD**, which should mean much to progressives in New York and elsewhere, was rededicated to the service of the liberal public on September 28. Originally established some years

ago in memory of Eugene V. Debs, it has now been completely rebuilt and moved to new quarters, thanks to the public spirit and generosity of the men who manage the *Jewish Daily Forward*. This may well prove to be a memorable event in the history of American radio. That there is tremendous need for a station over which men of all shades of liberal opinion may talk fearlessly is perfectly obvious. In numerous places in the West independent and liberal stations have sprung up which will in course of time inevitably come together if insuperable obstacles are not put in the way of such combinations by the Federal Radio Commission; and WEVD should be the New York end of such a chain. Eventually, it is hoped, there will arise an organization to challenge the two great systems which today dominate the field. At present WEVD suffers because there are other and more powerful stations using its channel. Free from the temptation of the purely commercial stations, though it must of course eventually pay for itself, WEVD has the opportunity of raising its standard steadily, and of avoiding the trash that goes over the air from other stations. As a memorial to Eugene Debs nothing could be more fitting. He would have resented any effort to raise a marble monument to him, particularly in these times when so many Americans are starving or are near starvation. But the giving of his name to a medium for transmitting free thought and free speech across the country is emphatically what he would have liked, he who was so ready to go to prison for his beliefs and for telling the whole truth about the war which everybody now admits.

**"MR. WILLIAMS**, with his wild scalp-locks and love-locks flowing; with his blown, disheveled, extemporaneous, neglected, surprised appearance; with his strange second-hand clothes of the mound-building period, his picturesque gaiters, his mysterious and melancholy eyes, and his general air of incognito . . ." Thus a Washington correspondent once described the late John Sharp Williams, long a distinguished Senator from Mississippi, who died on September 27. But that does not adequately describe an original, genial, and interesting personality and one usually spoken of as "an old-fashioned Senator." Whatever Mr. Williams's appearance, no one could fail to be impressed by his rapid-fire mind, or question his great ability, his skill upon his feet that speedily made him one of the most feared debaters in the Senate. In his youth a student and duelist at Heidelberg, he well understood European conditions. Well-informed on many issues, he was an extremely narrow Southerner, his democracy limited by race, hobbled by the creed of the old South. Yet there were times when he could rise to the heights of genuine statesmanship. When the war came, he announced that there were "a million traitors in America" and many thousands of spies, and that he desired and welcomed the draft to smoke them out. He too wanted to wage the war to the bitter end, reckless whether it ruined this Republic or not, all in the hope that it would stop the mad race of armaments and finish war itself. He lived to see the loss of all our war objectives, but he will be long remembered in Washington as one who held opinions and dared to voice them with vigor and force; who was not to be bossed; who lived as he pleased, and retired to his Mississippi fireside in 1923 for the simple and sufficient reason that it suited him to do so.



# Cabinets and Cabinets

WE are amused to hear many Republicans expressing great anxiety as to the kind of Cabinet which Governor Roosevelt, if elected, may appoint. They express alarm lest he invite William Randolph Hearst to a seat at the Cabinet table. They are afraid, or pretend to be afraid, that Mayor Hague of Jersey City will have the naming of one member, and that William G. McAdoo, if defeated in the California election, will be asked to be Secretary of State. They dwell movingly on the dearth of good material in the Democratic Party and, if partisan enough, touch upon the danger to the Republic of having Speaker Garner sit with the Cabinet. As for the Socialists, it is a common sneer that if Norman Thomas were elected, there would not be enough first-rank Socialists to fill half the Cabinet seats.

Let us say at once that the humorous aspect of this Republican concern as to Governor Roosevelt's Cabinet arises from the fact that we know of no Cabinet that has been composed of such unworthy or inadequate material as Mr. Hoover's, with the exception, of course, of President Harding's assemblage, of which so considerable a percentage went to jail or narrowly escaped going. Mr. Wilson was often criticized because of some members of his Cabinet, such as William C. Redfield, Josephus Daniels, Mitchell Palmer, and one or two others. But by comparison with the Hoover Cabinet Mr. Wilson's was excellent. It is quite possible that the reason for the Hoover selections lies in the desire of weak and egotistical men not to surround themselves with others who might bulk as large as or larger than themselves. At any rate we challenge anyone to produce from the list of any other Cabinet, save Harding's, as many men of such inferior caliber as Messrs. Doak, Hurley, Chapin (Mr. Hoover's latest appointment, the Secretary of Commerce), Brown, Hyde, and Wilbur. There was a time when Cabinet posts were supposed to go to men of genuine distinction. In choosing Mr. Chapin, Mr. Hoover picked the president of a motor company who is in no wise superior to hundreds of other manufacturing presidents and business go-getters. His name had hardly figured in the press; he had never held office, save as a member of a war-time committee. Yet this excellent automobile salesman and highway expert was picked by Mr. Hoover to head the Department of Commerce in the middle of the gravest financial disaster in our history!

As for the Postmaster-General, Walter Brown, he is and has been a purely political official. A graduate of one of the worst of our political machines, the Ohio Republican organization, he has run his department for partisan purposes—like many predecessors, it is true. But few of those have been of the type to which Mr. Brown belongs. As for the cotillion leader, the newly rich and militaristic Colonel Hurley, who heads the War Department, his part in the brutal use of troops to expel the bonus army has made his name anathema to such multitudes that it is hardly necessary to waste space upon him. We wish, however, to call our readers' attention to one matter. In our issue of August 17 Paul Y. Anderson declared that one of Secretary Hurley's statements "is such a tissue of known and demonstrable

falsehoods that utter panic must have prompted it." This charge of falsehood in a public document was either true or untrue. If untrue it was certainly actionable. In a personal letter, on August 11, the editor of *The Nation* called Colonel Hurley's attention to Mr. Anderson's charge. On August 23 Horace Thompson, executive assistant to the Secretary of War, replied: "I hope to have an opportunity soon to place your communication before him [Secretary Hurley]." Not a word have we had since. Either Mr. Thompson has been unable to talk to his superior, or the Colonel was unmoved by Mr. Anderson's attack upon his veracity as a public official.

We submit that under no other important government would a reputable official remain silent in the face of such a charge, least of all a Cabinet officer. Can one imagine a British or German or French Cabinet member permitting a journalist of Mr. Anderson's high standing thus to assail his official honor without moving in the matter? How long would an English Secretary for War have allowed such a statement to go unchallenged? If he did not move he certainly would be held accountable by his Cabinet associates and would be at once cross-questioned on the floor of the House of Commons. As for Mr. Doak, the Secretary of Labor, was there ever a man less fitted by his temper and record to hold such an office, unless it be his predecessor, James J. Davis, who at this writing is being prosecuted in court by the government for running a lottery forbidden by law? Mr. Doak is blatantly intolerant and prejudiced, as narrowly nationalistic and insular in all his views as it is possible to be. He is the type of ignorant and roughnecked official to be found in no other high governmental service—the type that is utterly indifferent to American ideals, and therefore is helping to bring our institutions into contempt.

As for Mr. Hyde, the Secretary of Agriculture, we cannot find anybody who takes him seriously unless it be the editors of the Republican newspapers, who solemnly print his political pronouncements and conveniently forget the complete nonsense he talked and the false prophecies he made in 1929-31 about the economic collapse and its duration. But it is not necessary to go on. We would merely go on record as saying that in our judgment it would be perfectly impossible for Franklin Roosevelt, with his training and associations and his record as Governor of New York, to appoint a Cabinet that could possibly be half as bad as the Hoover Cabinet. We have not the slightest idea that he will choose either William Randolph Hearst or Marion Davies.

As for Norman Thomas, if and when the day comes that he is elected to the Presidency, he will, we venture to prophesy, select people of a quite opposite type: earnest and sincere social workers; students and teachers of economics; leaders of labor of an entirely different type from Messrs. Davis and Doak; persons who have no political affiliations whatever. Least of all would he choose party hacks or the graduates of the worst of our political machines. Talk about the injury done to this country by agitators and radicals! What could be worse for it than the degradation of the Cabinet at the hands of Herbert Hoover?



## Cuba in Torment

ANOTHER shocking reminder of the chaos existing in Cuba was given by the assassination on September 27 of Dr. Clemente Vasquez Bello, president of the Cuban Senate and one of President Machado's intimates. Last July similar methods were employed by the opposition to do away with Captain Miguel Calvo, chief of the National Secret Police; while in September other political assassinations occurred. Cuba today is under a regime of terror which would do credit to a Balkan state. In one sense economic conditions are responsible for this state of affairs. Long before the general fall in prices, Cuba, a one-crop country, was suffering from the overproduction of sugar. Despite the crop-restriction efforts of the Chadbourne plan—which seems to have aided the New York bankers more than the Cuban *colono*—Cuba today is in a state of abject poverty, if not of famine. In 1931 Cuba exported to the United States only \$90,000,000 of goods, in comparison with \$300,000,000 exported annually in the period 1921 to 1925. Government revenues have declined from \$87,000,000 in 1927 to less than \$50,000,000 estimated for 1932.

Economic conditions alone do not, however, explain Cuba's despair. A fundamental cause for unrest is the fact that the island is still governed by the Machado dictatorship. Despite the ill-fated revolt of August, 1931, and the failure of every effort at conciliation with the opposition, Machado clings to his office. This is all the more remarkable because, with the exception of Gomez of Venezuela, the other dictators of Latin America—Leguia in Peru, Ibañez in Chile, Irigoyen in Argentina, and Washington Luis in Brazil—have been overthrown. Machado's success in staying in power is due partly to the fact that he pampers his army, but also to the moral support which he receives from American bankers and the State Department by virtue of the Platt Amendment. As a result of this amendment and the reciprocity agreement of 1902, American capital has absorbed the larger part of Cuba; and no revolt can occur without doing serious injury to American interests. Throughout the entire history of the Platt Amendment, whose abrogation we have steadily called for, no revolution in the island has been successful. If the United States does not actually intervene, its moral influence aids the *de jure* government.

Machado knows that he could not stay in office an hour should he encounter the antagonism of Washington or Wall Street, whose boots he steadily licks. This explains why, although Cuba is suffering even more severely than many other Latin American countries which have long since proclaimed a moratorium, Machado is straining every resource to meet interest payments to American creditors. In resigning as Ambassador to Mexico, a distinguished Cuban, Señor Marquez Sterling, recently declared that the condition of chaos and anarchy in Cuba—a production of misery and despair—was fundamentally due to a dictatorship which is "castigating the hunger and nakedness" of the Cuban people in order to retain the "benevolence of the bankers." We can well understand why Machado confiscated copies of the New York *Prensa* containing this letter, upon their arrival in Havana, but we cannot understand why the United States should continue to lend its support to an intolerable regime.

## Who Is Who?

WHO'S Who in America" for 1932-33 is just off the press with biographical sketches of 30,545 persons and an interesting statistical study which throws some light on the natural question: What circumstances are likely to surround the development of those men and women who reach the degree of distinction implied by inclusion in the work? Approximately one out of every four thousand inhabitants of the United States figures in the volume, and though the arbitrary inclusion of certain classes—all members of Congress, all army officers above the rank of colonel, all bishops of the larger religious denominations, et cetera—makes inclusion no absolute proof of eminence, the basis of selection is as good as any which could be proposed, and is applied systematically enough to make the statistics based upon the book of real significance.

One naturally asks first about the geographical distribution of the personages listed, and one finds that the States which have been settled longest are those in which the greatest number of distinguished Americans were born, as well as those in which the greatest number now live. Thus, New York is the birthplace of 3,705, and Pennsylvania comes next with 2,279, while California contributes only 495, and several of the more recently developed States less than 100 each. There is no paradox in this, nor in the educational status of the eminent. Of the 26,991 who were included in the last previous volume concerning whom sufficient data were available, 22,966 attended college, 2,230 were educated in high or secondary schools, and only 1,795 did not get beyond the grammar schools. Nor does a detailed study of the 3,931 persons included in the new volume for the first time present a different picture. Of them 8.96 per cent of those reporting educational data had received only common-school education, while 83.05 per cent had enjoyed the benefits of a college education.

Equally interesting are the facts revealed by other studies of this same newly admitted group. The average age of the new group is 51.17 years, but there is a significant difference in the average ages if taken by groups arranged according to the field of endeavor. Educators come most quickly to fame and appear in "Who's Who" 17.54 years after their graduation. Scientists require more than two years longer, while writers first appear 22 years after the completion of their education, doctors 25.04 years, artists 25.95 years, lawyers 29.67 years, and business men 31.29 years. The average age at which the newly eminent married was 28.44 years—considerably above the average for the total population—and the average number of children per family is only 2.1, the clergymen being the most prolific with 2.86 and the artists the least prolific with 1.11.

If earning power rather than inclusion in "Who's Who" were made the test of distinction, the story might be different, but it is obvious that the romantic tendency to celebrate the advantages of self-education, the pioneer environment, and the early assumption of family responsibilities will get little support from this study. The average distinguished man in the United States was born and lives in a center of population; he graduated from college; he married relatively late; and he produced few children.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

I promise you an understanding heart. I promise you the best that is in me. I cannot give you more than that. I ask for your help;

for your help to lead the United States of America, not just to better days, but to a higher standard of morality, a higher standard of decency, a greater faith in God.

## Governor Roosevelt Turns to God

WHEN I read these words I was again convinced that Franklin Roosevelt is going to be our next President. When a public man has reached the stage of this sort of sob stuff; when he begins to talk about me und Gott in this manner, I feel sure that the finger of destiny is pointing straight at him. For I must confess that this sort of thing goes over awfully well with the American people. You will remember that old story of the instructor in English at the University of Chicago who told his students to write a short story and warned them that there were certain elements that must appear at the very beginning if the story was to sell. It must be dramatic; it must have the element of suspense; it must smack of the nobility, because Americans so dearly love a lord; and above all it must have a touch of religion, with which was deftly to be combined a very slight suspicion of impropriety, just to whet the appetite of the same godly who need to be appeased. The anecdote goes on to relate that the first story submitted combined all these qualities in such a ribald first sentence that I fear to print it here. It seems to me that every good campaigner ought to be told this story. It would certainly help him to be dramatic, to create a feeling of suspense, to touch upon our American nobility (which in the eyes of the man seeking office is always the nobility of labor), to suggest a certain bit of impropriety, that is, radicalism, to stir the people into believing that one has something new and exciting to offer. To all this must be added as a final touch the ethical and religious note. When that stage is arrived at, when great crowds appear and swallow it with complete satisfaction, then we may be certain that our campaign orator is well on his way to the Senate, or to the White House, or to whatever it is that he desires.

\* \* \*

THE Governor followed up this conventional and perhaps necessary appeal for God with a refusal to speak on political subjects on Sunday, "out of respect to the Sabbath," the papers reported, but I will wager one hundred to one that it was not so much out of respect to the Sabbath as out of respect to certain pious voters. But waiving that, I frankly wish that the good Governor had omitted the passage I have quoted at the head of this page and had got right down to brass tacks on certain issues. Anybody can do the appeal for God; every candidate, from keeper of the horsepond up, pledges that he will do his best and give all that he has in him, and carries a guaranty chalked on his back that he has an understanding heart. That is every candidate's stock in trade. What didn't our good old Presbyterian,

Woodrow Wilson, say in the days before he was President, with his appeal "to God that in the complicated state of modern af-

fairs, we may recover the standards and repeat the achievements of that heroic age" of the Revolution? But Woodrow Wilson, at least, did say an occasionally fine thing, as, for instance: "I tell you, when you discuss the question of the tariffs and of the trusts, *you are discussing the very lives of yourselves and your children.*" Governor Roosevelt is not getting beyond the platitudes except in a few instances. He talks a lot about the forgotten man, but he has not let us know whether or not he believes that Americans should be starving to death for lack of government aid. He has not said that he thinks the tariff affects the very lives of each of us and of our children, or pledged himself to cut that tariff canker out of our national life, come what may. He has not yet said a word about the bonus, though we are told that he will. Indeed, there are a lot of gaps that he must fill up between now and election day, a lot of questions besides these which he must answer, despite the political skill with which he has handled his campaign and thrown the Republicans into such confusion that day by day they contradict themselves on this subject of the Governor's wickednesses.

\* \* \*

HERE are some of the things that Norman Thomas would say and does say, but that neither a Republican nor a Democratic candidate can or will: "I pledge myself not to make a single appointment to office for political reasons or as a reward for activity on my behalf, and I pledge myself to put under the Civil Service rule every postmaster in this country, and every other office that I can possibly induce Congress to take out of my hands, believing that if I do so I will remove one of the greatest causes for the inefficiency and the corruption of our political life. I pledge myself to follow the American custom of one hundred years and reduce our army and navy to a negligible factor, in so far as it lies in my power to do so. I pledge myself to strike at special privilege wherever I see it, and I will begin by laying my ax to the root of the power trust. I promise a Cabinet chosen without regard to residence, sex, color, or creed, of the ablest available, without asking their attitude toward me during the campaign, provided only that they are honest and sincere and desirous of genuine economic freedom. Above all, I pledge myself not to touch William Randolph Hearst, or anybody like him, with a twenty-foot pole." But of course I am too late to affect Governor Roosevelt on this last point—even if I could affect him in any way—for he has already shaken hands with William Randolph Hearst and has attended Marion Davies's charity fete in Los Angeles. Who says that he will leave any stone unturned to become President? To have been in the company of W. G. McAdoo is bad enough in view of the role played by him before and during the Democratic convention. But once you are a Republican



or Democratic candidate you may have any kind of political bedfellow you wish and get away with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

MEANWHILE it is not necessary to fire questions at Norman Thomas. He steadily batters away at the real objectives; he is letting the pot call the kettle black, and does not object when the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Jahncke, calls Governor Roosevelt a "wilful" liar in all

of the Governor's speeches except two or three, in which he thinks the Governor was simply ignorant. The New York papers are doing rather well by Norman Thomas in the matter of printing his speeches. If only he could have a few thousands of dollars to enable him to speak steadily over the radio, he would roll up a protest vote that would startle Franklin Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover into forgetting that each is the right-hand man of God.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Eat and Be Poisoned

By ARTHUR KALLET and F. J. SCHLINK

SIX THOUSAND poisonings, seventy deaths, in England in the year 1900, from beer containing small quantities of arsenic. Three hundred French sailors poisoned early in 1932 by wine contaminated with arsenic. A girl, aged seven, killed by arsenic fumes from the dye in moldy wallpaper. Six persons poisoned in California in 1931 by mustard greens sprayed with lead arsenate. A four-year-old girl, in August, 1932, dead from eating sprayed fruit. With a background of cases like these, are you willing to have even very small doses of arsenic, a deadly poison, administered to you and your children daily, perhaps several times daily? Willing or not, if you eat apples, pears, cherries, berries, celery, and other fruits and vegetables, you are also eating arsenic.

The source of this dangerous poison is the lead arsenate which is sprayed on fruits and on some vegetables to protect them from the codling moth and other insects destructive to crops. It is extensively used, especially in the Western States, which produce our most attractive and unblemished fruits. A residue of arsenic and lead remains on the fruit, and when you wash your apple or pear under the faucet you remove only a small part of the poison. The fruit-grower can, however, under government direction, remove the poison almost completely with a wash of dilute hydrochloric acid; but the federal Food and Drug Administration, proceeding on the unproved theory that arsenic in small quantities is not injurious to your health, permits the grower to market fruit and vegetables contaminated with 12/1000 of a grain of arsenic, in the form of arsenic trioxide, per pound of fruit.

Twelve-thousandths of a grain is today the legal limit, but with numerous fruit-growers completely unequipped for removing the spray residue, and with the staff of government inspectors available for fruit inspection far too small to exercise more than a fraction of the necessary supervision, one must be blind to suppose that a large part of the supply of apples and pears and many other fruits and vegetables is not contaminated with far more arsenic than is legally permitted. In the Northwest, after a dry season in which an unusual amount of spraying was necessary, apples were found to be contaminated with more than ten times the legal maximum of arsenic. Of four samples of California apples and pears purchased in New York City in August, 1932, three carried arsenic above the legal limit. Two carried twice the legal amount.

What little protection we consumers have against the poisonous arsenic residue we owe to the action of the British health authorities, who threatened to ban the importation of any American apples carrying more than 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide per pound of the fruit. It is noteworthy that the action of the British Royal Commission on Arsenical Poisoning, which as far back as 1903 set up a limit of permissible arsenic of 1/100 of a grain per pound, went unheeded by American food officials for more than twenty years. Not until American apples were banned from foreign markets—no longer a threat merely to the health of consumers but a threat to the economic interest of producers—did the food officials take action. And what action! The British threatened American fruit exports in 1925. In 1926 limitation of arsenic contamination was attempted. In 1927 the federal Food and Drug Administration declared that while apples intended for export must not bear a residue of more than 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide per pound, *apples intended for domestic consumption would be permitted to carry two and one-half times the "safe" limit of arsenic!* Nevertheless, we have every reason to be grateful to the British authorities, for before 1926 apples were legally sent to market with any amount of arsenic that happened to remain in and on them, even if it were ten or twenty-five times the safe amount.

In 1927, said the administration, we will permit *two and one-half* times the safe limit of arsenic on apples for domestic consumption, but by 1928 the arsenic spray residue must be down to that limit—1/100 of a grain per pound. But when 1928 rolled around, the administration again found it inexpedient to force the fruit-growers to adopt this limit, and the new tolerance on apples for domestic consumption was set at *twice* the safe limit. By 1931 it had been reduced to *one and one-half times* the safe limit, and for 1932 the tolerance has been set at *one and one-fifth times* the safe limit. But, unfortunately, this is only an occasionally enforced official arsenic limit.

Let it not be supposed that the removal of the arsenic residue from fruits is a difficult business requiring expensive equipment. The cost of removing the residue from a bushel of fruit is less than five cents; in many sections of the country it averages about two or two and one-half cents.

The government has acknowledged the hazards of excessive consumption of arsenic residues; it has permitted residues large enough to constitute a serious health hazard; yet we cannot find that it has uttered one word of warning to

\* A chapter from a book, "Poison for Profit," to be published soon by the Vanguard Press. A second excerpt will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.



the public, or even so much as suggested mildly that apples and pears be peeled before they are eaten, or that the stem and calyx portions (the two ends of the "core") be cut away.

Perhaps the most thoroughgoing recent investigation of arsenic poisoning was made at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. C. N. Myers and Dr. Binford Throne of this hospital reported before the American Chemical Society in 1931 that mild cases of arsenic poisoning, usually unsuspected by either physician or patient, are frequent. Their investigations had shown that arsenic was the factor causing "bald spots," or "patch baldness," and also loss of pigmentation and certain types of abnormal pigmentation of the skin. They attributed the arsenic largely to the "increased use of arsenic spray for the destruction of insects."

Earlier, Myers and Throne had analyzed the blood and urine of several hundred adult patients suffering from eczema, in an effort to discover whether arsenic was a cause of this ailment. They concluded that in about 30 per cent of the cases arsenic was a factor of great importance. Further study by Myers, Throne, and Laird S. Van Dyck on eczema in infants and young children supported this conclusion. They discovered arsenic in the urine specimens of 55 out of 105 children with eczema or urticaria, a related disease. Eleven children not suffering from eczema were used as controls, and the urine of only one of these contained any arsenic, that of ten being completely free of the metal.

In their report these doctors state:

Attention has been repeatedly called to the contamination of fruits and vegetables from the use of insecticides, such as lead arsenate. Increased emphasis must be placed on the danger from this source, since Vogel has found arsenic not only on the skin of certain fruits, but even inside the fruit itself. . . . It is possible that many cases of so-called "ptomaine" or food poisoning are really cases of metallic poisoning. (Arsenic is one of the deadly "heavy metals.")

How much arsenic do these investigators consider harmful? Their report includes a table of the arsenic content of foods in which this metal has been found. Most of the fruits and vegetables analyzed had less than one part of arsenic in each ten million parts of the food, often coming from the soil by growth processes and not added in any way by man's artifice, except through heavily contaminated fertilizer added to the soil. But still our food officials are willing to proceed on the theory that continued doses ten or twenty times as great as this are to be disregarded.

Perhaps no one would have eczema, patch baldness, or even discolored skin due to arsenic if arsenic were taken into the body only with one or two fruits or vegetables containing but a minute proportion of arsenic; but with a large number of these and other foods contributing their daily quotas, the danger is many times compounded. Let us refer again to the report above quoted to see just how arsenic ramifies through our food supplies. The following is a list of foods in which, the investigators state, arsenic was found: peas, carrots, apples, mushrooms, pears, rice, beef, veal, mackerel, eggs, potatoes, cauliflower, spinach, white beans, cabbage, lettuce, dried peas, dried fruits. Tests on a few samples made for Consumers' Research in September, 1932, showed the presence of important amounts of arsenic in stick candy, breakfast cocoa, and a baking powder. The decision of the Food and Drug Administration to permit permanently

a residue of 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide in each pound of the fruit or vegetable must be judged in the light of these findings, which indicate the probability of entry of arsenic into the body with *many common foods* rather than with only one or two.

Arsenic is not the only poison in fruits and vegetables with which we consumers must contend. Lead, the other metallic residue of lead-arsenate spray, is certainly far more dangerous. But here we find a curious situation. Lead is a cumulative poison. Part of the lead taken into the body is stored and may become dangerous to the point of disaster when enough of the metal has collected. The amount necessary to cause noticeable symptoms depends upon the health and ruggedness, or personal peculiarities, of the individual concerned. The Food and Drug Administration admits this hazard and states that no residue of lead whatever is permitted on fruits and vegetables coming to the market. Despite this, there is not the slightest evidence that any effort is being made to enforce this drastic dictum. Nowhere do the government's technologists tell the farmer how he can remove *all* of the lead from the residue of the lead arsenate (which is a chemical compound containing both lead and arsenic), while leaving 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide. If apples contain less than the permitted tolerance of arsenic, the farmer is not asked to concern himself over the amount of lead the apples carry. When a German writer, K. Lendrich, tested American apples, he found that not a single one of forty-five samples was free of either arsenic or lead, and there was about *sixty times as much lead as arsenic trioxide* on some of the apples. In later tests, after the threat of embargo had resulted in the removal of some of the residue, he found the amount of arsenic well below the world tolerance, but there was still from *three to eighteen times as much lead as arsenic trioxide*. The tests of the four apples and pears purchased in New York City in August, 1932, showed appreciable amounts of lead on each sample.

If spray residue on fruits and vegetables were the only source of lead, the results of the deception would not be so important. With the body storing this cumulative poison from many sources, however, the menace becomes more serious. Some of the more important sources of lead are drinking water which has run through lead pipes, acid drinks which have been in contact with lead-glazed enamelware or earthenware, lead used as a dressing and adulterant in silk garments, and lead paint on toys and furniture.

The hazard of lead poisoning, particularly to children, who frequently have an amazing appetite for paint, is so serious that it will be worth our while to note what authorities say about it. Dr. Edward C. Vogt of the Infants' and the Children's Hospitals in Boston, for example, recently reported that "lead poisoning in children is more common than generally suspected and may be the cause of obscure neurologic and gastro-intestinal complaints." "Lead poisoning in children produces a severe and dangerous form of cerebral involvement," according to a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. A review in the *Bulletin of Hygiene* states:

We have no knowledge of the exact amount of lead necessary [to cause poisoning] or of idiosyncrasies in children who develop plumbism [lead poisoning]. Slight degrees and atypical forms seem more common than is suspected. Many children are pale, listless, backward; they



may be without appetite, may have abdominal sensations and even colic; others have headache, possibly a faint blue line on the gums, or even suspicions of foot or wrist drop. . . . As a diagnostic point the possibility of exposure to lead risks has to be thought of.

It must be evident from these statements that every possible source of lead poisoning should be eliminated forthwith; that, above all things, a lead-arsenic residue should not be permitted to remain on food. The federal food and drug officials find it very easy to sympathize with the fruit-grower, to whom residue removal is but another vexing problem. Either lack of imagination or indifference hides from these officials the fact that they may be contributing to the wholesale poisoning of both children and adults. If the fruit-growers and farmers cannot spend the moderate sum necessary to instal adequate equipment for removing spray residue, let the government supply the equipment or establish numer-

ous residue-removal stations where fruit and vegetables can be cleaned—and tested—before marketing.

When the officials of the Department of Agriculture again consider this problem, may we recommend that they have the following statement framed and kept constantly in view? It was made many years ago by Dr. A. J. Carlson of the Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago:

Speaking as a physiologist interested in public health, I should say that the question is not how much of the poison may be ingested without producing acute or obvious chronic symptoms, *but how completely can man be safeguarded against even traces of the poison. There is no question in my mind that even in less than the so-called toxic doses lead and arsenic have deleterious effects on cell protoplasm, effects that are expressed in lowered resistance to disease, lessened efficiency, and shortened life.* [Italics ours.]

## Mexico's New Finger-President

By ABRAHAM HARRIS

Mexico City, September 20

THEY have down here what the Mexican wits call *generales de dedos*, or finger-generals, that is, warriors upon whom the accolade of rank is conferred by the simple process involved in pointing a finger at one of these sons of Mars and saying, "You are a general!" The new executive of Mexico, General Abelardo L. Rodriguez, is a finger-president. Plutarco Elias Calles, the Cato-Lenin-Trotsky-Stalin pro-tem of the revolution, leveled his finger at Rodriguez and informed him: "You are a president!" And it came to pass. So was written another chapter in the annals of the Mexican merry-go-round of presidents, sixteen of whom—constitutional, provisional, and ad interim—have passed in and out of the portals of the Palacio Nacional since 1911. The exit of Pascual Ortiz Rubio and the advent of Rodriguez inspired no more than languid interest in the country, outside of political circles. The people were not consulted about the change and declined to concern themselves with it to the distraction of their attention from their other and more personal troubles—which is not to be wondered at, since most of them hold the shrewd conviction that the fattening of the rota of ex-presidents merely involved redressing the political shop window without improving the quality of the goods on the shelves inside.

If the retirement of Ortiz Rubio has any important significance worthy of investigation or analysis, it lies in the demonstration it afforded that Calles is still the Díaz of the revolution, with respect to his absolute control of the federal government and of the political situation. He is omnipotent in making and unmaking presidents and in imposing his will on even inconsequential events and details of federal and state administration. This fact must be recognized, and also that government in Mexico is a highly and directly personal matter, wholly devoid of any popular vigor, inspiration, or direction; and that effective suffrage now is as much a mock as it was under Díaz, and as dead as the three presidents—Madero, Carranza, and Obregón—who were assassinated after winning office by the vote of the people. Calles, sitting

beneath a mango tree in the garden of his country place in Cuernavaca—one of the ten or a dozen properties which his patriotic sacrifices have netted him—negligently thumbed Ortiz Rubio out of one door and beckoned Rodriguez in through another. As simple as that.

There was nothing repellently brutal in the elimination of the bovine and perpetually mazed Ortiz Rubio. It was accomplished very gently and courteously. Ortiz Rubio went willingly. He was fed up with more than two years of being a president *de jure*, while Calles was president *de facto*. During his incumbency Ortiz Rubio, as one observer expressed it, went about mooing amiably, laying cornerstones, opening bazaars, making speeches Coolidgely—an agreeable, decorative, dignified, totally arid figure, politically and administratively as flat as an unsalted egg. Calles ran the government. Every key man in every department as well as in the army was a Calles choice. The few unimportant jobs that Ortiz Rubio was permitted to fill were rarely held long by his appointees. The Calles crowd made things so uncomfortable for them that they were glad to get out. Even the President's private secretary incurred the wrath of Calles, who compelled Ortiz Rubio to drop him.

Despite his weakness and ineffectiveness, Ortiz Rubio possessed a cultural and family background, traditions of birth and *noblesse oblige*, moral and intellectual values, far superior to the uncouth and unconscionable rabble that surrounded, dominated, and ignored him. He was a gentleman—far too much a gentleman for the task of being President of Mexico—and was possessed of a gentleman's proper sense of pride and self-respect. These would no longer permit him to remain in the ignominious position to which he was degraded by Calles's arrogant overlordship, to the widespread knowledge and amused contempt of the country. So he got out. The final straw came in the snub which was publicly inflicted upon him a dozen days before he quit, by Calles's new hand-picked Chamber of Deputies. Following their installation, the deputies—who owed their offices to Calles's nod—paid courtesy calls. First, they waited upon their



creator, Calles; then upon the president of Calles's private political party, the instrument of their creation—the National Revolutionist Party, as it is dubbed; and finally upon the President of the Republic. Ortiz Rubio could not quite stick that, so he notified Calles that he was through.

What followed constituted one of those deliciously solemn comedies that delight observers of Mexican politics. Everything was done quite legally, of course, in strict adherence to the slavish worship of form upon which Mexicans insist, even in their murders. Two days before the new Congress met on Thursday, September 1, an official statement came from Chapultepec that all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, the President had not resigned and was not thinking of it even. On the first Ortiz Rubio opened the Congress, every member of which, before the elections in July, had had his back officially chalked by Calles's private party—without it the candidate either could not run or if he tried to, none of the few votes he might glean would be counted. In his speech to the Congress Ortiz Rubio gave no hint of his intention to abdicate, although every deputy and senator knew that he would do so the next day and was wondering who would take his place. Late the following night his resignation went in. Ill health, he pleaded, was the reason. The lack of coordination in the President's secretariat conspicuously betrayed itself, for in an interview printed the next day his chief-of-staff descanted upon the excellence of the President's health.

On Saturday the president of Calles's private party got up before the Congress, gathered in informal session, and made a speech. He had called them together, he said, "in these solemn historical moments," to ask them what they thought they should do about naming a successor to Ortiz Rubio. They had already had their minds made up for them by one Plutarco Elias Calles, and they needed no reminder that they had better keep them made up unless they wanted to be thrown out of the Congress and the National Revolutionist Party. Three candidates, the party president carefully explained, had been suggested, any one of whom was satisfactory to the party. He would mention them, to gain the sentiments of the body.

"Alberto J. Pani!" Silence.

"General Joaquin Amaro!" Silence.

"General Abelardo L. Rodriguez!" Prolonged and deafening cheers.

"The voice of the people has spoken," declared the party president. If one chooses to look at it that way, it continued to speak on the following day, Sunday, when the Congress voted in Rodriguez as president. While all this was going on, Cato Calles remained in seclusion at his *quinta* in Cuernavaca, sixty miles away. As soon as he had taken the oath of office, President Rodriguez sought him out there and did homage to the architect of his political fortunes. In the meantime, Ortiz Rubio, a free and happy man, was speeding toward the frontier aboard the magnificent presidential train in which Calles invested \$500,000 of the republic's cash when he was president, as an exemplification of the simple tastes of a humble man of the soil, exalted by the proletariat to the first office of the land. When he had finished with his new president, Calles gave an audience to newspapermen, to whom he briefly expressed his opinion that the change of presidents and the peaceful manner of its accomplishment impressively demonstrated that the revolution

had finally brought Mexico to full practice of civil and democratic procedures in the selection of its executives. Then he descanted engagingly for an hour upon arboriculture, and expressed his firm conviction that more trees should be planted in Mexico.

Besides being a finger-president, Rodriguez is also a finger-general. He never did much fighting, which possibly may be counted to his credit. He is an agreeable personality with only such qualities and equipment for his job as render him acceptable to Calles. He speaks English well. He will take orders from Calles and from no one else. Calles's ability to put him in the Palacio Nacional represses, for the time being, the presidential ambitions of various other gentlemen who hate Calles but who lack the fortitude and following to challenge his rule—for the present. So they are biding their opportunity, to the accompaniment of teeth-gnashing and curses both loud and deep. Rodriguez's chief claim to solid accomplishment rests upon his having placed the territory of Lower California on a self-supporting basis temporarily, while he was governor. He did this through the revenue accruing from the gambling hells at Agua Caliente and Tia Juana, which he fostered and protected.

The shift in the presidency manifestly is not unconnected with the political maneuvering preliminary to the next presidential election, which is due in 1934. It will tighten up a few nuts in the Calles machine and increase Calles's power not only to hold what he has in the way of control, but also to have, year after next, the final word in the choice of the candidate. Any president, of course, while Calles rules, will be the figurehead that Rubio was and Rodriguez is. It is all merely a demonstration of "the old army game" as it is worked and always has been worked in Mexico.

The army, by the way, is restless, *disgustado* with Calles and his crowd, but currently impotent because of lack of an outstanding leader and of a majority, or even an effective minority, solidly in opposition to the status quo. Conservatives in the United States and in Mexico as well may be expected to shiver appropriately at the belief which obtains here that Calles's candidate for the presidency will be the present governor of the state of Vera Cruz, Colonel Adalberto Tejeda. In official word and act Tejeda appears to be so red that those crimson cravats formerly affected by Senator James Hamilton Lewis pale by comparison. But he is a close and excellent friend of Calles, who always has supported and is now supporting him in his extreme radicalism. That is indisputably true, for without Calles's backing Tejeda would be unable to flourish for a day.

## Midas Touch

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

There was a golden gossip in the world  
Of trees, a Midas touched each leaf to metal,  
Looked with eyes of enchantment on clustered petal  
And frond, his smile on the grass and goldenrod curled.

Yet soft-stepping night brought a rumor of death,  
And acrid poplars against the wind foretold,  
Chattering low, the striking down of gold,  
Of Midas moaning despair and gasping for breath.



# Massachusetts Drifts to Hoover

By JAMES H. POWERS

*Boston, October 3*

**M**ASSACHUSETTS, which shared with "Little Rhody" the distinction of going Democratic with Smith in the Republican Presidential year of 1928, has apparently made up her mind to reverse the process by going Republican with Hoover in the Democratic year of 1932. This astonishing preference for being out in the cold, nationally speaking, is probably due, in part, to an ingrained dislike of "kneelin' with the rest." It is likewise certain that the numerous independent voters take no little delight in upsetting the party apple-carts nicely arranged for the electorate by the machine regulars. But the real reason for Mr. Hoover's cheerful prospects in the Bay State is something quite other. It is not any noticeable affection for him on the part of the voters in either party: he is suspected by the drys, denounced by the wets, privately anathematized by the financial and business communities, and despised by the orthodox sages as an inept political blunderer.

Mr. Hoover's margin in Massachusetts, five weeks prior to the election, is attributable mostly to hate. It depends upon several factors, outstanding among them being the determination of a powerful bloc of Democratic voters to plump for Mr. Hoover or for Norman Thomas, in honor of Al Smith. This may seem fantastic, but politics in Massachusetts this year can be described by no other word. The switching of any important bloc of normally regular Democratic votes is bound to affect Roosevelt's chances adversely. A moment's attention to figures emphasizes this: Alfred E. Smith carried the State in 1928 by a plurality of only 17,192 out of a total vote exceeding 1,577,000. Again, in 1930, Joseph B. Ely, Democratic candidate for governor, defeated his Republican opponent by only 16,664. The total vote of the "left parties"—Socialist, Socialist-Labor, and Communist—exceeded both those margins by upwards of 12,000 votes. So it is evident that a shift of a few thousand will settle the question of Massachusetts.

That shift is almost certain, for the Democrats this year are split three ways. One large faction hates all persons associated with the thwarting of Smith in 1924, 1928, and, last but not least, at Chicago in 1932. It hates Mr. McAdoo especially. A second group feels toward Roosevelt as much animosity, and for the same reasons, but its members will not vote for Hoover. Their fury is not so headlong as to make them forget the Willebrandt-Hoovercrat episodes of 1928. They propose to get even with Mr. Roosevelt, and the party, by voting for Norman Thomas. As a consequence Mr. Thomas will probably be surprised at the size of the vote he obtains in Massachusetts in November. The meager 6,300 votes given him in 1928 are due to multiply like the loaves and fishes of Scriptural memory. It is well to notice here, also, that Mr. Thomas has attracted attention among the bemused independent voters of the Bay State this year. His rallies and his radio talks have won him many supporters.

The Democratic regulars, led by Senator David I. Walsh, are of course officially on the Roosevelt band-wagon. But astute Senator Walsh is spending most of his time at the

New York national headquarters; and the hearts of his faithful lieutenants are not aboard the band-wagon with their owners. The regulars find James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, sitting pridefully beside them; and they loathe Mr. Curley with a depth of passion truly magnificent. The original Roosevelt booster in the State, Mr. Curley ran his hero in the Presidential primaries, against the wishes of the regulars. Mr. Roosevelt received a bad drubbing but the uneasy regulars are "going along with the national ticket" so as to be able to apply the brakes to Curley if Roosevelt wins.

It is evident that with these divisions in the Democratic fold, and a party machine regular only under duress, Mr. Hoover has pleasant opportunities in Massachusetts. There are, however, three threats visible at the moment to the margin he enjoys. The first of these is from the independent voters, who will reflect the political effects of the economic depression. A second threat is, of course, the beguiling rumble of the Roosevelt band-wagon. It has been echoing in Massachusetts ears ever since the Maine elections. The third danger to Mr. Hoover's prospects is, strangely enough, the Republican candidate for governor this year, William S. Youngman, who opposes Governor Ely's reelection.

Mr. Ely is a local hero among Smith factions since the day Al Smith publicly kissed him at Chicago, after Mr. Ely had made a brilliant speech nominating the erstwhile "happy warrior." Mr. Ely fits well with the independents, is held safe by State Street, and counts enemies only among liberal Democrats, who see no trace of progressiveness in his record. But Mr. Ely does not want the job again. He is running only because Senator Walsh and the party wise men have pointed out to him that the fate of the party locally is in his hands. The defeat of Smith at Chicago left Ely frigid toward Roosevelt; and he has thawed but little since. Nor has he evinced much intention of putting on a real fight.

But Mr. Youngman intends to have a fight or bust. Already he has made a promising beginning in that direction, which suggests that the contest will be featured by mud, bricks, and clubs. To this barrage Mr. Ely shows signs of responding with warmth. Should he be driven to fight, there is no telling what may happen in Massachusetts in November. It is certain that many voters will swarm to the polls to save the "man Smith kissed." It is equally certain that Mr. Youngman, who is called, ominously, "Wild Bill" by the State Street faction, intends to kick clean over his party traces and go for the groundlings and the rabble. He is an outcast among the Brahmins. Mr. William Morgan Butler and his coterie feel that he is "unsafe."

So hymns of hate pervade Massachusetts politics this year all the way from the national tickets down to the local subdivisions of the parties. "If Youngman wins," declared a G. O. P. veteran recently, "it will be due to Democrats who hate Ely; and if Ely wins it will be by the votes of Republicans who hate Youngman." But the chances are that a thumping Ely victory would come near to erasing Mr. Hoover's present margin. And there you are.

Over in Rhode Island things are different. That State



is far less definitely in the Hoover fold at the moment than Massachusetts. One need travel but a short distance beyond the Bay State borders to discover that the partnership of 1928 which led these two States to cast straight Democratic majorities is badly fractured. The Smith feud is less ominous in Rhode Island for one thing. It is there, but it is more subdued. Both major parties are confronted by an amazing amount of insurgency, which inclines their managements to caution. The voting strength of the French and Polish Catholic population is by no means so much under the sway of Smith fanaticism as that of their Irish coreligionists. Within the G. O. P. this element has just staged a revolt which has alarmed that famous political Mussolini of Rhode Island Republicanism, Boss Frederick S. Peck. A bitter fight within the party between Governor Norman S. Case, who wants three cups of coffee, and Lieutenant-Governor James G. Connolly, who demands a better distribution of the plums of office, has left gaping wounds. In the Democratic ranks a similar insurrection has rapped the knuckles of the controlling group, led by former Senator Gerry.

The depression is going to count heavily in November. Rhode Island's cities are snared in financial difficulties caused by relief work. Providence has demanded a special session of the Assembly to deal with this problem. Woonsocket's relief funds are practically exhausted. Some 25,000 families in the Blackstone valley have applied for aid this autumn. During August the industrial pick-up in textiles, jewelry, and rubber brought some improvement, but not enough to carry the industrial employment level to within 10 per cent of where it was a year ago. The metal trades have slumped 10 per cent below July. Only one industry, silk, has managed to crawl back to the 1931 levels.

Hence there is political insurgency and doubt in Rhode Island. The doubt grows the moment election statistics are examined. During the past five years the Republican margins of safety have dwindled steadily. Smith carried the State by 1,400 in 1928, while the G. O. P. State ticket went in with a margin of 8,000 votes, and a Republican Senator, Felix Hebert, was seated by 3,000. But in 1930 Peter Gerry, Democrat, lost the Senatorship to Jesse H. Metcalf, Republican, by only 2,600 votes, and the Republican ticket was elected by only 3,500. This year the qualified voters number 306,383, and this is an increase of 36,000 over 1928. Rhode Island has in excess of 30,000 independents. No wonder the incredible Mr. Peck is alarmed. There is today an even tug of war between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt's side has the more enthusiasm; Mr. Peck has the better machine.

New Hampshire is also infected with political sedition. At any rate it would be difficult to explain by any other means the fact that Senator George H. Moses, of "sons of the wild jackass" fame, finds himself in a sorry predicament. There has been an extraordinary increase in the Democratic registration—three times as large. Democratic vote was cast in this year's primaries as in 1930. While the optimistic Democrats were nominating former Governor Fred H. Brown to oppose Mr. Moses in the Senate race, Mr. Moses was dismayed to find that his nominating vote fell 10,000 behind the G. O. P. ticket. Brown has the indorsement of the powerful National Railway Labor Executive, and this counts in New Hampshire, where thousands of families depend upon railroading for a living.

The New Hampshire Republicans admit that it will be a tussle to land the State on the Hoover side this fall. Under the guidance of Governor Winant and Mr. Moses, they are putting on a really desperate fight. But once again, the depression dogs the faithful. The mill towns are restive, in spite of recent improvement in the textile industry. A very definite desire for change is in evidence, and Mr. Roosevelt is benefiting by it with equal definiteness. As in Rhode Island, the French population refuses to be excited about Al Smith and displays something horribly like a grouch toward the G. O. P. Mr. Moses will be an exceedingly lucky man if he saves his hide. And his prospects are not improved by the fact that while Governor Winant and Senator Moses are outwardly in harmony in the campaign, actually they are bent upon mutual slaughter. Each hopes to kill off the other, whom he views as a threat to his own political future. The results of this are beginning to emerge. On September 28 the Concord *Monitor*, a Republican paper edited by a personal friend of the Governor, contained a sensational editorial attack upon Moses, in which it was suggested that the "threatened eclipse of Moses may not only submerge the Senator." Governor Winant's friends are fearful "lest it submerge Hoover, Winant, Tobey, and Straw," that is, the State ticket. The editorial went on to point out what Senator Moses might do to redeem himself, but implied that it was probably too late. This editorial has led Moses to issue a statement saying that "if our fool friends will let us alone we'll get along all right."

It is preposterous to imagine that Vermont will land in the Democratic national fold this November; but stranger miracles have occurred, and if the zest of the Democrats is any guide, the miracle is possible. Maine has had a tremendous effect on voters in Vermont. It has scared the Republicans, and has led the Democrats to believe that for the first time in years they actually have a chance. Hitherto the business of putting up a Democratic ticket in Vermont has been purely perfunctory. The Republicans needed something to knock down, and the Democrats were obliging. Now, a prominent Green Mountain Democratic war horse is trumpeting a reminder to the faithful that in 1800 Vermont was the only New England State to vote for Jefferson. That is going back quite a way, of course, but it reveals the temper of the Rooseveltians at the moment. Mr. Roosevelt's visit has acted like a tonic to drooping hopes. It has sown new organization centers all over the State. The battle, as James P. Leamy, Democratic gubernatorial aspirant, admits, is an uphill one, but the interesting and unusual fact is that there is actually a real battle in progress. This situation troubles Vermont Republicans vastly. Another source of dismay to the Green Mountain G. O. P. is the discovery that political treason is in their midst. The Ludlow *Vermont Tribune*, home-town paper in that community which gave John Garibaldi Sargent to the Coolidge Cabinet, has actually had the audacity to print in full the platform on which Norman Thomas is running, with the suggestion to readers that here they might find some ideas similar to their own! This was surely bad enough. But the paper went on to remark that the Democratic and Republican platforms should also be studied, because it would be found that they were essentially similar on most points, and it intimated that both were rather heavily laden with boloney. No wonder an oppressive and chilly silence hangs over Plymouth Notch.



# Roosevelt Woos the Progressives

## *Insurgency Goes Democratic*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, October 1*

SINCE the election of Roosevelt has come to be almost a foregone conclusion, the most heartening aspect of the situation, it seems to me, is his demonstrated eagerness to associate himself openly with Progressives of such unquestionable sincerity as Senators Norris, Johnson, and Cutting, Donald Richberg, Basil Manly, and Frank P. Walsh. After nearly four years of breathing the noxious political air created by the presence of such characters as Claudius Huston, Pat Hurley, Bob Lucas, Artie Hyde, Wee Willie Mitchell, Wilbur, and the incredible Doak, it is pleasant to contemplate the prospect of a man in the White House who may be expected to surround himself with men whose political reputations are at least respectable. Incidentally, one could hardly exaggerate the black pessimism which has engulfed Hoover's supporters. That poor man may think he still stands a chance of being reelected, but I question whether any of his managers do. The defeatist attitude has spread to every quarter of the Administration, and most of its members are resigned to seeing the country go to hell in a hack. Mills, Hurley, and Jahncke continue their frantic tub-thumping, but the performance is not convincing. In several large States the Republican candidates for State offices and for Congress are pointedly omitting any mention of the Presidential ticket in their campaign speeches. It is a case of every man for himself and the devil take Hoover.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE National Committee's difficulty in finding satisfactory campaigners is beautifully illustrated by its action in dragging poor old Harry New—that ancient relic of the Harding regime—from his well-deserved obscurity, to campaign for the Hoover-Curtis ticket. I am not implying that old Harry is unworthy of the task, seeing that he was good enough to sit alongside Curtis in the Senate and Hoover in the Harding Cabinet. But in view of his record and his fairly recent involvement in the post-office lease scandal, his appearance as a major actor in the campaign is an eloquent example of the extremities to which the party managers have been reduced. Equally eloquent are the anxious efforts of Mark Sullivan, the Hoover Boswell, to frighten wealthy persons into making generous campaign contributions. Day after day in his syndicated political articles the dutiful Mark harades the frightful specter of a national Administration dominated by Huey Long, Burt Wheeler, and Mrs. Hattie Caraway. He does not see how bolshevism can be avoided if those two millionaires, Franklin Roosevelt and John Garner, are elected. I am not so well acquainted with Governor Roosevelt, but the idea of Banker Garner doing anything to destroy property values is irresistibly droll. When Calvin Coolidge marches down the street carrying a red flag I shall expect to see John in the procession, but not earlier.

FROM the liberal's standpoint Roosevelt's campaign addresses leave much to be desired, but the opposition has achieved new depths of political dishonesty. What, for example, could be more shameless than President Hoover's effort to take credit for the Wagner-Garner relief bill? Surely everyone knows that for two years he fought bitterly against all measures of that character, and that the Wagner-Garner act was literally forced down his throat by an aroused Congress. Even now the relief and public-works provisions are being executed in such a niggardly and grudging manner that they are likely to be of little help during the winter. Again, in my beloved St. Louis, we have Ogden Mills exclaiming: "What would Jefferson and Jackson have thought of putting the federal government into the banking business?" As if the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, sired and sponsored by Hoover and Mills, were not the most gigantic government banking business in the history of the nation! But indignation is a sign of weakness. For the comic motif let us turn to that gem of rhetoric with which our old friend "Poison Gas" Hurley, in one of his recent campaign orations, edified the gaping natives of Johnson City, Tennessee. Thus:

I am delighted to visit your beautiful city where the traditional charm and romance of Dixie blend so perfectly with the energy and enterprise of the old pioneer spirit. Out of this fusion of social chivalry and individual courage were born and bred the most noble concepts of government and society. On the old frontier men moved as individuals. Behind them, they left their past.

The voice is the voice of Pat, but the hand is the hand of Captain Abe Ginsburg, United States Army. Pat may have interpolated the line about the pioneers leaving their pasts behind them, but in the blending of social chivalry and frontier courage the Ginsburg touch is unmistakable. What a loss oratory would have suffered if Pat had obeyed his first angry impulse to cashier the Captain when their literary relationship was disclosed!

\* \* \* \* \*

PROGRESSIVES are pretty blue over the defeat of Governor Phil La Follette and Senator Blaine in the Wisconsin primary, although they recognize the causes. Foremost among the latter was the fact that thousands of liberal Democrats who had habitually entered Republican primaries to vote for La Follette tickets saw a chance this year to elect their own candidates, and voted in the Democratic primary. Second was a blind impulse, already evident elsewhere, to turn out the "ins." Third was an amazing campaign of terrorism waged by the vested interests of the State, assisted by a large section of the press. Over and over the voters were told that unless the La Follettes were turned out, the large industries of the State would desert it to escape "unjust" taxation, thus adding to unemployment. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* unblushingly declared that the



issue was: "Work with Kohler or Starve with La Follette." Although it was known that Governor La Follette faced a hard fight, the defeat of Blaine by John B. Chapple, a sophomoric demagogue celebrated for the exceptional number and quality of his asininities, was astonishing. If he wins in the general election we may long for the return of Tom Heflin. Several months ago Chapple came to Washington, went to the White House, and took his place in a line of tourists waiting to shake hands with the President. Emerging, he announced his candidacy for the Senate, and told reporters that he had "presented his plan" to Mr. Hoover. A disturbed Presidential secretary later disclosed that Chapple had grabbed Mr. Hoover with one hand and with the other had dropped three typewritten sheets on the President's desk as he passed by. The Administration was disposed to exult over the Kohler victory, and Ogden Mills prematurely pronounced it "a refreshing event" before someone recalled the statement made by Kohler upon the occasion of his defeat by La Follette in 1930. Kohler said: "I lost because Herbert Hoover was too heavy a load for any man to carry." The cheering stopped instantly. No informed observer doubts that La Follette will make a comeback, but Blaine must wait six years. In the United States Senate he has been an independent, fearless, and industrious legislator.

A DEFEAT which I can contemplate with great composure was that of Representative Charles Crisp, candidate for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Georgia. During his advocacy of the sales tax during the last session, Mr. Crisp frequently was moved almost to tears by the spectacle of his own patriotism, and he beat his breast until it resounded like a kettle-drum. However, it did not prevent him from participating in the scurvy trick whereby the conferees shifted the 3 per cent electricity tax from the power companies—where the Senate had imposed it—to the consumers. Nor did it permit him to perceive any impropriety in admitting two private tax attorneys to the secret sessions of the Ways and Means Committee while the tax bill was being drafted. One of the provisions which these men assisted in writing was that governing the revaluation of estates—although both were members of law firms which at that moment represented large estates which would be affected by the provision. For these and other signal services Crisp has now been rewarded by President Hoover with appointment to the Tariff Commission. Considering the composition of the commission during the Coolidge and Hoover administrations, the appointment seems appropriate enough, but it will be interesting to watch the Senate when Breast-beating Charlie's name is submitted for confirmation. In conclusion, permit me to note that the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Joe Dixon, has got himself into a lather of indignation over Governor Roosevelt's offense in "putting himself before the people in the clothing of the great President" (T. R.). I suppose it would have been more sporting if the Governor had grown a beard and run for President under the name of Joe Goose, but there seems no good reason why he should not continue to use his own name. I am more interested in the fact that Dixon franked out his denunciation in envelopes of the Interior Department, marked "official business."

## In the Driftway

THE Woolworth tower in New York City is one of the shrines of America. As a skyscraper it has been surpassed. As a symbol it remains unsurpassed—for there is certainly no more typical manifestation of American mass production than F. W. Woolworth's 5 and 10 Cent Store. It is, for one thing, indispensable as a safety valve for a people whose desire to buy is overstimulated by national advertising only to be thwarted by the lack of money. But aside from the fact that it provides useful or amusing or popular merchandise at convenient prices, it provides in its own way hyacinths to feed the soul—and if the hyacinths are artificial (except at special spring sales), they will last longer anyway. There is hardly an American alive above the age of six who has not experienced the sense of power obtainable in any ten-cent store. Millions know the thrill of driving a more or less powerful car at a speed no king of old could command, but the cheapest of second-hand cars costs more than a dollar, or ten times the mere thin dime with which the lowliest citizen can walk with confidence among the glittering counters of Mr. Woolworth.

WHEN Henry Ford discarded Model T and introduced a civilized Model A at a startlingly low price, it was said, more in earnest than in jest, that he had set back the revolution twenty-five years. It is possible that Woolworth's may prevent it altogether. Have the Communists reckoned on this foe? Within the garishly painted "cells" of the Woolworth counter-revolution—and they honeycomb the country—the economic under-dog is not only able to feel superior in the knowledge that he can carry off anything in the place for ten cents; he is able to buy, in minute quantities, the very products, exclusive and expensive, which are patronized by the rich. Has Paris perfected a new and dazzling lipstick? The anemic girl-child who leans all day over a factory sewing-machine for \$10 a week can buy at Woolworth's Paris lips as erotic and alluring as any debutante's—and she would rather be a debutante than a revolutionist. Is there a new and dashing cocktail glass in the best shops? Woolworth's will have it next week, in a cheaper but just as dashing edition. And so it goes with soap and the classics, with leather goods and lace.

THE Drifter notes that Woolworth's profits have not decreased since the depression began. They have, if he remembers correctly, grown even larger. It could hardly be otherwise, when one considers the great increase in economic under-dogs since 1929. But the Drifter is very doubtful of the wisdom of the new Woolworth policy, which was probably inspired by overconfidence. He means the increase of the top price to twenty cents. That historic sign, "Nothing in this store over ten cents," has been hauled down, and while the Drifter is amused to see evergreen shrubs for sale at twenty cents that are just as perky but not so large as the two-dollar ones down the street, he wonders if the revolution is not advanced by just that difference between ten and twenty cents.

THE DRIFTER



## Correspondence

### Sumner's "Forgotten Man"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Secretary Mills, in his Portland speech, had used Bryan and his Cross of Gold in defending Wall Street, the whole country would have roared. But that would not have been more ludicrous than his use of Sumner and his "forgotten man" to support the Smoot-Hawley tariff. No wonder Maine went Democratic!

For nearly forty years William Graham Sumner was an outstanding champion of free trade. The first essay in the volume from which Secretary Mills quotes—"The Forgotten Man and Other Essays"—is entitled Protectionism—the Ism Which Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth. In this essay, from which Mr. Mills tears from the context his forgotten man, Sumner's forgotten man is portrayed as the man who pays for all "the jobbery."

The biggest job of all is a protective tariff. This device consists in delivering every man over to be plundered by his neighbor and in teaching him to believe that it is a good thing for him and the rest of the country because he may take his turn at plundering the rest.

Aside from being the occasion for vigorous protest against such a misrepresentation of one of our great thinkers and teachers, Mr. Mills's speech at Portland belongs to the "boners" of political discussion. Our laughter leaves us so generous that we award to the Secretary of the Treasury the cap and bells without which no court jester should appear in public.

New York, September 17

ALLEN MCCURDY

## Prosperity Is Still Around the Corner

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the past few years there has been waged in the United States a war of extermination between competitors. The destruction of vested capital already exceeds the cost of the World War and has brought far greater misery to our people. Those who have directed these destructive conflicts have used other people's money for ammunition. Many competitors have been ruined; in many instances those owning stock in the surviving concerns have been deprived of dividends; and many hundreds of thousands have been obliged to sell their holdings at a terrible loss, while some on the inside sold against the box or went short in the market and added to their wealth.

If a curb had been put upon such racketeers through governmental authority, we should not have run past every corner leading to a return of prosperity. If those who control our essential industries are to be permitted to continue their mad price wars, and to cut wages in order to carry on those price wars, then the Reconstruction Finance Corporation should use its remaining resources to build lunatic asylums.

Workers on our farms, in our mines, and in our factories are the real creators of wealth, and unless they are employed and adequately compensated, the buying power of all others will not be sufficient to restore even moderate prosperity. Money gained by a small minority through injustice and ruthless destruction of other people's capital or their means of earning a livelihood may become as insecure as a cargo of gold on ship about to founder at sea.

Another year of destructive competition would bring fur-

ther loss of vested capital, increase unemployment, and lower wages, and would be followed by serious social disturbances and even greater disasters. The American people hold the balance of power. They must select and support patriotic and competent leaders who place the welfare of their country and its people above personal gain.

New York, September 27

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

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## PEACE BROKE OUT

BY HEINZ LIEPMANN

Translated from the German by Emile Burns

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# Books, Drama, Films

## "One Liberation"

*Russia: A Social History.* By D. S. Mirsky. Edited by C. G. Seligman. The Century Company. \$6.

THIS volume, written for the Cresset Historical Series, presents the full sweep of Russia's social and cultural development up to the collapse of the Romanov dynasty in the spring of 1917. The book is scholarly, authoritative, and in perfect keeping with what we have learned to expect from its eminent author. Still, it is not without defects, the most serious being "the absence of a single point of view"—a shortcoming which the author attributes to a gradual "adjustment" in his conception of history, "which, at first imperceptible to himself, only crystallized after the book was completed." After partly disavowing his own creation, the author suggests that if he were to rewrite the book now, he would consistently emphasize economic facts "as the one and only photophenomenon of all historical reality," that is, he would write in conformity with the principles of historical materialism, or Marxism. A momentous statement this, particularly when examined in the light of Mr. Mirsky's social and intellectual Odyssey.

Born into an ancient aristocratic family, Prince Mirsky, the son of a famous minister in the Czar's government, was from his earliest youth affected by the idealistic, mystical, and religious trends of his time. Old Russian society was crumbling. Revolution was approaching. But the ideologists, artists, and thinkers of the upper classes refused to look reality straight in the face, preferring to interpret the ominous portents in terms of religious revival and mystical upheaval. Pale-faced poets and long-haired priests shambled from one literary soiree to another, shivering, trembling, whispering of their apocalyptic visions, spreading strange rumors about the impending second coming of Christ or the descent of the "Beautiful Lady," awing people with prophecies of a "new revelation" and promises of a "third hypostasis." Young Prince Mirsky was the typical product of his time and class. He too trembled and shivered, and swore by what was not.

When the revolution came, he, together with most of old Russia's gilded youth, went, rifle in hand, to fight the hordes of the Beast, the forces of Antichrist. Later, when the white armies were decimated, he fled to Europe, where he rapidly achieved fame as scholar, writer, and critic of Russian literature. While teaching in one of the great English universities, he rose to a leading position among the cultured whites, and became a prominent exponent of Eurasianism.

Now the Eurasian philosophy was for a time exceedingly popular among the émigré intellectuals, who, deprived of their wealth and power and torn from their native soil, were obsessed by a morbid sense of not belonging anywhere, by a feeling that they were social outcasts "much inferior to the happy bourgeoisie in the Western world and the victorious workers and peasants in their own country." The philosophy which they evolved was something of a defense mechanism, a glorification of themselves through a glorification of their country, through an assertion of the uniqueness of Russia, its people, its history, its destiny. Geographically, historically, culturally, and in every other way, they maintained, Russia was an unprecedented combination of European and Asian elements. Neither Europe nor Asia, Russia, in the final analysis, was both—Russia was Eur-Asia. The Bolshevik emphasis on atheism, rationalism, materialism, and class antagonism represented a temporary ascendancy of European over Asian tendencies in Russia's civilization. But periodic oscillations between East and West notwithstanding, Russia's spirit was ever struggling toward a final synthesis of the Euro-

pean and Asian elements, toward an ideal Eurasia, toward a culture which was destined to combine and transcend the cultures of both Orient and Occident. Eurasianism also included opposition to foreign capitalism and exaltation of Russia's national religion, that is, the Greek Catholic church.

In view of this background, the Preface (August, 1930) to the present volume, expressing the author's deliberate tribute to the philosophy of "historical materialism" and "Marxist historiography," becomes, as I have already pointed out, tremendously significant. For this is no minor ideological shift, no slight ideological "adjustment"; it is an intellectual *volte-face*—an idealist turned materialist, a Eurasian turned Marxist. The author's casual remark in the Preface that the "adjustment" occurred "in the course" and "under the direct action of" writing the present history gives no clue as to the cause. This is found in a recent article written by Prince Mirsky for a French publication and reprinted in the Moscow *Literary Gazette* (February 29, 1932) under the title of *A Story of One Liberation*.

The Prince's spiritual unfolding was slow and painful induced by a variety of subjective and objective causes and flowing from an emotional conflict inherent in his nationalist philosophy. As a fervid nationalist, as a Eurasian, Prince Mirsky could not help feeling secretly grateful to the detested Bolsheviks for saving Russia from becoming a colony of imperialist Europe. As a Russian patriot, again, he could not help taking a certain furtive pride in the economic, political, and cultural achievements of the Soviet Union, which to him was, after all, Russia. True, at first his eyes were open only to those elements in Soviet culture which were more or less in line with tradition and which to him were the expression of the old Russia, the real Russia, of Russia one, eternal, indivisible. Gradually, however, the whole vista of the new Soviet culture began to unroll before him—the cinema, the theater, the young proletarian literature—and imperceptibly to himself his attitude began to undergo a change. Fadiev's "remarkable" novel "Nineteen," in which Mirsky found a "masterly analysis of the Communist psychology and ethic," made an "indelible impression" on him and together with Gorki's later writings was an important factor in his "reeducation." Also, intimate glimpses of European capitalism, particularly of the "beastly physiognomy of the embattled British bourgeoisie," made him realize that "the bourgeoisie is as much my enemy as it is the enemy of the working class."

It was at this time that Mirsky plunged into writing the book now under review. In the course of his research he had occasion to dip into the monumental historical works of the veteran Communist Pokrovsky, and discovered that through the method of dialectical materialism "history may become a genuine science capable not only of recreating and depicting historical events, but also of adequately explaining them."

Still, despite his growing regard for the Soviet Union, his intensified contempt for the Western bourgeoisie, and his unqualified acceptance of Pokrovsky's historical method, Mirsky was not yet a convinced Marxist. Hence, the book, which was completed in 1929, bears distinct traces of the Eurasian as well as of the Marxian viewpoint—an eclecticism which the author in his 1930 Preface himself acknowledges and deplures.

The final stage in Prince Mirsky's intellectual "liberation" occurred after he had been commissioned by an English publisher to write a biography of Lenin. While, strictly speaking, this phase of the story belongs to a period subsequent to that in which the present book was written, I feel that a knowledge of it is essential to a correct evaluation not only of the present book but of all the past and future works by the same author. Furthermore, in the complete story of Prince Mirsky's search for the truth, the reader may perhaps discern an answer to



me of the perplexing problems now confronting the socially conscious intelligentsia in our own country.

To resume, then: Prince Mirsky received the commission to write Lenin's life just at the time when the world witnessed two unprecedented phenomena—the obvious collapse of America's vaunted prosperity followed by the crisis of capitalism throughout the world, and the apparently successful launching of the Five-Year Plan and the collectivization campaign in the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics. The prestige of the Bolsheviks was rising. The middle-class intellectuals in the capitalist countries, people who had heretofore looked disdainfully or at best patronizingly at the Soviet experiment, now suddenly burst out into paeans of praise for the Soviet leaders and their achievements. This was the atmosphere in which Mirsky, whose knowledge of Marxism had been based on "hearing and intuition," began to study Lenin and Leninism. He had every word written by or about Lenin, absorbing to the utmost the spirit, ideas, and personality of the Bolshevik leader. The months he spent with Lenin, Prince Mirsky tells us, were the most portentous and fruitful in his life. Communion with Lenin brought to an end his "intellectual adolescence," gave him an "intense feeling of reality" and "extraordinary clarity of thought," and definitely exploded "the fantastic systems and subjective fictions inherited from an unknown mythological and metaphysical past." A knowledge of Lenin revealed to him "a world whose vast, rich, complex, multi-colored, and dynamic character could be comprehended only by one possessed of a free and active intellect," by one who approached reality not as a dispassionate and indifferent observer, but as a man of action who strives to understand reality in order to subdue and change it." This, to Prince Mirsky, was freedom, freedom from musty ideas, obscurantism, mysticism, freedom from arbitrary metaphysical structures, freedom to embrace life, real, urgent, throbbing. "There is sunshine in my house," concludes *Comrade Mirsky* wistfully, "and it is good to work."

JOSHUA KUNITZ

## Mr. Waugh's Humor

*Lack Mischief.* By Evelyn Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

LIKE "Hindoo Holiday," published a few months ago with considerable success, "Black Mischief" is a study of some of the more droll results of European imperialism. "Hindoo Holiday" revolved around the activities of an engaging, homosexual Indian ruler, and the humor had its source in his misuse of the English language and in his baffled attempts to understand European history and customs. The appeal of "Black Mischief" is on a somewhat higher level, for Waugh has more respect for factual reality, and his sense of humor is a little grim: there are various picturesque assassinations in the course of the story, and the climax comes when the hero sits in on a cannibal feast and eats his sweetheart. The central figure of "Black Mischief" is Seth, a Negro educated at Oxford and determined to bring progress to his native state of Azania whether his subjects want it or not. He is aided by an up-to-date soldier of fortune named Basil Seal, who tries to put through a One-Year Plan of modernization and improvement. And instead of pederasty and mispronunciation, which created the funny scenes in "Hindoo Holiday," the humor revolves around revolutions, diplomatic intrigues and stupidity, birth control, graft, and the befuddlement of two dreary representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

But the details of these novels are less interesting than the point of view they represent. Both Waugh and Ackerman write in the tradition which is usually associated with Aldous Huxley

and Norman Douglas; both, that is to say, are commonly described in conventional literary terminology as cynical and disillusioned. So it is a little odd to find them writing of colonial disturbances with a whimsicality that is a sort of cross between Gilbert-and-Sullivan and burlesque-show humor, and to find the relationship of the Europeans and the natives presented almost exclusively in terms of the comic situations resulting from it. In both novels there is the sharp collision between what we know of the kind of conflicts described, what common sense and experience and history tell us about them, and what the authors would have us believe. Waugh is no apologist for imperialism in the sense that Kipling was a great apologist for it; he is not politically alert in the way that Kipling was, and he is not so conscious of the needs of the dominant class of his time. On the contrary he dislikes imperialism, but not to the point of attacking it; the satire is all directed at trivial subjects, and humor in this case is only an unsatisfactory refuge.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## James in the Theater

*Theatre and Friendship.* Letters from Henry James to Elizabeth Robins. With a Commentary by Elizabeth Robins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, anciently an actress and amateur producer, has here gathered together the letters Henry James wrote to her between 1891 and 1911. By a fortunate circumstance they cover the period when James was most interested in the theater; the period, indeed, when he was making his own adventure into the theatrical wilderness. As such they are valuable, for they prove beyond the shadow of a doubt how deeply James was concerned about the drama and the theater. For some reason best known to the commentators themselves, Henry James's theatrical adventure has been looked upon as an astonishing aberration of an otherwise quite calmly calculating mind. But the facts are perfectly plain and easily available to prove that James was interested in the theater from boyhood; in his reminiscences he records his attendance at the theater in New York, and he assiduously followed theatrical matters in Paris and London. When he came to try playwriting, then, he was far from being a parvenu. He knew the theater in three countries and the dramatic literature with considerable exhaustiveness. He was, moreover, by his very disposition, an acute critic of actors and actresses, and had an inexhaustible memory of the very nuances of their performances. Such an equipment is surely rare in aspiring dramatists, and James's failure in the role cannot be attributed to lack of knowledge either of the dramatic form or of theatrical conditions. He set out what he knew in "The Tragic Muse" before he began to work in the theater.

It was Miss Robins's good luck to be the first to present the Ibsen plays in London, having a hand in their translation as well as in their production and acting. James followed her career with that capacity for sympathetic participation which was peculiarly his. It seems that James was as excited about Ibsen as any other devotee of the theater in the nineties. He followed with palpitating interest the new dramas as they unfolded themselves in English under the hands of the translators, and berated the stupidity of the reviewers when they printed their reactions to the first nights. He hovered over Ibsen's dramas with the baffled interest with which he greeted all the artistic reflections of the middle-class spirit. Antipathetic as they were to what he found interesting for his own treatment, he conceded that they did possess the touch that made them art. In no other place than in Miss Robins's book is the ability James possessed imaginatively to explore every major literary



phenomenon of his time made clearer. But this capacity did not prevent him from finally rejecting, not the art of Ibsen and others, but the "spirit" behind the art. *That* he found unassimilable.

Even though most of the letters printed in this volume are the briefest notes, the true James flavor is in them, and if they hardly do more than add footnotes to Percy Lubbock's superbly edited collection, they are none the less welcome. No true James admirer will pass them up. The commentary Miss Robins has supplied is adequate, but it is made a bit trying to read by the fact that it is written in an awkward imitation of James's inimitable manner. The last few pages of the book are disfigured by the fact that Miss Robins is still fighting the war. Colonel House steps upon the stage briefly in the role of one willing to encourage pro-British propaganda. To be sure Miss Robins was at one with Henry James in being excited about the war and the British cause, but it is hardly in the best of taste to perpetuate the emotions of sixteen years ago in a book of this sort.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## Notes on Fiction

*Nymph Errant.* By James Laver. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

In a cerebral, epigrammatic style faintly reminiscent of "Zuleika Dobson," Mr. Laver here recounts the remarkable adventures of a singularly obliging young woman. Fresh from her Lausanne finishing school, Evangeline proceeds to take quite literally the science master's parting advice to the girls never to be afraid to experiment, and during the subsequent year experiments to her heart's content, chiefly in bed, with André at Deauville, Alexei in Paris, Heinz in Germany, Ferdinand in Vienna, and Constantine on his yacht in the Gulf of Smyrna. All of which sounds exciting but is actually quite the opposite, since for all his talk of beds and underclothes the author is really out to play a trick on the erotic reading public, and rarely actually describes anything more titillating than a bath mat or an evening dress. Mr. Laver is assistant in the Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a little too much of the spirit of craftsmanship pervades his book, at the expense of the breath of life. He does introduce a few delightful characters, as the girl who joins the nudist colony because people are always embarrassing her by staring at her ankles, and there are several drily—and highly—amusing scenes; but there are also many long, boring stretches in which the author's sophisticated heartlessness becomes both strained and dull. A *tour de force* can be sustained at length only by such eminent *touristes de force* as Max Beerbohm and Robert Benchley, and Mr. Laver might better have compressed Evangeline, who is pretty collapsible anyway, into a short story.

*The Case Is Altered.* By William Plomer. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

Mr. Plomer's progress has been watched with such strong hopes of his development that one regrets the necessity of pronouncing his first novel a disappointment. He can, when he applies himself, write exceedingly well in a style that is both sinewy and supple, but he is capable also of careless writing that disregards the flow and cadence of good prose. He annoys one gratuitously with such mannerisms as the repetition of the same word in a single sentence and the constant misplacement of the adverb "only." Small faults these may be, yet they mar one's enjoyment like a mote in the eye. Mr. Plomer is a keen observer of human foibles, and he has a flair for the subtleties of speech and action that reveal character. The crux of his story—the murder of an innocent wife by an insanely jealous husband—is approached through a leisurely study of the deni-

zens of a London boarding-house. But the catastrophe is elaborately forecast by hints and premonitions, and the climactic chapter is so overwritten in the straining for effects of horror that what should be the strongest part of the tale is the weakest. Mr. Plomer has shown indubitable talent in sketches and short stories, but the novel is as yet a bit beyond his grasp. It is characteristic of the episodic quality of his writing that the character which stands out most memorably in retrospect is a minor one—Miss Frances Haymer, whose role is that of a detached and ironic commentator.

*The Scandal Monger.* By Emile Gauvreau. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

It is an open secret that this exposure of "jazz journalism" deals with the rise and methods of a notorious ex-hooper and scandal-monger who conducts a filth column in one of the New York tabloids. Friends who know assure us that the fictional disguise is, as the author intended, exceedingly thin. The novel succeeds in what it sets out to do. It has a sort of sordid fascination all its own. And it explains better than any doctoral thesis could the reasons for the enormous circulation of the tabloid "journalism." Mr. Gauvreau writes with the white heat of the reformer, and he dedicates his novel to a friend with the hope of a "new tradition" in newspaper work. But the author's zeal somehow does not impress us when we learn that after quitting the managing "editorship" of the *Graphic*, he became the "editor" of the *Mirror*. Yes, we know—a man must live.

## Drama

### Mr. Lawson Comes Back

FOR the first time this season Broadway has seen a play about which audiences may disagree with some point and passion. All the previous pieces—the good and bad alike—have been too familiar in their methods and their intentions to stir any serious conflict of opinion, but John Howard Lawson has now supplied the ambitious members of the Group Theater with a sober, intense, and vehement drama which visitors to the Maxine Elliot Theater may like or dislike with some real intensity.

Ever since Mr. Lawson startled and stirred us with his unconventional "Processional" he has been obviously a man to keep one's eye on. But though he has always striven for freshness and originality he has seemed rather to change than to grow, and, indeed, some of the plays which he wrote under what was fondly supposed to be a Russian influence were so horribly bad that one was tempted to give him up as another flash in the pan. In the new play he has, however, returned to a conventional and coherent form without losing any of his obvious sincerity, and as a result "Success Story" is, at the very least, something into which one can put one's teeth. Whether it be ranked as a success or a failure, we must follow it with that interest which is almost inevitable when an intelligent man is sincerely determined to say something which he believes to be important.

Superficially Lawson's story is a story of the rise to wealth and power of a ruthless man who climbs over the prostrate bodies of his superiors one after another until he is at the head of a vast and rich corporation engaged in the business of advertising dubious wares on a gigantic scale. But though this story may seem familiar enough, Mr. Lawson has treated it from an original angle. He neither glorifies "success" nor indulges in that now conventional satire on big business and advertis-



ing. Instead he is concerned with the dark and terrible abysses in the soul of an ambitious man, and he leaves us shuddering at the spectacle of one who can torture himself as well as others because of a lust for power which brings neither joy nor satisfaction to anyone.

Probably Mr. Lawson intended that some social criticism should be the ultimate implication of his drama. His hero is an East Side Jew who begins as a radical but ends as the very type of sterile power, and it is possible that his creator meant the story to suggest how the times can corrupt a will-to-power which might have led to great and useful ends. But the play as it stands is chiefly a study of an individual soul, and its case may be interpreted in more than one way. Perhaps, as the hero himself thinks, the supposed idealism of his first youth was merely the form naturally taken by a lust for power when it develops in one who finds himself at the very bottom; and perhaps, as he also thinks, many radicals are merely men who have disguised their desire to get for themselves what more fortunate people already have. Interpreted in this way, the story is even darker than it would be if the theme were social injustice, and Mr. Lawson seems to have intentionally left the sources of his hero's development ambiguous.

Sol Ginsberg is a man whose pride has been lacerated since infancy. When he finds himself in an office surrounded by people of wealth and breeding who patronize his superior ability merely because they can, his first reaction is one which he interprets as a general resentment against such injustice. But when he realizes how much easier it would be for a man of his ability to trample his superiors down than it would be for him to make any progress toward remedying the central injustice, it is to the former that he devotes himself. Revenge of a purely personal sort becomes his only ambition. He scorns even the limited code of ethics which the established exploiters obey, and ruthlessly rises over them. But the only satisfaction he ever gets is in kicking those who have kicked him. His only real ambition is to prove to himself that he can have everything that anyone else can have, that he can make the head of the firm—who represents power—and the latter's mistress—who represents beauty—truckle to him. But because he does not want anything for itself, because, perhaps, he gave up the only thing he could want for itself when he allowed his passion for justice to transform itself into a passion for personal power, he can get no joy from any of his triumphs. And when he dies, his mind reverts to that symbol of success which had fixed itself upon him when, as a youth, he had attended the funeral of his gangster brother. "Get me a silver coffin with cupids on it. No matter—what—it—costs."

Like all Mr. Lawson's plays "Success Story" is heavily and doggedly vehement. It moves with power but without grace, and even the moments of eloquence which are intended to raise it to the heights remain murky and violent rather than poetic. It must also be remarked that "Success Story" lacks variety and progressive development. By the end of the first act the hero has revealed himself completely, and there remains only the working out of what the audience has already seen to be inevitable. But despite all this, it must be repeated that the play is something to put one's teeth into—that it has passion, intensity, and sincerity; that it is using the drama for a worthy purpose and coming close enough to achieving that purpose to make the attempt worth while. Something of the same sort may, moreover, be said of the Group Theater's production. One gets a sincere and competent performance by people who are interested in their craft and determined to learn a good deal about it. Both Mr. Lawson and the Group Theater have something different from the cleverness of the usual successful playwright and the slickness of the usual successful company. Broadway could do very well with a little more of that something.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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**Films****"Mädchen in Uniform"**

WHEN one comes to think of it, the movies are really one of the privileged arts. We ask so little of them and are so greatly pleased when we get that little. A novel or a play giving no more than a true picture of life would hardly rouse us to any fits of enthusiasm. But when a moving picture breaks away from the time-worn clichés of Hollywood, our hearts leap with joy and we feel like acclaiming the courageous piece of work as a masterpiece of art. Such is our gratitude. And well is this gratitude deserved in the case of "Mädchen in Uniform," the German-made picture now showing at the Criterion. This film does more than merely tell its story in an honest and straightforward way. It succeeds in permeating the story with an atmosphere of sensitive understanding that makes its characters supremely human. The comedy of school life is familiar enough. It has been left to "Mädchen in Uniform" to show us something of its drama. It would have been easy in a subject of this kind to stress the obvious and appeal to the sympathy of the audience with scenes of heartless tyranny over children. Commendably, the film avoids this beaten path. It conveys the sense of drama merely by picturing the oppressive atmosphere of a girls' boarding-school in Germany, a school ruled by a soulless discipline which stifles all natural human instincts and reduces the children to the condition of mere ciphers. Inevitably, now and again some sensitive child breaks down under this strain. Then enter hysterics, attempts at suicide, and scandal, as the situation is viewed by the guardians of school properties. Perhaps the main charm of the picture is the naturalness with which the schoolgirls play their parts. The characterization of the mistresses is less happy, suggesting as it does the more deliberate emphasis of stage technique. An exception to this, however, is the acting of Dorothea Wieck—in the part of the idolized mistress Fräulein von Bernburg—who reveals remarkable reserve and delicacy of interpretation in a rather difficult role. It may be ungracious to add that in its use of the film medium "Mädchen in Uniform" does not strike any note of originality, and in fact is quite conventional. But there is no need to be captious. The excellent taste, the charm, and the honesty of the film are enough in these days to make us welcome it as far and away the most interesting picture of this season.

Natives, like children, have the happy faculty of retaining their unaffected naturalness before the eye of the camera. In "Goonie Goonie" (Cameo) the story and treatment derive quite noticeably from Hollywood models, but the acting of the natives as noticeably does not, and with the grace of the women, the splendid physique of the men, the quaint customs and the beautiful scenery of the island of Bali, the film is decidedly worth seeing. In this case the real life of the people was there for the taking, and no great credit attaches to the producer for availing himself of this opportunity. The case of "The Night of June 13th" (Paramount) is somewhat different. The film was made in Hollywood, and to ignore the conventions and stick to the realities of life as Stephen Roberts, the director of this picture, did required both courage and a sense of artistic values. The film is marred by the stage mechanics of the plot, but it has much that is fresh and well observed, and it succeeds in portraying the trivialities of suburban existence with incisive vigor.

"Le Bal" (Little Carnegie Playhouse) is an amusing French comedy of manners with occasional touches of the farcical and the grotesque.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY



# The Nation

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1932

No. 3511

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**L**IKE A QUACK DOCTOR who tells you that if you had not called him in you would have been dead in two weeks, Mr. Hoover—the same Mr. Hoover who rebuked his opponents for “playing politics with human misery”—told his audience at Des Moines that the gold drains had “at one moment reduced the amount of gold we could spare . . . to a point where the Secretary of the Treasury informed me that unless we could put into effect a remedy we could not hold to the gold standard but [*sic!*] two weeks longer.” There is no convincing evidence that this was true, and Senator Glass has now contradicted it directly:

At no period of the deliberations last spring and summer did any spokesman for the Administration privately or publicly express the slightest concern for the gold standard. . . . If any such phantom disturbed the mind of the President or any of his advisers they withheld the fact from those of us with whom they professed to be in frank and unconcealed discussion on vital legislative measures.

Senator Watson and Julius Klein, attempting to answer Senator Glass, contradict each other: Senator Watson makes the “moment” of the great gold crisis sometime in last February; Dr. Klein puts it in June—a difference of four

months in the date when we were just two weeks away from abandoning the gold basis! Most of us in America knew enough not to take Mr. Hoover's statement seriously; we understood that he was just throwing a scare into the voters to prove that only the Republican Party is capable of saving them from calamity, and that they owe him eternal gratitude. Europe, unfortunately, which does not understand these matters so well, took the President's statement seriously, and has been raiding the dollar again, while the Administration is busy proving that now everything is all right. But are the raids on the dollar illogical? If the head of a great New York bank were to assert publicly that last summer his bank was within two weeks of closing its doors, would it be surprising if some of the bank's depositors began to withdraw?

**F**OR MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY Tammany Hall has nominated a typical henchman of the quite familiar type, John P. O'Brien, one of the poorest surrogates of the city. Totally undistinguished and little familiar with the workings of the government of the greatest city in America, now in the throes of a most dangerous financial crisis, he was selected by the bosses while the convention of some 20,000 delegates sat obediently waiting to be told for whom to vote. That he will do Tammany Hall's bidding there is no question. Mr. McKee, acting Mayor, who was so certain that he was going to run independently, forgot all about that as soon as Mr. O'Brien was nominated and his local boss from the Bronx decided to go along with the other bosses. Meanwhile the Republicans have nominated a seventy-one-year-old back-number, L. H. Pounds, who at his best never amounted to much. And so the betting is 25 to 1 on O'Brien. The independents were unable to act because of lack of an outstanding candidate and adequate time. It will be a walk-over for Tammany. Fortunately, Jimmy Walker has been definitely eliminated, on the surface because of his own letter of withdrawal, but perhaps because there was conveyed to him on his steamer the news that if he ran, Al Smith would take the stump against him and tell the truth about him. Fortunately, too, there will be another election a year hence. Meanwhile, as Morris Hillquit has decided to run for Mayor on the Socialist ticket, New York City will have one honest and fearless man to vote for. We believe that he will poll a record vote. One occurrence has now deeply stirred the city—the bipartisan deal by which Senator Hofstadter, the chairman of the recent anti-Tammany investigating committee, sold himself to Tammany for a judicial nomination. The bar has risen against this outrage, and an independent ticket is in the field.

**T**HE NOMINATION of Lieutenant-Governor Herbert H. Lehman for Governor of New York State was forced upon Tammany by Franklin Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith acting together, with the result that these two chieftains came together, Al greeting the Governor with a cheery “How are you, you old potato?” The greater credit goes to Al Smith. For hours and hours the Tammany leaders



fought him in an endeavor to change his point of view, pointing out to him that Lehman had voted against him in Chicago, and had therefore been disloyal and should be punished. Al refused to be moved; if Lehman had made one mistake, that should not deprive him of the promotion he had earned. Al's formula from beginning to end was "I will nominate Lehman—no ifs and no buts." And to that he stuck, besides letting the Tammany leaders know that if Jimmy Walker were nominated for Mayor again, he would take the stump against him. As for Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, he has undoubtedly been a high-minded public servant within the limits of his beliefs and his party ties. Like Franklin Roosevelt he has not found it possible to say one word about the revelations of Tammany misconduct in the city of New York, from which he comes, and has sent fulsome congratulations to the Tammany mayoralty nominee—whom he hopes to meet "frequently during the campaign." But there is no denying that he is a forward-looking, progressive, public-spirited man, tremendously interested in labor and housing problems, who has served the public well in his office. As for the Republicans, as we said last week, they have chosen an excellent candidate in the person of Colonel William J. Donovan. He will make an aggressive campaign and give Mr. Lehman a hard race if he does not defeat him.

**H**E STANDS WITHAL as one of the foremost and greatest builders of American industrial empires. Others followed in the paths which he traced. . . . Thus read in part an unsigned paean of praise of Samuel Insull which appeared, quite fittingly, as a financial editorial in the *New York Times* for June 12 last. The same article assures us that "Mr. Insull fell, not because his ideals were wrong, but because of his persistent optimism at a time when others were curtailing their activity; because . . . he was forced to borrow over much, and . . . was unable to obtain the comparatively small amount of money that would have tided him over another year." The writer had no room for any sympathy with the masses who suffered the loss of several billions of dollars in the collapse of the Insull house of cards; he could only feel for the fallen king. The authorities have not been so kind to him. They have arrested brother Martin Insull, while the "foremost and greatest builder" has fled to Greece, whence his extradition is doubtful. These giants who only yesterday were lecturing America on the wickedness of government ownership, on how perfectly they were running public-service enterprises, are now under indictment for common swindling. The charge is that they helped themselves to resources of one company after another to bolster the earnings of other companies or their own loans. Incidentally it appears now that they sold their securities to a long list of friends, quite often politically prominent, in advance of issue, at half the prices the public had to pay.

**T**HE ADMISSION OF IRAQ into the League of Nations, which terminates the mandatory control exercised by Great Britain over that country since the World War, is being hailed as a triumph for the League mandate system. Iraq has secured its freedom, not as a result of revolution, but of peaceful international procedure. Our enthusiasm for this accomplishment is dimmed, however, by the fact that Iraq is to remain bound to Great Britain under

a twenty-five-year alliance concluded in June, 1930. By virtue of this agreement Great Britain is authorized to maintain air bases and troops in the country, while the Bagdad government promises to employ only British military instructors and to use armaments identical with those used by the British forces. Each party undertakes "not to adopt in foreign countries an attitude which is inconsistent with the alliance or might create difficulties for either party." Iraq also engages to employ certain British judicial and financial advisers. It is difficult to see how the League can justify admitting to its membership a state bound by an agreement which makes it a veiled protectorate of Great Britain. Admittedly, a newly established state may legitimately employ foreign expert assistance. But just as the Lytton report suggests that in Manchuria this assistance should be international rather than Japanese in character, so the League should have insisted that any continuing control over Iraq should not remain in the hands of a single Power.

**T**HE PRIVATE PAPERS of Gustav Stresemann, which are now being published in Berlin, have caused a mild sensation in the capitals of Europe, particularly in London. Among others, H. Wickham Steed, the noted British journalist, appears deeply concerned over what he considers the deception practiced by the late Foreign Minister of Germany in his relations with France and the League of Nations. The Stresemann correspondence, according to the summaries cabled to this country, suggests that the German statesman while negotiating the Locarno agreements and seeking membership in the League for Germany, was actually using these ostensibly peaceful negotiations to embarrass France and cloak Germany's selfish foreign policy. This interpretation is read especially into certain letters Stresemann addressed to the former Crown Prince. In London the mere fact that Stresemann corresponded with the Crown Prince is viewed with dark suspicion. That Stresemann also advocated in these private letters "a solution of the Rhine problem" and "the reconquest of Danzig and the Polish Corridor, and modification of the frontier of Upper Silesia," as well as Anschluss with Austria, appears to the British observers sufficient cause to challenge the man's sincerity and integrity. These observers forget that there has never been any secret as to the ultimate goals of Germany's foreign policy. Stresemann was simply using the tactics employed by every diplomat in trying to advance what he considered the best interests of his country.

**T**HE GROWING SERIOUSNESS of the race problem in South Africa is again attested in the recently published report of the Native Economic Commission. Appointed by Prime Minister Hertzog, this body inevitably represented a conservative point of view. Nevertheless, its report frankly points out that in view of overstocking and overpopulation "the very existence of large numbers of natives in the reserves will, in the near future, be impossible." The policy of paying cheap wages to native workers is, moreover, injurious to the whites. The gap between the European and the native wage is so large that "there is a steady pressure on employers to reduce to a minimum the number of such European employees and to get as much of their work as possible done by natives." In other words, the cheap-wage policy in reality reduces the scope of European employment.



"The broad fact is that the population of the country can become better off only if more wealth is produced, and the most promising source for this at present is the Native Reserves." The report urges the economic development of the Native Reserves, according to the principles of scientific agriculture; it declares that it is necessary to increase the area of native-owned land. As the basis of native policy the adaptationist principle should be adopted, which means "taking out of the Bantu past what is good, and even what is merely neutral, and, together with what is good of European culture for the Bantu, building up a Bantu future." The new report merely emphasizes what previous investigations have brought out. It is doubtful, however, whether the Hertzog regime, dominated by the Afrikaners, will be able to carry out a really forward-looking program.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS'** TENTH-ANNIVERSARY number lies before us, as usual containing some remarkable articles, as usual dignified, able, and very informative. A careful perusal of its table of contents for the period of its existence shows many articles by unquestioned experts, with a very strong percentage of contributions from dyed-in-the-wool upholders of the status quo, and from men in high office or distinguished by the conservative point of view. Political issues are usually treated in the grand old pre-war manner, sometimes by those who are themselves not too valuable leaders, which is perhaps to be expected when one reads that George W. Wickersham, Charles G. Dawes, Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Edwin F. Gay are on the editorial advisory board. None the less, its conservatism does not prevent its accepting articles from such radicals as Harold J. Laski and Karl Radek. Indeed, we have little quarrel with that conservatism. Every point of view should have its representation in journalism, and *Foreign Affairs* has certainly well presented the controlling opinion in international matters. We could, of course, wish that its editors and backers could face more realistically the facts of the lost World War and free themselves more completely from the war-time ideology. But whether they do so or not, they are performing a most valuable work in helping to make America better informed and more internationally minded.

**I**N THE *AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY* for September Colonel Frederick Palmer deplores the apathy of the present generation toward political questions and sighs for the days of the old Tippecanoe campaign when men were men and stepped out of their buggies to stand up for political beliefs. Very interesting and quite typical of the doughty colonel of war correspondents! Yes, but some people are aroused, even in these days. Who are they? Why, the liberal, labor, Socialist, and Communist groups, the people most despised by Colonel Palmer and the Legion crowd as "nuts" or pacifists or Bolsheviks. They are the only ones really stirred by the horrible condition in which America finds itself, with millions of its men, women, and children facing starvation through no fault of their own, while the Colonel's associates in the American Legion concern themselves only with trying to get a bonus out of the United States Treasury, and have neither intelligence nor patriotism enough to understand where progress lies, and what constitutes a genuine political program. Indeed, it is just the soft, complacent, Pollyanna type of mind which

Colonel Palmer illustrates that is the real stumbling-block to any political advance. It is the men who have ruled America for the past twenty years through the Republican and Democratic parties, and have allowed it to be controlled and prostituted by the great business interests, who are solely responsible for the present apathy of voters.

**E**QUIPPED WITH A SMALL STAFF of artists and writers and one page of advertising, the magazine *Americana* has issued its first regular number. Nor could there be a more appropriate moment for the appearance of this particular publication. It should be studied as a symbol and as a symptom of the times. It is the depression itself wrought in violent black and white. It is bitter without being revolutionary; humorous without being gay; savage and futile. After proclaiming themselves anti-Republican, anti-Democrat, anti-Socialist, and anti-Communist, its editors announce with horrid delight: "We are Americans who believe that our civilization exudes a miasmatic stench and that we had better prepare to give it a decent but rapid burial. We are the laughing morticians of the present." The morticians in question are Alexander King, Gilbert Seldes, E. E. Cummings, and George Grosz, the German artist. They are assisted by various contributors and, we suspect, by the make-up editor of *Ballyhoo*. This little child of the depression is neither pleasant nor wholesomely, vigorously unpleasant. It is merely unattractively sadistic. We suspect that George Grosz will presently be dropped from the staff. His drawings, to be sure, are sufficiently sardonic, but what of his philosophy? From the very midst of the miasmatic stench surrounding him he voices this sentiment: "I think America is a fine and astonishing land full of virile self-sufficiency. I hope to make my home here." What kind of a mortician is Mr. Grosz?

**E**VEN AMERICANS WILL REBEL if things go too far. At eight-thirty on a recent evening the populace of the United States, respectful if dubious, tuned in on Mr. Hoover's portentous speech in Iowa. At nine-thirty, accustomed to the prompt intervention of the omnipotent announcer, the listeners confidently awaited the President's concluding words. Confidently and also impatiently; for at nine-thirty on every Tuesday evening Mr. Ed Wynn comes on the air. But Mr. Hoover had only arrived at point number two of his twelve-point program. The populace shifted in its myriad seats; wives looked at husbands; children, allowed to remain up till ten on Tuesdays, looked in alarm at the clock; twenty thousand votes shifted to Franklin Roosevelt. Nine-forty-five: Mr. Hoover had arrived at point four; five million Americans consulted their radio programs and discovered that Ed Wynn's time had not been altered or canceled; two million switched off their instruments and sent their children to bed weeping; votes lost to Mr. Hoover multiplied too fast for computation. Ten o'clock: the candidate solemnly labored point number seven; too late to hope for even a fragment of Ed Wynn. What did the N. B. C. mean by this outrage? Whose hour was it anyhow? Ten million husbands and wives retired to bed in a mood of bitter rebellion; no votes left for Hoover. Did the Republican National Committee pay for the half hour thus usurped by its candidate? If so, we can assure it that \$5,000 was never less well spent.



# Mr. Hoover Praises Mr. Hoover

IT was an ironic jest that the stock market dropped from two to seven points on the day after Mr. Hoover had defended his policy in his long speech at Des Moines. He had told just how near the country had come to destruction; he had related his own superhuman efforts to save not only the country but the world, and described how successful he had been in doing so, and he had outlined a twelve-point program for the restoration of agriculture. And then the stock market broke badly, and with the stocks went down prices of foodstuffs, grain touching the lowest for May and July deliveries in the entire summer and fall. Whether this was because Wall Street was dissatisfied with the President's program or had lost confidence in his leadership, it is hard to say. But the fact is that the stock-market results which might have been expected to follow one of the so-called "radical" speeches of Governor Roosevelt took place after the longest address made by the savior of our institutions. We would not, however, deny that for the public as a whole, which is not conversant with all the facts and does not recall all the details of what has happened since the panic hit us in October, 1929, the President's speech was an effective one despite the monotony of its delivery. No less than 110 stations transmitted it across the country. Practically every citizen could learn for himself how pleased the President is with what he has accomplished, and how abused he feels because everyone does not take him at his own value.

Here are some of his gems: "Let's be thankful for the presence in Washington of a Republican Administration. I say this with full consideration of its *portent* [!] . . ." "Happily we have won the battle [against the depression]." "We fought the battle to balance the budget." "The very basis of safety to American agriculture is the protective tariff on farm products." As for the extent of the panic, we now learn that it was not, as he had said heretofore, altogether the result of troubles from abroad, but also of the fact that "our own speculative boom had weakened our economic structure." He admits that "there has been much of tragedy, but there has been but little public evidence of the dangers from which a great national victory has been achieved." And then, to thrill his listeners, he informed them that we were once within two weeks of going off the gold standard. All of this from the lips of the man who on March 9, 1930, informed his hearers that the depression was over, that there was little else than seasonal unemployment, and that within exactly two months from the date on which he spoke things would be normal again. As for the tariff, he has learned nothing. It is not only to be maintained; Mr. Hoover declares that "we will even widen that tariff further where necessary to protect agriculture." He admits that the reprisals which have taken place abroad have in largest measure been due to the tariff we have put upon our foodstuffs, but he glories in that fact and refuses to see the slightest connection between the tariff and the loss of our export trade. Of course, he quite overlooked the little item that our "balanced budget" shows a deficit of \$402,000,000 for the first two months of this fiscal year.

It is true that Mr. Hoover was able to cite useful things

accomplished, even great things, like the moratorium on foreign debts. For these achievements no one would desire to withhold credit from him. But this whole long speech is an afterthought; it is a grouping of the events of the past as if his remedies had moved in quick sequence at the moment they were needed and had always been actuated by the wisest consideration of the problem involved. Nothing could be falsier. Many of these remedial measures were delayed so long as to have lost their effect in large degree. In several cases the remedies were brought forth only after Mr. Hoover had been kicked and driven into taking a stand. The truth is also that the battle has not yet been won. The fact that we are in a breathing-space or lull is something to give thanks for. But the President himself turns his back in this address upon some of the fundamental evils which must be rectified before we can hope for a complete recovery from our prostration. As long as the tariffs go unaltered and are even increased; as long as there is no genuine abolition of foreign debts; as long as there is no world-wide action on certain economic problems, it is impossible for anyone, least of all Mr. Hoover, to assert that his stewardship has been successful.

Effective as this speech may have seemed to the uninformed, it cannot have any decisive influence. Mr. Hoover is now paying the price for having destroyed public confidence in himself by his deliberate policy, and that of his aids, of minimizing and misrepresenting the actual situation, the gravity of the depression, and by the constant assertion that prosperity was just around the corner. What reason have people to believe that Mr. Hoover is now really putting all his cards on the table? He declared he was before, but there were a number of jokers in the pack. How can the public really feel that his record of achievement is what he says it is when it recalls that it is only within the current year that some of the most important remedial measures of which he is so proud were conceived and put into force? Why were they not put into effect earlier?

No, the defense is too thin. Mr. Hoover refuses to admit that the Republican policies of the last twelve years have had anything whatever to do with the financial and economic situation in which we find ourselves. As long as he does that, it is idle to take his address as anything else than that of the veriest special pleader. Nor will any amount of assertion by the President that he sympathizes with the man on the farm and on the street, and that his heart is torn by the great distress of the country, conceal the fact that this is the man who steadfastly opposes a dole and is quite willing, rather than yield on that point, that the daily deaths by starvation in this country shall rapidly increase. This man whose heart bleeds so for the common people whose votes he wants is the man who used troops brutally to drive the bonus army out of Washington, and throughout his Administration has governed the country in the interest of the suffering corporations and big business men. It is the same man who is going to be overwhelmingly repudiated at the polls by the bulk of his fellow-countrymen on November 8 next.



## Action Against Japan

**I**N at least two respects the report of the Lytton Commission constitutes an outstanding state paper. First, it makes it clear that Japan has violated its obligations under the Kellogg Pact and the League Covenant. However much the great Powers may have wished to sidestep the issue, no government today can accept the Japanese contention that its military acts have been justified on the ground of "self-defense."

Secondly, the Lytton report conclusively refutes the contention of the Japanese militarists that the outside world wishes to strangle Japan. It demonstrates that Tokio's present course is destructive of the economic and political interests of the Japanese people, and recommends an alternative which, while safeguarding the sovereignty of China, will promote the development of Japanese trade and remove the political tension which the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo has created. We have little patience with the argument that the Lytton recommendations indirectly underwrite the fruits of Japanese aggression in Manchuria. The more we study these recommendations, the more it becomes clear to us that the adoption of the Lytton plan for an autonomous, demilitarized area in Manchuria, placed under the general protection of the world's peace machinery, would mean the end of Japan's exclusive economic and political position in that territory. At the same time, however, the plan would satisfy the legitimate needs of Japan to a far greater extent than does the present Japanese policy. As the report demonstrates, these needs vitally depend upon a Sino-Japanese economic rapprochement.

Despite these constructive proposals the Japanese militarists have impudently rejected the Lytton report. To them Manchuria is a "closed incident." The question confronting the world is how to meet this challenge. The situation is especially grave because the great Powers, torn by dissension among themselves, seem less willing than at any other time since the war to make any sacrifice in behalf of a new peace policy. There is little good in discussing a particular course of action against Japan until a common front is established among the great Powers. This is the first essential, but one which is far from being realized. Although the recent discussions of Norman Davis have done a great deal to align French with American policy, no progress has been made in solving Europe's great problem—namely, the failure of France and Germany to agree upon the issue of military equality. Despite the efforts of the arms-conference bureau, and despite the proposal for a four-Power conference at London—now postponed—France and Germany still remain at swords' points. Until this problem of equality is solved, there is no hope for effective action against Japan. Nevertheless, if Japan continues to defy the world, the result is bound to be international chaos. The only alternative—an alternative upon the adoption of which the future of civilization even may depend—is for France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States to come to terms upon a common disarmament policy. Something like this must occur or the League will begin to disintegrate. It faces its greatest test in the weeks just ahead.

Having once established a common front, the League

and the United States should proceed to act with deliberation but with firmness upon the Lytton report. As a first step they should formally request the Japanese and Chinese governments to accept the recommendations of this report. If the Japanese remain intransigent, the League and the United States should thereupon formally express the view that Japan has violated its obligations under the anti-war pact, the League Covenant, and the Nine-Power Treaty. Timid souls draw back from such an indictment on the ground that Japan might withdraw from the League and abrogate the Nine-Power Treaty. The real question, however, is whether a state which persists in flagrantly violating its international obligations can be allowed to remain in the League. How can Japan continue to sit on the Council, where it may pass judgment upon the acts of other states, when it defies the jurisdiction of the Council as far as its own acts are concerned? To allow an unrepentant Japan to continue to participate as a member, would be to commit a morally indefensible act, which might well mean the paralysis if not the death of the League. The conclusion, therefore, is unavoidable that if Japan rejects the Lytton recommendations, it should be expelled or at least suspended from League membership. The United States should associate itself with this action to the extent of withdrawing its ambassador from Tokio. If this stupendous moral condemnation is not sufficient to bring the Tokio militarists to terms, then, as we suggested weeks ago, an international embargo on arms and loans should be imposed against Japan and Manchukuo. Such a measure, while not resulting in war, would hasten the collapse of an already crumbling puppet state, and, we hope, might soon bring the Japanese people to their senses.

## "Keep Your Mind Open, Your Mouth Shut"

**I**T is the proudest boast of the American college that it "prepares students for life." We have never been quite sure what that phrase meant, but among other things it has apparently come to mean that it prepares them to expect the intolerance and repression which are rapidly becoming characteristic features of American life. Once our institutions of higher learning were supposed to cherish ideals. Once the privileged position of the institution and its students was supposed to be used for the purpose of permitting four years in a serener and more liberal atmosphere than was to be found outside. But today they seem determined both to concentrate their attention upon knowledge of the marketplace and cynically to imitate the methods of Rotary clubs and legionnaires in enforcing the most respectable uniformity of opinion.

Such, at least, is the impression which one gets from the latest reports of college activity. In Pittsburgh a County Court judge publicly rebuked the authorities of the University of Pittsburgh, who were said to have requested the arrest of three students accused of planning an anti-war demonstration and who, according to the judge, were guilty at worst of no more than a "trivial and insignificant" infraction of university rules. At the College of the City of New



York, President Robinson recently refused the request of the Student Forum to hold a campus meeting at which spokesmen for the Republican, Democratic, Socialist, and Communist parties were scheduled to appear. Finally, students at Columbia University have just discovered that sometime last August a new ruling was made which, in effect, deprives them of the right to hold any public discussions not first approved by the authorities.

The great prominence of Columbia, as well as the alleged liberalism of its president, makes its action of especial significance, and the facts are these. The Social Problems Club of the university called a meeting to be held at noon on Tuesday, October 4, to protest against Secretary of Labor Doak's ruling against the non-quota foreign students who are supporting themselves in American colleges. Immediately, however, the Social Problems Club was informed that the regulation unobtrusively adopted last August not only forbade all outdoor meetings but, at the same time, forbade all public indoor meetings unless they were approved and sponsored by a member of the faculty holding professorial rank. Almost immediately, moreover, the institution gave notice of the way in which it proposed to apply this rule, when through its secretary, Frank D. Fackenthal, it refused the use of the McMillin Academic Theater to the same club, which proposed to hold another meeting—this time to discuss the conditions of chain-gang labor.

We confess that we are amazed. We have frequently applauded the liberal pronouncements of President Butler, and last spring we sincerely believed that the outrageous expulsion of Reed Harris, editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, had been effected without his knowledge or approval. But President Butler must have approved of the new regulations, and it becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile his public utterances with his official acts. He is a liberal in politics; what is more pertinent to the immediate situation, he has always posed as a proponent of liberal education policies also. Again and again he has criticized the immaturity of the American student and lamented his inability to free himself from the apron-strings of his professors. Again and again Mr. Butler has called for independent research and free thought. His professed ideal for a university has always been the ideal of a group of mature scholars, each pursuing his own work with the instruments provided by the university. He has, moreover, gone even farther and made it clear that the independent labors to which he referred were not to be understood as purely academic, for he has publicly expressed his wish that the university community might become an important part of the larger communities of city and State. But how, we wonder, can President Butler suppose that his ideal university is to come into being if he himself is determined to treat his students as though they were grammar-school pupils?

If Dr. Butler is not really a liberal, we wish that he would stop posing as one. If he is opposed to treating college students as only children grown a little larger, we wish that he would stop saying that he approves the opposite policy. Despite his admirable public pronouncements it begins to look as though his ideals were exactly the same as those of a hundred little fresh-water colleges. We can think of only one slogan which would combine the two kinds of advice he gives to his students: "Keep your mind open but keep your mouth shut."

## Tenants on Strike

A SMALL and local event which seems to us to promise important consequences is the victorious rent strike recently conducted by the tenants of the Sholem Aleichem apartments in the Bronx section of New York City. The apartment houses in question were built about five years ago as a cooperative housing scheme in which some 240 families invested more than \$160,000. The cooperators were not mere heterogeneous apartment dwellers; they were a unique group composed largely of Jewish writers, artists, poets, sculptors, philosophers, teachers. Together they planned and built a group of fifteen buildings which housed, in addition to them and their families, their professional and communal ideals. There are studios and halls for lectures, concerts, and forums, a branch of Pioneer Youth, a kindergarten, two schools, organizations of various sorts. The tenants built their lives into these apartment houses and developed a sense of unity which explains all that followed.

First, when the depression cut their incomes, they lost ownership of the buildings through foreclosure. They continued to live there as tenants, however, and carried on all their communal enterprises. Their cooperative organization served as a tenants' organization, but under a landlord the place became neglected and run-down, although no decrease in rents was allowed. Finally, last April the tenants' committee demanded a 10 per cent reduction in rent and a general overhauling and repair of the buildings, and offered to pay half of the rent of all unemployed tenants if the landlord would cover the other half. An agreement was reached, and for several months the tenants' organization duly paid their share of the rent owed by their less fortunate comrades; but in August the landlord proceeded, in spite of his agreement, to evict four unemployed tenants and their families.

Immediately the strike was on, and it was unanimous. At a tenants' meeting a strike fund was raised to which needy artists and poets contributed their last available dollars. Pickets marched up and down in front of the buildings. In almost every apartment window hung a sign reading "Unemployed Evicted—Tenants on Strike." Dispossession proceedings were instituted against many of the families, but the organization countered by advertising in the papers for another house to accommodate all the tenants. The fight went on in the courts and in private conferences and in noisy mass-meetings. Despite the efforts of counsel for the tenants, eviction orders were issued against a large proportion of the families. But the strikers held firm and prepared, if necessary, to move out in a body.

As a consequence the strike was won. Every demand was granted in a conference held on September 24 in the offices of the New York Title and Mortgage Company. The four families actually evicted were moved back at the expense of the landlord, who agreed also to make needed repairs and renovations. All suits against tenants were discontinued and dispossession orders were vacated. The most important part of the outcome was the fact that the tenants' cooperative organization was recognized and dealt with by both landlord and title company. It was thus an impressive victory for collective bargaining in rent disputes, as well as for the embattled intellectuals and their unemployed comrades.



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

## *Jew and Gentile in New York*

SO the Democrats have nominated for Governor of New York Herbert H. Lehman, a rich, ex-Wall Street banker, and the Republicans have played their best card in nominating Colonel William J. Donovan, an Irishman by descent, who made an excellent war record, and has been a valuable public servant since. Mr. Lehman is, of course, a Jew, one of that public-spirited and high-minded group of Jewish bankers who are ever ready to give of their means and their time for philanthropy and for public and semi-public enterprises. *The Nation* and I have received a good many protesting letters since our publication of an editorial which commended Mr. Lehman as a public servant and said that those who did not object to voting the Democratic ticket should take pleasure in recognizing merit in office by voting for Mr. Lehman. I have been asked, for example, to put a series of questions to that gentleman inquiring whether he believes in the existing order and whether he wants to see preserved the conditions under which he and his former banker and big-business associates have run the United States and told the politicians what to do. That would seem to me to be a perfectly useless performance. It is obvious that an ex-banker who remains in the Democratic Party has not undergone a sea-change and turned liberal or radical. We were merely making a plea for the recognition of one who has honored his office in the years that he has held it by modesty, by fidelity, by ability, by industry, and by using excellent common sense. He has never shown himself unduly ambitious and, so far as we are aware, has stooped not at all to obtain the nomination for Governor. If anything, Messrs. Roosevelt and Smith have been more interested in his getting the nomination than Mr. Lehman himself. Granting his party regularity, there is only one severe indictment to be made against him, and that is that, like Governor Roosevelt, he has failed to speak out about the revelations of Tammany Hall corruption. If we have got to have elections for State officers in New York State along party lines, Mr. Lehman is a good man for the machine to offer us. The very fact that the boss of Tammany Hall opposed him as he did would seem to be proof of that. Personally I would much rather see Louis Waldman or Morris Hillquit in the governor's chair, because whether or not they were as able and experienced as Mr. Lehman, they would have their minds fixed upon the goal of a better social and political system.

Of course I am gratified that the Democratic Party dared to nominate a Jew for Governor, and it was a great satisfaction to see the Protestant Franklin Roosevelt and the Catholic Al Smith backing him unqualifiedly for the nomination. We have an enormous Jewish population in New York. It would be about the most un-American procedure possible if it should come to pass that a man could not be nominated for the highest office in the State of New York because of his race. And this applies to colored men just as it does to Jews. The one question is, after all,

whether a candidate is fit, whether he is honest, whether he is trustworthy, whether he is a true democrat, and whether he has vision. I am

well aware of the fact that there will be many votes cast against Mr. Lehman because of his race, just as there will be many votes cast for Colonel Donovan merely because his name is Donovan, with its flavor of Erin, and because he is a Roman Catholic. None the less I am profoundly grateful that we have this much of democracy left in America that a Jew can achieve the honor of getting the nomination of a great party (I mean great in numbers only) for Governor. Incidentally, the Republicans have nominated a Jew for the United States Senate, George Z. Medallie.

Colonel Donovan is a man of great charm, of unquestioned courage, and unusual ability. His war record, as I have said, is of the best. He took command of the 169th Infantry when other leaders had failed and brought it back an efficient military unit. His skill as a lawyer is very considerable, and his ambition to get ahead may be illustrated by the fact that he is one of the very few officers in the A. E. F. who continued his study of French after the Armistice. As Assistant Attorney-General he did well, was approachable, reasonable, distinctly liberal and broad-minded. Hoover definitely promised him a seat in his Cabinet. From various sources I have heard the detailed story of how our worthy President deliberately broke his word after promising Donovan the attorney-generalship, because, as he explained to the Colonel, he had heard that he could not put a Catholic from New York into his Cabinet, and he already had a New Yorker for Secretary of State. Colonel Donovan, I am glad to say, told Mr. Hoover exactly what he thought of him as a maker and breaker of promises; and Mr. Hoover had a very unpleasant ten minutes. Lately the Colonel has been supervising the tremendous undertaking of reorganizing the bankruptcy laws of the country. Personally I was so impressed with the man in the Peace Conference days in Paris that I ventured to prophesy then that he had a considerable career before him.

But here we are again discussing men and not measures. So far as the system goes, it makes really very little difference whether it is to be Donovan or Lehman. The same old kind of legislature will be elected, the same old creaking State machinery will continue, and there will be the same old deals in the legislature and the same old sham battles, with the men behind the bosses pulling the strings. Yes, we have had good Governors recently, Smith and Roosevelt, but they have hardly scraped the surface of what needs to be done. Neither of those men, for example, has achieved a reorganization and modernization of our prison system. Mr. Roosevelt could have achieved infinitely more if he had really devoted himself to it. As it is, the pot and the kettle are as much in evidence in Albany as in New York City, or in Washington.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



# Bad Drugs and the Law\*

By ARTHUR KALLET and F. J. SCHLINK

## ERGOT

**F**OR an extra profit of half a cent, American drug manufacturers have helped dig the graves of thousands of women dead of hemorrhage in childbirth. Half a cent per dose is the difference in cost between a medicine made from good ergot, which in many cases will control the hemorrhage sometimes following delivery and save the mother's life, and that from wormy, moldy ergot, which lessens her chance for recovery. But the manufacturers have chosen to use the wormy ergot, and save the half cent.

Although this is in direct violation of the official United States standard for ergot, the manufacturers of the extract have carried on their practices with the aid and encouragement of the federal Food and Drug Administration. From February to June in 1930 the administration's illegal acts in permitting certain manufacturers to recondition wormy ergot, and its laxity in the general enforcement of the food and drug laws, were described and defended before a Senate investigating committee. The administration was exonerated by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, a Senator who was not a member of the committee and who was referred to during the investigation as "counsel" for the administration. This exoneration was so worded and so timed as to appear to the public as exoneration by the investigating committee—which it was not. The committee, for some unknown reason, rendered no report. Let us, nevertheless, briefly review a few significant facts in the 2,000-page record of the hearings.

It was charged that American drug manufacturers were using dangerously contaminated raw ergot in a manner forbidden by the official standards; that many of the medicinal preparations of ergot on the market were practically impotent, and others poisonous; and that the administration was illegally endangering the lives of millions of women by permitting favored manufacturers to recondition wormy and moldy ergot without technical supervision.

What defense did the administration set up against these grave charges? Ergot, the administration claimed, was not an important drug; it was rapidly disappearing from American medical practice; and the best obstetricians no longer used it. This was grossly false defense, with the importation of the drug increasing from 160,000 pounds in 1925 to 300,000 in 1929. The testimony of one of the foremost American obstetricians that ergot had a most important place in his practice, and in the practice of physicians generally, further undermined the administration's defense. This obstetrician stated also that his experience indicated beyond question the dangerously low quality of the drug available for physicians' use.

To the final charge that favored manufacturers were permitted to recondition faulty ergot, the administration considered the necessities of business an adequate defense. The food and drug officials crowned the testimony on the adequacy of their drug control by proving that samples of the very best extract of ergot obtainable were inert and medi-

cally worthless. This ergot was part of the supply used in a Newark, New Jersey, hospital by one of the leading medical witnesses for the accusers, whom the officials sought to discredit by proving the worthlessness of his own drug supply, not realizing, perhaps, that in doing so they were damning their own control of the drug; his supply, having been shipped in interstate commerce, had been within their jurisdiction.

Evidence to show that good extract cannot be made from bad ergot was presented in abundance, yet the officials countenanced a thriving business in de-bugging, de-worming, de-egging, and de-molding ergot. This practice was especially dangerous, because the testing of the finished product is a slow, costly, and uncertain process. But the manufacturers had to save their half-cent per dose. They were honest manufacturers of fine reputation. What if the administration's own experts did find that out of seventy-nine commercial fluid extracts examined, only one-fifth were up to standard; that of twenty-one commercial ergot "specialties," the majority were practically inert, and only one of satisfactory strength? What if the lives of mothers were endangered? The Food and Drug Administration cannot spend the money to supervise these "honest" manufacturers too carefully. Money must be saved so that another federal department can issue a booklet of advice to prospective mothers, which includes no advice on the avoidance of risks in childbirth due to impure drugs.

## ETHER

Next to its toleration of sub-standard ergot, we know of no more inexcusable and intolerable abuse of public confidence than the negligence and callousness that have characterized the administration's handling of the problem of impure ether sold to hospitals for anaesthetic use. In 1926 the Food and Drug Administration made the first considerable study of the ether on the market, and found 162 out of 470 cans—34 per cent—below standard, that is, adulterated and dangerously impure. In the next year 25 per cent of the samples examined were bad. The campaign so tardily begun resulted in a reduction of the defective ether to only 9 per cent in 1929. At present the federal Food and Drug Administration boasts that only 5 per cent of the tested samples of ether now entering interstate commerce are sub-standard. In 1929 the administration began to confiscate bad ether, for the reason, said Mr. W. G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, "that there has been brought about that general improvement in the quality of ether that there is no longer any need to treat it otherwise than in the conventional way." In other words, when the average quality of a medicine or drug is improved, the department proceeds by prosecution and confiscation. When the quality is so bad that 35 per cent is dangerous to use, the administration negotiates with the manufacturers in the hope that they will deal with the situation. All such negotiations were, according to the administration's own statement, treated as a private matter between the administration

\* "Poison for Profit," the book from which this article was taken, will be published soon by the Vanguard Press.—EDITOR THE NATION.



and the several manufacturers, and no announcement of any sort was made to the public concerning the dangers of the situation. The United States Army evidently felt that a more straightforward and less sentimental relationship with manufacturers obtained better results, for in the years 1923-25 it rejected, because of the presence of prohibited impurities, 50,000 out of 70,000 cans delivered on the contract of one of the best American manufacturers.

As in the case of fluid extract of ergot, the administration's final line of defense was, according to the testimony of one of its witnesses before the Senate investigation committee, that ether below the government standard was probably harmless anyway. The average hospital patient, whose risks at the time of a major operation are quite enough without his having to assume the added and unnecessary risk of impure ether, will resent the implication that he should act on a hospital-bed basis of tests for a product bad enough for rejection by the army, and below the official standards of the United States Pharmacopoeia.

The casual way in which the extreme hazard of the operating table is dealt with by the federal authorities can be shown clearly in another illustration. More than a car-load (amounting to 140,000 quarter-pound cans) of deteriorated ether—which had been in storage for years and was far below the prescribed quality—was sold to one Sidney Cohen, trading as the Pacific Chemical Company. This residue of war-time stock, purchased for surgical use by the army fifteen years before, lay in government storage until 1926, at which time the whole lot was condemned by the army and offered for sale at auction, under bond, with the proviso that it should not be used or resold for use as an anaesthetic, but only for technical purposes. Twenty-nine thousand of these cans, bought at seven cents a can, labeled "the best that can be made . . . superior in vital respects to the ether of the United States Pharmacopoeia," were sold at *seventy cents* a can to hospitals for anaesthetic purposes, over a period of three years, from 1926 to 1929. The remainder was finally confiscated, and in December, 1931, Mr. Cohen was fined \$200. He is now—six years after the offense—under indictment, with others, for conspiracy.

Manufacturers and the Food and Drug Administration, seeking every possible defense for their evident negligence, stressed greatly the manufacturers' explanation that ether deteriorates in the cans after manufacture. (This leaves unexplained the remarkable decrease in percentage of bad ether in succeeding years.) They did not account for the fact that a good deal of the ether was rejected for defects of a type which were clearly independent of conditions or length of time of storage, however diligently one might seek to excuse the trouble. The finding of acidity and residues in defective ether was a clear indication that the ether was faulty in manufacture, and it should have been proceeded against as an impure or adulterated drug shipped in interstate commerce.

The following condensed record of Notices of Judgment showing successful prosecutions will demonstrate the prevalence of the dangerous adulteration of anaesthetic ether and the very great extent to which nearly all leading manufacturers produced and shipped an impure product. During the period of September, 1929, to April, 1931, more than 5,000 one-quarter to one-pound cans of ether were seized from shipments of the following companies and condemned

to be destroyed or forfeited to the government: J. T. Baker Chemical Company, Ohio Chemical and Manufacturing Company, Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, Merck and Company, American Solvents and Chemical Company, Milton Elias Company, and the Brewer Company.

#### PRESCRIPTIONS

About 165,000,000 prescriptions are filled annually in the 60,000 drug-stores of the United States. This is equivalent to about eight prescriptions per day for each drug-store. Many small drug-stores fill only one or two prescriptions per day. Nevertheless, they must have on hand hundreds of drugs, any of which may be called for. Some of the most vital of these drugs, such as digitalis, which is used in heart disease, and ergot, used in childbirth as described above, deteriorate rapidly; yet the same stock may be used month after month, even for years, until the last dead drop is gone. Aside from drugs which are subject to deterioration, a large percentage of prescription compounds, including both those prepared by the druggist himself and those purchased from drug houses, depart from the legal standards set in the United States Pharmacopoeia and the Formulary. The great majority of such preparations are not included in these standards and are therefore subject to no control whatever, since no legal standards of quality, method of manufacture, freshness, or potency apply to non-standard drugs. Very few States check the quality of drugs used in the compounding of prescriptions. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, where a competent but very limited check is made annually, the results are not encouraging. In the former State 30 per cent of all drugs tested in 1929 and 1930 were sub-standard or misbranded. In Massachusetts, of 143 drugs tested in 1930, 20 per cent were sub-standard. The quality of drugs used in most other States is undoubtedly worse, for the reason that not even an attempt at control is made.

When we come to the final stage, the actual compounding of prescriptions, the picture is even more unsatisfactory. Nowhere, apparently, is any general periodic check made of the druggist's accuracy in filling prescriptions. On one check in the District of Columbia, of 100 prescriptions filled for inspectors of the federal Food and Drug Administration, 67, or *two-thirds*, were filled unsatisfactorily. Unfortunately, lack of jurisdiction prevents the federal officials from checking prescriptions outside the District of Columbia, since interstate commerce is not involved, and lack of funds prohibits their doing it in the District except in an isolated instance. As with the drugs themselves, however, the lack of any control of the compounding of prescriptions in the various States, except possibly New Jersey, probably means that the percentage improperly filled, or filled with weak drugs, or drugs of excess potency, is even larger.

The blame for this state of affairs cannot, however, be placed on the individual druggist. The total retail cost of prescriptions filled annually in the United States is about \$140,000,000, according to the Committee on Costs of Medical Care. The committee also estimates that \$20,000,000 is spent annually on bromo-seltzer. Thus seven fast-selling remedies like bromo-seltzer would bring the druggist as much business as all his prescription-filling. The fault lies less with the druggist than with a drug and prescription dispensing system which mixes a minor profession with a major business.



# Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

*Berlin, September 18*

**H**EAVEN only knows what is going to happen to the forsaken Hitler. At the moment he is a confused and beaten man. I am not in his personal confidence, but his close friends make no attempt to conceal his anger and dismay. His bitter statement that he is forty-three and Old Paul eighty-five and that he can therefore afford to wait is so much bluff. **WHAT BEAT HITLER?** Adolf Hitler knows as well as you and I that his crest has been reached, his moment is slipping by, and that he has a good chance of becoming an interesting historical curiosity unless he is able to do something pretty quick. "Men of destiny should not wait too long outside the door."

But what can he do? A truly horrible choice confronts him. Perhaps by the time these lines are in print the situation may be radically changed; political prophecy is always dangerous, and never more so than in Germany just now. Trying even to keep abreast of the news is like fishing blindfold in a river running backward. Adolf has been forced to such ignominious compromises as his effort to form a coalition with Brüning, and to such somersaults as his belatedly frantic support of the Reichstag which for nearly ten years he hoped to abolish. These have failed. Likewise the saturation-point of his voting strength has probably been reached. Hitler must either confess himself the most disastrous flop in post-war history—or make a revolution.

And to make a revolution just now is not easy. Watch this man Schleicher. He has only just begun to do his stuff, and he is genuinely tough. What can Hitler and his shock troops do against Schleicher's Reichswehr, to say nothing of the Steel Helmet lads who rendered homage to Papen in the most blatantly monarchist demonstration Berlin has seen since the days of the late-lamented partnership between Almighty God and the Emperor Wilhelm? Adolf is of course flirting with Schleicher. He is even desperate enough to think at least of the possibility of joining forces with the Social Democrats. But unless they have gone crazy, they will have none of him. Hitler has discovered a bitter truth, to wit, that any right party will be beaten in the long run by any party which stands farther to the right, just as, by and large, left parties usually succumb to more radical lefts. These are tough days for moderates wherever they happen to be.

What beat Hitler? I hesitate to bring up a matter which has been conscientiously avoided for many years by the Berlin correspondents. It is a conclusively established fact that many of his close friends, notably Captain Röhm, leader of the shock troops, are homosexual. About Adolf himself, as about the whole Brown House menagerie, there is a discouraging atmosphere of effeminacy which can scarcely have endeared him to that part of Germany which adores the blunt masculinity of Hindenburg and Schleicher. The ascetic Brüning had an intense personal aversion to Hitler; he could not endure to be in the same room with him. It is certainly not implausible that Hindenburg too detests him as

a man, and that this fact has made their personal relations difficult, to say the least.

I will not go into the Reichstag comedy. Things are moving too fast. Presumably Papen can dissolve it, order new elections, and dissolve it again, on and on till kingdom come. I would mention, however, the disarmament imbroglio. Do not take too seriously Schleicher's demand to rearm. Anyone in Berlin over the age of two knows that German foreign policy has been directed for thirteen years exclusively toward the destruction of the Treaty of Versailles. The steps in this policy have come with relentless and almost mathematical precision. Germany, in turn, sought and got freedom from Allied military control, freedom for the Rhineland, freedom from Allied financial control, freedom from reparations. The Anschluss adventure was not so happy, and Poland will not be brought into serious play for some years to come. But that Germany would sooner or later split the disarmament racket wide open must have been obvious to a child.

On the other hand, I should like to point out that Schleicher, for purposes of bargaining, has considerably overstated his case. His speech was not entirely free from hints of *chantage*. Moreover, he wanted a great big international sensation and he got it, and it gave him another thing he wanted, a smoke screen behind which he could kill the Reichstag at home. Additionally, it took the wind once more from poor Adolf's sails. The French know this very well. They are quite willing, I understand, to make considerable concessions. If only Schleicher does not bellow too loud, he may get a good deal.

The Stresa conference got a great deal of attention in Europe, and almost none, I hear, in America. Only two American newspapers sent correspondents there. Trainloads of Frenchmen and Germans swarmed over the place, the French contingent being led by the redoubtable Sauerwein, even though he has lost his fine job on the **SALVAGE AT STRESA** *Matin*. The conference was a great shock, by the way, to those international journalists who for so many years have been letting the League's information section do their work for them. There were hardly any press facilities at Stresa at all, in contrast to the truly admirable Geneva organization.

The conference was held in Italy as a *beau geste* to Mussolini, who was so hurt at being ignored at Lausanne that he went so far as to get rid of Grandi, who had been marvelously useful for years as a sort of fall-guy. Grandi's job was to make the public mistakes. Of course the liberal press of the world had something to do with Grandi's fall. Benito reads his press cuttings even as does Hoover, and his friends say that he began to get a bit bored at the flattering unction continually laid to Grandi's soul by such sheets as the *Manchester Guardian* and in America by the *New Republic* and *The Nation*. Sensitive Italian feelings were somewhat assuaged at Stresa. Some sort of quite decent agreement may come as a result of the conference.



Evil souls in Madrid give me information which I hesitate to credit, which, indeed, I pass on with the severest caution. Could the Sanjurjo trial have been a frame-up? Of course it could not have been. Acaña and Zamora are shrewd politicians, but they could hardly have arranged such a matter even if they had wished. The

**LAND REFORM IN SPAIN** fact remains, however, that Sanjurjo's abortive monarchist coup d'état came at exactly the right moment for the new

republic. Nothing could have played more neatly into the government's hands. It was overwhelmed with a new manifestation of popular support; and on the strength of it managed to sneak through the Cortes the long-fought Catalanian statute and, especially, the land-reform bill which will make the Duke of Alba and other Spanish grandees in Parisian exile join the Russians there in learning to become good, or bad, taxi drivers. It is quite some land reform, I understand.

#### *Geneva, September 25*

Geneva would seem to have plenty of things to worry about these days, even if the unpleasant word disarmament had never been coined, and even if the island of Japan should sink suddenly and happily beneath the sea. For one thing, there is the pressing question of succession to Sir Eric Drummond, who has stood ten years of Geneva fog

**WORRIES IN GENEVA** and will not stand another. Drummond has been promised the Paris embassy, the story goes, if the British Cabinet can figure out something to which it can promote Lord Tyrrell, who is unpopular with some of his bosses. Drummond will be missed. He was a super-civil servant of more than ordinary powers—disinterested, perfectly sincere, and extremely reticent. Does everyone know the story—perhaps apocryphal—of how he got his job? Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau had argued the appointment for weeks. No one would fit. Clemenceau lost patience and said to Lloyd George: "Look over your shoulder, we'll pick that fellow there." Astonished heads were turned to Drummond, then Lloyd George's secretary. "I've seen him here every day for months," Clemenceau explained, "and I've never heard him say a word—an ideal man for the job."

A few candidates for the office of secretary-general are hovering about, and the choice, as in Drummond's case, will probably fall to someone relatively obscure. Sir Arthur Salter would be a perfect secretary-general, but there is a good deal of feeling against giving the job to a Britisher again. Madariaga of Spain is a possibility. Avenol, the Frenchman who is Drummond's first assistant, thinks he ought to have the job, but luckily there is no one else who thinks so.

Another very distinct worry is finance. Only 64 per cent of the League's budget has been received this year so far. China has been in arrears for years, as have most of the South American republics. The German decision to pay its contribution not in Swiss francs at Geneva but into an account in Reichsmarks within Germany, wherewith the League may presumably purchase supplies toward the erection of the new building, was a distinctly unpleasant surprise. It means a loss to the League of \$540,000 a year, and this sum is not to be sniffed at in the present state of Geneva finances.

What really faces the League is a major crisis, that which would occur if Germany, Italy, and Japan should all three leave Geneva. This is not a probability. It is not even, at the moment, a possibility. But there are long faces in the Calvinist darkness, despite outward good humor, when unfriendly spirits agree that whereas Germany and Italy may never withdraw officially from Geneva, they might well be satisfied for a time to send third secretaries from Berne as delegates to the Assembly and Council. More even than being cut dead, the League hates being snubbed.

The German withdrawal from the conference is perhaps not so serious a matter as it may seem, and various high German dignitaries tell me that Papen and Schleicher rather wish that they had not closed the door with such a slam. In fact, by the time this is in print, a German emissary may quite possibly be flirting in the corridor.

What is going on, in fact, is a high-powered game of diplomatic chess. Germany, having got rid of reparations by the exceedingly simple process of offering in return for freedom from reparations a recession from an exaggerated bargaining claim, wonders if it cannot adopt the same tactics in regard to disarmament. The Germans leave the conference and threaten to build. Now France will have to pay for German readmittance with some sort of concession. It is far too early to say what this concession will be, but the French are in the same position as they were at Lausanne. They know they will have to give something or force the show-down that they in turn are exceedingly anxious to avoid. Meantime, the French also put forward pawns which they too are only too eager to snatch back. Witness Herriot's threat, answering Germany's departure from the conference, to bring forward his secret dossier on illegal German armament. Things are getting warm, but not yet exactly hot.

Henderson is a sick man. He continues to demand active direction of the conference, what there is left of it, but Benes and Madariaga are doing most of the work. It is now painfully clear that Uncle Arthur's split with MacDonald broke not only his career; it broke his heart and health. And MacDonald is himself to some extent responsible for the awful floundering now going on. He has snubbed the disarmament conference consistently; and such is his vanity, and also his unbounded power and prestige, that some of my friends in Geneva frankly suggest that a way be devised for moving the conference to London, Lausanne, or some other MacDonald bailiwick. He will not give Geneva an inch of life so long as Henderson is in charge, and Simon, his yes-man, is the worst douche of pure cold water the disarmament negotiations have ever known.

As to the Japanese, no one knows what to do. They are wild enough to quit Geneva. Most of my friends hope—vainly—that the League will have the sense to realize this, and simply throw them out. Of course I am using non-Geneva language. The League, which has executive powers only when its sovereign members agree on policy, and not always then, cannot, alas, throw anyone out. The way to do it would be to give unequivocal support to the Lytton report, which of course censures Japan. But this is to hope for far, far too much, as long as England and France, themselves with unclean hands, tacitly support Japanese policy. Meantime France is the only important friend the League has left. A lamb thrown to the lions!



# Can Roosevelt Carry California?

By ROBERT E. WADE, JR.

*San Francisco, September 28*

G OVERNOR ROOSEVELT has smiled his way through the State of California, and many a Californian is now wondering whether the genial Democratic candidate is America's Messiah, after all. Roosevelt's candidacy has been well built up in California, whose primary vote was secured for Garner largely through the prowess of McAdoo. When the actual nomination was accomplished at Chicago with the helping hands of two Californians, McAdoo and Hearst, southern California was jubilant, and pro-Smith northern California was, if not openly joyful, at least graceful in resignation. McAdoo is a power in the land "south of the Tehachapi," and Hearst is no bugbear to most Californians—his five newspapers in the State have a combined daily circulation of nearly a million, and, besides, he *lives* in California.

Governor Roosevelt received continuous attention out here while the Walker affair was in progress. Not long before, Walker had come tripping out to insert his begloved thumb in the Mooney mess; and Californians, who are still amazingly divided as to the right and wrong of that case, took a keen interest in Governor Roosevelt's handling of the accused Mayor. Generally, they thought the Governor tactful and firm. As he swung into his real campaign activities, he made a better and better impression. The stock markets in Los Angeles and San Francisco were increasingly active; there was a noticeable improvement in many State business indices; and somehow, perhaps because emotionally they associated hope and Roosevelt in their minds, many Californians thought better of the Governor every time they observed a new indication of better times. Before reaching California he had touched upon such matters as agriculture, railroads, public utilities. But Californians wanted to know how he stood on a food-products tariff, an oil tariff, and the bonus—California legionnaires had swarmed to the Portland convention boiling with anti-Hoover indignation because of the B. E. F. outrage; and the rank and file had returned home violently pro-bonus.

At his first formal stopping-place in the State, Sacramento, Roosevelt turned an adroit political handspring by publicly complimenting the progressive intelligence of Senator Hiram Johnson. It may be that Roosevelt had in mind that fateful day sixteen years ago when Charles Evans Hughes snubbed Johnson at Long Beach, to have California shortly thereafter swing the Presidency by a vote of Hughes, 462,394; Wilson, 466,200. In any case, the Senator presently tossed a reciprocal bouquet to the Governor, which was widely construed to mean that he favored Roosevelt over Hoover.

When the Democratic candidate arrived in San Francisco, an uproarious mob met him, and crowds lined Market Street as he drove to his hotel. The charm of his smile and gracious personality was infectious. Old-timers said they had never seen a political visitor received so vociferously. This was not surprising, however, in northern California, which is much more Democratic than the southern part of

the State. San Francisco four years ago gave Smith 96,632 votes to Hoover's 95,987; Los Angeles voted for Hoover 513,526 strong, but gave only 209,945 to Smith.

The next day at noon Roosevelt appeared before the influential Commonwealth Club of San Francisco and delivered a brief, business-like talk which gave his hearers the impression that he was a well-read and intelligent man of affairs, but which cast no new light on controversial subjects—the Republican press claimed this speech had been prepared with professorial collaboration. His schedule called for an appearance at the Civic Auditorium at eight o'clock that evening. By seven the hall's capacity of 12,000 had been reached, and in the next hour as many more were turned away from the doors. Here were voters hungry for hope, worried by the apparently endless downward road of depression; judging from their expressions, what they mainly wanted was to be convinced that things would soon be better, that they could soon stop wondering where the next pound of margarine was coming from, and start eating their fill of real butter. They were praying for the promise of a new deal in the game of government. And Roosevelt gave them sympathy, heartening words, a stimulating smile. Except for a complaint that the "distinguished gentleman" in Washington would not debate with him, he gave them little else. When the speech was over, the crowd seemed to be in fine fettle; here was a great man—he smiled and you felt better right away, he told you what splendid days were coming and you forgot your worries. But when the smile's gentle intoxication had worn off, San Franciscans began to wonder. Was there anything to the man but smile?

Smiling as ever, Roosevelt swung on southward. Wherever the train stopped, a crowd was waiting, and at the one-horse stations where no stop was scheduled, crowds waited anyway just to wave a hand in greeting to the man who embodied the new hope. At Los Angeles, San Francisco's rousing reception was repeated with new emphasis. When the Governor's car stopped near the City Hall, Mayor Porter, fiercely dry, reconsidered his decision to ignore Roosevelt and rushed out to shake his hand. Presently the Governor spoke before the Roosevelt-Garner Republican Club of Los Angeles, an active group of mavericks in what is normally a preponderantly Republican territory. But he said nothing that had not been expected of him. Thirty thousand people had gathered in the Hollywood Bowl by the time Roosevelt got there. The Bowl is where the more sensitive citizens of Los Angeles spend their summer evenings in the emotional glow induced by first-class symphony music. The Democratic candidate produced a similar effect by smilingly pledging, as he had at San Francisco, a new deal. The heart of his speech lay in the statement: "I promise you an understanding heart."

Northern California Republicans had let Roosevelt come and go without so much as a thumbed nose. But the Hooverites of the south were not so docile. Before the Governor had flashed his final smile to San Francisco, C. C. Teague had spread through the puissant Republican



press of southern California a list of ten pointed and barbed questions for Roosevelt to answer. Teague, long one of the most prominent figures in southern California's organized agriculture and former member of the Federal Farm Board, is chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee for southern California. To such of Teague's queries as What about the Garner bill? Roosevelt of course paid no attention in his Hollywood Bowl speech. But at least the Republicans had shown they were aware of his presence.

That evening the Governor appeared in the company of McAdoo and Hearst—and Marion Davies—at one of Hollywood's lavish movie reviews. And before long, still smiling, he boarded the Pioneer and set forth for Arizona and the East. In southern as well as in northern California he had, despite the benevolent presence of vote-getting McAdoo, failed to live up to expectations. More charming and polished than Californians had anticipated, he fell below their preconceived notions of Roosevelt the potential President.

But what had Herbert Hoover been doing all this time? Californians had already shown disapproval of their adopted son's execution of the White House job—in the Republican primary the Administration wheelhorse, Samuel Shortridge, had been refused the Senatorial nomination in favor of young Tallant Tubbs, to the tune of 215,000 to 202,000. In 1928 they had understood Hoover's policy of ignoring his Democratic opponent; times then were good and getting better, and Herbert had no reason to suppose the nation would want to change its administration. Indeed, the State went almost two to one for Hoover then, with 1,162,323 votes for him, 614,365 for Smith, and only 19,595 for Norman Thomas. But this year matters were sharply different. No matter what the fundamental causes, Herbert Hoover had been President while prosperity sickeningly turned into depression. And when a new man came along with a promise of better things, Californians wanted to know why the citizen they had helped to elect refused to come out of his office and talk things over. After the rollicking song of prosperity had ended for the nation, its melody lingered on a while longer in California, but for many long months her workers have felt the pinch of real hardship and they are in no mood to close their ears to legitimate hope. The Hoover-sponsored federal building projects and "reconstruction measures" have made little visible impression on California, no matter from what depths they may have saved the State, and a large part of the voters can find little in Hoover's attitude to indicate consideration for the plain man.

The State's Republican press has done a good deal to deepen this sense of doubt. Faithfully it has helped the formation of new federal committees for the relief of various kinds of industrial distress, but toward the election contest it has developed an attitude almost wholly defensive. With respect to Roosevelt's candidacy, it chiefly and frequently points to the questionable connection between the Governor and Hearst, implying that this year a Democratic victory will mean a nation ruled, behind the throne, by a megalomaniac and irresponsible newspaper publisher. Among old-line Republicans this charge is valid, and good for a glow of righteousness every time it is made. But California is not characterized by old-line voters. The State's population has approximately doubled since Hughes snubbed Johnson. Its present total is 5,677,251. A great many of these two-

million-odd new citizens are transplanted Midwesterners, predominantly middle-class. Normally they would be Republicans, but their capacity for investigating new horizons is indicated by their westward movement. And under present circumstances their vote is likely to go either way.

Another consideration sets California apart from the typical State. California is heavily urbanized: 73.3 per cent of its inhabitants live in cities, as against a national average of only 56.1 per cent. Here again, with such a considerable proportion of voters gathered together in cities, the impulse to change gets freer expression. City dwellers, less isolated from their fellow-men than the rural citizenry, are more constantly exposed to political propaganda; when a shift of political sentiment gets under way, they are inclined to swing with it en masse. But California's normal Republican majority is in the neighborhood of half a million out of a registered total of about 2,500,000. And despite all the anti-Hoover circumstances, to bring enough of that half-million for a State majority into the Democratic camp will take more definite indications of leadership than Roosevelt has yet shown.

The situation is complicated by local politics. State organizations in both parties are harmonious enough, with the Smith-Garner-Roosevelt factions functioning smoothly among the Democrats, and with no apparent rift among the Republicans. But the Senatorial fight is a strange thing, in relation to the national parties. The Democrats, whose national platform drips with anti-prohibition sentiment, have nominated McAdoo, long an ardent dry, more recently an indeterminate subscriber to the party platform, over Wardell, an out-and-out wet. McAdoo has tremendous influence in southern California, where he lives, and that influence has been enhanced by his connection with Roosevelt. The Republicans, whose national platform is comparatively weak on the anti-prohibition question, have nominated a thirty-five-year-old San Francisco rope manufacturer and State senator, Tallant Tubbs, largely because of these two facts: (1) his chief opponent was pro-Hoover Samuel Shortridge; and (2) Tubbs harped upon his definitely wet sentiments.

These two candidates, in relation to their national parties, are oddly enough aligned. But when you consider that a large proportion of southern California voters are still violently dry, the importance of a third man becomes evident. The Reverend Bob Shuler, southern Californian extraordinary, characterized by the press by such adjectives as "intolerant," "bigoted," and "mountebank," is a raucous broadcaster of radio religion. He inserted his name into the primary tickets of the Prohibition, Republican, and Democratic parties. When the smoke of the primaries cleared away, it was discovered that he had polled more than 20 per cent of both the major parties' totals. Since the August voting he has been vigorously consolidating his position with the dry element, and one man's guess is as good as another's as to which candidate's strength he will weaken most. He might even win, since his consolidated primary vote totaled more than 290,000, as compared to McAdoo's 263,000 and Tubbs's 215,000.

The chances seem good, however, for Tubbs—who is using autogyros, radio, newspapers, and other means of getting himself before the people with all possible diligence—with northern California solidly behind him and southern California neatly split between McAdoo and Shuler.



# "Len Small—Back to Prosperity"

By IRVING DILLIARD

*Chicago, October 5*

FOUR years ago last April the good Republicans of Illinois, assisted by many good Democrats, went to the polls and by an overwhelming vote turned Len Small out of the governor's chair. When all the Republican primary ballots were counted, "Honest Lou" Emmerson, Mt. Vernon banker and Secretary of State, had 1,051,556 votes against 611,763 for Mr. Small, the Kankakee rhubarb-grower who had moved into the Executive Mansion at Springfield as Warren G. Harding took up his residence in the White House. Getting rid of Small was a good job, and the State of Abraham Lincoln heaved a sigh of relief.

That Len Small would attempt a come-back four years later no one dreamed. The scandals which had blighted his years as governor seemed sufficient to send any man into retirement for the rest of his life. He had been required by the Illinois Supreme Court to pay into the State Treasury some \$650,000, adjudged illegally withheld when he filled the post of State treasurer; he had appointed Frank L. Smith to represent Illinois in the United States Senate after a slush-fund investigation had revealed that Smith, while chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, had accepted a gift of \$125,000 for his campaign fund from Samuel Insull, then seated atop his monstrous utility pyramid. Small was done for, everyone agreed, and having agreed, forgot about him.

Illinois could hardly believe its eyes when the newspapers last fall carried the announcement from Kankakee that Len Small was going to run again. The good Republicans reminded themselves that Small had received the defeat of his life in the 1928 primary. A discredited man who had been buried in his last campaign under a majority of 440,000 votes would not get to first base, they told themselves. Yet this same Len Small is the Republican candidate for governor in the November election, and downstate Illinois is ablaze with his red, white, and blue stickers, his spare-tire covers, and his slogan "Back to Prosperity with Len Small."

How did it happen? "Honest Lou" Emmerson, whose unpopularity made it inadvisable for him to run again, failed to keep a pledge to Attorney-General Oscar E. Carlstrom, or so Carlstrom says. The reported agreement was that if Carlstrom would remain out of the 1928 primary race against Small, then Emmerson would support Carlstrom in 1932. Be that as it may, Emmerson backed Omer N. Custer, Galesburg publisher and member of the State Tax Commission. Numerous other candidates entered the race, among them William H. Malone, a sincere advocate of tax reform, who had resigned from the Tax Commission in protest, and former Attorney-General Edward J. Brundage.

In the primary Small got 481,000 votes, some 130,000 less than when he was beaten in 1928, yet he was on top of the heap. Custer, who was second, with the votes of either Carlstrom, third, or Malone, fourth, would have secured the nomination. Small was a minority winner with but one vote in three. Immediately he set out to add to injury all the insults he could devise. "Big Bill" Thompson, rejected as Mayor of Chicago two years before, was made

general manager of his campaign. Frank L. Smith was forced into the post of National Republican Committee-man. William Lorimer, who was expelled from the United States Senate after his election in 1909 for having bribed members of the State legislature, was made one of the close counselors. Small has stopped at nothing in this campaign. The Democratic candidate for governor, Probate Judge Henry Horner of Chicago, is a Jew, a fact which has certainly not been overlooked by his opponents. The racial attack has not taken the form of a whispering campaign; unbelievable slurs are literally shouted in campaign speeches. Likewise all foreign-born residents of Illinois have been insulted by sarcastic references to Mayor Cermak's birth in Czecho-Slovakia, to the pronunciation of his name, and to the "need" for sending him "back where he belongs."

The most bizarre venture in the campaign so far has been the "non-partisan" waterways cruise on the Illinois, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers. Though it was plainly nothing more than a tub-thumping political junket, its sponsors had the effrontery to describe it as a tour designed to show the people of Illinois what the federal government had done for the development of the inland waterways. But the announcement that a federal barge would be towed by the Small-Thompson-Smith showboat to serve as a dance floor for the spectators promptly drew Democratic fire. Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, State chairman, protested to Secretary of War Hurley against the use of government property for such a purpose. Big Bill Thompson was the first to attempt pacification. Democrats would be welcome aboard, he said, if they would confine themselves to addresses in favor of inland waterways. Later William E. Hull, lame-duck Congressman from Peoria, came forth with the announcement that Major General Thomas Q. Ashburn, head of the Inland Waterways Corporation, had loaned him the barge and that he, Hull, would pay all expenses. "The barge will be used to accommodate the public," said Mr. Hull. "Most of the persons on board are Republicans because so few Democrats of prominence have taken an active part in obtaining the waterway. We would be delighted to have Democrats along."

The cruise got under way at Peru, after an overload of politicians and job-seekers had caused the top deck to sag during a reception held by Big Bill. A waterways trip or not, Small indulged in no sophistry. He said purely and simply that the shove-off marked the campaign's start. The night stop at East St. Louis, in the arched shadows of James Buchanan Eads's beautiful bridge, was typical. Several thousand persons crowded down to the wharf and on to the boat, where they were forced down a long line of handshaking candidates, some of whom had their right hands bandaged from handshaking at Alton—shades of Elijah P. Lovejoy!—and other points up the river.

Len Small, looking worn and showing his advanced years, was first in line. A veteran at the business, he kissed all the white babies that came aboard. United States Senator Otis F. Glenn, a candidate for reelection and chief spon-



sor of Judge James H. Wilkerson for the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, was next. He kissed no babies, but shook hands vigorously with parents, on the theory, no doubt, that grown-ups and not babies cast votes. Once the job-seeker or idly curious spectator had run the gauntlet of extended palms, he found himself on the flag-festooned government barge, where a half-dozen old-time fiddlers sawed away. Big Bill, in sport clothes, mixed with the crowd, vehemently protesting because a professional orchestra had not taken its place so the people could "enjoy themselves." The candidates along the rail and the dance on the barge constituted two of the circus's three rings. The performers in the third ring held forth behind a microphone on the upper deck, where speakers described the lovable traits of those "two great humanitarians, Gov'nor Small and Mayor Thompson." Hoarse-voiced singers led the crowd on the levee in the choruses of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "I Love You Truly." The ubiquitous Big Bill was master of ceremonies, a clowning showman who enjoyed every minute of it. A high spot for him was the performance by the Vandalia Ladies' Kitchen Band, whose washboard and dishpan instruments he described with gusto and in detail. No mention was made of the Maine election which had occurred the day before.

Negroes were very much in evidence because East St. Louis Democrats had sent promises of free beer and barbecue to the Negro neighborhoods. The same show, more or less, was repeated at Chester, site of a State penitentiary, at Cairo, and at Golconda on the Ohio River, where pickpockets relieved many spectators of woefully slim wallets.

What are Small's chances for winning the governorship? The first consideration is that however Illinois goes for President, there are thousands of Republicans in the State who cannot stomach Small and frankly say they will vote for Judge Horner. A leading Republican in the southern part of the State, a former federal office-holder, told the writer aboard the showboat at East St. Louis that Small's defeat and the rout of Thompson and Smith would be a fine thing for Illinois Republicans. The party then would have a chance to offer candidates with clean records, he said. No one knows how many Republicans are thinking the same thought, and will vote accordingly; Republican appointees in State jobs at Springfield openly declare that they expect the party to go down to defeat.

All the indications in Chicago, which has 3,300,000 of the State's 7,600,000 population, point to a majority for Judge Horner. The Republican *Chicago Daily News* is supporting him editorially and the Republican *Tribune* is reporting his speeches carefully and sympathetically. Small will do better downstate, but just how well is a question. At Decatur Judge Horner was entertained at a dinner given by outstanding Republicans of the community. His plan to reorganize the State legislature, giving Chicago just representation in the lower house and the rest of the State the balance of power in the senate, is attracting wide attention. His promises of economy are not coupled with promises to give State jobs to everyone, as are the promises of Small. Resentment against the Hoover Administration is strong in Illinois, which, according to the Department of Commerce, is one of the five hardest-hit States in the Union. Governor Emmerson recently called the legislature in its fourth special session with the warning that 700,000 persons faced starva-

tion. That the Small campaigners are aware of this resentment is indicated by the fact that they plead only for themselves and rarely mention Hoover. To be perfectly plain about it, they are engaging in an old political practice known as knifing the head of the ticket.

A prediction may not be in order, yet the writer, who lives in Illinois and has talked to many voters, ventures to prophesy that after November 8 Len Small will be free to go back to his rhubarb, and Big Bill Thompson and Frank L. Smith to whatever herbs interest them.

## In the Driftway

RIVERS do have friends in America. The Drifter's remarks about their use and abuse have roused several of his readers either to sympathy with his sentiments, or to fond memories of weeks spent beside a river that knew not the ways of commerce. One of the most interesting responses comes from a sanitary engineer in New Jersey who writes as follows about Manhattan and the Hudson:

DEAR DRIFTER: It is indeed gratifying to me to know that some few people are aware of the crime committed against our American rivers, particularly the Hudson. The island of Manhattan is located right in the middle of the largest sewage-disposal plant in the world. New York harbor receives the sewage of some 8,000,000 people. I have just completed a study of the limitations of the self-purification processes of this natural disposal plant. I find that, contrary to the common conception, the tides do not sweep the sewage out to sea, but rather merely oscillate it back and forth, so that virtually all the demands of the vast volume of sewage are exerted upon the water within the harbor.

The people of the New York area do not seem to object to living and working in the middle of this great sewage-disposal plant. It is true that a disposal plant that is well operated is not objectionable, but when you begin to overload a plant, it may become extremely unpleasant. I have the scientific data in hand to prove beyond a doubt that the New York harbor plant is on the verge of a serious breakdown. Under the present load of pollution, if we were to have a summer as dry as 1921, practically the entire harbor would be completely devoid of oxygen, and New Yorkers would find themselves in the midst of a boiling, bad-acting disposal plant which would belch up hydrogen sulphide gas to an extent that would make even Hoover's bomb squad look like amateurs.

Fortunately, the gods are with us, for we are perhaps headed into a "wet cycle" (at least so the Democrats think). But it behooves New York City to get busy, and get busy quickly, on this grave question, or some fine summer's day we shall find old Hendrik Hudson's river foaming at the mouth and rebelling in no pleasant manner.

C. J. VELZ

\* \* \* \* \*

MEANWHILE, the Drifter has discovered, almost at his door, an American river town that is just as it should be. It is a small town, and apparently long ago it supported a factory, for there is one ancient and deserted brick building which obviously has never been a dwelling. For the rest, there are white-painted framed New England



houses sitting in rows on either side of the river; green grass grows upon its banks and tall trees are reflected in the quiet pools that lie between the rapids. There is in particular a white inn with chairs set invitingly on a veranda overlooking the stream, and, behind it, a green slope of grass that leads irresistibly up a hill into quiet woods. It is a sleepy village—as river villages often are, as if life, like the river, flowed past but did not stop.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Attorney-General Schnader Defends His Record

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 28, 1932, you published an article by Saul Carson entitled *Don't Overlook Philadelphia*. Obviously the author intended his statements as a reflection on my professional and official conduct. May I offer the following facts in refutation?

I served as Special Deputy Attorney-General of Pennsylvania from January, 1923, until November 1, 1930, when I was appointed Attorney-General. My employment in the former capacity was for part-time service only. I consented to accept appointment only after I had a definite understanding with the then Attorney-General, approved by the Governor, that I was to be free to continue my private practice, including my representation of the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia.

The work to which I was assigned had nothing to do with public-utility matters. There was no conflict of interest between my work for the State and my work for the cab company. There was nothing secret or concealed about it. The whole arrangement was not only proper in every sense, but it was public and publicly understood. I had been counsel for the cab company ever since its organization in 1920; my connection with it was at all times a matter of common knowledge.

When, in 1924, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company purchased all the stock of the cab company, my status remained unchanged. It is not a fact, as intimated by Mr. Carson, that my compensation was increased when this purchase was consummated. It was not until 1929 that a new professional arrangement was made. No one has ever charged that the compensation I received from the cab company was excessive, or that my work for the commonwealth was influenced in the slightest degree at any time by any private connection which I had.

Mr. Carson states that I "openly forgive" Harry A. Mackey for having accepted a retainer from the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company while he was chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board. This is utterly untrue. I have never made any comment of any sort on the subject.

WILLIAM A. SCHNADER

Harrisburg, Pa., September 29

## Mr. Carson's Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Mea culpa!* Mr. Schnader does not "openly forgive" former Mayor Mackey. When the State's chief legal officer admits knowledge that another State officer "accepted a retainer from the Philadelphia Transit Company," states

that he has failed to make any comment, and in his very letter to *The Nation* fails to add a single word of condemnation of such practice—that is not forgiveness. It is worse. The main point, it seems to Mr. Schnader, is that the Governor and the then Attorney-General knew that Mr. Mackey was not the only public official on the Mitten pay roll. If knowledge of such a condition makes the condition itself right, then indeed am I guilty of distortion.

Philadelphia, October 3

SAUL CARSON

## The More the Disgrace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for space in your publication to correct the allegation in your issue of September 14 that "Washington officials" were responsible for the dismissal of Robert S. Allen as chief of the Washington Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*?

The facts in the case are these: On September 1 a letter was written by Mr. Perrin, managing editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, to Mr. Allen asking him specifically whether he had contributed to "Washington Merry-Go-Round." On September 5 Mr. Allen replied, and in his letter is the following definite statement: "I did collaborate in the 'Merry-Go-Round.' It was produced as commentary upon Washington by newspapermen, anonymously because it was a cooperative work." Six days later, or, to be exact, on September 11 last, the *Monitor* editorial board sent a letter to Mr. Allen notifying him of his dismissal.

Furthermore, it is not true that any censorship controversy, or any views expressed by Mr. Allen regarding an alleged censorship at the White House, had anything to do with his dismissal. Mr. Allen's dismissal was based on the fact, as admitted in his letter, that he did collaborate in writing "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication

New York, September 23

## Petitions at Geneva

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much interested in Robert Dell's article, *Sabotage at Geneva*, in your issue of September 7. Mr. Dell has given us an excellent analysis of the disarmament situation, but there is one suggestion which, with your permission, I should like to extract from its context. Dell says, in deploring the "catastrophic failure" of the disarmament conference, among other things, that "the only way to save the situation, if it can be saved, is to proclaim the fact from the housetops, and try to stir up the French and English peoples to bring the necessary pressure on their respective governments, which with the American government are responsible for the situation."

Now, unless the time is not yet ripe for disarmament, quite enough stirring up has been done. Many men and women have given their undivided attention to actual work and propaganda for peace for a number of years. Countless petitions have been formulated, circulated, signed, and sent to Geneva. I can honestly say that after long investigation in America, and from what I know of what was done in England and Germany, the peace workers have left nothing undone in the way of pressure and stirring up; yet we seem to have exhausted our resources without making a single dent in those who represent us in this mighty undertaking.



This brings me to the reason for this letter: Will Mr. Dell or one of your subscribers please tell us what exactly was done with our many petitions sent to the disarmament conference in good faith, and with every expectation that they would receive some sort of favorable consideration? Those petitions carried millions of names of men and women from all over the world. Those men and women have a right to know how their plea was treated. Were the petitions ever brought before a session of the conference? Did the conferees see with their own eyes the bulk and imposing significance of those thousands of signed petitions? Does anyone know of any representative who tried to visualize those millions of men and women standing in expectant ranks, a hundred abreast, waiting to have their plea answered? Before we take the next step, we must know just how our last plea was handled.

Chicago, September 14

LYNDA H. T. HEYL

## Liberalism and Sex

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add my protest to that of the pastor in western Kansas whose letter you comment upon in your issue of September 28.

Totally apart from the question of calling names, I think it is plain that the advocacy of "liberalism," so-called, in sex relations is a decided detriment to the cause of economic progress, in the sense of an increase in the pay, the power, and the security of livelihood of the workers and farmers in this country. I think, therefore, that it is important that those who are liberals in both these departments of human relations should not stress their so-called liberalism in sex matters.

To put the argument on the lowest plane—those who stand for freer sex relations hardly have to do much propagandizing for their cause, in view of present trends, and such propaganda does tend to hurt the cause of economic progress among the rapidly increasing number of people in the church who feel strongly that capitalism is inconsistent with the ethics of Christ.

There is still another and more important reason—namely, that economic progress requires the support of a substantial majority of the population, because it involves important changes in the laws and institutions of our country which cannot be brought about except with support of a majority. The believers in freer sex relations, on the other hand, can practice their belief to a very great extent without calling upon the majority for approval of their conduct, or misconduct, as you may view it.

Boston, October 1

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

## Lassalle and the German Labor Movement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The United States, we are told, is a free country, but it seems to me that Mauritz A. Hallgren stretched this constitutional right to the limit in his review of Arno Schirokauer's "Lassalle" in *The Nation* of August 24. I am not complaining so much of Mr. Hallgren's unwarranted identification of reformist socialism with fascism under the rubric of "social fascism." But where did he ever get the idea of Lassalle as the "first German fascist," as the spiritual ancestor of Pilsudki, Mussolini, and Adolf Hitler? Even the sharpest and severest critics of Lassalle and his movement, such as Marx and Engels (Engels slightly revised his opinion later), do not give the slightest justification for such a charge. The brilliant and

authoritative studies of Franz Mehring—in his introductions to Lassalle's works, in his history of the German Social Democracy, in his biography of Karl Marx—point in exactly the opposite direction. Lassalle certainly made his mistakes—severe ones of a theoretical, political, economic, organizational, and practical character—but he was nevertheless in a very special sense the founder of the modern German labor movement. The fascists must and do look elsewhere for their forerunners.

Jakob Altmaier, in his introduction to the speeches of Lassalle published by the Neuer Deutscher Verlag, a Communist auxiliary, declares in lyrical terms but justly nevertheless:

In the beginning of the modern German labor movement, stood Lassalle. . . .

He was the sword. He was the flame. . . .

What Gerhardt Hauptmann said of Florian Geyer applies equally well to the leader of the industrial proletariat: a burning sense of justice filled his heart! This burning sense of justice drove him beyond Hegel and Fichte to the road of Karl Marx, made him into the awakener of the German workers, into the most fiery champion in the struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat.

New York, September 30

WILL HERBERG

## A Notable Experiment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We believe your readers will be interested to know that Manumit School at Pawling, New York, has been fortunate in securing as director for the forthcoming school year Alexis Ferm, who has long been an outstanding figure in the world of experimental education. Manumit, which was founded by William and Helen Fincke, is "an experimental school primarily for children of workers, which shall be loyal to the aims of organized labor and faithful to the scientific spirit in modern education." It is designed for children from the ages of six to thirteen.

Like every other enterprise, and especially every progressive and radical enterprise, Manumit is facing difficulties in meeting this depression, which results from the workings of a vicious economic system. The directors—who include such well-known educators and labor people as Dr. Henry Linville, national president of the American Federation of Teachers, Professor Harold Rugg of Teachers College, Miss Elizabeth Irwin, Miss Laura Garrett, Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz, and Miss Fannia M. Cohn—are determined to make every effort to keep this notable experiment going on an effective basis. They will welcome support of their effort.

Pawling, September 26

A. J. MUSTE

## Modern Geography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One would gain the impression from the editorial entitled Geography, in your issue of September 7, that Hendrik van Loon had blazed a new trail in "humanizing" geography, and that geography was still a subject in which the primary objective is to burden students with the memorizing of the boundaries and the capitals of States.

If you will sometime step into the geography classroom of a modern school, you will undoubtedly experience a revelation when you observe not only the content of geography which is being taught, but also the mode of procedure. Geography long ago changed from one of those subjects to be hated by students, to one of the most fascinating in the curriculum.

Columbus, Ohio, September 28

EUGENE VAN CLEEF



# Japan Defies the World

[The recent publication of the Lytton Commission's report to the League of Nations on the Chinese-Japanese conflict lends particular timeliness to the following exposition of the present situation in Manchuria and the history of Japanese intervention in that region. The article was prepared by a British authority on Far Eastern affairs whose position makes it necessary that his name be withheld.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

THE modern history of Manchuria began when Japan seized Korea from China in the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95 and was balked of the Liaotung peninsula in South Manchuria only by the intervention of Russia, France, and Germany. Russia thereupon acquired the concessions Japan had coveted, and at the turn of the century built the Chinese Eastern Railway and opened the port of Dalny (Dairen). The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 followed, and Japan took over the Russian lease of the Liaotung peninsula, including Dairen, and all Russian concessions and privileges in South Manchuria as far as Changchun, including the corresponding portion of the C. E. R. (rechristened the South Manchuria Railway), the coal mines, and Fushun and various subsidiary enterprises.

## THE RISE OF MANCHURIA

Building the C. E. R. gave a great stimulus to the immigration of Chinese peasants, particularly into North Manchuria, and this development was accelerated by the discovery of the valuable properties of the soya bean, and the springing up of a world demand for this product. The last twenty-five years have seen a tremendous agricultural development in Manchuria, on which the prosperity of these three Chinese provinces has been built. The Japanese have made a good thing of this development, as also of the coal mines, the railway, and the other spoils of war taken from the Russians. But as regards their propagandist claim to being the creators of Manchurian prosperity, let us hear the testimony of E. F. Wilkinson, who was British Consul-General at Mukden from 1921 to 1928, and so should know what he is talking about:

No one will deny that the progress which Manchuria has made during the past twenty-five years has been mainly due to the development by the Chinese of its agricultural resources. That this development was only rendered possible by the construction of the Chinese Eastern and South Manchuria railways may be admitted, but both these railways were originally planned and built by the Russians, who also opened Dairen as a commercial port. The Japanese have merely carried on and extended the work initiated by the Russians, and while they have done so very efficiently, and with advantage to the trade of the territory as well as their own trade, the claim which they make to being the creators of the prosperity of Manchuria is absurd. Considering the extraordinary fertility of its soil and its great natural wealth, the steady increase since 1907 in the trade of Manchuria is in no way astonishing. It would have been far more rapid but for the preferential rights claimed by the Japanese, and, more especially, their veto on the employ-

ment of foreign capital other than Japanese in the construction of railways and the development of the mineral resources of the territory.\*

China's three eastern provinces—Heilung-kiang, Fengtien, and Kirin—together with the province of Jehol, are commonly known as Manchuria and Inner Mongolia and constitute a vast area bigger than France and Germany combined, rich in fertile soil, timber, mineral resources, and coal, with Arctic cold in winter and tropical heat in summer. From time immemorial Manchuria has been linked with the destinies of the Chinese race and formed part of the principalities, kingdoms, and empires thrown up by the Chinese and the tributary racial streams they have absorbed in the course of their long history. Chinese immigration into Manchuria began before the Christian era. Today the population is nearly 30,000,000, of whom at least 95 per cent are Chinese and the rest Mongol nomads (about 700,000), Koreans (600,000), Japanese (200,000), and Russians (800,000). The handful of Manchus have lost their language and are virtually indistinguishable from their Chinese fellow-citizens. There is a heavy Chinese immigration, which of late years has risen to nearly 1,000,000 annually.

After twelve months of Sino-Japanese conflict Japan has overrun the whole of Manchuria and recognized the separate state of Manchukuo. Manchuria itself has become practically a battlefield. The preliminary report of the Lytton Commission in the spring mentioned that there were some 140,000 men of various denominations in arms against the Japanese, and since then the numbers have grown. At first Japan raised and trained Chinese troops and attempted to send them into the field in the name of Manchukuo against their Chinese brethren. Several crack units promptly deserted to the insurgents, taking with them the most up-to-date Japanese training and equipment; others contented themselves with firing in the air; none of them fought. Consequently, the Japanese had to do their own fighting, and the number of troops in Manchuria was steadily increased to 80,000. In the middle of September the press announced that another division was going to Manchuria to "relieve" some of the troops already there. (This is the consecrated formula—the troops relieved also stay.) The army is still of opinion that the number of troops is insufficient, and the life of the Finance Minister is constantly threatened because he opposes further reinforcements.

## FINANCIAL COLLAPSE

Fengtien province, which used to pay \$80,000,000 in annual revenue, has not come anywhere near paying the \$7,000,000 called for by the financial program of Manchukuo. Revenue from taxes in South Manchuria has diminished by 74 per cent, and in North Manchuria by nearly 90 per cent. This is because, owing to the almost universal disorder and fighting, the crops have not been sown.

\* The *Spectator*, London, May 7, 1932, p. 663. See also Mr. Wilkinson's article on Japan and Manchuria in the *Spectator* of April 16 and Vol. VIII, No. 3, Parts I and II (April 13 and 20, 1932) of the American Foreign Policy Association reports on Railway Rivalries in Manchuria Between China and Japan for a careful and rigorously impartial study of the matters discussed above.



According to Japanese economists, this year's harvest will be only 40 per cent of last year's. These calculations were made before the devastating floods in North Manchuria, affecting 8,000,000 people and practically wiping out the crops in the most fertile part of the country. Famine conditions exist over large areas. The soya-bean trade and the industry of extracting oil from the soya bean have practically died out. The currency has lost all value. The loans secretly and indirectly contributed by the Japanese government have been mere drops in the ocean. The Central Bank of Manchukuo, which was launched with a great flourish of trumpets, quickly got through the 20,000,000 yen lent by Japan, but proved incapable of stabilizing the currency. The appalling conditions in Manchuria have led to such a drop in foreign trade that the customs and postal services, seized by Manchukuo, instead of yielding a golden harvest as expected, constitute a heavy financial burden. As the Harbin *Nichi Nichi*, one of the chief Japanese papers in Manchuria, remarks:

The position in Manchuria has become so bad that it is impossible to hope for a quick development of Japanese or any other economic activity. For the moment we must work to build up the shattered foundations of economic life, in the first place of agriculture and finance.

It is not surprising in the circumstances that the numerous delegations of Japanese business men, headed by the great firms Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and others, which have the closest connections with the army and navy and control almost the whole of Japanese industry, should have proved very shy of the pressing invitations from the army to invest money in Manchuria. As an important Japanese economist, who requested that his name should not be revealed, declared not long ago in the *North China Daily News*:

No one would be mad enough to risk his money in Manchuria, so long as the volunteer movement which has spread all over Manchuria has not been stamped out, and the sources from which the volunteers draw support traced and eliminated.

Japanese army authorities in Manchuria estimate that it will take them from five to seven years to restore order. The Japanese delegate in the Council of the League has mentioned ten years. The Chinese are confident that they can keep Manchuria in an uproar indefinitely; in any case, they say, long before five years the Chinese boycott (95 per cent of Japan's foreign investments are in China, and they are losing money heavily as a result of the boycott) will bankrupt Japan.

#### STARVATION, STRIKES, AND RIOTS

In Japan itself the yen, which was forced off the gold standard at an early stage of the conflict, has sunk to less than one-half its par value and is still sinking; Japanese securities, for the first time in history, are lower than Chinese, and the government is at its wit's end how to pay the short-term foreign loans that will fall due this year and the next, for it knows that its credit is too bad, and its unpopularity too great, to hope for a prolongation or renewal of these loans. Revenue from taxation has dropped sharply in the last year and is still dropping; savings-bank deposits are shrinking rapidly; there is a gaping budget deficit; the trade balance is unfavorable by 250,000,000 yen, not counting the vast unregistered foreign purchases by the Ministries for War and the Navy; and the agricultural crisis has produced in-

describable conditions—in whole provinces the peasantry are eating grass roots, cattle feed, and fish entrails used for fertilizer, selling their daughters to houses of prostitution, and dying of starvation. Of the two staple crops, the market price of rice has sunk to less than the cost of production, and raw silk fetches only one-third of what it costs to produce. The indebtedness of the peasantry is about 6,500,000,000 yen at a rate of interest varying between 10 and 40 per cent. The amount due in interest per year is about equal to the value of the total annual agricultural production of Japan. To this must be added the crushing burden of taxation, of which between 50 and 60 per cent goes for war purposes, apart from the heavy subsidies and exemption from taxation for industries of military importance (pig-iron, steel, shipping and shipbuilding, chemical industries). Most of the resources for this policy are ultimately derived from the agrarian population through direct and indirect taxation. Taxes have multiplied from four to five times as compared with the pre-war level.

It is not surprising that the countryside is the scene of almost continuous rent strikes, riots, and bloody conflicts between starving peasants on the one side and landowners and usurers on the other. Although Japan is an agricultural country, it also has large industries, and Japanese labor is riddled with communism and extreme Socialist thought (all Western Communist literature is translated into Japanese as fast as it appears, whereas more moderate sociological works find a small market). The intelligentsia, particularly the teachers, are also heavily tainted with extreme radicalism.

#### THE JAPANESE LEGEND

Since the conflict began, Europe and America have been inundated by Japanese pacifists, Quakers, and internationalists of every kind, who have been telling all who will listen how utterly they deplore and abhor the policy on which their militarists have embarked, but who at the same time entreat the West for God's sake not to oppose the militarists in any way, for that would only further exasperate them and rouse the whole nation to a pitch of blind fanaticism. The exponents of this view are undoubtedly perfectly sincere, for, like most Japanese, they are naive and childlike in political matters and stand in such awe of their own militarists, and are such hearty believers in the flattering legend of the Samurai spirit, Bushido, and the like, that they are blind to the realities of modern Japan.

But there is no reason why the more sophisticated Westerner should accept these stories at face value. The starving Japanese peasant, as he eats his rotten fish-gut and thinks of his daughter in the nearest *Yoshiwara*, is not worrying about Bushido. The morale of the Japanese people will crack the moment they begin to believe that the government's policy will fail. As the Japanese militarists have failed in several big adventures, and as Japanese public opinion is still afflicted by a deep-seated inferiority complex vis-a-vis the West, the conviction of failure would come very fast and go very deep if the rest of the world had the courage to isolate Japan, condemn her morality, and take its stand firmly on the treaty obligations by which the whole civilized world is bound. The legend of the Japanese people preferring death to dishonor is destined to go the same way as the pre-war legend of the selfless devotion of the Russian mujik to his church and his little white father, and the some-



what more recent legends of the Turks' immutable faith in Islam, or the fanatical devotion of the Spaniards to the Catholic church.

As for China, the conflict, coming on top of the devastating floods, has hit the country very hard, weakened the government, drained its resources, caused a sum total of human suffering about which it is best not to think, and given an impetus to communism in the interior. But the National Government has stood up astonishingly to the strain. The heroic fighting at Shanghai caused a great uprush of national sentiment, and for a moment caused distracted China to forget her divisions and dissensions. That mood has passed, but there are no signs of any weakening, and indeed no Chinese government could survive for five minutes which attempted to compromise with Japan on the basis of losing Manchuria. The problem of the National Government is to consolidate and extend its authority, and it can do this only by leading the national resistance against Japanese aggression and inspiring confidence in its capacity to improve the conditions of the people.

#### THE CHINESE ANTAEUS

Chinese confidence in ultimate victory is grounded on the fact that the Chinese are a nation of 400,000,000—one-quarter of the whole of humanity—with a history of 4,000 years, during which they have absorbed or worn down innumerable would-be conquerors. They believe that the boycott and the guerilla warfare in and around Manchuria will bankrupt Japan and force her into revolution. They believe they have the forces of history on their side—the more wanton Japan's aggression becomes, the higher and brighter will burn the flame of China's national spirit, and the more China resists, the stronger will become her international position and the regard in which she is held by the world. They have with them the commitments and the causes on which the civilized world has pinned its hope of peace. They believe that the Chinese giant, like Antaeus, will rise the stronger the more often and the harder he is beaten to the ground, and that in the end he will be irresistible. There are many Chinese who say that Japan is actually rendering them a service by arousing and uniting China. The Japanese people, on the other hand, they say, is under the heel of a feudal military caste, and the farther this caste goes in its present policy, the more formidable will be the forces aroused against it both at home and abroad. The ultimate downfall of the military caste at the hands of its own people and in face of the gathering disapproval of the whole world, they believe to be certain.

But the present National Government has adopted the policy of cooperation and friendship with the West, and is continually attacked for not offering more active military resistance and for not turning for help to Russia. If, in the face of Japanese recognition of Manchukuo and repudiation of the Lytton report, the Western Powers remain supine and acknowledge that treaties are scraps of paper and that force is the supreme arbiter, the more violent counsels are likely to prevail. If China is abandoned by the West, the present government will go under; Chinese nationalism will win in the end, but by more tortuous and bloodier courses; the nationalism that will then ultimately emerge will be the enemy and not the friend of the West and in all probability the ally of Russia.

#### THE LYTTON REPORT

The Lytton report, which was published on October 2, will not be discussed in the Assembly until the middle of November. It makes clear that Japanese action in Manchuria was essentially aggressive and that Manchukuo was set up and is maintained in existence by Japan. The solution it offers is unequivocally based on the Covenant and on the Nine-Power Treaty, that is, on the continuance of effective Chinese sovereignty over what these treaties guarantee as Chinese territory. This means that Japan will reject, and China accept, whatever report and recommendations the Assembly makes under Paragraph 4 of Article XV on the basis of the Lytton report.

It may be confidently assumed that the Japanese government will make strong efforts to get the League to accept this situation. For the Japanese higher ranks (as distinguished from the junior officers) are reluctant to contemplate a break between Japan and the League. They prize Japan's position as a permanent member of the Council, because in their eyes it consecrates her prestige as a great Power, on equal terms with other countries, to be consulted on all world questions. They are fully aware of the opportunities for international bargaining this gives Japan, and they fear that China and the Western Powers, through the League, might get on too well together in Japan's absence. Above all, they fear the effect of isolation on Japanese finance and public opinion, and the exposure of the bluff that Japan is united in her determination to defy the world.

In its efforts to maneuver so as to induce the League to accept the boon of Japan's continued active membership, in spite of her rejection of the Lytton report and continued occupation of Manchuria, the Japanese government can probably count on official British support. The argument will be used that if Japan goes out of the League, there is no way of restraining her, whereas if she stays in, it is still possible to use moral influence. Time will ultimately defeat Japan, but it is no use irritating the Japanese militarists by open opposition. In any case, there is no obligation under Article XV on China and Japan to accept a League report, and the most that the League can do in the circumstances is to give them three or five years to consider the matter. This view ignores the whole question of Japanese aggression and makes a scrap of paper of Article X, which is regarded as the key-stone of the Covenant.

If the League should ask for the summoning of a conference of the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty, it would be merely an attempt to put the responsibility on the United States. All the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty except the United States are members of the League, and under the Covenant have obligations that go much farther than the Nine-Power Treaty. The United States would certainly object to any proposal of the kind mentioned, for, from the American point of view, the maximum results can be got by the combined obligations and signatories of all three of the treaties involved—the Covenant, the Paris Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty.

In one way or another, too, an attempt will be made to refer the whole report to direct negotiations between China and Japan, without specifying that the disputants should be bound to accept the report as the basis of discussion and, of course, without touching the question of the recognition of Manchukuo by Japan or the withdrawal of Japanese troops.



A third possibility is that foreshadowed by the Tokio correspondent of the London *Times* in the issue of August 29—namely, that the League should be offered a chance by the Japanese to save its face and retain Japanese membership without cramping Japan's style in Manchuria, through some Japanese brand of the Stimson non-recognition doctrine, that is, through some platonic declaration that the members of the League will not recognize Manchukuo. Japanese officials, as the Tokio correspondent of the *Times* remarks, say they do not care in the least whether anyone recognizes Manchukuo, and are quite prepared to stay on in the League on these terms, provided nothing really rude is said.

It may also be taken for granted that, following precedent, the strongest pressure will be put upon the Chinese to accept some solution of this sort, that is, to accept the League's virtually surrendering to Japan, washing its hands of the matter, and telling the Chinese to do the best they can with a number of scraps of paper entitled Covenant, Nine-Power Treaty, and Paris Pact, and a whole portly sheaf of paper entitled the Lytton report.

#### THE LEAGUE'S POSITION

But it is most improbable that the Japanese, even with British help, will succeed in getting any such policy through the Assembly; for the small states, which for a time took a strong stand during the March Assembly, are now likely to be far stronger. In March they were told that the issue was to declare Japan guilty of resort to war under Article XVI, and that this meant the application of sanctions; as it was the great Powers who would have had to take the risk in case it came to sanctions, it was not possible for the small Powers to push them against their will into adopting this attitude. They were further told that the situation was so peculiar in the Far East as not to constitute a precedent for the application of the Covenant, and that they did not possess the detailed knowledge which the great Powers enjoyed of the local situation. Most important of all, they felt that the United States supported them up to the point of getting the principle of non-recognition adopted in the March resolution, but did not want to go farther at the time.

This time the issue is infinitely graver: Shanghai was a sideshow, but Manchuria is the heart of the whole dispute. In March a temporizing policy was defensible on the ground that we must await the Lytton report. But to tolerate Japan's continued presence in the League in the teeth of her rejection of the Lytton report and continued occupation of Manchuria would mean that Japan, as a permanent member of the Council, would be one of the principal judges, one of the leading partners in the cooperative association known as the League of Nations. The League would have ended by giving a sort of international moral sanction, or at least condonation, to the policy of waging an undeclared war in order to foment a separatist movement in the territory of a member of the League, and to set up by force of arms a puppet government in such territory. No state with minorities, nor indeed any weak Power with strong neighbors, could tolerate such a precedent, for it would mean that weak states were worse off as members of the League than they had been before the war, and that the League, far from conferring security, merely added the spice of international hypocrisy to the substance of national violence. Therefore this is an issue on which they cannot yield. There is no

question of applying sanctions, and the Lytton report supplies all the local knowledge required. The American attitude has become a great deal firmer than it was in March and will give the small Powers every encouragement.

#### FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

In France, too, since the middle of September there has been a far-reaching change in the attitude of the government, of which the first symptom was the leading article in the *Temps* of September 16. The Radical Government of M. Herriot (who, with M. Painlevé, had denounced Japanese aggression when in opposition), and still more its radical and Socialist supporters in the chamber, who have been strongly in favor of applying the Covenant since the outbreak of the conflict, was never happy over the policy of its predecessors in the Sino-Japanese conflict. But during his first months of office M. Herriot was so overwhelmed with the reparations problem, the disarmament conference, and domestic difficulties that he let the egregious M. Paul-Boncour go on handling this issue in the same nerveless manner as he had done under the Tardieu Government. In the middle of September the truth which had been dawning for some time came home fully to the French Cabinet, namely, that the Covenant was being undermined. The French government decided that the situation in Europe was now so critical and so full of ugly possibilities that France must stand firmly on the only treaty security she had, namely, the Covenant, and must seek the friendship of the United States. She could not, the Cabinet further decided, afford in the circumstances to have one policy in the Far East, of letting the Covenant go by default, and another in Europe, of basing her security on the Covenant. And as France's interests in the Far East are negligible compared with her interest in European security, the conclusion to which this reasoning led the French government is obvious.

Last but not least, the United States feels that its whole policy in the Far East for the last thirty years, the peace of the Pacific, and ultimately the peace of the world are at stake in this conflict. It is fully aware of the advantages that the League affords as the only collective system of treaty obligations and machinery for international action, and is anxious to interpret the Paris Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty so as to afford a legal basis for active cooperation with the League. And it is quite determined that the non-recognition policy should be applied in such a way as to constitute a real and serious obstacle to the consummation of Japanese ambitions, and an effective means of isolating Japan.

#### BRITAIN BACKS JAPAN

This brings us to the British position. There is reason to believe that there is now dissension in the Cabinet, for the Prime Minister and some of his more enlightened colleagues realize the gravity of the widening gap between American and British policy, and remember that in 1922 Great Britain was forced by pressure from the dominions to abandon the Anglo-Japanese alliance and come down on the side of the United States, disarmament, and the Nine-Power Treaty. But the majority of the Cabinet still support Sir John Simon in a policy of drift and passive connivance at Japanese aggression. The official attitude is described with striking accuracy in a dispatch from its London correspondent published by the New York *Times* on August 16. The British govern-



ment, said this dispatch, had no longer any doubt that the Lytton report would constitute a severe indictment of Japanese policy in Manchuria, and was frankly embarrassed at the fact and anxious not to let the Manchurian storm blow up again.

Official quarters consider the Lytton report as a grave inconvenience—to put it mildly—in view of the almost traditional British policy of avoiding antagonizing Japan over Manchuria. That the Earl of Lytton, chairman of the commission, is British is regarded as unfortunate, and there is real fear in official circles that Japan will identify his report with the views of the British government, to the detriment of Anglo-Japanese relations.

But the British are unhappiest of all over the serious difference of opinion with the United States over the Manchurian issue—a difference that will test all the power of compromise of Sir John Simon, the Foreign Minister, to the uttermost. Despite pronouncements from Washington indicating stiffening of the American attitude toward Japan, the British government is still unready to support the Washington State Department. It still fails to recognize the applicability of Secretary Stimson's doctrine of non-recognition to Manchuria, and when officials welcomed his New York speech last week it was as a contribution to the disarmament conference, not as a warning to Japan.

British statesmen are careful not to admit that the Manchuria trouble may influence the coming debt negotiations. Nevertheless, they are not happy over the coincidence that next winter, just when they will be seeking debt concessions from the United States, they may be thwarting the American policy at Geneva.

The fact that Great Britain consented to the Manchurian inquiry at all is deeply regretted.

In the official British view, Japanese domination of Manchuria has been developing for the last two generations, having begun long before any Covenant or League of Nations existed. Despite the events in Shanghai last winter, the British government and business men are still convinced that their interests in the Far East are safeguarded best by good relations with Tokio. Certainly, British business men place more trust in a Japanese than in a Chinese regime in Manchuria, and believe they could profit under Japanese occupation even if there were preferential treatment of Japanese commerce.

There is a great deal of opinion, the dispatch concludes, upholding the League against Japan, but this is a nationalist business government and it still is standing firmly with Japan, although not at all happy over the prospects. The State Department will have a difficult time in bringing the British government round to its way of thinking.

#### AMERICA CANNOT TEMPORIZE

On September 17 the London *Times* published a dispatch from its always well-informed Washington correspondent, who wrote that Mr. Stimson was giving almost all his time to the Sino-Japanese conflict, but had nearly abandoned hope of receiving British or French support. (The French attitude has, as mentioned above, changed recently.) His policy was therefore "definitely one of giving the smaller members of the League of Nations all possible support in the hope that they can prevent Great Britain and France from absolving the Japanese from blame in Manchuria."

The *Times* correspondent then referred to the following leading article in the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers:

Japan defies the American government and American public opinion, but Japan would not be so quick to defy all the large world Powers. That is the joker in the international pack today. The support of the European Powers, or at least their tacit approval, seems to have gone to Japan, the treaty violator, rather than to the Nine-Power Treaty they are sworn to uphold. Great Britain and France have refrained from joining the American declaration outlawing the fruits of Japanese conquest; Great Britain and France have obstructed the efforts of the smaller European nations to hold Japan to her League of Nations peace obligations; and now those two Powers are reported to be trying to modify or postpone League action against Japan on the basis of the forthcoming League report.

Encouraged by this appearance of British and French support of Japanese militarism, Tokio is reported to be in the heat of vast war preparations, with munition factories under forced production. Some observers think that Japan is preparing for war against Russia; others say she is getting ready for war with the United States.

Under the circumstances American officials must recall that the price of the Nine-Power Treaty was the sacrifice by the United States of certain naval and defense rights in the Pacific. If that treaty has been destroyed beyond repair, the United States should know it quickly. The test is whether Great Britain, France, and the other signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact are going to defend the treaties against Japan. When we say defend, we do not mean with armies and navies, we mean defend the treaties with joint moral, diplomatic, and economic pressure, which is more in keeping with the spirit of the violated treaties and more effective than war.

Two steps are imperative at once: The United States should demand openly that Great Britain and France should declare themselves publicly. The United States should ban all military shipments from this country to Japan.

This, then, is the situation that will face the Assembly as regards China, Japan, the Lytton report, the small Powers, France, and the United States. Will the official British attitude, which, it must be repeated, is described accurately in the New York *Times* dispatch, remain unchanged?

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# Fall Book Section

## Literature and the "Class War"

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE amazingly rapid spread, in the last year or two, of the application of so-called social standards in literary criticism, and particularly of so-called Marxian standards, makes it desirable that these standards should be submitted to a more thorough critical examination than they have hitherto received. In undertaking such an examination one is confronted at the very beginning by a formidable difficulty. One feels that most of the writers whose theories are being examined will not trouble to weigh on their merits any of the specific objections offered by any of the examiners. For the nouveau-Marxists know all the answers in advance. They know that any critic who questions any item in the Marxian ideology is a "bourgeois" critic, and that his objections are "bourgeois" criticisms; and from that terrible and crushing adjective there is no appeal. For the bourgeois critic, if I understand the nouveau-Marxists rightly, has less free-will than a parrot. He is a mere phonograph, who can only repeat the phrases and opinions with which he has been stuffed from his reading of bourgeois literature and his contacts with bourgeois science and bourgeois art. All these make up bourgeois culture, which is a mere class culture, i. e., an elaborate and colossal system of apologetics; worse, an instrument for class dominance and class oppression. The bourgeois critic, in brief, is a mere automaton, incapable of surmounting or of escaping from the bourgeois ideology in which he is imprisoned; and the poor fool's delusion that he is capable of seeing any problem with relative objectivity and disinterestedness is simply one more evidence that he cannot see beyond the walls of his ideological cell. (Of course it does seem possible for a few of the chosen, by an act of grace, to receive the revelation and jump suddenly into a complete acceptance of the Marxian ideology; otherwise it would be impossible to account for the bourgeois-Marxists themselves. But we shall return to these miracles later.)

In such an atmosphere, I hope I may be forgiven if I begin with an *ad hominem* argument, for in such an atmosphere *ad hominem* arguments are the only kind likely to make any impression. Now the first article in the Marxian credo is that there is but one Karl Marx and that Lenin is his prophet. One would suppose, therefore, that the critics who call themselves Marxists would trouble to learn what their master and his greatest disciple thought on cultural questions. Did Marx himself reject the culture of his age on the ground that it was bourgeois culture? Did he flee from its contamination as from a plague? Did he repudiate it as mere apologetics? The evidence against any such assumption is overwhelming. Wilhelm Liebknecht, in his delightful biographical memoir, tells us that Marx read Goethe, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes "almost daily," and that he was fond of reciting scenes from Shakespeare, and long passages from the "Divina Commedia" that he knew almost entirely by heart. Marx's son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, in his personal recollections (which appear

in "Karl Marx: Man, Thinker, and Revolutionist," a symposium edited by D. Ryazanoff), confirms this and supplements it in more detail. Marx, he tells us,

knew much of Heine and Goethe by heart, and would even quote these poets in conversation. He read a great deal of poetry, in most of the languages of Europe. Year after year he would read Aeschylus again in the original text, regarding this author and Shakespeare as the two greatest dramatic geniuses the world had ever known. For Shakespeare he had an unbounded admiration.

Sometimes he would lie down on the sofa and read a novel, and had often two or three novels going at the same time, reading them by turns. He had a preference for eighteenth-century novels, and was especially fond of Fielding's "Tom Jones." Among modern novelists, his favorites were Paul de Kock, Charles Lever, the elder Dumas, and Sir Walter Scott, whose "Old Mortality" he considered a masterpiece.

He had a predilection for tales of adventure and humorous stories. The greatest masters of romance were for him Cervantes and Balzac. His admiration for Balzac was so profound that he had planned to write a critique of "La comédie humaine" as soon as he finished his economic studies.

Even more direct evidence of Marx's literary tastes is furnished by a "confession" which he signed at the insistence of two of his daughters. It was a game, popular in the early sixties, and still often revived, of answering a set of leading questions; and from what we know of Marx there can be no doubt that his answers, while in one or two instances playful, were fundamentally serious and sincere. Asked who his "favorite poet" was, he answered: "Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe." He gave his favorite prose writer as Diderot, his favorite occupation as "book worming," and—what ought to interest those critics who seem to have decided that nothing outside of the class struggle is now worth discussing—he set down his favorite maxim as "Nihil humanum a me alienum puto"—"I regard nothing human as alien to me."

Lenin was as little disposed to reject bourgeois culture as Marx himself. In her biographical memoir, Lenin's widow, N. K. Krupskaya, tells us that "Vladimir Ilyich [Lenin] not only read, but many times reread, Turgenev, L. Tolstoy, Chernyshevsky's 'What Is to Be Done?' and in general had a fine knowledge of, and admiration for, the classics." We learn also that at one time he was very much taken up with Latin and the Latin authors; that he eagerly scanned Goethe's "Faust" in German, Heine's poems, and Victor Hugo's poems; that he liked Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya"; and that he "placed the works of Pushkin, Lermontov, and Nekrasov by the side of his bed, along with Hegel." Madame Lenin tells an amusing story of his encounter with some young Communists. "Do you read Pushkin?" he asked them. "Oh, no, he was a bourgeois. Mayakovsky for us." Lenin smiled: "I like Pushkin better." But he admired



Mayakovsky, and even praised him once for some verses deriding Soviet bureaucracy.

If supplementary evidence is needed on this point, we have it in the list published by Joshua Kunitz in the *New Masses* of January, 1932, of the volumes which Lenin ordered for his library in 1919—"a year," Mr. Kunitz reminds us, "of economic disorganization, political counter-revolution, and impending civil war." Among the poets whose collected works were ordered were Pushkin, Lermontov, Tiutshv, and Fet, and among the prose writers Gogol, Dostoevski, Turgenyev, Tolstoy, Alsakov, and Chekhov.

Even when we pass from this record of the personal tastes of Marx and Lenin to questions of theory, we find that the author of the doctrine of Economic Determinism was far from applying it with the crude, rigid, and dogmatic directness of many of those who now profess to be his followers. Unfortunately, Marx's views on the relation of literature to class are less fully set forth than we should like, but in a paper published as an appendix to "The Critique of Political Economy" he makes this significant statement:

It is well known that certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization. Witness the example of the Greeks as compared with the modern nations or even Shakespeare.

Here is a clear acknowledgment that a work of literature is not necessarily to be dismissed as inferior because it grows out of a society in which social injustice prevails, even if it is the product of an oppressing class or of a slave-holding class. To call a work of literature "bourgeois," in other words, would not have meant for Marx that it was necessarily not a great work. And as a corollary, to call a work of art "proletarian" would not have meant for him that it was necessarily admirable.

Now that Leon Trotsky is a political exile, his ideas on any subject are presumably not as widely popular among Communists, and certainly not among the party hacks, as they once were; but his remarkable volume "Literature and Revolution," published here in 1925, was written when he still held office, and seems to me at bottom a development of the attitude already implicit in Marx. Like Marx himself, Trotsky is not free from inconsistencies. Certainly he often mistakes political for aesthetic criticism. He has a curiously ambivalent attitude toward the "fellow-travelers," at times praising, at times deriding them, and at times engaging in an unattractive heresy hunt. He insists, especially in the early part of his volume, on the essential class character of art. Social landslides, he says, reveal this as clearly as geologic landslides reveal the deposits of earth layers. But he has a genuine feeling for literature and brilliant analytical powers, and the common sense and courage to contradict the dogmas of the extremists in his own party. The italics in the following quotations are mine:

It is not true that we regard only that art as new and revolutionary which speaks of the worker, and it is nonsense to say that we demand that the poets should describe inevitably a factory chimney, or the uprising against capital! . . . Personal lyrics of the very smallest scope have an absolute right to exist within the new art. . . .

It is very true that one cannot always go by the principles of Marxism in deciding whether to reject or to accept

a work of art. A work of art should, in the first place, be judged by its own law, that is, by the law of art.

Every ruling class creates its own culture, and consequently its own art. . . . Bourgeois culture . . . has existed five centuries, but it did not reach its greatest flowering until the nineteenth century, or, more correctly, the second half of it. History shows that the formation of a new culture which centers around a ruling class demands considerable time and reaches completion only at the period preceding the political decadence of that class. . . .

The period of the social revolution, on a world scale, will last . . . decades, but not centuries. . . . Can the proletariat in this time create a new culture? It is legitimate to doubt this, because the years of social revolution will be years of fierce class struggles in which destruction will occupy more room than new construction. At any rate, the energy of the proletariat itself will be spent mainly in conquering power. . . . The cultural reconstruction which will begin when the need of the iron clutch of a dictatorship unparalleled in history will have disappeared, will not have a class character. This seems to lead to the conclusion that *there is no proletarian culture and that there never will be any*, and in fact there is no reason to regret this. The proletariat acquires power for the purpose of doing away forever with class culture and to make way for human culture. We frequently seem to forget this.

The main task of the proletarian intelligentsia in the immediate future is not the abstract formation of a new culture regardless of the absence of a basis for it, but definite culture-bearing, that is, a systematic, planful, and, of course, critical imparting to the backward masses of the essential elements of *the culture which already exists*. . . .

It would be monstrous to conclude . . . that the technique of bourgeois art is not necessary to the workers. . . .

It is childish to think that bourgeois belles-lettres can make a breach in class solidarity. What the worker will take from Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, or Dostoevski, will be a more complex idea of human personality, of its passions and feelings, a deeper and profounder understanding of its psychic forces and of the role of the subconscious, . . .

The proletariat also needs a continuity of creative tradition. At the present time the proletariat realizes this continuity not directly, but indirectly, through the creative bourgeois intelligentsia. . . .

I apologize for these long quotations, but as I remarked at the beginning, the majority of our own so-called Marxists are so impervious to arguments from liberal and bourgeois sources that it is necessary to direct their attention at least to the tastes and opinions of the leaders they profess to follow. And these leaders at least dispose of a good deal of the nonsense about "proletarian literature." Those who seek to dismiss practically all existing culture by the mere process of labeling it "bourgeois" are not necessarily Marxists. They are simply new barbarians, celebrants of crudity and ignorance.

There is in most of the new American "Marxist" critics a deplorable mental confusion, and this mental confusion, as I have hinted, is not necessarily connected with Marxism. Marx himself would probably be distressed by the manner in which they abuse Marxian terms. A proletarian, for example, in Marx's use of the term, is an exploited



manual worker, a factory "hand," and he remains a proletarian regardless of his political or economic views. A Communist, on the other hand, is a person who, regardless of his economic position, holds a certain definite set of opinions. Most of the new "Marxian" critics use these terms interchangeably, as if they were synonyms, and as a result some very strange things happen. A Harvard graduate like Dos Passos, for example, is hailed as a great "proletarian" novelist. Still more abusive, in a double sense, is the use of "bourgeois" to mean either a person of a certain economic status or a non-Communist. Now it should not seem particularly disgraceful not to be a sweated factory worker. In this simple, descriptive, and Marxian sense of the word, Marx himself was a bourgeois economist. (As Trotsky remarks in "Literature and Revolution," "Marx and Engels came out of the ranks of the petty bourgeois democracy and, of course, were brought up on its culture and not on the culture of the proletariat.") If this economic-status meaning were adhered to, the adjective "bourgeois" would not seem particularly damning. But it is, as I have said, used also as an emotive word, a blackjack to describe non-Communists. Full advantage is taken of its historic, non-Marxian connotations—an uncultured shopkeeper, a provincial, a timidly conventional person, a non-Bohemian, a philistine.

This emotive use of words is bound to lead to mental confusion. It is impossible to make out, for example, exactly what the new Marxists mean by a "proletarian literature." Most of them, most of the time, appear to mean a literature *about* proletarians. Some of them, some of the time, seem to mean a literature *by* proletarians. Some of them, part of the time, mean a *Communist* or *revolutionary* literature; and a few of them demand nothing less than a combination of all three of these. This hardly seems to leave much room for most of what used to be called literature.

It may be well at this point to ask just how much a culture is invalidated or suspect because it is a "class" culture. We are led to suppose, under extreme interpretations of the doctrine of economic determinism, that our economic status inevitably determines our opinions, that those opinions are mere rationalizations of our class status. Let us admit the element of truth in this; let us admit that our economic status influences the opinions of each of us, in various unconscious and subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—ways. Is it impossible for the individual to surmount these limitations? Is it impossible for him, once he has recognized this prejudice, to guard against it as he guards against other prejudices? Is the limitation of class necessarily any more compelling than the limitation of country, of race, of age, of sex? Because Proust was a Frenchman, his writing is naturally colored by his French environment; it is different from what it would have been had he lived all his life in England. But does Proust's Frenchness diminish, to any extent worth talking of, his value to American readers? Shakespeare, as a seventeenth-century writer, was naturally limited by the lack of knowledge and many of the prejudices of his age; his age colors his work. Does that mean that he is of little value to the twentieth-century reader? Because Dreiser is a man, does he lose his value for women readers? Does Willa Cather lose hers for men readers? The answers to these questions are so obvious that it seems almost childish to ask them. The great writer with great imaginative gifts may universalize himself. If not in a literal

sense, then certainly in a functional sense, he can transcend the barriers of nationality, age, and sex. And certainly he can, in the same functional sense and to the same degree, transcend the barrier of class.

Indeed, the barrier of class is perhaps in some respects less difficult to surmount than the barriers of nationality, age, and sex. This is no place to examine the entire basis of communism, but it can be said that it is simply not true that the modern world, particularly the American world, consists of just two sharply defined classes. Our class boundaries are notoriously vague, loose, and shifting. True, the contrast between those at the top and those at the bottom may be just as great as the Communists say it is, but the division into just two contrasted classes is a child of the Hegelian dialectic rather than of objective fact. (Certainly that division cannot be made purely on the basis of employer and employed. A bootblack with one assistant is an "employer"; a railroad president on salary an "employee.")

There is the further question, never satisfactorily dealt with and perhaps not even clearly recognized by most Communist critics, of the distinction between genesis and value. Every opinion, stated or implied, has a right to be dealt with purely on its own merits, and must be so dealt with if there is to be any intellectual clarity. The truth or value of an idea or an attitude must ultimately be judged wholly apart from the prejudices, the interests, or the income of the man who expresses it.

All this is not to say that the question of class bias is not important in literature, science, or art. It is simply to subordinate it to its proper place. It is silly and practically meaningless, for example, to say that we have a bourgeois astronomy, a bourgeois physics, a bourgeois mathematics. Here the class bias enters to so infinitesimal an extent that it is not worth talking about. But the elements of class bias may be larger in biology—as, for example, in its answers to problems of environment and heredity. When we come to the social sciences, particularly economics, the elements of class bias may be very large. In the arts they will be present less directly: they will be smaller in poetry than in fiction, smaller in painting than in poetry, smaller in music than in painting. This distinction is clearly admitted by Trotsky. What must be decided in each case is the question of the *degree* of class bias and the real relevance of it. It may be sometimes relevant for the critic to point out the class bias or the class sympathy in any writer and just how it affects his work. It may be sometimes even more relevant, for that matter, to point to his religious bias, his nationalistic bias, his sexual bias, or the influence upon him of the bias of his age. There is no reason why any one of these should receive exclusive or constant emphasis. The greatest danger, in short, of so-called Marxian criticism in literature is that it may become infinitely boring. When we are told that Emerson was bourgeois, Poe bourgeois, Mark Twain bourgeois, Proust bourgeois, Thomas Mann bourgeois, we can only reply that this may all be very true, but that we knew it in advance and that it tells us nothing. It is like telling us that Frenchmen are French, eighteenth-century writers eighteenth-century, that atheists are not Catholics, that men are not women. What we are interested in is what distinguishes the great writer from other persons of his class, what gives him his individuality—in brief, what makes him still worth talking about at all.



# Dreiser and the American Dream\*

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

ONE of the dullest, one of the flattest States in the Union has produced some astonishing contrasts. The dulcet idiocy of Graustark and the collar factory of Carthage, "Fables in Slang" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"—all were conceived in the brains of Indiana men. From Indiana came the masters of the world of papier mache—Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Barr McCutcheon. From Indiana came a remarkable realist, Theodore Dreiser, and an equally remarkable satirist, George Ade.

Theodore Dreiser was born in Terre Haute on August 27, 1871, the son of John Paul and Sarah Dreiser. G. K. Chesterton would term the Dreisers "downstarts": they were formed, like the parents of Charles Dickens, for failure. As the elder Dreiser's Catholicism was as unintermittent as it was fanatical, he became the father of thirteen children, of whom ten reached maturity. The children were more or less kept together by the hold the self-sacrificing, idealistic mother retained upon their affections. When she died, the revolt against the father was consummated and the family finally dispersed, each child to make his own way to the best of his ability.

Theodore Dreiser's childhood years determined the color of his mind. At an early age he met the raw realities—poverty, birth, death, sex. They were to abide with him through his lifetime and, by obsessing him, obscure from him the subtleties of human character. The crazy Roman Catholicism which the father sought to impose upon his children engendered in the young Theodore a hatred of all forms of traditional religious doctrine. This in turn was to predispose him toward the romantic materialism of his later years. Spencer and Huxley, with some help from Nietzsche, would provide him precisely with the intellectual weapons he needed to defeat, if but in imagination, the hated authority of his father.

But it was the family's ambiguous economic and social status which was to influence his imagination most powerfully and impart a characteristic tone to all his work. In the hearts of the elder Dreisers worked a constant urge toward the genteel and respectable; and always this urge was defeated by poverty, by their bewilderment before an America which in later years their son would make such an effort to understand. They never struck roots, the itinerant Dreisers, never identified themselves with a fixed environment or a fixed social milieu. Something in them rose superior to the petty mechanics and worried tradesmen who were their neighbors, and yet they never could command the bank balance necessary to make good this superiority. The children, breaking with the conventional standards of their parents, nevertheless in their own way felt the call of the next higher social level. To them it meant riches, gaiety, esteem, the world of the hotel lobby. The young Theodore watched his sisters "Amy" and "Janet" flutter forth out of the depressing atmosphere of home into the universe of

light, carriage rides, fur coats, adventure, the big city. His elder brother, Paul, whose unforgettable portrait he was to draw in "Twelve Men," would arrive from Chicago or New York glowing with financial success, his eyes lit with laughter and the memory and anticipation of pleasure, full of stories of men who were rising in the world. There was evidently another America beyond the quiet streets of Warsaw, Indiana, an America of success, adventure, laughter, beautiful women, power, wealth. Whispers from this great outside America drifted in and caught the ear of the visionary Theodore. He looked about him, at his dour, unsuccessful, God-fooled father, at his mother with her sad, patient face and work-worn fingers—and there was born in him the desire to arrive, to be famous and wealthy and admired, companion to the masters of the world. That moment was the great moment of creative crystallization, for in it were born Sister Carrie and Jennie Gerhardt and Cowperwood and Eugene Witla and Clyde Griffiths. They all are part of Theodore Dreiser and the hopeful America of his youth and manhood. Their aspirations, silly, sad, or magnificent, are his.

The fear of poverty is the central drive behind his entire career as an artist. It sank deeply into him and was to set up conflicts in his nature as titanic and confused as their resolution in his arduous novels. And yet Dreiser is not obsessed by gross material ambitions. Acquisitiveness for its own sake has probably interested him as little as it has any active man of his time. He has, of course, the normal desire to get ahead, but stronger than this is the desire to watch the procession, to understand the mad, glorious scramble. That part of him which cried out for power over human beings was to satisfy itself through the creation of surrogates—Witla, Cowperwood. The executive brain, the ruthlessness, the single-mindedness of a Frick, a Yerkes, a Jay Cooke—though they mesmerized him, they were not qualities in which he shared. What was important was to breathe this atmosphere, to luxuriate in the passionate contemplation of wealth and power. He had to rid himself of that "indefinable dread," the memory of Warsaw and Sullivan and those miserable Chicago days when the boy Dreiser scraped rust from second-hand stoves, drove a laundry wagon through ice-glazed streets, washed dishes in a stinking Greek lunchroom. How eager he is to run Sister Carrie and Eugene Witla and Frank Cowperwood up the social ladder, to introduce the favored children of his brain to the world of the hotel lobby which had been denied him as a boy!

But it is interesting to note that his victims—Hurstwood and Clyde Griffiths—are more impressive than his successes. It is not Sister Carrie's rise but her lover's fall that we remember. The tragedy of failure is near to Dreiser: he saw it played out on the petty stage of his own father's life. "Poverty and defeat and social ill-being" were the succubi which drew Hurstwood and Clyde out of his vitals. Thus, the decay of Hurstwood is real, unromanticized. There is nothing between us and Hurstwood, no cloudy theories, no

\* The first of a series of articles by Mr. Fadiman on American novelists.—EDITOR THE NATION.



laboring "style," no got-up descriptions of high life. Similarly the story of Griffiths, the white-collar weakling, carries greater conviction than the story of Frank Cowperwood, the superman of the traction trust. Despite all of Dreiser's admiration for the world of wealth and power (or perhaps because of it), he has never penetrated to its center, though he has made gigantic efforts to do so. But something about the spectacle of failure and poverty touches upon the deep terror of his being. The brooding mind does not brood on triumph but on the littleness of triumph; and less on this than on death and disintegration and the dashing of men's hopes.

It is easy enough, at this late date, to list Dreiser's deficiencies. It is more difficult to recollect that but for Dreiser we should not possess the insight enabling us to list them at all. It is easy to accuse Dreiser and Anderson of naivete; but is it not by virtue of their naivete that we are sophisticated? Furthermore, do we not feel instinctively that their innocence is more fruitful for us than the "wisdom" of some of their contemporaries, such as Mr. Cabell and Edith Wharton? If Theodore Dreiser had not battered away, clumsily, humorlessly, at the tradition of puritanism, we should not now be able to smile at it with a graceful condescension. Dreiser's defects, like a warrior's wounds, are eloquent of struggle. To hack a path through the thick jungle of American life as it appeared, let us say, at the turn of the century, was no job for a thin-skinned or "cultivated" writer. Broad axes, not razors, clear forests. Henry Adams possessed an intelligence ten, perhaps fifty times as cultivated as Dreiser's, but his very cultivation defeated him, touched his most illuminating insights with the weakness of theory. Out of his noble detachment came "The Education" and "Mont St. Michel"; out of Dreiser's unselective absorption came "Sister Carrie" and "An American Tragedy." As art forms these novels are perhaps inferior to the books of Henry Adams, but of the actualities of American life they are far more revelatory.

In popular language Dreiser is a realist. Apparently he deals descriptively with material directly before him. But more precisely, he is a romantic, because his attitude toward this material is one of wonder or horror or joy: the simpler emotions beyond which one must advance if the analytic faculty is to come into play at all. The point becomes clearer if Dreiser is set beside his master, Balzac: Dreiser and Balzac have somewhat the same preoccupations—women and success. They approach their worlds from the same direction. But Balzac *does* more with his. He creates forms and interpretations. In a word, Balzac does not *brood*. He is too intelligent for brooding, too superior to his own fictions. Brooding is the most sophisticated form of day-dreaming. It is a form of mental activity from which is excluded the idea of logical progression. It is the key to the limitations of Dreiser's mind and of the minds he has influenced.

Out of his view of life as unanalyzable flux Dreiser manages to generate a kind of wild poetry, more palatable in his day than in ours. For this view does not lead to cynicism, poetry's assassin, but to romance—the romance of materialism. It leads him to celebrate, almost Homerically, the achievements of his Witlas and his Cowperwoods, to exclaim, as he does in "The Titan": "How wonderful it is that men grow until, like colossi, they bestride the world, or, like banyan-trees, they drop roots from every branch and are themselves a forest—a forest of intricate commercial life,

of which a thousand material aspects are the evidence." A sentence such as this reflects the unconscious feeling of a time in which the monstrous and complicated achievements of free capitalist energy were still an occasion for wonder rather than for analysis or condemnation.

It is certainly noteworthy that in the twelve hundred pages of the history of Frank Cowperwood there are very few, if any, which attempt, in realistic social terms, an interpretation of his predatory career. There is hardly a passage which evaluates that career in terms of its effect on human life. There is no word of the tens of thousands who paid, in blood and in toil, that Cowperwood might amass his tasteless art collection and equally insipid collection of women. By 1925 Dreiser's point of view is to undergo a radical transformation; but at this period in his career the Nero-like magnificence of Cowperwood's rise is all that interests him. He creates the epic of the financial manipulator as *individual*. The sources of Cowperwood's profits are never questioned, or are taken for granted; nor is the life he and his kind engendered in America ever envisioned in detail. In his passionate, romantic absorption with finance in a vacuum (finance as an "art," as Dreiser puts it) he is representative of much of the sentiment of his time. He qualified "The 'Genius'" with quotation marks, but not "The Titan" or "The Financier."

As capitalist America approached its agony, Dreiser's tone changed, deepened. There is surely a great difference between the melancholy admiration with which he views the career of Sister Carrie in 1900 and the tragic relentlessness with which the tragedy of Clyde is pounded home in 1925. His view of the relations between the individual and society, while it does not achieve complete clarification, has none the less enlarged. Hurstwood is the victim of his excessive sexuality and his weakness of will. Clyde suffers from the same defects of character; but his effect on us is larger and more intense because his whole make-up is related to the world which produced and ruined him. What was Clyde's crime? For what was he punished? For rebelling against the established order? No, on the contrary, for *not* rebelling against it. His misfortune lay in his pathetic acceptance of its dogmas, its superstitions, its ideals.

This is Clyde's individual tragedy. It is also the tragedy of his particular class. And finally it is part of the tragedy of everyone in the book, and, by implication, everyone in America. That is why it has a certain inclusiveness not present in a Greek drama, however inferior it must finally be judged as art. As Dreiser makes abundantly clear, the seeming victors responsible for the ruin of Clyde are not themselves much better off. They lack any real purpose in life other than the witless display of wealth and power. They lack wisdom, they lack moral health. They do not even have enough energy in them to get any satisfaction from their ruinous handiwork. They are perverted by their power as Clyde was by his defenselessness. They may not sit finally in the electric chair, but they have created the society out of which come the electric chair and the Clyde Griffiths who die in it. Upon their prostrate souls lies the shame of the society they have erected, its aimlessness, its cruelty, its futility. Thus the ruin of the victim and the guilt of the victor are seen as the obverse and reverse of the same process. It is only when they are viewed together that the full significance of Dreiser's work becomes clear.



## Homage to an Ancestor (1783-1880)

By HORACE GREGORY

Remember Dublin under the stone cross  
down Sackville Street: mount stairs at Trinity:  
wake from its blackbird towers toward the quay  
to count the stars that run with Liffey's tide  
and rise tomorrow in the Irish Sea.

How is the firmament tonight my lord?  
where Robert Emmet (seagreen Lycidas  
of my heart) once bowed and walked with me.

The crops failed under a cold moon when he died.

Close Dublin castle doors—goodby my city!  
The gates are shut; give the dead man my key—

(Here where Wisconsin maples climb the sky  
return to Calvary, see grass-hedged flowers  
open their stars at noon, witness the grave:  
assemble seasons, count the days, the hours  
that lie within his bones:

how deep, how many years?

Compute his birth by Greek astronomy:  
cover the face, the hands were ivory,  
the lips were fire and in this darkness  
where the limbs expire  
only the echoes of the voice remain.)

I should have been a king of liberty,  
sat with the queen in Cassiopeia's chair  
in this new land this inland island where  
ave Marias, blessed by the pope, immaculate,  
flower toward God upon a Sunday morning

I saw my empire vanish and bright Monticellos fade

Was I White Father of Menomenee?  
The words are spoken with a broken memory for names,  
my brain a mausoleum of dead wives  
Even the girls are gone, their delicate  
bodies in the eastwind, their small breasts sighing  
prayers for an old man's soul that sailed at midnight,  
steered three thousand leagues  
off Capricorn where rats command the ship and pilgrims die  
like Mormons in a covered-wagon desert  
O Robert Emmet: *when my nation*  
*takes its place among the ruins of the earth*, then only then  
will I return again.

These are my acres:  
stockyard tenements, old iron rooted in river clay—  
give them away;  
they are my epitaph. My sons inherit  
ten square miles of wind and rain.  
Is the hearse ready? Feed the horses; it is a long ride east-  
[ward.

## Books Journey's End

*Remembrance of Things Past. Part Seven: The Past Recaptured.* By Marcel Proust. Translated by Frederick A. Blossom. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

THE last volume of Proust's great novel furnishes the key to the whole. Carrying the story of the narrator's life up to the moment when he is ready to begin the book for which his entire existence has been a preparation, it rounds off each of the innumerable subsidiary stories, and for the first time it makes perfectly explicit both the metaphysical idea upon which the author's method is based and the relation of all his many themes one to another. We know from a published letter that Proust originally thought of his novel as considerably shorter than it turned out to be, but all of its essential features must have been in his mind when he began, and nothing about the whole amazing achievement is more remarkable than the way in which literally hundreds of apparently independent characters, situations, and *aperçus* are finally discovered to be all parts of an almost unbelievably intricate but unified pattern.

The casual reader will, to be sure, make no such discovery, and he may be readily forgiven if the huge work seems to him only a brilliant miscellany. Indeed, the most careful first reading will fail to give adequately even a general idea of the plan of the whole, and will fail to do so for the simple reason that no human memory is good enough to retain from one such reading all that it is necessary to have in mind before the main outlines of the structure begin to be appreciated. But anyone who will turn back to the first fifty pages of the first volume, and will note how one seemingly random paragraph after another introduces the various themes which are later to be developed and related in counterpoint fashion, will begin to understand how the whole is put together, and will find himself upon the road to one discovery after another, until he is brought at last to the realization that literature has few if any parallels to a structure so vast yet so unified as this. "Remembrance of Things Past" is, indeed, like some enormous building whose grand outlines can be perceived only when one stands a little away from it, but whose details, also, are planned with such exquisite precision that one must examine them bit by bit. It is like a great cathedral in which one may wander day by day, making new discoveries at each visit, and marveling that one could have overlooked yesterday some grace of decoration or some neat rightness of structure which is so overwhelmingly beautiful today.

Elsewhere I have attempted to analyze at some length the work as a whole—to discuss Proust's theory of art, to outline the main features of his pattern, and to interpret his novel as the story of his disillusion with the actual world as typified by his disillusion with that world of fashionable society where he had hoped to find the brilliance, the wit, the taste, and the generosity which, so he had thought, should exist there if they existed anywhere. In this review it is impossible to undertake anything so ambitious, but I may call attention to the two features of this last volume which make it more essential than any of the other single volumes to an understanding of Proust. In the first place, none of the other individual episodes is more brilliant in itself or more revealing in respect to the emotional tone of the whole than that which is concerned with the final, grotesquely horrible degeneration of the great M. de Charlus, or that which describes the accomplished cruelty of the death-blow which the actress Rachel gives to the pride of her aging rival,



Berma. In the second place, much of the second section of the last volume is given over to a description of the process by which the narrator achieves that recovery of past time which he has retired from the world to achieve, and which has been assumed through all the preceding instalments.

Early in the first volume the narrator had had his now famous adventure with the madeleine dipped in a cup of tea. When he touched it to his lips the identity of the sensation with that experienced in childhood caused a vision to break upon him, and like a group of those magic flowers which the Japanese cause to expand in a bowl of water:

... all the flowers of our garden and of Swann's park, the water lilies of the Vivonne, and the good people of the village with their little houses and the church and all its environs—came forth, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.

The vividness of that vision set him off upon his long quest for the means, not merely of remembering past time, but of recovering it with that completeness which made the just-recaptured hours of his childhood actually present and relivable. That he ultimately succeeded in his quest, the almost endless narrative which follows is evidence, but it is not until it is about to reach its end that the present is caught up with and the moment comes to describe that rapid series of incidents, each parallel to the incident of the madeleine, which gave him success just when he had despaired not only of life but of literature. Did something of the kind actually happen to Proust, or is the whole elaborate account of the process by which the great enlightenment took place merely his way of suggesting the difference between the pale, fragmentary character of mere memory and one of those works of art of which we can say, not only that its characters are real, but also that the life which it holds is changeless—"forever wilt thou love and she be fair"?

Perhaps the question does not need to be answered. The fact remains that the whole strange account of the narrator's quasi-mystical experience serves perfectly to crown the book and to maintain that curious, fascinating dubiety everywhere evident whenever one stops to ask to what extent the narrator and Marcel Proust himself are identical. To one who has lived in the work for all the hours required to read it, the story of how the past was finally recaptured is approached with all the thrill appropriate to a long-awaited revelation, and it is introduced with a characteristically Proustian sentence uttered by the narrator just after he has finished describing the hopelessness of his despair:

But sometimes it is just at the moment when all appears lost that a signal comes which may save us; after knocking at all the doors that lead nowhere, the only one through which we can enter, one which we might have sought in vain for a hundred years, we stumble against unwittingly, and it opens.

The critics are already almost acrimoniously divided over the question of the rank which ought to be assigned to "Remembrance of Things Past." If I understand them aright, those who would deny it a place at or near the top of the list of all the books written in the twentieth century base their objections chiefly upon the fact that it is not, according to them, at all like what the great modern novel ought to be. Specifically, it is contemplative and concerned with the experiences of an individual soul; it is Apollonian rather than Dionysian; and it does not deal with any contemporary problems in economics or sociology. But though all this is true, those of us who believe it to be a really major work are inclined to ask whether it would not be better to leave aside the dubious question of what a great novel ought to do and to be willing to consider simply what this one does. Nor does it seem to me possible that, if that is done, any critic can fail to grant the triumphant success of this Gargantuan tale. Once it has been read, it is literally

unforgettable. The experiences which it affords become never-to-be-lost parts of one's own experience. Half a dozen of the individual characters, as well as the conception as a whole, are solid, unescapable, and like some event of history they are always there whether one approves or disapproves, admires or despises. No student of literature, whatever his opinions or his tastes, can forget its existence, and it could no more be done away with in response to an aesthetic whim than a pyramid or a cathedral could be done away with by some advocate of an exclusively "modern" world. Of how many other books written during the last thirty years can that be said?

Incidentally, it is a curious fact that "Remembrance of Things Past" was too long for both its author and its translator. The former died before he had revised his last volume, and the latter before he had translated it. "The Past Recaptured" is done into English by Dr. Frederick Blossom, and while I have not made any detailed comparisons with the original text, he seems to have accomplished admirably his very difficult task.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## The Art of Dulness

*Summer Is Ended.* By John Herrmann. Covici-Friede. \$2.

"CHARLOTTE DALE had felt from her high-school days that what she wanted most in life was a home and children, quite a few children, and for their father she wanted Carl Yoeman." This is the first sentence of "Summer Is Ended," and the rest of the book tells how Charlotte married Carl, and why she was unlikely to have any children. Starting on a small-town newspaper, Charlotte subsequently got a job in Detroit, and finally had a good position with a New York advertising agency. But all the time she wanted Carl. At one point she was engaged to him, but he threw her over for another girl. After she learned that he had not married the other girl, she followed him to Paris, found him, lived with him, and presumably married him. She learned, however, that because of an abortion that had followed an attempt to forget his jilting her, she was sterile.

Why John Herrmann wrote this book it is difficult to imagine. Its irony is, of course, clear, and it is conceivable that something rather moving might have been made of Charlotte's story. But Herrmann has resolutely devoted himself to making his account just as dull and trivial as possible. With the most austere consistency he has recorded every banality of his characters' speech, and he has molded his own style on the model of their conversation. His vocabulary, for the purposes of this book, is that of a moron; his sentence structure has the inflexibility of the letters of a twelve-year-old; his prose moves with the gracelessness of a freshman theme.

It must have taken a good deal of effort to achieve such perfect flatness, to keep the characters from being even slightly interesting, to hold the style unblemished by vigor or freshness. But what end is the effort supposed to serve? The long short story Herrmann contributed to *Scribner's* had the same sort of conscientious colorlessness, but the reader came to have enough feeling for the jewelry salesman to be moved by his tragedy, and there was even a suggestion, though rather clumsily introduced, of the breakdown of the salesman's world. Here there is nothing, nothing but the bald account of a thoroughly dull young woman who wants children and does not get them.

John Herrmann ought to snap out of it. That he is a talented young man one can hardly deny; only an artist could have kept himself down to such a level for 286 pages. But what does he think he is doing? To an outsider it looks as if there were hundreds of fine themes lying around begging for some author to use them, especially some author with an interest in



the revolutionary cause. But Herrmann can have his Charlottes and Carls if he will do something with them, if he will make them live, if he will give them to us as part of twentieth-century America. You could almost believe he was hypnotized; one wishes one knew the formula that would break the spell.

GRANVILLE HICKS

## The Founder of Pragmatism

*Collected Papers of Charles S. Peirce.* Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Volume I: *Principles of Philosophy*. Volume II: *Elements of Logic*. Harvard University Press. \$5 ■ volume.

LESS than thirty years ago William James and Josiah Royce, anxious that their students should have the opportunity of hearing Charles S. Peirce, their master in philosophy, sought to arrange such a meeting. President Eliot, widely known as a courageous champion of academic as well as of other kinds of freedom, refused to allow Peirce to enter any room of Harvard University, and James and Royce had to hire a private hall. Now Harvard University is, at considerable expense, publishing Peirce's "Collected Papers" in ten magnificent volumes. This contrast between the scorn for the living and the glorification of the dead is not only dramatic but significant.

Those who see history in terms of sex morality, or of some other variant of the motto "Cherchez la femme," may well say that Peirce was excluded because the incidents of his divorce shocked the Mrs. Grundys of his day; and that since then public opinion has changed in this respect. Those who follow the economic interpretation of history may insist that since 1903 American university teachers have become better organized, more conscious of their professional claims, and therefore firmer in their academic demands. In any case we can look upon this splendid edition of Peirce's works as ■ symbol of the truth that academic America can, like Rome, erect monuments to, and sanctify, those that it has burned—except that New England does not wait centuries thus to atone for its past errors.

There can be no doubt that Peirce's intellectual gifts were to an irreparable extent burned by the prevailing hostility of his generation. He was endowed with a mind that was extraordinarily subtle, free, and fertile in general ideas, and his training gave him a knowledge of the whole field of science that was unmatched among philosophers in its extent and depth. The son of one of America's greatest mathematicians, and brought up as it were in a laboratory, Charles Peirce himself made noteworthy contributions in diverse fields of science, in logic and mathematics, in photometric astronomy, in geodesy and gravitation, and in experimental psychology as well as philology. Here, indeed, was the ideal teacher for any young active mind that was ready to receive ideas and to devote life's best energies to developing the wealth of their implications.

But, alas! The very untrammelled nature of Peirce's mind, which made him so valuable in the field of thought, made him intolerable to officials whose demands for practical team work could not brook his essential capriciousness and outright waywardness. For only a few years, at Johns Hopkins, was an academic career opened to him. And there he showed not only an unparalleled power to fructify active minds—Professor Jastrow and the late Mrs. Ladd Franklin have given ample proof of this—but his own thought was clarified by the impulse to coherent intelligibility which good teaching stimulates. Deprived of this needed opportunity and stimulus, he became more and more self-involved, fragmentary, and almost wilfully obscure. In his later years he lived entirely as a recluse, shut up in his garret with his rope ladder pulled up after him. His

work thus suffered from the absence of intellectual intercourse between him and those who, like Peano, Frege, and Russell, were working in the same field. He thus lost the impulse to check his own fanciful opinions (as, for instance, his spiritual interpretation of ladies' perfumes) and became crabbedly and captiously opinionated about things beyond his knowledge, as in his references to the higher criticism of the Bible and to Claude Bernard. He thus sometimes failed to complete his knowledge on essentials, for example, in regard to Leibnitz, who blazed many of the trails along which Peirce and other modern logicians have been proceeding.

It is necessary to keep the foregoing in mind to judge properly the volumes before us. Of the first volume only a negligible fraction was ever prepared for publication by Peirce himself. Following a somewhat questionable policy, the editors have relegated to later volumes Peirce's finished or published papers which give a more concrete picture of his general philosophy. But even the whole of what Peirce has left us consists only of fragments of a great system along logical lines on which he was working, not continuously, but by fits and starts from diverse angles. Even if he had lived to finish it, it would have been caviar to the general. For he was essentially a pioneer who lived with new and strange ideas; and he wrote for those willing to think for themselves and find out the truth, not for those who wish philosophy ladled out to them. "There are philosophic soup-shops at every corner, thank God!"

Despite, however, the unfinished character of Peirce's philosophy, his many variations and even contradictions, one great principle remained his polestar—and that was the reality of general ideas or universals. In this he was opposed to the general nominalistic tendency of all modern philosophy to believe that only particular things in time and space are real. Repelled by the abuses of later scholastic realism and on the other hand by the suicidal character of the idea that all general terms are mere sounds or marks devoid of any objective meaning, modern philosophy has for the most part adopted a disguised form of nominalism that is called conceptualism; that is, it has given universals a dubious existence by placing them "in the mind only." But abstract predicates, relations, and laws are asserted not only of the mind but of objects in the natural or physical world. We say *things* remain identical, equal in length, or change according to the law of multiple proportion. It is therefore irrelevant to the truth or falsity of such objective statements to drag in ideas which exist only in individual minds to which the objective world is "external." If the chemical law of multiple proportion is true, it was true before any human beings came on the scene. Moreover, if there is one thing that Bishop Berkeley *did* prove, it was that the difficulty concerning universals is in no way removed by placing them in the mind. The basic opposition to the conception of universals as real parts or phases of nature comes from the inveterate "practical" or materialistic prejudice in favor of the tangible objects of our sense perception, so that we tend to think of abstract humanity or triangularity as if it were an additional man or triangle. It is this latter view that is readily refuted by asking, Where is this general man or general triangle that is not anything or anywhere in particular? But the question *where* literally applies only to concrete objects in space. True universals or laws of nature are not additional objects, but the conditions of objects being what they are. Thought, to be sure, is required to apprehend the universal relations which constitute the meaning of things. But our individual thinking only brings before us and does not create or determine the character of the objects thought about. The truths of mathematics and logic, Peirce insists, have to be discovered, and are no more subject to our fiat than are the truths of astronomy. A false inference remains false even if we cannot resist the tendency which makes us wrong.



Peirce's realism has important consequences. Theoretically it leads to the study of the character of objects apart from the psychologic processes that may go on in the individuals who think about these objects. Peirce thus anticipates the science of phenomenology by which Meinong, Husserl, and their disciples have revolutionized German thought in the last two decades. It will, I think, be found that Peirce has more substance and less pedantic machinery than the German movement. Realism also leads Peirce to make significant contributions to the important but neglected problem concerning the nature of significant signs, the basis of any adequate philosophy of language that can be an aid to logic and to social science.

The practical consequence of Peirce's realism is his sharp distinction between what is useful and what is true. The founder of pragmatism insisted that theoretic science can aim only at knowing the truth, and consideration of utility is foreign to it. Anyone who subordinates the pursuit of truth to any other end, even if it be the welfare of others, ceases to be a scientist to that extent—even if it be claimed that he becomes something better. If the physiologist or pathologist, when cutting up an animal, thinks of how many human lives may be thereby prolonged (into happiness or misery), he will be devoting so much less needed attention to the problem before him. The solution of these problems of science primarily depends on critical care and not on philanthropic motives. As a logician Peirce is rightly jealous of the integrity of scientific procedure. He is impressed, as all honest men should be, by the extent to which practical interests corrupt our reasoning power and make us ignore logical consequences in favor of desired conclusions that are in no way justified by their premises. The backward state of philosophy is due to the fact that its devotees "have not been animated by the true scientific Eros," but have been "inflamed with a desire to amend the lives of themselves and others." "Exaggerated regard for morality is unfavorable for scientific progress." For morality, "the folklore of right conduct," is essentially conservative and thus hostile to free inquiry. Morality is necessary for the good life but is not the whole of it.

Excessive preoccupation with what are regarded as matters of vital importance is the essence of illiberality and leads, according to Peirce, to the American worship of business, which kills disinterested science and makes for barbarism. Peirce's pragmatism asserts that the meaning of an idea is to be found by considering all the *possible* practical consequences that would follow from believing the proposition that embodies it. But the deduction of practical or other consequences is a matter of science. Peirce did not—certainly not in his later years—believe that action was the ultimate end of man. He regarded that view with abhorrence. Science is degraded if turned to potboiling, "whether the pot to be boiled is today's or the hereafter's." Absorption in science has a much higher value. The pursuit of truth like that of beauty gives us the divine spark of blessedness.

Another fundamental idea which distinguished Peirce and set his generation against him was the idea of real chance or radical indeterminism. This is an idea which is rapidly coming into vogue today through the statistical view of nature; but it needs more critical attention than it has as yet received. For the fact that phenomena do not precisely satisfy any known laws does not prove that their course cannot be formulated in more complicated laws. But this is a topic which is only faintly indicated in the two volumes before us. Peirce gave it more thorough attention in some published papers which I have reprinted in the second part of "Chance, Love and Logic," and which will, no doubt, be included in the fifth and sixth volumes of the present edition.

What has Peirce to offer to our present generation? Any attempt at a definitive answer now would be premature. We can only say that men like James and Royce have been nourished

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by fragments of his philosophy, and that our present generation has caught up with him and is in a better position profitably to develop more of his fruitful ideas. Certainly in the field of exact science, in logic and mathematics, those who, like Russell, have worked along his lines have molded our most advanced thinking.

There is, however, one general observation which the history of philosophy justifies us in making with considerable confidence. Anglo-American philosophy since Locke has, on the whole, been unduly centered about man's psychologic nature and moral duties. Such concentration on human affairs has always made philosophy narrow and illiberal—witness the Roman and later Greek periods. For it impoverishes philosophy to minimize those cosmic interests which have always constituted its life-blood. And our view of the human scene becomes narrow, unilluminated, and passionate if we do not rise above its immediate urgency and see it in its cosmic roots and backgrounds. Plato is reputed to have written over the door of his academy: Let none ignorant of geometry enter here; and, later, Spinoza showed the high serenity which comes from bringing to the discussion of human passions the spirit in which the mathematician discusses lines and circles. Recent revolutionary developments in mathematics and physics have stimulated men's imaginations to a remarkable extent, and have invited philosophy to reenter its neglected domain. To aid in this, no philosopher offers more direct help than does Charles S. Peirce. Though he has been dead for eighteen years, he was in live contact with the forces which have molded modern mathematics and physics; and perhaps the very fact that his ideas are not completely articulated may make them all the more serviceable in the necessary task of reorganizing our general views of the cosmos so as to make them more in harmony with recent experimental discoveries. "Blessed are we if the immolation of our being can weld together the smallest part of the great cosmos of ideas."

It would be unfair to write anything at all about this edition of Peirce's papers without expressing admiration for the work of the editors. Only one who saw the manuscripts in their original chaos can fully appreciate the imaginative labor involved. Doubtless there will be differences of opinion on questions of arrangement, and especially about breaking up the "Grand Logic" which Peirce himself prepared for publication. But no one can fail to be grateful for the thorough and patient intelligence which has made Peirce's work so available.

MORRIS R. COHEN

## One-Man Show

*Opium.* By Jean Cocteau. Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

BY adding "The Diary of an Addict" as a subtitle to Jean Cocteau's "Opium" the publishers have tried to lend a scientific value to these pseudo-naïve jottings, making them seem like an unconscious record of narcosis. And Cocteau himself has wished, rather hopefully, that his book may "find a place amongst the pamphlets of doctors." Yet the candid reader need not feel ashamed if he reads it carefully and studies its twenty-seven modish drawings—"made by the author when partially under the influence of opium"—but fails to get a single whiff of the poppy. The book may have been prepared in a clinic while Cocteau was being cured of the opium habit, but certainly there is not a moment when he allows us to catch him off guard, at the mercy of his drug. Always he is the alert Parisian aesthete, with about the canniest sense in the world of what will be fashionable in art. We can say bluntly, then, that his book, lacking any unconsciousness whatever, performs not the slightest service to science; it is simply a new work by

Jean Cocteau, an intellectual notebook, ramblingly and rather indulgently autobiographical, with opium as its starting-point.

This is not necessarily to dispraise it. However we may deplore the faking, the adolescence, the hysteria, the nonsense of the special art world of which he is the product and the master, we cannot help admiring Jean Cocteau. For he is, as he claims more than once, a poet; and he has unmistakably a kind of genius. How he despises, and rightly, the other snobs! No one else can compare with him at the game of sensing and setting the style.

There are persons who, overcoming their moral standards and social seriousness, can feel enthusiasm for any kind of genius, whether it expresses itself in bunco-steering, paper-doll cutting, or dandyism. "Opium," if they can follow its advance-guard references, may be recommended to such. It is by the acknowledged leader of the aesthetic smart set, and one of the cleverest pens in the world. No one will complain because its subject never gets in the way of its author. To borrow a phrase from the galleries, this is a one-man show of Cocteau.

GERALD SYKES

## De Voto's America

*Mark Twain's America.* By Bernard De Voto. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

"I HAVE no theory about Mark Twain," says Mr. De Voto in his foreword; and goes on in a loud, angry voice to develop several theories about Mark Twain and mid-nineteenth-century America.

If he ever reads the second half of the foregoing sentence he will be angrier still, for he hates literary theories as other men hate wrist watches. He would not be caught dead with one on him if he could help it. I am sure he would have burned the manuscript of this book if it had been disclosed to him that one reviewer would accuse him of possessing general ideas. I do so accuse him, and will point them out.

His original anger is at Van Wyck Brooks, whom for three hundred pages he kicks around for having written "America's Coming-of-Age" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain"—more particularly, of course, the latter—and for having inspired Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford to write similar nonsense. None of these gentlemen, he says, knows anything about Mark Twain or about the America which produced him. He knows, however. He is a "literary skeptic"; impatient with literary ideas, he merely gathers "facts" and studies them until they yield "the truth"; and here are "the facts" about Mark Twain.

"It is not only that Mark Twain never became anything but a humorist, realist, and satirist of the frontier; he never desired to be anything else." This is stated as a fact, and is the thesis of Mr. De Voto's book. But how does Mr. De Voto know what Mark Twain's desires were? Mr. Brooks thought he knew; he psychoanalyzed Samuel Clemens. And Mr. Brooks is anathema to Mr. De Voto for thinking he knew. How, I wonder, does Mr. De Voto know? For he does act as if he knew. He describes Mark Twain's books in such a way as to make his statement plausible. He rather waves away, for instance, the romantic chapters which introduce "Life on the Mississippi"; and he puts the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in their place. He does seem to make the facts fit. But that is it. Fit what? A theory: "Mark Twain never became anything but a humorist of the frontier and never desired to be anything else."

Of course it is necessary for him then to say a good deal about the frontier which Mr. Brooks knows nothing about. I agree that Mr. Brooks knows little about it. But I cannot agree with Mr. De Voto that he knows enough to justify the



swagger he puts on; and I doubt very much whether the America he describes with so much learning would recognize itself in his pages. For one can be learned about the past and still be far from understanding it. Mr. De Voto knows old American humor as well as anybody does; and he knows the wilder aspects of frontier life—the brawling, the bawdry, the dances and the songs, the tall tales and the merry ones. But that this was America is, I submit, a theory, just as Mr. Brooks's account of a nation starved in brain and heart was a theorist's account.

Mr. De Voto would have written a better book if he had known the kind he was writing—if he had known that in his book, too, thought was required. Charging blindly into the territory which Mr. Brooks has long dominated by virtue of a beautiful and sinuous intelligence, he leaves himself open on every side. And he never really answers Mr. Brooks, since the only thing that can answer a theory consciously held is another theory consciously held. Mr. De Voto thinks he is meeting a theory with facts, but as is usual in such situations he only gets tangled in a profusion of data. His data concerning American humor and the humor which Mark Twain wrote actually support the contention of "The Ordeal" that something better had been possible. And his proof that the pioneer democrat thought pretty regularly about sex fits fatally well with Waldo Frank's notion that he was aware of sex in the wrong way. Perhaps it was the right way after all. Mr. De Voto does not see that he might so argue.

He sees nothing, indeed, but the mass of information he has collected. It is a big mass, for his energy is enormous, and it has its value. But it must wait for someone less cantankerous than he, and more willingly intellectual, to establish what this value is.

MARK VAN DOREN

## The Lawrence Letters

*The Letters of D. H. Lawrence.* With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. The Viking Press. \$5.

IN the midst of the "nightmare" of the war—in February, 1916—Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell: "The only thing now to be done is either to go down with the ship . . . or . . . leave the ship and like a castaway live a life apart. As for me, I do not belong to the ship; I will not, if I can help it, sink with it."

Doughty words. But, perhaps to his credit, Lawrence was not to find himself able to carry them out. A man vulnerable to a snowfall or a decaying flower, a world catastrophe was hardly likely to leave him unaffected. In 1927 he wrote to Dr. Trigant Burrow: "What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct."

The letters are a revealing record of the course of this frustrated "societal" instinct. The condition was partly personal, but the letters show conclusively how much the debacle of Western society contributed to it. From the point of the war onward, Lawrence's life was an effort to find some surcease from the "doom of Europe." And it is notable, comparing the pre-war with the post-war letters, how much the tone of irascibility and contrariness increased. He did not belong to the ship, but he could not leave it.

Of course it was not just the war. Lawrence was the sensitive victim of a whole complex of breaking-down factors: Victorian prudery, economic materialism, the "scientific" isolation of the mental from the connective world.

But Lawrence was, among the run of "men of letters," outstandingly a man driven, a man of destiny, the vehicle, like Plato's poet, of gods or demons within him. This is what

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makes him so interesting, not only as a writer, but as a man. Of the more generic literary type—even creators of estimable works, like Mann or Joyce or Proust—the human lives are insignificant and pale compared to the imaginative efforts. With Lawrence it is different; as with Whitman, the person and the writer are more integral; touch him at any point and one is interested as by a natural phenomenon.

What the letters show is that this genius or destiny of Lawrence developed in a relatively favorable, or at least less unfavorable, environment before the war. There are touching, generous letters in the early section: to Edward Garnett and other friends. Lawrence's judgment is more kindly and catholic. And there is a cycle of letters inspired by the relationship with Frieda Lawrence which are among the great positive expressions, glowing and deep, of true personal connection in this world.

At this point it is worth touching on one of the many controversial issues which have followed—as they also preceded—the death of Lawrence. It will be a long time before a just biography of the strange, contrary, powerful little genius will be written; for the present one must make the best of partisan recollections and interpretations, and these letters, more than 800 pages of them, justly edited by Aldous Huxley, provide the most unbiased documents to date. Concerning one issue—the matter of Lawrence's own sexual potency, so treacherously stigmatized by J. M. Murry—if the internal evidence of his novels were not already sufficiently convincing, the letters should be positive in their implication. Lawrence may not have been violently masculine, but that he was a "sexual failure" is unthinkable.

After the war—from 1917 to 1921 there is almost a hiatus in the letters as there was in his writing—the tone becomes more crotchety and exasperated; the poses are more violent and often ridiculous. There is a very laughable and often inexcusable side to Lawrence. At times he would give to no other man alive or dead credit for insight or disinterestedness. Again, he would be carried away by a word or phrase; and then reject one set for another. Thus at one point he has no use for the word "sex"; the word "phallic" is all that has meaning for him. And ever and again he is gospelizing to the host of lady friends with whom he carried on an enormous correspondence, solving all their problems for them, teaching in their midst like a precocious Hebrew prophet at a Ladies' Aid Society.

Yet he was half aware of this side of himself, and once wrote to Edward Garnett that it was "only when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead, and sentimentality, and purplism." In spite of all this, and in spite of the travail of the transitional times in which he lived, Lawrence's genius did "find its way out." The letters make it easier to trace the history of his "compulsions." Often, later, they took the form of external "shocks" and opposition. There were no great, fully formed novels later like "Sons and Lovers" and "The Rainbow." But he was true to his field, which was the vivifying and purifying of the sensory basis of life, a reknitting of integrity in a sphere where men, one way or another, have always tended to make things piece-meal. (Politically or socially he generally talked nonsense.) But in this field the flow never really stopped, but coursed livingly into many ducts; and then gathered itself to a head again in the late achievements: "Lady Chatterley," "The Escaped Cock" ("The Man Who Died"), and his pictures. The letters show his uncompromising clinging to his genius, and though they are exasperated often at internal and external buffetings, they never whine, as so many literary men have done in our day. Late in his life he wrote, with characteristic spunk: "I wish I could paint a picture that would just *kill* every cowardly and ill-minded person that looks at it. My word, what a slaughter!"

FERNER NUHN

## Effective Propaganda

*To Make My Bread.* By Grace Lumpkin. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

THIS is an unpretentious first novel written in a simple and matter-of-fact prose, and yet reading it has been a more real, more satisfying experience than that which almost any other recent work of fiction has given me. In analyzing this response there seems to be no one feature of the novel that I can isolate as accounting for its appeal; certainly it is not the form of the book that makes it valuable for me, or the persons who are described in it, or the general point of view it expresses. On the contrary, reading it has made me realize the unimportance for a full response of what we commonly call form; it has brought home forcibly that words such as form or structure or characterization or style are only the terms, and rather vague and awkward terms, that we use to explain the satisfaction, the peculiar emotional and intellectual appeasement, that a work of art gives us. No doubt its discussion of the times and the problems that are at present so terribly urgent, and of the emotions they call up in most of us, contributes a good deal to the appeal of the novel, for it is a story of the struggle for livelihood in society as it is now organized. Moreover, it is the work of a young writer to whom the pivotal reality necessary for an understanding of social relationships is the class struggle; one to whom the first answer for the problems of society is the overthrow of the dominant class and the ownership of the means of production by the workers. As such, too, it has a special significance, for in spite of all that is being written and talked about proletarian and revolutionary literature, there are few concrete examples of it in our writing to which the critic can refer—or few he can refer to without an apology for the difficulties that lie in the way of the creation of such an art.

There are two great movements, social in character, described in "To Make My Bread," and everything that happens is related to them. The first is the transfer of the characters from farmers to mill-hands, and the second is the intellectual and emotional development of the workers to the point where they are conscious of the class struggle. Grace Lumpkin begins her novel with a careful picture of the sort of life her characters lead as farmers; they are extremely poor; they are ignorant; their view of the world and of their own place in it is narrow and confused. A family is her unit, and she establishes her characters first as individuals, with full deference to their individual differences and to their personal responses, no matter how highly colored or idiosyncratic, to the situations in which they are placed. When they leave the mountains for the factories, driven out by the hardships they have endured and by the coming of a lumber company, the migration is made to seem a definite change in the way of living, and the characters become less individuals than representatives of their time and class and general background. In the factory they meet a new kind of oppression in their struggle for livelihood; only the most callous and the most brutal among them can succeed, for only the most callous and brutal can meet the demands that their employers make of them. When they finally organize for their own protection, there is a swift and savage attack on them by the forces they had been led to believe represented law and order; and the novel ends when the antagonisms of society are so clear as to be unmistakable, when the class struggle is shown to be as real in its influence on actions as the law of gravitation.

In the early scenes, in the mountains, the prose is slow in tempo and rich in sensuous impressions; the personal responses of the characters to what happens and what they see are analyzed with considerable attention to the unique importance they



have to those directly involved. But as the story develops, these personal responses lose their value. In the early scenes a momentary mood or a personal humiliation calls up a detailed examination, but at last, in the full tide of happenings, when a strike is on and the forces of society are openly in conflict, a murder or a savage attack is presented as a mere episode in a struggle which is only beginning. At the same time the prose changes from detailed analysis and the elaboration of incident to simple, factual statement, concrete and powerful. As the strikers are driven from one place to another, and as their meetings are broken up, the writing becomes a narrative of events:

And they were still there when men with white arm-bands came. Tom, Moore, Ora, and about a hundred others were arrested and taken away in cars to the jail. But some of the white-banded men stayed. They went down to the tents and drove the children and women out, so that they ran about under the trees, until they got into the open, where they wandered all night hunting for a place to stay.

"To Make My Bread" is propaganda, and what is more it is very good, very effective propaganda; I cannot imagine how anyone could read it and not be moved by it.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## A Contemporary Mind

*The Five Fold Screen.* By William Plomer. Coward-McCann. Limited edition. \$2.

ONE might expect a book of verse the author of which is William Plomer and the title of which carries such distinctly Oriental associations to have something of an Eastern character. And, indeed, certain poems recall, though faintly, the effect of some of Waley's translations. It may be a trick of cadence; it may be the capacity for bringing home to the reader the peculiar quality of a given hour; once it is a bit of quiet moralizing without prosing, such as was the gift of those old poets. But the chief lesson that both the Chinese and the Japanese would seem to have for us—the ability to achieve much with small means—Mr. Plomer has not quite mastered. He can create atmosphere, but he can also destroy it by over-emphasis or merely by not knowing where to stop. He can point a necessary moral, but sometimes he wags his finger over it a bit too solemnly.

The title of the book is misleading, but not without significance. The background of these verses is not, as it suggests, the Flowery Kingdom. But the five parts into which this handsomely made volume is divided do compose a fluent if separable pattern, such as one discovers on a well-designed screen. The first section is from the viewpoint of the Man in the Street—a man with Mr. Plomer's observant eye and acute sensibility; the second is What the Tourist Saw—the tourist being much the same sort of man; the third part takes us to South Africa, the fourth to the Levant (and includes a few delightful adaptations from the modern Greek), while the last consists of three not unusual, yet appealing love lyrics; and all five parts unite to form a delicate, involute figure representing the mind of the poet. It is the mind of a sensitive, cultivated, widely traveled person, not altogether different, one suspects, from the contemporary whose epitaph he writes in a long poem which is at once sardonic and sympathetic. This contemporary

... was not shot for opposing the revolution;  
Indeed, he had seen that it had to happen,  
Did nothing against it, and held his tongue,  
And hearing the first bombs explode, sighed.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

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## Shorter Notices

*The Infinite Longing.* By Marie Verhoeven Schmitz. Translated from the Dutch by G. J. Renier. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

More entertaining than convincing is this story of the reversal of fortune and change of heart of Adam Heemdrift, head of the great Dutch banking house of Heemdrift and Company. Though he is Fortune's darling, married to a beautiful woman, and plentifully endowed with worldly goods, Adam is subject to vague stirrings of dissatisfaction, a feeling that his material success does not represent the reality his spirit craves. This reality he finds only when, having broken with his wife and plunged his bank to ruin and himself into prison through dishonest speculation, he emerges and throws himself into the humblest occupations. His greatest ecstasy is achieved at the end of the book, when he has become a blind, violin-playing beggar cared for by a sympathetic but tubercular prostitute. Now, when it comes to individual passages, notably those dealing with her hero's disgust with his gilded surroundings and those describing night life in cafes, Miss Schmitz writes vividly and smoothly. Especially effective is the restrained sensuousness of her style. But in its larger implications "The Infinite Longing" falls somewhat short of its mark. The conversion of an exceptionally ruthless financier into an exceptionally spiritual beggar is a hard pill to swallow, and the author's sugar-coating of plausibility is inadequate. After all, Adam's change of life was not voluntary, and one feels that even a chastened ruler must occasionally look back to the good old champagne days with a speck of infinite longing. Certainly the reader does.

*Lost Lectures, or the Fruits of Experience.* By Maurice Baring. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Only four out of these fourteen papers have been actually read in public; the others are "talks delivered to imaginary audiences," which means that they are informal essays. Most of them contain threads of reminiscence and some are wholly autobiographical, so that the collection forms a supplement to Mr. Baring's "The Puppet Show of Memory." The pages have the charm of urbanity and wit, except in those rare moments when the author grows serious, as he does over the greatness of Pushkin. Scattered confessions of likes and dislikes in the arts are so numerous that one could assemble them into a fairly accurate chart of Mr. Baring's cultural taste. He is old-fashioned enough to prefer poetry that is intelligible at first reading, and sufficiently modern to defend the use of the split infinitive for emphasis and to employ now and then a preposition to end a sentence with. Despite his assertion that to those who were young in the London of the famous nineties "there seemed to be nothing at all unusual about the place," there is evidence that the period left its impress upon him.

*Making a President.* By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Of the articles here collected, the first, describing the clown show of national conventions in general, appeared originally in the *American Mercury*; the others are mainly day-to-day reports from the Chicago battlefield printed originally in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. They are vigorous and shrewd and full of masterly invective, and of course admirable specimens of sheer reporting. For the most part Mr. Mencken's sentences are here as sound and firm as ever and his cadences as sure, despite the fact that most of the articles were turned out under pressure, and often after very little sleep. A preface describes these conditions in detail.

## Architecture

### The Closing of the Bauhaus

FOR the second time in the past ten years the Bauhaus in Germany has been closed by political decree. A Nazi burgomaster and his council, for the time being ruling the city of Dessau, home of the Bauhaus, took exception to the conception of culture that was being taught. It had come to be international instead of pure German; it was increasingly rationalist instead of the outgrowth of vague mystical groping; it was suspected of being tinged with economic radicalism.

So once more there comes a pause in the career of what has become perhaps the leading architectural school of the present day. At a time when the Beaux-Arts in Paris survives by virtue only of the sentimental support accorded by its American "old boys," the Bauhaus has come to occupy a position similar to that held by the Beaux-Arts in its palmy days: the center of enthusiasm, of the greatest designing gifts, of the active molding ideas of its time. Though the Bauhaus was organized as a school of all the fine arts, with painters on its staff, and modern sculptors, photographers, and cinematographers, it is architecture that has been held central, with the other arts ancillary; and the great glass box that the school has occupied since it moved to Dessau after its last suppression at Weimar has come, even in our own belated country, to serve as a sort of trademark.

For the director, Mies van der Rohe, the suppression is an ironical event, for no other prominent progressive architect in Germany has paid less attention to politics. Perhaps this is a postmortem Nazi revenge on the former director, the Communist Hannes Meyer. At any rate the Nazis appear to be displaying a sound instinct. For them to hate the Bauhaus and all its works would seem natural. The technique or manner it has helped to foster is one that appeals, paradoxically, to those mutual opponents, the leaders of the massed workingmen and the aristocrats of wealth. For the pudgy-fudgy middle class that makes up the nucleus of Herr Hitler's Nazi hordes it can have little appeal. The aristocrat likes to feel, in accordance with principles already expounded by Thorstein Veblen, that he can afford to dispense with gewgaw and ornament, because his designer commands the superior art of perfect proportion, pure form, an absolutely competent grasp of functions, impeccable taste in colors, textures, and materials—and then the necessary and appropriately expensive force of trained workmen to finish his building with the flawlessness which its nudity demands. Only the perfect body can dispense with clothes. Yet at the other end of the scale, quite opposed to this elegance or preciousness, to which Mies van der Rohe gives the richest expression and Le Corbusier the most exciting, there stand the socialistic workers, with their own rough and ready version of the same "style" worked out for them by architects interested primarily in sociology and in mass housing. They too will forgo gewgaw and romantic pretense, because these are essentially perquisites of the bourgeoisie. They will be proud of rational houses, all very similar: equal premises will lead to equal results for all; moreover, to secure for every German citizen the decent house to which the constitution of the German Republic is pledged, there must be utterly rational organization and no waste. With democracy grows science. Then, too, a country such as Germany, flattened by defeat—so ran the argument in the early days—can rise again only by grim attention to work, such as shall impress her neighbors with the German masses' pacific sincerity.

From Hitler, the pudgy hero, and all his fuzzy hordes



neither of these attitudes can receive any affection, because they are both directed straight at his existence. The closing of the Bauhaus, at the present juncture, is therefore—if I read the confused events aright—in the nature of fate, and there can be no use in protests.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

## Drama Prodigal Enough

**T**HOSE of my readers who bother to retain such things may possibly remember that I am not particularly devoted to the musical revue as a form of entertainment. In the first place, I like my fun a little more consecutive, and in the second place, I am no longer one bit surprised when trunks, eggs, powder boxes, and other large objects burst open at the tenor's high note and reveal the presence of a bevy of girls who must have been a good deal more uncomfortable than they manage to look when they smile out at us across the foot-lights. I might, however, just as well confess that there is another more intimate and perhaps more important reason—namely, that I find women more interesting one by one than I do en masse.

Now I fancy that there is nothing particularly unusual about this. One does not need to be fanatically monogamous to feel that even the more reprehensible forms assumed by an interest in the opposite sex are more attractive when they are directed toward an object which is individual and isolated, even if temporary. Yet this is a psychological fact which the whole scheme of the revue fails to take into account. Those who devised it seem to have proceeded on the assumption that twenty-five girls are just twenty-five times more intoxicating than one, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are only one twenty-fifth as difficult to contemplate with equanimity. And if this is true of Woman considered as a whole, it is true, *a fortiori*, of those anatomical details about which a revue is constructed. One female leg—or, not to be fanatical, a pair of them—is a more absorbing sight than fifty, and that goes even more assuredly for those other features which the stage, growing more and more sophisticated, has tended more and more frankly to utilize for its effects. Even lust, if it is worthy of that fine old name, draws its strength from the illusion that there is something unique, surprising, almost incredible, about the contours of its object. Nothing is more likely to take off its edge than the realization that the features of the beloved are approximately repeated in all of God's female creatures. And yet the twenty-five ladies of the undraped chorus seem to be brought forth for the purpose of establishing the cynical proposition that one woman is very much like another. If I could come away from a revue with a shamefully vivid impression of the more intimate charms of one chorus girl, I might be disturbed with evil thoughts; but a merely confused impression of four dozen legs, breasts, and thighs leaves me all but indifferent to objects so common. Can it be that the entrepreneurs are unconsciously motivated by a suppressed but not ineffective puritanism? Can it be that they are trying to prove that Woman is much less interesting than generally supposed?

Doubtless it is because I feel thus that I sometimes find it difficult to distinguish between a good revue and a poor one, or that, at least, I find the difference insufficiently important to be enlarged upon at great length. Consider, for example, the case of the new "Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater). It seems to have been the general opinion of my confreres that it was not quite so good as it ought to be. Yet I am not sure that I myself would have noticed any significant difference be-

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tween it and any of its ten predecessors. The troupe of Jackson Girls, after emerging from a line of trunks, dance with the mechanical perfection which we have come to expect; Mr. Carroll's galaxy of beauties, long limbed and callipygian, exhibit their charms with the same gracious unreserve which has always been characteristic of them; and, to come to higher matters, there are one or two funny sketches, as well as a remarkable gentleman who performs a bewildering series of tricks with a lighted cigarette. What more does one expect when one goes to a revue? So far as I am concerned, the "Vanities" is a good show—as such shows go.

"Ol' Man Satan" (Forrest Theater) purports to be an account of the rise and fall of the devil as presented by a Negro mammy to an inquiring pickaninny. To say that it was inspired by "Green Pastures" would be to pay it an undeserved compliment, since it is, all too obviously, not "inspired" at all. Very evidently, however, its author did his best to copy the Bradford-Connelly play without coming anywhere near success, and except for the songs there is nothing in "Ol' Man Satan" to make it either impressive or interesting. Perhaps, however, it might lead one to speculate concerning the strange difference between ordinary and "artistic" sincerity, or upon the equally strange fact that to be close to a thing does not necessarily mean that one is able to understand it. Two white men wrote a play about Negroes which was generally, and I think properly, recognized as remarkably "authentic." Thereupon a group of Negroes attempt to do the same thing and the result is painfully factitious and false.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Some Notable Fall Books

### ART, ARCHITECTURE

- Geddes, Norman-Bel. *Horizons*. Little, Brown. \$6.  
Ladd, Henry A. *The Victorian Morality of Art*. Long and Smith. \$3.  
Maholy-Nagy, L. *The New Vision*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.  
Rank, Otto. *Art and Artist*. Trans. Charles Francis Atkinson. Knopf. \$5.  
Russell-Hitchcock, Jr., Henry. *Romantic Gardens*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.  
Simonson, Lee. *The Stage Is Set*. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.  
Ward, Lynd. *Wild Pilgrimage*. Novel in woodcuts. Smith and Haas. \$3.

### BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

- Austin, Mary. *Earth Horizon*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.  
Barrington, E. *Anne Boleyn*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
Bates, Ernest Sutherland and Dittmore, John V. *Mary Baker Eddy*. Knopf. \$4.  
Beals, Carleton. *Porfirio Díaz*. Lippincott. \$4.  
Belloc, Hilaire. *Napoleon*. Lippincott. \$4.  
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Blunden, Edmund, Ervine, St. John, West, Rebecca, and Others. *Great Victorians*. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.  
Bowers, Claude G. *Beveridge and the Progressive Era*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.  
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Buchan, John. *Sir Walter Scott*. Coward-McCann. \$3.75.  
Buchan, John. *Julius Caesar*. Appleton. \$2.  
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- Butler, Samuel. *Butleriana*. A. T. Bartholomew, Ed. Random House. \$4.  
Carswell, Catherine. *The Savage Pilgrimage*. A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.  
Cazamian, Louis. *Carlyle*. Trans. E. K. Brown. Macmillan. \$2.50.  
Chapman, R. W. *The Letters of Jane Austen*. Oxford. \$12.50.  
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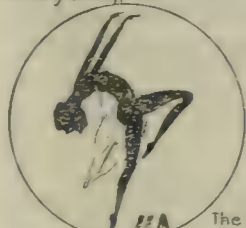
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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932.

COUNTY OF NEW YORK }  
STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1932.

R. B. COUSINS

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1932

No. 3512

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SENATOR JOHNSON OF CALIFORNIA has struck a telling blow at President Hoover in his reply to a telegram from seventy California editors asking for an "emphatic declaration" in support of the Republican national and State tickets. The Senator replied: "I cannot and will not support Mr. Hoover." He also gave them this useful information: "If you were the representatives of 7,000 newspapers, or just one ordinary American citizen, my answer would be the same." This is political courage and refreshing political frankness. It is true that the Senator is not up for reelection this year, but he will be two years hence and he undoubtedly is risking his political future. We believe, however, that in the long run he will gain far more than he will lose among hidebound party-machine men by the bold position he has taken. Moreover, he put well in his letter to the editors the real difference between the true progressive and the Hoover type of public man. The progressive, he says, "believes this government belongs to all its people, not to a favored or privileged few," while "the standpatter, paying lip service to common humanity, makes a mock of his words by his courting of special classes and his subserviency to the special interests, and his indifference . . . to the ruthless exploitation of our people." That is exactly true of Mr. Hoover's attitude; it alone stamps him as unfit for the White House. In this position Senator Johnson has only reiterated the stand which he and Theodore Roosevelt took

in 1912. The Colonel at that time, it will be remembered, called the gang which then ran the Republican machine "thieves and robbers."

EVEN REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS admitted in their reports of the Madison Square Garden meeting that Calvin Coolidge did not have as good a time in voicing his views on the campaign and urging the reelection of Mr. Hoover as had generally been anticipated. Contrary to advance announcements that there would be 50,000 in and outside the Garden, there were many empty seats within the hall and nobody on the streets. Three times the audience laughed at Mr. Coolidge when he did not intend that it should and his irritation was obvious. The speech was in his worst style of English, and was full of misstatements which it was easy enough for the Democrats to point out. For example, Senator Robinson of Arkansas cleverly showed that when Mr. Coolidge erroneously ascribed to Mr. Hoover the salvation of the gold standard, he failed to read what the Republican campaign textbook says on page 144: "The drain on our monetary reserves was *resumed*, becoming particularly active again in May and June," going on to attribute the cessation of the withdrawal of gold to other causes than the genius of Herbert Hoover. Devastating, too, was Senator Robinson's quotation from President Calvin Coolidge's final message to Congress only nine months before the crash came: "Enlarging production is consumed by an increasing demand at home and expanding commerce abroad. The country can regard the present with satisfaction and *the future with optimism*." Yet the man who could write this and is known to have a personal dislike for Mr. Hoover insists that the reelection of the President is essential to our welfare!

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT made an excellent address on October 13, when he stated his position unequivocally on the duty of the state toward unemployment and relief for the destitute. He went farther than he heretofore has done in recognizing the obligation not only of the State but of the federal government to maintain the unemployed. He declared that it was the first duty of the community to care for the indigent and the unemployed, and he quoted from his message to the Legislature in 1931 his acceptance at that time of the principle that the State must care for those of its citizens "who find themselves the victims of such adverse circumstances as make them unable to obtain even the necessities of bare existence without the aid of others." Now he accepts the same principle as applying to the federal government, "if and when it becomes apparent that States and communities are unable to take care of the necessary relief work." Whereas last year he weakened his position by saying that the government must never, never give money in the form of a dole, but should donate merely supplies bought with State money, he did not this time put any limitations upon the manner of relief. He went on to reaffirm that part of the Democratic platform which calls for unemployment insurance, and declared that this



is no new policy for him as he has been advocating it for some years. Finally, he came out in favor of destroying slums and replacing them with modern buildings for workers, and opposed any cutting down of appropriations for child welfare, rightly going on record against that monstrous attitude of Secretary Wilbur that on the whole the depression is "a good thing for the children of the country." Said he: "You and I know the appalling fact that malnutrition is one of the saddest by-products of unemployment. The health of these children is being affected not only now, but for all the rest of their lives."

**N**ORMAN THOMAS has received 106,352 votes in the *Literary Digest* poll, 5.3 per cent of the total thus far counted. Calculations based on this figure indicate that he should receive in November nearly 2,500,000 votes, or two and a half times as many as Debs rolled up in 1912. The figures may, indeed, exceed these estimates since the *Digest* poll probably reached comparatively few voters of the classes hardest hit by the economic collapse and therefore most aggressively discontented—the tenant farmers and the unemployed workers. Some of our Liberal friends have betrayed growing anxiety over these indications. "A vote for Thomas," they insist, "is a vote for Hoover," and they urge that any protest against the present regime in Washington must, to be effective, aim at the election of Roosevelt. With this attitude we disagree on a number of counts. But we wish now merely to reassure the worried Democrats by pointing out the sources of Norman Thomas's present support as analyzed by the *Digest* itself. Of the 106,352 Thomas voters in the *Digest* poll, 11,547 supported the Socialist ticket in 1928, while 48,945 voted Republican and 24,354 Democratic. A vote for Thomas this year is in fact a vote for Thomas—and a plague on both their houses.

**T**HE SECRET TARIFF RATES agreed upon at Ottawa, now at last public and in effect, reveal what had been widely suspected—that their net result is to increase, and not diminish, the tariff barriers of the world. Seventy-nine different kinds of manufactured goods from Great Britain on which Canada has imposed duties will be admitted free during the next five years, but in the case of 136 other commodities the preference given to Great Britain by Canada is increased in only 53 instances by the lowering of tariffs on imports from Great Britain, while in 83 instances the preference is increased by the raising of tariffs against other countries. The net effect will be arbitrarily to deflect the channels of trade, which is certain to produce adverse world results. It has been estimated by authorities at Washington that the new Canadian tariff may reduce sales of the United States to Canada by about \$75,000,000 a year.

**T**HUS OUR TWO GREATEST CUSTOMERS, Canada and the United Kingdom, certainly as an indirect result of the Hawley-Smoot tariff, put up further barriers against our manufacturers. But anyone who believes that the Republican leaders will be impressed by this is naive. When in May of 1930 no fewer than 1,028 members of the American Economic Association, comprising the leading teachers of economics in the colleges and universities, and economic experts the country over, petitioned President Hoover to veto the pending tariff bill, they pointed out that

that bill was not only extremely harmful in itself but that it would tremendously increase foreign hostility to us. Their petition was completely ignored. A large number of these economists have now petitioned the President again. In an excellent statement they point out that their clear warning of the disastrous effects of the Smoot-Hawley tariff has now been confirmed by events, that the value of our exports has shrunk from \$5,240,995,000 in 1929 to \$2,377,981,000 in 1931, while in the first eight months of 1932 our exports have been reduced \$500,000,000 below the same period in 1931. They point to the tariff retaliations that have since been directed toward the trade of the United States, the latest and most serious of which are just now going into effect. They call the President's attention to the fact that he has the power under the Hawley-Smoot act to reduce tariff rates by 50 per cent without awaiting the action of Congress, and respectfully petition him, after three years of depression, to institute immediate reductions. And on the same day that this petition was made public, Chancellor von Papen gave clear warning that, wholly apart from reparations, Germany will be able to pay the enormous sum of \$4,750,000,000 of private debts still owed abroad only if her creditors are willing to take German commodities in payment. "To expect repayment of debts while confronting us with trade barriers suggests both crass and indefensible violation of all economic logic."

**C**HANCELLOR VON PAPEN has shown his hand. In a speech to a group of Bavarian industrialists in the course of a visit to their city in the hope of bringing about better relations between Bavaria and Prussia and the Reich, Von Papen announced that the Weimar Constitution is to be done away with and that a new one is being drawn to supersede it. Only two features of that constitution have apparently been announced: the first, that there will be created another federal legislative body to be above the Reichstag, something like our own American Senate; the other, that the constitution is going to be so drawn that the Cabinet will in every case be above and apparently independent of the Reichstag. In other words, he wants an executive power unhampered by any democratic congress and therefore a dictatorship pure and simple. It is to be noticed that he does not say anything about calling a constitutional convention representative of the entire people when he talks of the new constitution. He merely states that one is being drawn—doubtless privately in one of his inner offices. Of course, if this goes through, the last pretense that Germany still remains a democratic state will be done away with. Today the republic as a republic is finished—at least for the time being. We are expecting any day now to hear that the present flag of the republic has been done away with by official decree in favor of that of the Kaiserreich.

**A**CCORDING TO PRESS REPORTS, the American delegation at Geneva is opposing the French move for the abolition, or even the control, of the private manufacture of arms. Obviously, no disarmament treaty will be effective so long as powerful munition companies, such as Vickers-Armstrong of England, the firm of Schneider-Creusot in France, the Skoda Works in Czecho-Slovakia, the Mitsui Company in Japan, the Bofors munitions factory in Sweden, and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in the United States,



remain free to manufacture munitions and other implements of war. It is astonishing to read that Minister Wilson opposes any effort at the control of private manufacture on the ground that, so far as the United States is concerned, it would be "unconstitutional." Such objections did not prevent the United States from entering into the 1931 convention controlling the manufacture of narcotic drugs, which is parallel to the proposed limitation on arms manufacture. All doubt as to the extent of the treaty-making power should have been removed by the Supreme Court in 1920 in the case of *Missouri vs. Holland*. In that case the court upheld the right of the federal government to make a treaty with Canada for the protection of migratory birds, although in the absence of a treaty, jurisdiction over such birds was a reserved power of the States. As a result of that decision it is clear that the treaty-making power of the American government may deal with any subject of international importance unless some article of the Constitution expressly forbids such action. Moreover, the general war power of Congress, we are confident, would enable that body to enact legislation placing all armament firms under control, regardless of whether or not a treaty is made upon the subject.

SO MUCH PUBLICITY and factitious satisfaction have attended the slight increase in business activity and employment since August that most of us have tended to overlook not only how very slight this increase has been but the fact that, even while these indices are rising, actual conditions are necessarily growing much worse. It is something, of course, to learn that in September, according to the United States Department of Labor, employment increased by 3.6 per cent over August. But one should not forget how desperate this still leaves the situation. For employment has risen from 55.2 per cent of the 1926 level in July to only 58.2 per cent of that level. In other words, out of every ten men employed in factories in 1926, four are still out of work. And the position of these jobless and their families is necessarily on the whole worse than in July and August, because just so much more of whatever savings they had managed to accumulate is dissipated. Total factory pay rolls, moreover, are still at only 38.1 per cent of their 1926 level. Large and small corporations are also much worse off even as activity increases. The *New York Times's* index of business activity, based on freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric-power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production, had risen from its low point of 52.2 per cent of normal in August to only 55.3 per cent. With freight-car loadings at only 55.3 per cent of normal, scores of the country's largest railroads continue to lose money, continue to draw upon their already gravely depleted reserves. Steel production has increased from 14 per cent of capacity in August, but is still at the fantastically low rate of 20 per cent of capacity; and the cash reserves of the steel companies are also running lower every week.

MILITARY TERRORISM is being employed, apparently at the behest of the operators, to break the mine strike in Illinois. Peaceful meetings have been broken up by national guardsmen; strike sympathizers and innocent bystanders have been arrested without warrants; picketing has been unlawfully suppressed; tear-gas bombs have been used to enforce the orders of the troops. In Taylorville the

city officials were ordered off the streets. To date, one man has been killed by the troops and several others wounded. Reports describing the violent and lawless methods of the guardsmen come not only from the striking miners, but from farmers, business men, and municipal officials as well. L. W. Reese, City Attorney of Taylorville, informed the Civil Liberties Committee in Chicago of numerous incidents showing that the troops are resorting to terrorism "to intimidate and break down the resistance of the miners." Reese is a major in the United States Reserve Corps and as such could hardly be accused of being prejudiced against military action. He also offered information supporting the contention of the miners and the Young Peoples' Socialist League that the troops were sent into the coal fields for the specific purpose of crushing the strike. Reese and the Socialists assert, and there is plenty of evidence to support their charge, that the "violence" which preceded the call for the militia was "carefully planned" by the coal companies to provide an excuse for military intervention.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HAS RESCINDED the two new regulations against which we protested last week. Students will *not* be forbidden to hold outdoor meetings, and indoor meetings will *not* have to be presided over by a member of the faculty of professorial rank. No official explanation of this quick reversal has been given, but we are credibly informed that it was made in response to a storm of protests from various quarters. The students themselves made it sufficiently unpleasant for the one professor who undertook to preside, unwanted, at a meeting. An alumni protest was said to be also in the process of formation, and apparently the authorities decided that they were likely to get more "unfavorable publicity" from their repressive measures than from the meetings which they professed to fear. Undoubtedly they are right, but it does seem strange that the presumably experienced administrators of a great university should need to have demonstrated the obvious fact that more and more repression leads only to more and more violent explosions. Instead, we are witnessing another demonstration, again in New York, of the difficulty of educating college administrators. In spite of Columbia's unsuccessful attempt to suppress Reed Harris and the *Spectator*, Dean Justin H. Moore of City College has advised the editors of a college publication, the *Ticker*, that they must hereafter submit all copy to faculty censorship. We now await the inevitable explosion.

THE NATION has already picked its candidate for the Presidency in 1936. We have located him in the Situations Wanted column of the *New York Times* and we only hope he will be able to survive until the next election day rolls around.

MAN, 38, single, white, any repairs; mason, cement, plastering, painting, tiling, carpentry, partitions, any kind roofing, handy around saddle horses; valet, second man, houseman, superintendent's helper, janitor, porter; understands steam; own tools; anything, day or night, city or country, anywhere; chauffeur's license; references. F—  
H—.

Is there any doubt about this man's qualification for the job of President? Only so versatile a genius will be able to make the alterations and repairs that will then be necessary after four years of Democratic rule in Washington.



# The Republicans Try Panic

AS the campaign moves into its final weeks, the Republican strategy, formed partly by cold calculation but finally by desperation, becomes crystal clear. The Republicans feel that their sole chance of victory now lies in throwing the voters into a state of panic. Just as in 1928 the voters were told that they could not afford to imperil the roaring Coolidge prosperity by putting the Republicans out of office, so now they are told that the Hoover depression is so bad, the situation so delicate, that they cannot afford to make it worse by putting the Republicans out of office. Beginning in the fall of 1929 and continuing throughout most of 1930, Mr. Hoover constantly denied that there even was a depression, and kept predicting a revival in one or two months. He has now finally decided not only to acknowledge the depression but to make an asset out of it. With this strategy, it follows naturally that the worse he can make the depression seem, the bigger the asset.

His most brazen stroke in applying this strategy so far was his assertion at Des Moines that "at one moment" last winter or summer he was told that "unless we could put into effect a remedy we could not hold to the gold standard but two weeks longer." Mr. Hoover's faithful yes-men, including Senator Watson, Senator Reed, and Secretary Mills, have all supported this statement. In his second reply to it, Senator Glass, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, has crushingly exposed its falsity. He shows first of all, quoting from public records, that last February, when, according to some of the Republican spokesmen, the desperate "moment" occurred, Secretary Mills was testifying as follows before the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives:

I am here as a responsible government official supposed to give you facts, and I say to you that I am perfectly confident of our ability to meet all demands that may be made upon us. We have on hand sufficient gold resources at home to permit us to meet all such demands.

Senator Glass quotes Senator Reed of Pennsylvania as making a similar statement on the floor of the Senate on February 17, while Governor Eugene Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board offered even more emphatic testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee.

All the figures, Senator Glass shows, support these former statements, and belie the present statements of both Mr. Hoover and his followers. Senator Glass shows that on February 1, the approximate date of the great gold crisis according to Senator Watson, the amount of gold held by the Federal Reserve System was \$579,000,000, and not the much smaller amount mentioned by Watson, and that the withdrawals each month were not one-third of the figure mentioned in Senator Watson's telegram, while the Federal Reserve banks had a sufficient supply of gold in reserve to extend additional discount facilities of \$4,000,000,000. Senator Glass's statements are all supported by Professor E. W. Kemmerer, one of our foremost currency authorities. "Unless certain facts and circumstances have been withheld from me and other economists," asserts Dr. Kemmerer, "there was no danger at any time of this country going off the gold

standard as the result of the withdrawal of gold by foreign countries."

Wholly apart from these authoritative assurances, the official figures of the Federal Reserve System speak for themselves. The American gold position, according to these figures, was at its very worst on June 15 of this year. But at that time the Federal Reserve banks still reported the holding of the legal reserve of 40 per cent in gold against Federal Reserve notes, the legal reserve of 35 per cent against deposits, and, in addition, \$967,000,000 in gold. Even if this enormous excess of nearly a billion dollars in gold had not existed, we should still not have been within two weeks or any like period of being forced off the gold standard. For the Federal Reserve Act provides that gold reserves may go below these 40 per cent and 35 per cent limits, provided the banks pay a progressive tax and raise their discount rates. Finally, at the time that this worst position was shown, the ability of foreign countries to draw further gold from the United States had practically come to an end.

Two other misstatements in President Hoover's Des Moines speech must be touched upon because they too are being repeated by all the other Republican orators. One is that it was the Democrats in Congress who "produced the cash-bonus bill." The other is that it was the Democrats who "passed a price-fixing bill creating what might be colloquially called the 'rubber dollar.'" It might be well to remind him that in the House fifty-six Republicans voted for the cash bonus and fifty Democrats voted against it, while in the Senate the bill was defeated by an overwhelming majority of Democrats as well as Republicans. (The exact vote was: for the bonus, seven Republicans and ten Democrats; against it, thirty-five Republicans and twenty-seven Democrats.) The Goldsborough bill, which Mr. Hoover calls the price-fixing bill, was voted for not only by 156 Democrats but by 123 Republicans; and it was thrown out in the Senate by a Democrat, Carter Glass.

What is to be thought of a public official who, for no other purpose than to secure his own reelection, is willing to circulate false and misleading statements about the Federal Reserve banks? Even if the President's statements were true, he would still stand convicted of complete irresponsibility. For though he and his lieutenants were loudly and repeatedly asserting last winter and spring that our adherence to the gold standard was beyond question, they now say that they were not then telling the truth. Confidence, as Mr. Hoover has repeatedly assured us, is absolutely essential to recovery; but Mr. Hoover is now, for political reasons, deliberately undermining confidence. To tell us that we were only two weeks away from abandoning the gold standard last winter or spring is to imply that we cannot be so far away from it even now. And for him to confess now that he was not telling the truth last winter or spring, to confess that he is willing to deceive the American people and Congress whenever necessary in order to create a false confidence, is completely to destroy the value of any future assurances he may give. This alone renders him unfit to continue in his present office.



## Scholars' Paradise

THE announcement that Dr. Albert Einstein would head a department in the new Institute for Advanced Study was sensational news. Rightly enough, the newspapers played it up in front-page headlines, and a general public which understands personalities far better than it understands learning will sense the importance of Dr. Einstein's coming as it would sense the importance of nothing else concerning the magnificent enterprise of which he is to be a part. Nevertheless, it would be a pity not to see beyond this single fact and not to realize that the new institute promises to be more important than any one man could be.

So many educational enterprises have looked well in the announcements. So many large gifts have seemed to promise so much, only to be dissipated in one way or another and to leave the world of our universities much as they found them. But when Louis Bamberger and Mrs. Felix Fuld put their five-million-dollar grant into the hands of Dr. Abraham Flexner, they intrusted it to a man who has not only an unrivaled knowledge of the educational institutions of the world, but also vigorous ideas of his own. He will use it to further a plan which has long been maturing; and what we seem destined to get is an institution absolutely *sui generis*—one not only devoted to advanced study but so liberated from all the influences which hamper the work of our other universities as to make it a veritable scholars' paradise.

Outward show, wasteful duplication, and a destructive emphasis upon mere size have been the sins of our colleges. Huge endowments meant only more and more gaudy buildings, larger and larger student bodies, and more and more repetition of the same courses in dubious subjects. The richer we became, the more probable it seemed that higher learning would be extinguished in the confusion of "vocational courses," "extra-curriculum activities," and "preparations for life," in the midst of which a few professors of real distinction struggled in vain against overloaded classes. But one needs only to read the scheme of Dr. Flexner's new institute to see how each of its provisions was made for the definite purpose of protecting it against the destructive influences which have proved so nearly fatal to all other graduate schools.

No buildings will be built until there is something for them to house, and the institute will have temporary quarters at Princeton. No departments will be organized or professors appointed except as the right men are found, and no students will be admitted except in so far as the few who seem likely to profit from an intimate association with the most distinguished workers in a given field present themselves. Professors will be paid salaries sufficiently large to relieve them from the necessity of any outside activity, and around them will be grouped assistants and scholars chosen only because they seem likely to advance one or another of the sciences. In a sense, the plan is simple: to found an institution of learning which will be that and nothing more. But simple as the plan is, it promises to produce something of which no other of America's innumerable educators seems ever to have thought.

The most eminent mathematician in the world having been found available, the department of mathematics is

founded first and will probably begin its work next fall. Our own distinguished Professor Oswald Veblen will also be a professor, and Dr. Einstein will be assisted by Dr. Walter Mayer, who has worked with him in Germany. Probably the department of economics and history will be the next to be organized, but Dr. Flexner wishes again to emphasize the fact that that will depend upon whether or not suitable professors are available, and that the institute is to be formed upon a plan radically different from the plan ordinarily followed.

We do not, of course, underestimate the importance of democratic education. We do not fail to recognize the need to give to every man as much education as he can possibly use. But every student of the situation has realized that the educational system of our country lacked a real summit, and that the gradual popularization of even such a university as Johns Hopkins was making the lack more and more evident. The Institute for Advanced Study promises to supply that lack and to be unique among institutions in its determination to be exactly what it calls itself. Heretofore there has been no answer to the rebuke that America had no institution of learning quite like some of the great European universities. It looks now as though we might be able to turn the tables and to boast that no European country has one quite like Dr. Flexner's new institute. Professor Einstein is quoted as having said, "This is Heaven." For scholars it promises to be hardly less.

## Slatin Pasha

FATE early marked Rudolf Slatin Pasha for her own, and thereafter toyed, now magnificently, now brutally, with him. At seventeen it set him to exploring the Sudan, which fascinated him and continued for years to dominate, most tragically, his life. At twenty-one, a first lieutenant in a crack Austrian regiment fighting for his fatherland on the Bosnian front, he received an invitation from General Gordon, the famous "Chinese" Gordon, to take service under him in the Sudan. There, incredible as it seems, he became, at twenty-two, governor-general of the huge province of Darfur. When he died in Italy a few days ago, there snapped almost the last human tie with the Sudan of both Gordon and Kitchener. Certainly no other living figure was so directly or so prominently connected with the tragedies of 1883 and 1885, which stirred the whole world. There were other eyewitnesses of the terrors of the rule of the Mahdi and the Khalifa who also lived to escape, Charles Neufeldt and Father Joseph Ohrwalder among them. They too, like Slatin, for years wore chains on their legs and iron collars bearing chains connected with their ankles. They all suffered in Omdurman hunger, want, horrible cruelty.

But it was reserved for Slatin Pasha to endure the greatest torture of all as he lay chained one day in his tent in Omdurman. It was on January 26, 1885, when he had already been a prisoner for more than a year after his surrender of Darfur because of the complete disloyalty of his troops. In agony he heard the shots of the final attack upon Khartum. Suddenly a triumphant mob appeared before his tent. As Richard Bermann in his brilliant new book, "The Mahdi of Allah," has told the story:



Somebody shouted exultantly; somebody was weeping aloud; somebody jeered. Slatin no longer distinguished anything; his heart stood still. The Negro, Shatta, removed the cloth [from a bundle he was carrying] and a bloody head appeared, with snow-white hair and side whiskers—Gordon's head. The blue eyes were open, the mouth was smiling peacefully.

"Is that the head of your uncle, the unbeliever?" asked the Negro Shatta.

Slatin answered at once: "He was a brave soldier and he is happy now that he has fallen." . . .

The savagery of Africa was let loose, robbery and murder and the whip ran riot in Khartum, and the ghastly tumult of animal-like cries sounded across the peacefully flowing Nile.

But not for one moment did Slatin the prisoner dare to show his grief. Only the fact that he had espoused the Mohammedan religion had thus far saved his life. The merest display of emotion at the death of the unbeliever Gordon might have sealed his fate.

Thereafter, for ten and one-half long years more, Slatin was the prisoner of the Mahdi, and after the Mahdi's death the slave of the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor. Outside of his door, as a slave, and as a symbol of the Khalifa's power, Slatin sat day after day in the heat and the rain for six long years, always wearing his chains. Then he rose in the Khalifa's favor until he had a house of his own and slaves, while the Khalifa sent him wife after wife, and was much disturbed because Slatin immediately gave them away to others. But never a day was his life out of danger. The merest whim of the tyrant, who thought nothing of butchering hundreds in a day, would have ended his existence. But youth, unbounded courage, and never-failing hope sustained him until a trusty messenger reached him after several vain efforts had been made to free him, and brought the news that rescuers were near at hand. On February 20, 1895, he left Omdurman by night, riding a fleet camel not less than 130 miles in twenty-one hours, stopping but once during the entire period. Not until twenty-four days had passed did he reach safety at the outpost of Assuam, where he was received with jubilation and honors.

To two men he owed his rescue, the Austrian charge d'affaires and Major Wingate Bey, who were unceasing in their efforts to make life bearable while he was in captivity and to save him for future usefulness. Wingate Bey, now Sir Reginald Wingate, succeeded Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, serving as such from 1899 to 1916, and as High Commissioner of Egypt from 1917 to 1919. It was given to him to reconquer Slatin's Darfur in 1916, thirty-one years after Slatin had been compelled to strike his flag, and to command in the battle near Gedid when the Khalifa fell. Now a full general on the retired list, he, with Slatin, has been able to look back upon those years of danger and ceaseless activity which brought peace and order to the Sudan and to Upper Egypt. They made history together.

For the rest of his life fate made up to Slatin for the horror of those dozen years of dire suffering. Franz Josef created him a baron in 1906. He rose to be a lieutenant general in the Egyptian army, and during the World War was head of the Austrian Red Cross. Decorations and honors were showered upon him. Wherever he went he was a marked man; had not romance and tragedy made him theirs?

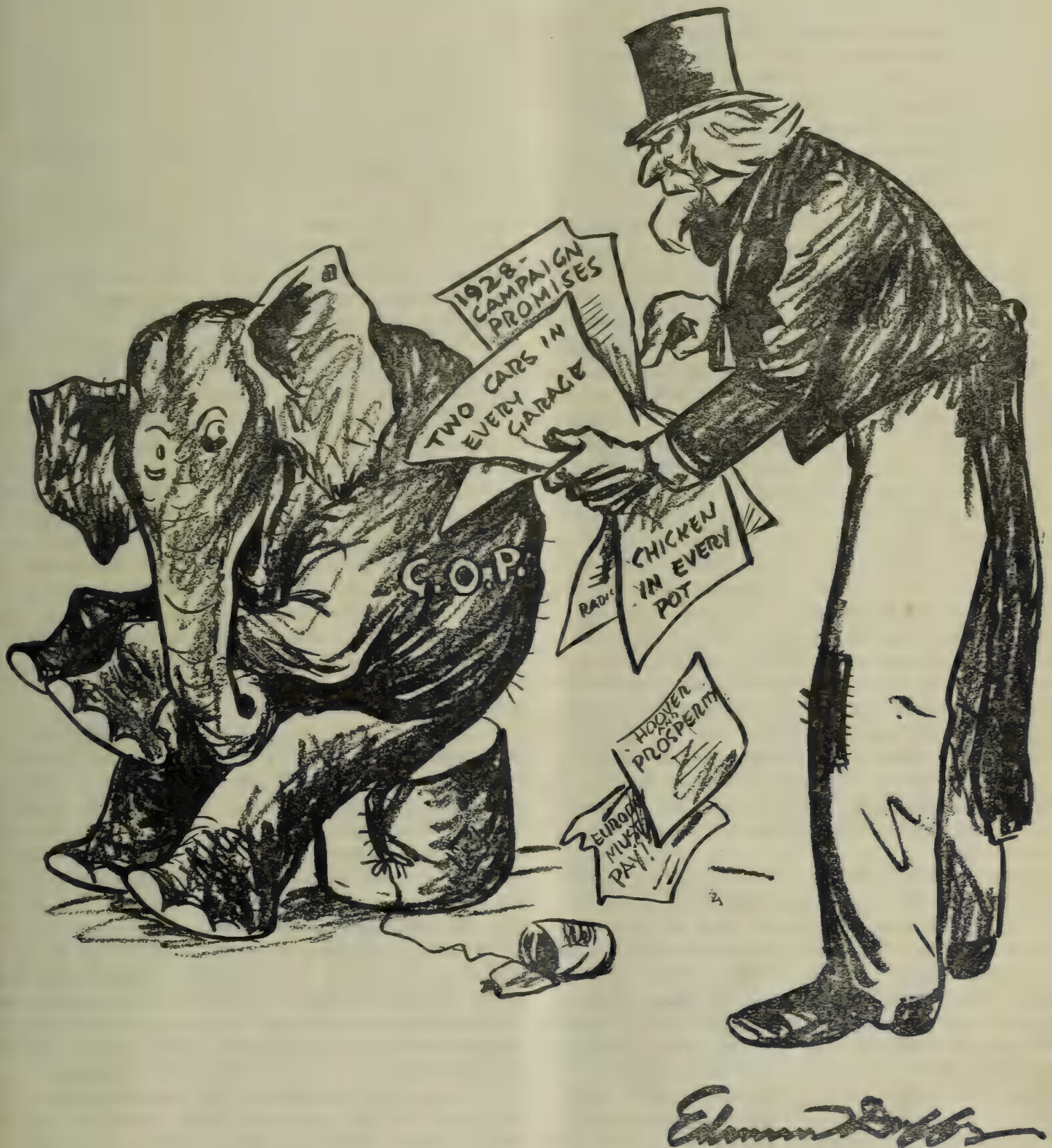
## Lay-offs and Profits

WE have come to accept fatalistically and to view tolerantly the wholesale laying off of workers in great industrial plants. After all, if goods cannot be marketed, men cannot be employed. We wait for the clouds to lift and meanwhile we hold up the inadequate umbrella of public charity over the miserable heads of the victims. It is not a pleasant sight, however, when large and still prosperous employers of labor attempt to crawl under the same umbrella, utilizing the depression and the public relief funds as a cover for their own bad industrial morals. Case after case has arisen in which great companies have laid off men by the hundreds of thousands, even while the profits were still coming in; with the result that the public is asked to pay for the support of these workers and their families.

A most flagrant instance of this sort of behavior is the recent action of the Brooklyn Edison Company, an important member of the group of affiliates held by the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, which within three recent weeks turned off nearly 3,000 employees. Such an act could only have been justified by dire financial straits and a consequent need for retrenchment, and even then it should have been fully explained to the men and women involved and to the public which must face, at the beginning of an ominous winter, this additional burden of relief. What actually happened? According to a letter of protest addressed to Governor Roosevelt by the Brotherhood of Edison Employees, the workers were laid off without any warning or explanation, while the published statements of the company show dividend payments and a gross revenue for 1931 higher than any previously recorded. Nor can the officials claim a lack of work waiting to be done. The company has promised to complete the job of changing from overhead to underground wiring, an improvement long delayed and long demanded by the people of Brooklyn. "The recent discharge of nearly 3,000 men," says the employees' letter, "means that the borough will continue to be menaced by the dangerous overhead system for an indefinite period." The company, meanwhile, has refused to give out any statement on the men's charges, although *The Nation* applied to its publicity department for an explanation.

It would be hard, we suspect, for even a utilities press agent to reconcile the incongruities of this particular performance. It would be necessary not only to think of plausible reasons for laying off thousands of men, but also to explain away a whole series of remarks made by Edison officials in regard to this very matter. Last April, for instance, John C. Parker, president of the company, announced that "the executives of the electric companies were determined to maintain wages and employment and would spare no effort to do so." On July 13 Mr. Parker assured a delegation of the Public Committee on Power Utilities and Labor that no large-scale lay-off was intended. To insist so righteously upon their sense of social responsibility and then to act ruthlessly and irresponsibly is to make a bad matter fairly odious. Nor does it lessen our sense of outrage to learn that the above-quoted Mr. John C. Parker has just been appointed executive chairman of the Brooklyn division of the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of New York.





One Elephant That Did Forget



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

FOR the man or woman who believes that peace is the supreme necessity for the world in this crisis of its history, who believes that an-

other war will end our modern civilization, who realizes that great armaments do not make for peace but lead only to conflict, there can be no choice in this election except to vote for Norman Thomas. Between the other two candidates there is no difference whatever. Both learned nothing from the World War; both are wedded to the old order; both fail to realize what Viscount Cecil pointed out in the *New York Herald Tribune* of October 9—that force is bankrupt, and that it can accomplish nothing in the way of restoring the world to the paths of sanity and peace. Mr. Hoover, a sham Quaker, believes in going on peace missions to other countries on battleships. He is for what he terms an adequate armament for defense, although he well knows that the French, with a fine army, one in some respects better-equipped than the German army (according to General Buat, former Chief of Staff), were not able to safeguard their country alone, although the entire nation was in arms; nor could the Germans prevent their country from going down to defeat. He is for a large navy—this professing Quaker. It is a miracle that under him we have not yet yielded to the demand of the big-navy people that we build our American fleet up to the limits permitted by the so-called Disarmament Treaty of London. He wishes himself thought of as a great humanitarian, as the rescuer of the Belgians, and as the man who fed the starving Russian and German children. But he is still willing to expose his people and the rest of the world to the supreme disaster of another war. He has not even been able to put through any measure of real naval disarmament, and of course he has not the courage, nor the vision, nor the spirituality, nor the religion, nor the ideality to counsel his fellow-countrymen to disarm without waiting for the disarming of others. He does not wish us to return to the historic American policy which marked the first century of our national life—of being without an army or a navy, and without fear.

I cannot for the life of me see that there is the slightest difference between his point of view and that of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has been a naval enthusiast from childhood up. His collection of prints of naval battles and historic warships is, or was, one of the best extant. He was as happy as his distinguished fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt, when he became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was liked by the naval officers because he talked their language, believed with them, sympathized with their demands, besides being a good executive and a charming person. In this campaign he has declined to be drawn out by any questioning as to how he will stand on matters connected with the peace of the world, such as disarmament and the recognition of Russia. In his speech at Los Angeles, however, he did touch upon the navy, to recall that when Assistant Secretary of the Navy he was instrumental in having the Pacific fleet visit

## Roosevelt and Hoover Militarists Both

Southern California, so "that the national government recognized from the naval point of view the existence of Southern California." The

Governor then went on to say the following words:

And I don't need to tell you as a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy that I thoroughly understood the great value of an adequate navy toward commerce, not only in times of war, but in times of peace.

In the days leading up to the war, and at the beginning of the war, Franklin Roosevelt was among the earliest to call for a fleet second only to that of England, addressing Bible classes, patriotic societies, and the National Civic Federation in behalf of his program. In Washington, before the House and Senate Committees on Naval Affairs, he demanded that the government adopt "a great building program" and declared that "not one dollar, not one ship, not one man" could be deducted from the building program he urged. He was ready for a competition of armaments with Germany or England, certain that he could outdo them. When in October, 1916, during the Presidential campaign, Charles Evans Hughes suggested that the navy should pay less attention to its building program and more to its target practice, Mr. Roosevelt heatedly replied that Mr. Hughes had "insulted" every officer and man in the navy. Of course he uses the familiar language of the militarist: "We should all work against war, but if it should come we should be better prepared than we were before. . . . I am not militaristic by any means." And then he contradicted himself by saying, "I do not believe in a large standing army, as you know, nor in a large navy," just after having said that he wanted us to be better prepared for the next war than we had been for the last.

Again, we must not forget that Mr. Roosevelt favored our intervention in Mexico and believed that we should tell Mexico where it "got off." He connived in and welcomed the pulling down of the Haitian Republic. He has twice denied to *The Nation* that he made the remark attributed to him in the press when on a speaking tour in the State of Washington—that he had written the Haitian constitution and forced it down the throats of the Haitians. But he does not deny that he was entirely satisfied with what was done in Haiti and particularly with the act of Smedley Butler in dispersing the Haitian legislature with a pistol in his hand and a battalion of marines at his back. If he gets in, and the opportunity arises, he will not only be for a bigger navy than we have had, in my judgment, but he will be thoroughly imperialistic if there is any trouble in the Caribbean.

I repeat, the one candidate who has a thoroughly practical and a truly humanitarian attitude toward war and the weapons of war is Norman Thomas. We know where he would stand if some day he should be elected President, because during the last war he let everyone know his conscientious objection to war in its every form—at no small cost to himself.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



# The Flight of the German Spirit

By EMIL LUDWIG

**W**HEN Wilhelm II came to the throne, German art began to secede from the state. Within a few years the private theaters and the secessionist painting exhibits and concerts had drawn to themselves the creative spirit of the country. The royal theaters, the art exhibits in the Glaspalast, and the song festivals held under princely auspices grew less and less distinguished. It was not only youth that took part in this general secession. The leading dramatists, musicians, and painters were also to be found in the movement, even in their old age. Artists whose names were known to all the world, whose works were bought in foreign countries, were in this society. Official Germany gathered about itself poets and musicians who were unknown beyond the borders of the country and who today have been all but forgotten even at home. Wagner was accepted in official circles at the moment when the younger artists of Germany began to turn from him.

With the revolution there appeared to be a change for the better. The royal theaters, which everywhere were taken over by the new government, gave prominence to revolutionary youth, and produced dramas and operas formerly proscribed. Even the famous government newspapers followed the new mode for a brief period. The greatest living German painter, Liebermann, was made president of the former royal Academy of Art. Under the old regime the modernist professors fared especially poorly in that they were removed or repressed whenever they dared to teach modern theories. With the revolution, however, important professorships were filled with young talent, and the Minister of Education, hitherto always an imperceptibly great person who never failed to recognize an important cultural event too late, was first a Socialist teacher and later a democratic professor. The always cheaply ornate, red-and-gold halls of the ministries were for the first time opened to men of genuine intellect. When I saw a half-dozen truly distinguished men in these ministries—this was in the year 1921—I thought that at last the eternal division between intellect and state, to which the tragedy of Germany was due, had been ended.

Today all this sounds like a hoary old legend. A man like Werner Sombart, foremost authority on capitalism, who thirty years ago when we were students together found his own advancement entirely blocked because he seemed to show a partiality for socialism, is now compelled to transfer his activities from a university to a college of commerce, which is comparable to a royal prince divorcing his equally royal wife in order to enter into a mesalliance. The war united all; but the peace came too unexpectedly to enable even the wisest to come to their true senses. If the causes of the war can be traced to the conduct of the three empires, then certainly the origin of the present German reaction can be laid to the actions of the Western Powers. An opportunity that will probably never return was lost through the shortsightedness of the peacemakers of Paris; the soul of the German people would have been like wax in the hands of really great men. At that time it would have been possible to encourage the creative instincts of this diligent people, to weaken their

former adoration of authority and their innate and disciplined will to obedience, and to make possible the rise of a new Germany related to that of Goethe or Humboldt, but pressed into a twentieth-century form by the mighty industry of the people and their never-ceasing impulse to intense activity. A great part of the German people saw that they had been poorly led and so turned away from the Junkers and generals. They believed in the good sense of the peoples of the earth, and were ready to harness their creative spirit to the day-by-day work of peaceful world competition.

This epoch ended with the occupation of the Ruhr. Then began the great campaign against everything to which the people had turned in the five years after the revolution. Men who in the direst national distress had helped to erect the republic were called criminals. The lie was spread that they had driven out the princes, although the latter had decamped entirely voluntarily. It was untruthfully asserted that they had stabbed the army in the back, though the army after four terrible years had naturally been overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. When we tried to prove that the war had been conceived in Vienna and St. Petersburg and had been made possible with the help of Berlin, we were denounced as traitors. That we indicted the Allied makers of the peace with the same passion with which we blamed the war-makers no longer satisfied anyone. The German people learned in the schools, at the universities, in their public assemblies, in the newspapers, that they had neither started nor lost the war. Must they then not look upon the peacemakers as cruel deceivers? Fed upon this double lie, were they not forced to believe that the German Michael with all his trustfulness had been betrayed?

Out of these lies, which were taught in the schools and colleges, which spoke from the pictures and emblems hanging on the walls of the citizen's home, the present spiritual state of the country inevitably developed, until the period of a false economic post-war revival came to an end and one of utter misery began. Ten years after the revolution a crisis rendered a sixth part of a large nation unemployed. When all these people had read daily for years that they, their fathers, and their former leaders were guiltless, that they were only the pitiful victims of a great deception, how then were they to understand the intricacies and interrelationships of world economics? They understood only one thing: that the others were arming themselves in order to destroy them, but they were not allowed to arm because they were considered a nation of an inferior grade.

It is a mistake for foreigners to believe that the present government is better than a National Socialist government would have been. The opposite is the case. This National Socialist movement has no real leaders, but its roots lie deep in the nation. It is possible that the socialistic or more modern sections of its program would in time have taken precedence of the medieval sections or that one group would have seceded from the other. In the present government of barons and generals—the same men who were responsible for the events of July, 1914—lies a much graver danger, for these



men during 200 years have learned to govern. They know how; they understand how to procure authority for themselves, how to maneuver. Hitler is a better orator than any they have, but he has shown that he does not know how to do business. The barons and generals, who always speak in the sharp, snappy manner heard in the Herrenklub, and therefore never to the people, are able to mold events. They move slowly forward, step by step, undisturbed by popular movements, by the wishes or pleas of the people, and now have been lucky enough to capture control of a popular movement, of which they must have control in order to reach their goal. From Bismarck, lacking his genius, they have learned only ruthlessness, which they call realistic politics.

In this atmosphere a new secession of the true German spirit and soul is now beginning. All the German names which the world knows have stood on the side of the republic. Today, with the republic transformed into a Prussian kingdom without a king, these spiritual leaders are again seceding. Three or four of the best-known of them have left Germany, persecuted as republicans or Jews. Others remain behind to fight the good fight, only to have the newspapers heap abuse upon their heads. I mention no names; the whole world knows who they are. These champions of the republic are being driven out of the state theaters, the radio, the public institutes of hygiene and welfare, and, especially, out of the world of higher culture, or are being gravely compromised.

The tone of the speeches and manifestos that Rathenau and Stresemann addressed to the world, which had about them something of the pathos of Lessing or Schiller, has been exchanged for the old, aggressive barracks language to which the man in the street has for centuries been accustomed; every

evening the radio burdens the ether waves with military marches; and in the midst of this new medievalism the true German spirit once more withdraws into its caverns, secedes as it did under Wilhelm II. He who does not belong to the "awakened Germany," because he has not been asleep during these last ten years, has lost his influence, but he is also absolved from any responsibility for the fate that is being prepared. That part of the German people which sees its foundations and its honor only in the relative power of physical resistance of the nation calls itself with justice the "awakening Germany." For fourteen years these people closed their eyes to the new era, and in opening them now can only seek to tie themselves to the old Germany.

This section of German youth has thus revived the ideals of 1914, and thinks itself fortunate to be led once more by barons, counts, and especially ministers in uniform, men who seem almost to take the place of princes. The return of the royal rulers themselves is not to be thought of at the moment. Like Hitler they are wanting in the face of responsibility, because they also lack the imagination of the born leader who knows by intuition the precise moment to act.

With all of these the German spirit no longer has anything to do. It must not be believed that the imperialistic German professors express this spirit. Of the fifty-one professors who in June announced their support of Hitler there were forty-eight whose names I had never heard before. What the world will learn of the true German spirit in the next several years will come from those outside the state now being rebuilt, who constitute a secession as important as that under Wilhelm II.

## Buying California for Hoover

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, October 15*

IF campaign financing were reported in terms of reality, the next report of the Republican National Treasurer might well contain the following item: "From the taxpayers of the United States, by the grace of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, loans totaling \$102,000,000, to enable Hoover to carry California." It is easy to place that interpretation on the loan of \$40,000,000 extended by the R. F. C. to finance the construction of an aqueduct in the Los Angeles district, and it is difficult to place any other upon its subsequent advance of \$62,000,000 to finance the erection of a bridge across San Francisco Bay. These two projects may be entirely meritorious, but circumstances indicate that the Administration was actuated by other considerations in granting the loans, especially the second one. If the purpose was to create jobs, why were the loans delayed until the eve of winter, and, incidentally, until the eve of the election? If the purpose was to avert suffering, why was such an enormous proportion of the corporation's resources allotted to the one State whose inhabitants suffer less from winter than almost any in the Union? Perhaps the answers may be found in the public statements of Republican politicians and editors who were at the scene. William H. Crocker, former Republican National Committeeman for

California and head of the Crocker National Bank in San Francisco, is quoted as follows:

Nobody but Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mills could have put that over. We wouldn't get any such consideration if anyone else was in the White House. Mr. Hoover has done this for us.

Additional light is shed by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a Republican newspaper, in a news story which makes this interesting disclosure:

Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, in San Francisco in the interest of President Hoover, added his weight to the funds application by personal messages to Washington this week. Commendation of the interest shown in the bridge project by President Hoover and members of his Administration, including Secretary Mills, who during his stay here last week urged quick action on the allocation of funds, was heard throughout the bay region.

I have read clearer prose than the foregoing, but the meaning seems plain enough. If I know anything about reporters, this one was trying in a polite way to say that when Mills turned up in San Francisco to make speeches for Hoover and Curtis, the local Republican bosses got him into a room and told him Hoover certainly would lose California unless Washington came through with that loan, whereupon the



patriotic Secretary called up Washington and "turned on the heat." Nice work, Ogden—unless the rest of the country happens to hear about it!

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**T**HIS business of "turning the tide" every time Mr. Hoover makes a speech is becoming very funny. No sooner had he delivered his address of acceptance than party publicists discovered that he had "turned the tide," and that the "drift" would be increasingly toward the Republican ticket. Then came the Maine disaster. Presently, however, he went to Des Moines, and again it was disclosed that the tide had "turned." The *Literary Digest* and other polls continue to show enormous majorities for Roosevelt, but I venture that it will be found, after Mr. Hoover's appearance in Ohio, that the tide has "turned" once more. It doesn't seem to stay turned. The evidence indicates that Hoover's Des Moines speech was effective in one important direction: it effectively depressed the price of the dollar and American securities abroad and thus antagonized a large section of the financial interests which had been supporting Hoover. Wall Street is not alone in believing that the gold standard was never in peril, but that if it was, the less said about it the better. The known facts about the gold reserve and the emphatic testimony of Senators Glass and Hull are almost conclusive that the danger never existed and that the President is guilty of having made an alarmist statement with the sole object of furthering his own campaign. The country should be prepared for more tactics of this character. As election day draws nearer, and the shadow of defeat looms larger, I think the American public will be amazed at the extremes to which Herbert Hoover and his little band of adventurers will resort in their desperate efforts to retain control of the federal government. This campaign has elements of obsession and delusion seldom encountered, and the consequences may be grave.

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**T**HUS far Roosevelt has disclosed few of the qualities of superman. Yet as the ghastly story of the Insull mess unfolds, Democrats may well get on their knees and thank God that they didn't nominate Owen D. Young. The Insull story is the biggest news in the country—more important, in fact, than that of the Presidential campaign. Suppose Young had been nominated and suppose that, right in the middle of the campaign his name had been revealed as one of those comprising the "preferred list" of persons who were cut in on the various "good things" promoted by the Insulls! Hoover would have been reelected without a struggle. Readers of this page are aware that this writer never succumbed to the Young myth. Hymns to his supposedly messianic traits always rang hollow to ears that had listened to the testimony in the Senate investigation of the radio trust. Persons familiar with that record were not surprised when the Great Nonesuch was identified as a pet and beneficiary of the man who is now a fugitive from justice. Incidentally, that subject suggests another. Some Democrats are complaining that the National Broadcasting Company is giving Hoover the "breaks" on the air. It therefore seems pertinent to ask what has become of the government's anti-trust suit against the radio trust, which has been pending for many months but which for some reason has not come to trial. Is

it possible that the suit is being held as a club until the campaign is over? Roosevelt should be reminded of this when, as President, he undertakes the task of revamping the Federal Radio Commission and choosing a new Attorney-General. Or will he, too, fall under the Young spell?

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HOSE who agree that nothing is more precious or refreshing than a good joke at the expense of priggishness will delight in an incident of the American Bar Association convention. President Guy A. Thompson made an opening address in which he denounced Congress, condemned the government for competing with private business, and criticized laymen for not joining with lawyers to remedy the evils of government. It is not necessary for me to dwell on the obvious fact that lawyers are responsible for most of the evils of government, or to emphasize that denunciation of Congress is nearly always accepted, by those who know the facts, as a sign of mental indolence. It chanced that another speaker on the program was the brilliant Joseph B. Eastman, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission—but a layman. With a manner that was all humility he took up the subject of holding companies, and spoke in part as follows:

Under certain conditions, and properly limited and safeguarded, there may be a legitimate place for such corporations. But when instead of a reasonably simple corporate structure one finds a tangled maze of pyramided and interlacing companies, many of them strictly of the holding or dummy type, it requires no great amount of intelligence to know that some process of evasion or concealment of perversion is under way. Furthermore, the creator or architect of every such corporate labyrinth is bound to be some clever legal shark. . . . I suggest that disease is attacking the business, banking, and financial practices of this country, and is an important factor in our present troubles. . . . I suggest that the legal fraternity is largely responsible for these unhealthy and even poisonous conditions. I suggest that the essentials of sound practice with respect to the organization of corporations, the limitation of their powers, and the restrictions to be imposed upon them, have been thoroughly considered in the past, both in this country and in England, so that material for a discussion of this forgotten subject is readily available. I suggest finally that the American Bar Association furnishes a most appropriate forum for such discussion.

Looking down upon the horror-stricken faces of the public utility lawyers who composed a large part of his audience, and suppressing even the semblance of a twinkle in either eye, the sardonic commissioner concluded with the humble observation that he knew the audience would pardon anything he had said, "as coming from a layman."

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**I** CANNOT refrain from one parting comment on Calvin Coolidge's speech in Madison Square Garden. In a slurring allusion intended for Governor Roosevelt, little Calvin said that President Hoover "was never carried into political office by way of family influence." Well, neither was Calvin Coolidge. He was carried into the Vice-Presidency because a weary and perspiring national convention stampeded in the mistaken belief that Coolidge had quelled the Boston police strike, and he was carried into the Presidency by the death of President Harding. Roosevelt probably will be carried there because the country is wet, broke, and disgusted.



# Judge Manton and the I. R. T. Scandal

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

ON August 26 Federal Judge Martin T. Manton signed an order placing the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, one of the New York City subway companies, in the hands of receivers. To this receivership arrangement the subway company readily consented. On October 13 another federal judge, John M. Woolsey, declared the order null and void, and though expressing himself in carefully correct judicial language, denounced Manton as a "usurping or intruding judge." Behind these two decisions lies the latest of New York City's major scandals, a scandal that is doubly serious because it puts a United States judge in a bad light. While Judge Woolsey's decision, which was brought about through the timely intervention of two minority security-holders, probably has prevented the consummation of this scandalous receivership arrangement, it failed to answer a number of pertinent questions. What, for example, prompted Judge Manton to go outside the law in setting up the receivership? Why was a man known to have speculated in subway securities appointed counsel for the receivers? Why has the municipal government remained silent in the matter, refusing to take any action whatever, when the receivership affects municipal interests running into hundreds of millions of dollars?

Last July the eight federal judges sitting regularly in the Southern District of New York adopted two rules governing the distribution of work among them. Rule I-a provided that "any judge designated to sit" in this district "shall do such work only as may be assigned to him by the senior district judge." Rule II-a declared that applications for the appointment of receivers in equity cases "shall be made to the judge assigned to hold the bankruptcy and motion part of the business of the court *and to no other judge.*" These rules were adopted with a view to preventing any repetition of the incident which arose in the Fox Theaters receivership case, in which the same Martin T. Manton, though not a district judge, assigned himself to receive the application for a receivership.

Utterly disregarding these rules, Judge Manton, who is on the circuit bench, on August 25 designated himself a district judge "particularly to hear and determine all applications and proceedings in the matter entitled American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company vs. Interborough Rapid Transit Company." This he declared to be "in the public interest." On the same day he issued another order declaring that he did not agree with the division of work the regular district judges had agreed upon, and that in view of this disagreement he was designating himself, in addition to the judge regularly assigned for the purpose, to hear receivership cases. It may also be noted that there was no such cause as that entitled American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company vs. Interborough Rapid Transit Company to be found anywhere in the court records on August 25. This cause did not appear on the records until the following day, August 26, when the application for a receivership for the subway company was filed before Judge Manton. How Manton was able to determine that it was in the public

interest for him to hear a cause that had not yet been brought into the courts has not been disclosed.

On August 26 all the interested parties appeared before Judge Manton with their papers entirely prepared. These papers included elaborate petitions and orders for the appointment of a receiver and the retention of counsel. Manton perceived nothing collusive in this obvious prearrangement, and he proceeded to the business of approving the order for a receivership. Victor J. Dowling, former presiding justice of the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court, and Thomas E. Murray, Jr., were appointed receivers, while Thomas L. Chadbourne, of the firm of Chadbourne, Stanchfield, and Levy, was named counsel for the receivers. It seems clear that Dowling and Murray were to be used simply as figureheads—Dowling was at that time in Europe and certainly in no position to rush to the aid of a bankrupt company—and that the real power of receivership was to be exercised by the counsel.

Under normal circumstances it is extremely important that the receivers of a corporation and their attorneys be disinterested parties. The Supreme Court of the United States has emphasized that "the receiver is an officer of the court and should be as free from 'friendliness' to a party as the court itself." Receivers must make the necessary adjustments between the various groups of security-holders, and unless they are entirely disinterested there remains always the temptation to favor one class of securities against another. This would have been especially true in the case of the I. R. T. because of the many different kinds and classes of securities outstanding against this company and against the Manhattan Railway Company, from which the Interborough leases the elevated lines of the city and which went into receivership at the same time. Moreover, the city is at present interested in unifying the various rapid-transit lines within its corporate limits and may purchase their securities in the near future. In case of a receivership, the word of the receivers as to a fair price to be paid for the different classes of securities would unquestionably have great weight, indeed, be almost conclusive. This should have been a warning to any judge to be exceedingly cautious in selecting receivers for the Interborough. However, Judge Manton was at no pains to safeguard the interests of either the security-holders or the municipality. He approved the appointment as counsel for the receivers of a man who not only is an intimate friend of Gerhard M. Dahl, chairman of the board of both the Interborough and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit companies, but who has acted as counsel for the B. M. T., and who by his own confession has speculated in the securities of these traction companies. Mr. Chadbourne, moreover, not long ago participated as one of the attorneys for the B. M. T. in a unification conference with the Transit Commission, at which efforts were made to agree upon a valuation of the B. M. T. property. On October 10 Chadbourne's firm resigned as counsel for the receivers, Chadbourne explaining that this action was taken as a result of public criticism. Judge Manton promptly named to suc-



ceed Chadbourne the firm of Hornblower, Miller, Miller, and Boston, a member of which firm, former Governor Nathan L. Miller, has in the past acted as counsel for the B. M. T.

Judge Manton's manner of handling this case—Felix Frankfurter has denounced it as an "abusive exercise of judicial authority"—is extremely interesting, but only less so is the silence maintained by the Board of Estimate of the city in the face of the peril to the municipality's interests implied in Manton's action. The I. R. T. subway lines, valued at more than \$300,000,000, are owned by the city and merely operated by the I. R. T. as lessee. The board should have been forewarned by Manton's record in the five-cent-fare case, in which Manton decided not only the main issue against the city, but also every minor question, only to have every point he made overruled by the Supreme Court. The appointment of Chadbourne should likewise have placed the Board of Estimate on its guard, for Chadbourne and Dahl, by their excessive demands, have been instrumental in blocking every effort the city has made to bring the transportation lines under one system. The I. R. T. also owes the city

more than \$1,000,000 in taxes, and should be paying the city a minimum of \$2,600,000 in annual rental. Finally, it has been estimated that the cost of the receivership would have run well over \$1,500,000, which would have been deducted from revenues as operating expenses and thereby, under the terms of the Interborough's lease from the city, reduced the municipality's income by that amount.

However complacently the city government may look upon the I. R. T. receivership, the leaders of the New York bar have no intention of letting the case go by default. No controversy in recent years, if we except the Tammany scandals, has so aroused them as this usurpation of authority on the part of Judge Manton. There is every likelihood that an appeal will be taken from Judge Woolsey's decision. If his ruling is reversed, the case will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court. Its progress will be watched with great interest, for, to quote Professor Frankfurter again, "the conduct of the federal judges sitting in the city of New York is a matter of moment to all who care about the maintenance of unimpaired confidence in the integrity and high traditions of the federal judiciary."

## Insurgents in Connecticut

By G. C. EDGAR

*Hartford, October 13*

**T**RYING to read Connecticut's political trend is like trying to penetrate the mask of a good poker player. Too many abnormal factors disturb the situation to make it easy; many of them tend to make it well-nigh impossible. This much, however, is fairly certain: if Herbert Hoover carries Connecticut, it will be by a relatively narrow margin; if John H. Trumbull, Republican, is elected Governor, defeating Wilbur L. Cross, Democrat, it will only be because the soured voters who cast ballots for Cross in 1930, allowing him to defeat the colorless and somewhat smug Ernest E. Rogers, have concluded that it didn't get them anywhere. Hiram Bingham's chance for reelection to the Senate undoubtedly hinges on his wet record. Without his beer ballyhoo he would certainly lose this year. Throughout the entire political skein runs a hybrid thread—the extraordinary Independent Republican Party, half prohibition zealots and half bitter enemies of the one-man party rule of J. Henry Roraback, chairman of the Republican State Committee and vice-chairman of the National Committee. No one can possibly guess how strong this party's showing will be, although it will be better than many realize, for it already has lined up most of the temperance organizations solidly behind it.

The truth is that the State has gone slightly balmy, politically. The oldest inhabitants cannot recall any other occasion presenting so many strange bedfellows and divided parties. One reason is the rage for college professors on political tickets. Of this it might be said that though the supply is almost unlimited, the demand has been, on the whole, rather hard on dear old Yale. Wilbur Cross is a former Yale dean and at present editor of the *Yale Review*. Bingham is an ex-professor at Yale, while Charles M. Bakewell, running on the same ticket for Congressman at large,

also teaches at Yale. The Independent Republicans have Albert Levitt, the father of that organization and the most colorful man in Connecticut politics, as a candidate for Governor. He was formerly professor of law at St. Lawrence University. With him on the same ticket is Professor Milton Conover, also of Yale, running for Senator.

Behind the divisions in the parties are two important stories. The Republicans invited trouble when they sneered at Albert Levitt at least six years ago. Obsessed with the idea that the Roraback dictatorship had enabled the leader to ease the path of his power companies through legislation, rates, and so on, Levitt set about proving it. The Republicans ignored the upstart yapping at their heels until he had managed to sink his teeth into their most cherished possession, the Public Utilities Commission. How Levitt kept after the commission until he won a moral, if not a legal, victory is another story. He succeeded in showing the close connection between the Republican Party and the commission.

Levitt, when this fight began, was a Republican. He remained a Republican when he commenced to bore from within the party to break the iron grip of Roraback. Through a series of disheartening defeats he pressed on, joining with the Progressive Republican State Committee, which sought to wrest control from the organization in the country towns and small cities. The Republican League of Connecticut was a later development. Levitt and his associates—all too few of them—worked valiantly. They entered the Republican State convention in 1930 with two known votes among hundreds of delegates. When the roll was called, they had collected two more. Four was as far as they ever got. Eventually Levitt abandoned this attempt. He determined to form his own independent offshoot of the party. The Independent Republican ticket is the result.



Levitt had been, and still is, an uncompromising prohibitionist. He naturally turned to the drys when he broke his Republican affiliation. Both Democrats and Republicans were wringing wet, and consequently the prohibitionists hailed Levitt as a long-lost brother—after carefully investigating rumors that he was a “radical.” Convinced of his sincerity and conservatism, they have joined with him. In so doing they have split the Republican Party, providing a haven for militant drys once of Republican faith.

Among the Democrats the situation is nearly as odd. Governor Cross, once believed by the seasoned politicians to be a mild, gentle soul, has turned out to have a mind of his own. He has handled “Old Guards” (Smith supporters) and “New Guards” (Roosevelt supporters) firmly and authoritatively. At the recent State convention he warned the party that he intended to have his way in the selection of the ticket or he would pack his toothbrush and go home. He absolutely refused to enter the fall campaign if Daniel J. Leary, a Waterbury Old Guard member, got on the ticket. Kenneth Wynne, Cross’s secretary, talked so bluntly in open convention to the Waterbury crowd that he was nearly booed off the platform. But Cross’s selections prevailed, and the Waterbury delegates went home bitter and disillusioned. Waterbury, the strongest Democratic city in the State and predominantly Catholic, will not soon forget the snub, particularly since it still smarts over the Smith defeat in 1928.

The internal dissensions that tend to weaken both major parties, however, are relatively unimportant when compared with the economic situation. Connecticut, despite anything the optimists may say, has been hard hit by the depression. Unlike the situation in the Western States, the signs of despair have been more noticeable in the cities than in the farming districts. Factory workers who have had little or no work for months are so numerous on the street corners of the larger cities that the scene reminds one of a holiday, albeit a pathetic one. In the manufacturing towns—Waterbury, New Haven, Bridgeport, and particularly New Britain—poverty and pauperism are plainly visible.

To assume that these thousands of unemployed workers are going to forgive and forget the events of the last three years when they go to the polls in November is plain nonsense. Many are bound to register “protest” votes. A lot of them are going to vote for Norman Thomas and the Socialist ticket. Thomas not only has the respect and interest of the voters, but he has impressed many of them with the fact that he is the only Presidential candidate talking horse sense and refusing to hedge on his real views.

But the best reason for predicting that the Socialist ticket will run far ahead of its 1928 record in the State, despite Connecticut’s conservative history, is the Bridgeport city election of November, 1931. Three men there sought election as Mayor—Mason, Republican; Buckingham, Democrat; and Jasper McLevy, Socialist. The result was startling. Buckingham polled 17,889 votes and was elected. McLevy received 15,084 and ran second. The Republican did not have a look-in. McLevy is the Socialist candidate for Governor this fall. If, in the coming election, he polls half the unprecedented vote he received in Bridgeport he will get more than twice as many votes as the Socialist ticket got in the entire State in 1928. While the result in one city a year ago is not altogether safe ground for inferences, it does indicate, when combined with other facts, that Norman Thomas

and the State Socialist ticket may well receive ten times the 1928 vote. At least, 20,000 is a very conservative guess of what they should poll; 40,000 is not beyond the realm of possibility. The ticket is strengthened by McLevy, while the candidacy of Devere Allen, running for Senator, has added to its following.

The personalities in this most significant of all Connecticut elections are of unusual importance. Trumbull, the Republican nominee for Governor, has served three terms already. He declined to run in 1930, concluding his rule as “pay as you go” Governor. He is a manufacturer of electrical apparatus, has been intimately tied up with power companies, including Roraback’s numerous concerns, and always gets along nicely with the big boss. Dean Cross, on the contrary, is the studious, intellectual type. A few people have been unkind enough to say that he has been somewhat of a fussy old woman as Governor, but a truer statement undoubtedly is that he has done remarkably well considering the fact that he has been handicapped and even hog-tied by a Republican legislature. He has demonstrated his spunk on numerous occasions. Levitt, a nervous, impulsive man whose determination never flags, abounds with energy. He flits about the State devoting practically all of his time to his anti-Roraback battle. At heart he is a conservative, although a crusader. The last thing he desires, personally, is to hold office. He has been forced to run on his own ticket for lack of suitable material for candidates.

Bingham, as almost everyone knows, has been explorer, history professor, father of a large family of boys, and lately the noisiest advocate of beer, at least in the Senate. His personality is not a political asset. In unguarded moments he is pedantic and patronizing. His speaking voice is slightly reedy and unpleasant. The American Federation of Labor has turned thumbs down upon him; the W. C. T. U. is after his scalp; and the general impression is spreading among intelligent voters that he echoes Roraback’s ideas and thinks first of the invincible machine and second of the voters who elected him. During his campaign he has been hopping from point to point in the State in an autogyro, to the awe of the country yokels. In the Senate he is heartily disliked. Loneragan, his Democratic opponent, is more of a rough-and-tumble politician. He has been quiet but industrious in the lower house, is fully as wet as Bingham, knows his way around in Washington, and is well known in the State. He will make a moderately strong candidate, considering the fact that he is an “out” party member. Milton Conover, the Independent Republican Party nominee for the Senate, is an earnest student of government, teaching it at Yale and spending his summers with the Institute for Government Research at Washington. Devere Allen, editor, author, and liberal progressive, resembles him in general outlook.

The final word on Connecticut amounts to a comparison with the campaign of 1912, in which Roosevelt so split the vote that Wilson carried the State. In that campaign Wilson polled 74,561 votes in the State, Taft 68,324, and Roosevelt 34,129. If the Socialist and Independent Republican tickets draw the support some observers believe they will, it is quite possible that the Democratic ticket will carry the State. In years to come it may be that Connecticut Republicans will still lament the day they refused to let the Independents place the regular Republican Presidential electors on their ticket. It may be that the party can use the extra votes.



# From Mining to Moonshine

By MARY KELSEY

**A**T Standard, on Paint Creek, there was no bread at the schoolhouse lunch which the Quakers served. On his way up the winding trail the baker had been held up by "two ladies with a shotgun." Both shotguns and a lack of bread are commonplaces in Standard. Like a thousand other wild-cat coal mines, hastily brought into existence to meet the need and to seize the profits of the war demand, Standard went into hopeless decline when the market slumped, and the hapless victims, marooned in their tottering shanties, found themselves without work and without resources.

Standard is virtually at the end of the earth. There are almost thirty miles of hard travel between it and Charleston, West Virginia, the larger town upon which Standard and all its companion derelicts are beginning to weigh like a nightmare. Charleston is beginning to feel jumpy when the subject of coal mines is touched upon. Hunger marches, demonstrations by the miners seeking public notice and some solution of their problems, are not infrequent there; and Charleston itself, struggling against the wave of financial depression which is submerging the rest of the country, is not ready with a solution.

Standard is only one of many. It is perhaps unique in the beauty of its surroundings, for it lies far up a wild and narrow valley, which were it not for the shanties and the tippie would be a marvel of beauty. Even now Paint Creek runs crystal clear, and on the side beyond the camp the thicket of hemlock and rhododendron is unbroken. In early spring it must be a sort of fairyland.

It is the rhododendrons and the hemlocks that have made possible Standard's alternative industry—moonshining. They offer the necessary seclusion; and even at Standard a still brings handsome financial reward. And what other means of livelihood exists? But it's a risky business. Mrs. Reynolds, with eleven-day-old Opal Pauline at her breast, made us understand just how risky it was. Mrs. Reynolds's cabin did not suggest affluence, in spite of her husband's profession. It was neater than most of the others, and Mrs. Reynolds herself struck us as a woman of superior quality. The sight of the school children trooping out for recess had made us feel that a good deal of superior quality might be latent in the crazy shacks of the settlement. Blonde and fair-skinned, gentle in speech and manner, they gave an impression of surprising refinement, but also, unfortunately, of a surprising lack of character. For in Standard there is no protest against existing conditions. The poverty, the squalor, and the complete lack of any hope for the future are accepted with resignation as acts of God. That fact is perhaps Standard's greatest problem.

There had apparently been some protest in Mr. Reynolds, but he was not there to express it. He had joined a union some time back, and subsequently there had been no work for Mr. Reynolds in any mine in the valley. So he had adopted the alternative industry, and the law had got him.

"I done all I could, honest, Honey, I did," Mrs.

Reynolds said earnestly; "I wouldn't touch a drop of that there stuff, not for nothing, and I done all I could to keep my man from touching hit, but he sez that ruther than let his children starve to death he'd try moonshinin' and they caught him at his still. Someone squealed on him." Squealing is unfortunately a valley habit. We learned that almost every man in Standard was, or had been, in jail as a result.

"They give him a year in Moundsville jail, and fined him a hundred dollars and costs." Mrs. Reynolds's dusky eyes were full of trouble, but they cleared for a moment as she added with pride, "Lord, Honey, I got an awful good-looking man. He weighs two hundred and sixteen pounds. He ain't never seen the baby. They took him off two months ago."

Now the county is supporting both Mr. Reynolds in Moundsville jail and Mrs. Reynolds back home. Twice a month she receives two sacks of flour and two of meal, five pounds of pork fat, three pounds of coffee, a can of karo, five pounds of dried beans, salt, and half a bushel of potatoes, to feed herself and her four children, and she is faring infinitely better than many of her fellows in other valleys. But there is no soap, and Mrs. Reynolds feels that soap is an important omission.

Happily, fuel is not one of the problems of Standard. All the shacks have open grates with big soft-coal fires burning in them. The coal can be had not exactly for the asking, but for the hewing. Up to the day of Opal Pauline's birth, Mrs. Reynolds was tramping to the tippie half a mile away with her pick in her hand, and trudging home again laden with the big black blocks. Strangely enough, the child seemed to have suffered no harm from her mother's toil. She held the little red thing out to us with pride: "See what a nice baby I got," she said.

Floyd was the oldest of the four children. He had had infantile paralysis as a little boy; it had left him not quite bright, and with crossed eyes. He was a trial to his teacher because he could not see the words written on the blackboard, but Mrs. Reynolds was not thinking of visiting an oculist. Floyd would have to get along as best he could. In his father's absence he was a great help to his mother. "He's awful good to me," she said, with humble gratitude. Floyd went to school, but neither Bobby nor Bertha was old enough to go. Mrs. Reynolds could not rest in bed for more than eight days after the baby was born for fear that the children would fall down the crazy steps or run under the wheels of the not infrequent automobiles that mysteriously follow the trail up the valley. The sheriff had told Mrs. Reynolds that she'd be surprised if she could see the number of barrels that he had found hidden away in the gully.

Mrs. Reynolds, perched on the upper step of the rickety flight that led to her shack, waved her hand to us cheerfully as we drove away. We pondered during our homeward journey on an alternative industry to the alternative industry of Standard. Who can suggest one?



# What I Believe\*

By GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

**W**HAT I believe is a residue—the residue of those things which I have ceased to believe. To prefer this residue is not to make belief anemic; it is to believe more firmly that which one believes. It is to practice that economy in belief which is the antithesis of superstition. Much of belief has been an attempt of man to make tolerable for himself the world in which he lives. It has been a method of adaptation to environment by process of illusion. There would be small harm in this were it not, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out in one of the most illuminating books of our day, that the indulgence of this craving for the solace of illusion keeps the mind of man immature. It is not consonant with a true sense of values. It has, moreover, more subtle and dangerous forms than the old religious animism. There is not only the superstition of the gods. There is the superstition of man. It is this which resisted Galileo and Darwin and which confuses issues today. Professor Elmer More protests that his horror of the antediluvian world is such that it would keep him awake o' nights did he feel that, in the make-up of his soul, there were still traces of the ape, tremors responsive to animal needs, echoings of horrid fears. Rebecca West, in that *Counterblast to Humanism* (published in the August, 1931, issue of the *Bookman*) which is rich in the expression of her peculiar genius, points out that this particular kind of superstition is shoddy and pinchbeck compared with the faith which humbled man before the inscrutable plan of the Almighty.

What I may perhaps be permitted to term moral pre-Copernicanism is always likely to have its followers: man will always be flattered to consider himself the final cause and center of the universe. A certain professor of Tulane University has been stirred to write a defense, in the *Hibbert Journal*, of the good folk of Tennessee, pointing out that they are protestants on behalf of the high values of human life against the corroding philosophy of "nothing but." I sympathize with him to this extent that I am aware that many men develop a cynic and nihilistic philosophy for the ulterior purpose of absolving their consciences from bondage to reason by pointing out their own irrational origins. The fact, however, that some men use a truth to fill out a vicious brief for the defense is no reason why truth should not be stated. The argument of Professor Fletcher of Tulane is an excellent instance of what I have termed "the human superstition." I cannot but suppose that it was this article in the *Hibbert Journal* which stimulated the dangerous pen of Aldous Huxley to one of the finest short pieces—*A Meditation on the Moon*—which I have seen for a long time. Science advises us only on facts and relations; it is for us to evaluate and interpret. Let not science presume beyond its sphere. On this both Professor Fletcher and Mr. Huxley agree. Man, then, says Professor Fletcher, is not "nothing but a monkey," but a little below the angels; the farmers of Tennessee vaguely apperceive this great truth. The moon, says Aldous Huxley, is not "nothing but a stone"; it is

numinous and a great god to whose phases tides and the blood of women and of men respond. By the same argument by which Professor Fletcher keeps man on his pedestal Mr. Huxley is able, with entire consistency, to produce a defense of fetishism. Mr. Huxley writes as a poet and we cannot limit the poets. Truth, however, has two aspects: scientific, designed for the control of things and resting upon convenient suppositions; and poetic, concerned with the perspective of values. Both are entitled to their place. The sacrilege of superstition is to flaunt itself against the precept of intellectual honesty which bids us make clear whether we are speaking after the style of poets or of scientists.

Edmund Wilson has somewhere said that no first-class minds any longer believe in the supernatural. I shall not presume to speak about this class of which Wilson makes statements so dogmatic—apparently John Henry Newman does not make the grade or any other divine. I am, however, certain that, having been brought up in the strictest school of the religious (but for the grace of—what?—I should now be a monk), my development has been one of growing repugnance to all invocations of the miraculous and to all explanations of the world *per obscurius*, whether for the honor of God or for the benefit of the conceit of humanity. Yet—if I may be permitted the paradox—I grow more and more of a scholastic, for the scholastics were Catholic theologians by accident and rationalists by essential method. I experience direct satisfaction when I hear that Einstein has rejected the Eddingtonian endeavor to rescue the miraculous free will at all costs by an appeal to the principle of indeterminism. As a matter of values it seems to me that the Stoics were wiser than Professor Eddington when they insisted that the nature of God was to be found in reason and order.

The bacchant followers of Bergson, including Aldous Huxley's Rampion and the original of Rampion, D. H. Lawrence, are inviting us to Rampionize, to live in accordance with nature, which, significantly and un-Hellenically enough, is interpreted as irrational. We are, as it were, to "let the instincts rip"—and, strangely enough, the psychologists are called in as compurgators, although all psychology is an invasion by scientific reason of the world of sentiments. I don't believe a word of it. After the instinctive orgasm follow, by reaction, the boredom with life and that pathological preoccupation with the ego, that Narcissism, which has characterized the most vicious side of European culture. Either repulsion from this mood of egoistic reverie leads to a return to a primitive activism or the attitude ends in a morbid melancholia. The third phase in this psychological progress is that of the skepticism of Aldous Huxley and what has happily been called the Byronic pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch. Man is seen as a creature of many possibilities—the more civilized, the more the possibilities. Biology points out no one particular line of fundamental value which it is "natural" for him to pursue. Nature has deserted him—sent him forth with a box of matches to light a hell for himself just wherever he will. The gods have deserted him.

\* The eighth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women.—EDITOR THE NATION.



I admit that the world yields no "fundamental meanings"; philosophy no "fundamental problems"; there are no "final solutions"; no "absolute truths." The peculiar characteristic, however, of man appears to be his reason. Reason has developed not by parthenogenesis, but by the meeting of obstacles. The mastery of his world is not only the task but the satisfaction of man—it involves the exercise of his peculiarity. Bertrand Russell is entirely right in advising this objectivity of outlook in his "Conquest of Happiness." Nor, unless we cramp what we choose to recognize of experience into some wooden system and meet experience only with the mechanical reactions of the conventional moralist, shall we ever lack the need for rational control in the exercise of the art of meeting what experience and history have to offer. Nor shall we lack emotional adventure. This experience may be fleeting but the present time is no less real than all the spaces of eternity. The art is of the fleeting, but while this art retains its satisfactions, we need never despair of the value of life for us. The mention, however, of an art of life implies certain standards. To speak of mastery of the world makes the need for these standards still more specific. By what standards the art; and to what end the mastery? Sheer extension of experience, quantitative, chaotic, is not enough.

I imagine that a Julian Huxley and an Aldous Huxley may find their satisfaction, the one as a biologist, the other aesthetically, in the elegant dissection of a cadaver. The contemplation of future generations in possible worlds may well give satisfaction to J. B. S. Haldane. These are scientific pleasures. They are akin to the pleasures of the artist. As a student of politics I find my satisfaction in the contemplation of the idea of the rational community and, in more optimistic moments, in the endeavor to promote its realization by the study of political method. That rational community I yet would define by negation. However much we may be skeptics concerning ultimate values, we are entitled upon the basis of our direct experience to the strength of our disbeliefs. What largely gives men significance is that which they select to attack. The fight against what our private experience tells us is the infamous—war, poverty, the dominance in convention of the motives of fear, social cruelty, and insensitive vulgarity—the fight against the inhumane, supplies us with a norm by which to judge and put in perspective other values. I do not wish, I would repeat, to reduce all values to a merely utilitarian test or to solely human standards of reference. To do this smacks of that arrogance of the "human superstition" of which I have complained. Some of the highest values are not only contemplative in form but are non-social and non-human in content. The deeper our psychological insight, the more we shall probably be unwilling to admit that the human race is something which can be understood in sharp detachment from all other manifestations of life. Now and again I am aware of something in common between what moves human impulses and what may move migrating birds in their flight. But, as a human being, this sense is yet not in the foreground of my consciousness. Primarily it is a rational human world which I contemplate, in which I work and for which I live.

I find, nevertheless, at times, that the satisfaction of contemplating a rationally ordered mankind, duly gratifying instinct and right impulse, is jejune, even when my contemplation is enriched by that catholicity of experience which

is one of the chiefest things which I ask of life. Nor am I content with the notion of this developing rational order as merely negative, directed against evils. While I am prepared to accept Bosanquet's definition of religion as the sense of union with the whole, I need at times definite and sensible content given to this whole—something in the place of the ecstasy of the vision of God of Aquinas and Dante. Such a rich content is desirable to give perfection to life even if it is not necessary in adversity. To what is it, then, that I look?

I question myself more precisely concerning what is this central and positive something of experience, abiding yet sensuous, for which I am seeking, and find my answer in friendship. I confess that I can see no personal reason whatsoever for continuing along a road which offers no keener attraction than that—which even the dullest road offers—of seeing round the next corner, were it not for love of a few choice, dear souls who keep one going on while one can still hear voices so sweet before silence. There is, indeed, an uncertainty and contingency in particular friendships which must be accepted. The quest for absolute certainties in the adventure of life is futile; human experience is incomplete; even the certainty of God for the believer is subject to the corrosion of doubt. There may be some to whom this answer may seem simple, commonplace, even cheap. They may tell me that I find the answer to the riddle of happiness in the mutual admiration of a clique. I reply that they do not yet understand that personality is achieved through society. The friendship of the best men demands all the art and all the qualities of which a human being is capable. It does not preclude, but demands, those qualities of independence, self-sufficiency, courage, and dignity which distinguish an admirable character from a parasitic and dependent one. It teaches us to loathe servility.

I freely admit that the substitution of mundane friendships for religious devotion may lead to an indubitable cheapening of experience if the friendships are merely fair-weather friendships, epicurean of the worse sort, in order to enable us to enjoy a good time. One of the tests of a civilized man lies in his recognition that the world contains more tragedies than bean feasts; in his respect for the pain of any human being; in his sense for the tragic and for the privacies of personality. Nevertheless, I agree with Spinoza, against the asceticism of Christianity, that the stress should be placed, in a balanced life, upon those things which make for vitality and power. Among these I place first artistic contemplation by the individual; the satisfaction of man in action as the worker, the disciplined artist; and the suitable and exacting friendships of the social being. I admit that there are times when the best friendships cannot be had or must be sacrificed. A man must then fall back upon either animal courage or that sublimation which is a sense of union with the Deity and which would drive me to go and listen to the Mass.

In the grouping of friends, moreover, I find, as a political student, the clue to the purpose and plan of social organization. A reasonable society is one in which the formation, for common life, of groups of like-minded friends becomes more and more possible as the advance of civilization renders it less and less probable that such groups will use their power for purposes of abuse and privilege. In such a community I believe, as in a thing valuable and rational, a thing able to give at once happiness and discipline.



## In the Driftway

THE Drifter is still a little dizzy from a recent encounter with a young and modern parent who is setting out, with amazing confidence, to bring up his children to fit into their world and thereby miss all the heartaches and nervous breakdowns that have harried their elders since children were invented. Beginning with environment, this parent says, quite rightly, that a modern American child is almost certain to spend most of his life in a city. It is essential, therefore, that he should be "conditioned" to the city from an early age. The Drifter admits, though sadly, the logic of this idea. He can see that he himself might be happier if his nostalgic recollections of childhood were bound up with subways and traffic lights instead of wide back yards and still fishing holes that are forever remote and inaccessible. But he is just perverse enough to feel that it is better to have loved and lost a country childhood than never to have had one at all, and he would find it very difficult not to inflict such a childhood, despite its irrelevance to modern life, upon any child that fell into his clutches.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE trouble lies, of course, with the Drifter. Even in the small matter of castor oil for babies, his perversity would cause him to break all the rules. He understands that the pamphlet on infant care issued by the Children's Bureau directs the parent, when administering castor oil, to look pleasant so that the child will not get the idea that the stuff is awful. The parent, in other words, should see that the child becomes adjusted at an early age to castor oil, which is to be its daily lot for years to come. Right there the Drifter would rebel. He could never bring himself to pervert a child's discrimination to the extent of letting him think that castor oil had a pleasant taste.

\* \* \* \* \*

AS for human environment, the education of the modern child ideally should combine free self-expression with social conscience in such nice proportions that the child will never care about those forms of self-expression which interfere with the interests of others, and that, as a result, he will be perfectly adjusted, never having or causing nervous headaches. Here, too, the Drifter discovers a perversity within himself. Aside from the difficulty of knowing the exact measure of the chaotic world to which the child must be fitted, the Drifter can think of nothing more deadly dull than a human being perfectly adjusted to his world—unless it was a city or even a house full of such smooth creatures. He has known a few "adjusted" people in his lifetime, and as he looks back he discovers that he always called them simple-minded. Complication, emotional or otherwise, is certainly one of the differences between vegetables and men, and while the Drifter can see the desirability of a world in which everyone was as contented as vegetables, he personally would find it extremely tiresome. Unfortunately, it is the little anti-social edges of non-conformity, more often than not, that complicate life and make it interesting—and it is these rough edges that the adjuster would feel constrained to chip off in the name of social conscience.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Too Good to Be True

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The town of Chanute, Kansas, owns its own water, gas, and electric-light systems, and in consequence has no municipal taxes. The last number of *P. G. and E. Progress*, the widely distributed organ of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, quotes the statement that this situation is too good to be true; that in reality Chanute levies a tax by *overcharging* its users of gas, water, and light. Let us glance at some facts.

The following is a comparison of my last Pacific Gas and Electric bill with the bill I would have received in Chanute for the same amount of gas and electricity:

	P. G. and E.	Chanute
Gas, 3,000 cu. ft.....	\$4.77	\$1.50
Electricity, 33 KWH.....	\$2.02	\$1.98
Total .....	\$6.79	\$3.48

I wonder how the Pacific Gas and Electric Company would define the word "overcharge"?

Chico, Cal., September 24

PEVERIL MEIGS, 3D

## The New Tendency

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in your issue of October 5 states that "V. F. Calverton achieves the *reductio ad absurdum* of his own argument when he allows it to lead him to the conclusion that among contemporary American writers the only ones deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison." This statement is unfair and untrue.

Nowhere in "The Liberation of American Literature," to which the editorial undoubtedly refers, do I assert that the only American writers deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison. What I do say is that the three writers in question indicate what I believe will be the new tendency in American literature. More than that, I believe that that tendency is the one to be encouraged, for it carries within it the seeds of a new culture. But the recognition of that fact does not make me close my mind to the importance of other writers outside of that tendency.

New York, October 7

V. F. CALVERTON

## Concerning the "New Morality"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial in *The Nation* for September 28 on Liberalism and Sex is not likely to satisfy your correspondent from Kansas nor the large group of liberals, to which I belong, who share his convictions. The implication of the editorial is that liberalism, if it is to be logical and thoroughgoing, will challenge "conventional" sex morality as surely as it does the injustices of the present economic system and the selfishness and sordidness of our present political life. That this is not true is proved by the fact that there are multitudes of clear-headed, independent-minded liberals who protest against the cruelties and injustice of our social order while they are equally convinced that continence before marriage and fidelity to the marriage vow are in the long run "more humane, more reasonable,



and more useful" than the "new morality" in which *The Nation* professes to believe. Liberal to the bone, this large group does not ask that "one section of the moral code be tested by its usefulness to humanity without asking that every other section be tested in the same way." It is precisely because, testing the "conventional" code of sex morality in the same realistic way as other sections of our moral life, these thinkers discover it to be more "useful to humanity" than any other code, that they support it as passionately as they dissent from current moral ideas in other sections. The real answer to the question: Does or does not liberalism in politics and economics imply liberal or unconventional attitudes toward sexual morality? is, It does not.

Cambridge, Mass., September 30      RAYMOND CALKINS

## Why I Am Voting the Socialist Ticket

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My reasons for voting the Socialist ticket this fall are very simple. I am not voting for Norman Thomas as a man, much as I may admire him. I am not voting for the Socialist Party as such. I am voting for an idea, for what I want my America to grow into—that civilized, decent society where we shall know more than we do today about the very serious business of living and working together for the common good, without preying on and injuring each other as we do today.

I am voting the Socialist ticket because I should be ashamed to think that what we have today is the best we can do. I believe that human nature *does* change, and that blind as we are, we are struggling upward; and I would be with those who are pushing forward, not holding back or standing still.

The Socialist Party, as it is, is not big enough really to express my idea and the hope I have. But it is the best means we have today with which to work toward that idea; and it is for every one of us who thinks in the same way to pull together and build a society that does represent us.

MEHETABEL THANKFUL AMADELL

New York, October 10

## Contributors to This Issue

EMIL LUDWIG is the author of "Goethe, the History of a Man," "Napoleon," "Bismarck," and other volumes.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

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GEORGE E. G. CATLIN has recently published "A Study of the Principles of Politics."

JAMES RORTY, author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun," is preparing a book on advertising.

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# Books, Drama, Films

## Bread and Wine

By JAMES RORTY

### I

The body of the truth  
We have consumed together is the very bread  
Of love; this we have eaten and grown strong;  
Eaten, I say, but tasted little, what is bread  
Used without praise? And yet the miracle  
Speaks in our flesh, I cannot find—  
Filter my blood, you will not find  
Denial of your truth that now is mine,  
Not now or ever, not in any least  
Stir of the hands, or flicker of the candid eye.

I, who am faithful, do not choose,  
I do but use  
The truth you give me; now I stand  
Confronted by this certitude, amazed  
I do not speak my hot blood's praise, and say  
I love you, break the austere  
Bread of our love into a wine of words—untrue!  
I cannot say it. Better the bread  
Unstaled, the truth unnamed, unspoken, better the bread.

Words for the hungry. We are fed.

### II

The bread of truth, the wine  
Of love we use, is dark with hurt,  
Flaming with anger; by this sign  
We know we shall not soon revert  
To ashes of uncaring; how shall I  
Declare your power, save with fierce  
Denial? And how shall you try  
My steel unless it pierce  
Almost to love's own heart? . . . In rage  
I do confess I shall not find  
Port in your ocean; I engage  
Only to sail, in calm, or in the blind  
Welter of storm. What other fate  
Could make us sooner or more surely great?

You weep, my dear, but you are used.  
We who asked life are not refused.

## More Light Needed

*Light in August.* By William Faulkner. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

**M**R. FAULKNER has written four notable novels by now and a number of short stories. An earlier work or two of his has even been resurrected, although less to be read and noted than to be acquired as Faulkneriana. He has been called everything from a young man of promise to a dreadful example of the decadence of American fiction. He remains one of the half-dozen or so most interesting novelists writing in the

United States. And at this point, after reading "Light in August," it is sad to have to indulge in a Cassandra-like head-wagging, to declare that of the four notable novels the best is still "The Sound and the Fury," which was also the first.

"Light in August" is the story of one Joe Christmas, illegitimate, bundled off to an orphanage by a half-crazy grandfather who believed him to have Negro blood. His mother died in childbirth; his father, a troupier in a small-town circus, had been shot dead by the avenging old man. The child grew up as orphans have always grown up in books—unfriended, hounded, beaten, although not starved. Adopted at the age of six by a religious fanatic, his physical wants were attended to decently enough. He was clean, reasonably warm, not hungry. But his back suffered the lash week in and week out because his stubborn will would not bend to his foster-father's stubborn will. At eighteen he was completely ignorant of the world and without a friend, nor did he, in his fierce loneliness, desire one. When he met a woman almost twice his age who was known to be a harlot to everyone but himself, it was natural that he should love her. It was natural that he should beat his foster-father to death in a brawl over her. It was natural that she should rob and leave him, after her friends had smashed his face to a pulp. The world opened for him then and closed fifteen years later when he was shot in escaping from prison, where he would presently hang for rape and murder and arson.

These details will assure the reader that Mr. Faulkner is merely himself. The scene is still Jefferson, Mississippi. The characters are still mostly poor white trash, mindless, sheep-like, cruel; or they are Negroes, equally mindless but with a kind of gargantuan gaiety to boot. I have omitted the most interesting episode in the book, the one, indeed, which differentiates this novel from the others. In the account of Joe's love affair with Miss Burden, the Yankee spinster whose murder he pays for with his own life, Mr. Faulkner shows his powers at their best. Here are humility, contempt, pride, remorse, and ecstasy. If the rest of "Light in August" were written at this high level, Mr. Faulkner would be a serious contender for honors which no writer alive can lay claim to.

Because the book as a whole by no means measures up to its best moments, it is worth while asking why. One notes that Mr. Faulkner has taken to repeating himself. This is probably inevitable, for when you have included in one novel the sweep of baser human actions from rape to murder, you may find yourself obliged to include them again in the next. And when you write about the same sort of people in the same section of the deep South, you must inevitably bring in the burning battle between white and black, the curse of idiocy, the plague of poverty and cruelty, or be convicted of romantic trifling. Mr. Faulkner also repeats one or two of his contemporaries. His first paragraph might have been in any book by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The compound, unhyphenated words which blossom more and more frequently in his pages smell like James Joyce. He might well have omitted some of the Reverend Hightower. He has lost something of what was one of his most triumphant talents, an ear for the rich nuances of Southern speech. But these are actually unimportant defects in what otherwise might have been an intensely powerful novel, and is something less. I should guess that the book's major fault is one of method. Mr. Faulkner writes with a kind of understatement, as if a charge of dynamite that was somehow smokeless and noiseless had been set off under one's feet. The resulting explosion is no less disastrous; but there is no fuss. Along with this understatement goes the method of describing in detail what a character does without ever saying what he feels. The reader is expected to derive the feelings from the resulting behavior. Right here I should say was the difficulty. Joe is introduced to the reader



as ruthless, lonely, and proud. With the cut-back made familiar in "Sanctuary," the reason is given. And the matter ends there. What is he thinking while he is under the fatal spell of Miss Burden's pitiful lust? What is he thinking when he strolls into Mottstown after a week of having been hunted through the woods with bloodhounds, and stands on the main street until somebody recognizes him? What is he thinking when his own grandmother, he who had no mother or father or child or kin, comes to him in jail and promises him sanctuary? He believes her and runs where she tells him and is shot. But what does he think? What does he feel? The reader should not be obliged to guess, and Mr. Faulkner does not say. One can only wish that he did.

This fault, perhaps of method, perhaps merely a lack of power, effectively answers the claim that Mr. Faulkner is another Dostoevski. What characterizes Dostoevski is a furious, unceasing, passionate ratiocination. The activities of Mr. Faulkner's characters, when the reader is made aware of them at all, take place almost entirely in the viscera. It may be that he does not describe their minds because he is so firmly convinced that they have none. In that case, perhaps a change of locale would help. It is possible that he simply lost interest in Joe Christmas in favor of the Reverend Hightower, which was bad judgment. But if he ever holds himself in with a firm enough hand, and determines that not one drop of feeling shall escape him—or the reader—then it will be time for the wise critics who called him a young man of promise to cash in their checks, with a dividend that will probably surprise them.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## Sir Walter Scott

*Sir Walter Scott.* By John Buchan. Coward-McCann. \$3.75.  
*The Laird of Abbotsford.* By Dame Una Pope-Hennessy.  
G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

*The Waverley Pageant.* By Hugh Walpole. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

THIS year happens to be the centenary of Sir Walter Scott's death, and now at a moment when his influence seems very remote we are given a chance to revalue his work and his reputation. Everyone remembers the enormous success of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and of the Waverley Novels that followed hard upon the quick stream of narrative verse. Here was the glory of the past recalled in radiant atmosphere—deep shadows and sunlight always golden—yet the narrative, exciting though it might be, was never obscure, or, like the German romances from which it was derived, too fantastic for common belief. Here was good sense, untouched by the profundities of emotion and human wisdom. It was a story that could be read to relieve the boredom of a slow hour when country gentlemen, or ladies, sat by the fire or were locked indoors by a spell of nasty weather.

Donald Carswell believes that the Waverley Novels are unread today, and Hugh Walpole, urbane as ever, hopes for the contrary. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Carswell, for too many high-school boys have become conscious of Sir Walter as a painful duty. Those who, had they lived a hundred years ago, would have read every line he wrote, now turn to his lineal descendants, Sabatini and Edgar Wallace.

The chances of Scott returning to popular favor are small, and to explain the reason for his hundred-year decline into an unread—or unreadable—"classic," we need the help of his biographers. The first and greatest of these is, of course, John Gibson Lockhart, without whom the contemporary biographer is nearly helpless. His ten-volume monument to Scott's greatness will outlast all others; it is a grand source book to which

Una Pope-Hennessy and John Buchan are heavily indebted. A number of the facts concerning Scott have been public property for years, and from them we may derive our own conclusions.

There has always been much talk of Scott writing for money, which he did, but what seems even more important to us today is that he started writing as a form of amusement. Remember that his literary career opened late, that he was thirty-four at the time he published "The Lay," and that he was already middle-aged when he wrote the Waverley Novels. He had a genial Tory disposition, a comfortable income and estate, a wife, children, and ambitions to become a laird. Though lame he had overcome his handicap by vigorous outdoor exercise, and even his bookishness seemed to be an outlet for surplus energy. Hard walking and hard riding and military display he loved inordinately, for they fitted his conception of a right-headed, hardy Tory gentleman. His taste in literature was governed by his antiquarian hobbies, which coincided perfectly with a strange new kind of writing pouring out of Germany, and embraced a freakish, grotesque novel by "Monk" Lewis. Anything that gave him a feeling of participation with the past was quite acceptable—old armor, old songs, the picaresque novel, all these were welcome. His good sense, which was his virtue (and I believe the cause of his undoing as a man and as an artist), must have found the rambling, disconnected romantic narrative unsatisfactory, and at best unmanly illogic for a prosperous Scotch lawyer. A touch of realism here and there, or, if possible, a *real* personage, a *real* name, and a *continuous* story, would make a glorious picture of the past more convincing and, what was surely desirable, more pleasant. Such a story would be more than a mere hint or suggestion of excitement. Why, he himself could supply the necessary ingredients, and his learning could be turned to tangible advantage. The popularity that followed his first attempts at narrative verse must have come as a surprise. Energy, logic, and facility reaped immediate rewards.

Since the rewards were paid in cash, another factor entered the game of writing in spare time. His very recreation could be made the means of furthering his ambitions to become a laird, to meet the famous people of his time, and even shake hands with the king! To satisfy these desires, traveling expenses must be accounted for; a superlatively large estate and social position were needed. First of all, there must be more money. The trick was to keep thousands of people reading him; to keep them as well as himself amused, and it was fortunate that he could trust his own instincts in this matter. When, in 1812, Byron's popularity eclipsed Scott's reputation as a poet, Scott lost no time in jealous yearning for prestige. He found that it would be a rare game to play anonymous novelist, to test his ingenuity beyond the limits of writing popular verse. His success remained unbroken; soon he was writing novels at the rate of two a year, and enjoying the release of creative power.

In mid-career Scott was not so much a novelist as an industry. His formula, which was to contribute a narrative structure to the English novel, had become automatic. It was possibly true that when he sat down to his desk he had no idea what new adventure awaited his characters, but he could trust his subconscious gift for plot, and would find in the making of it as much enjoyment as his readers. As for the characters he conceived, from Richard Cœur de Lion and Louis XI to Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell, all the costumed realism of their respective movements was convincing—until they reached the point where it was necessary to display the deeper significance of human emotion. At these points Scott, sensibly enough, veered into action, and the motives that moved toward an unpleasant acquisition of power were hidden in bold flashes of warfare or a duel of wit. This was the sort of reading that would delight a middle-aged gentleman who today forgets his worries by following the course of a detective story.



Meanwhile Scott's venture into writing for money (since he had gone into the business himself, had his own printer, and had become hopelessly involved in the affairs of his publisher) nearly drove him insane. Donald Carswell has written the complete story of Scott's curious financial tangle in his book, "Scott and His Circle." In demanding advances from Constable, Scott found himself taking money out of one pocket to place in the other, until both were empty. John Buchan adds further commentary on the madness of Scott's affairs by explaining the crude banking laws of Scotland during the early years of the nineteenth century.

The close of Scott's career is a semi-tragedy known to everyone. The genial Sir Walter, Tory to the last gasp, was a heroic and rather horrible old man. Of the two biographies before me, John Buchan's is by far the best, and is content to be an orderly summary of the Lockhart "Life." Una Pope-Hennessy's book is more a concession to the fictionized biography, and while sound enough at basis takes occasional flights into sentimentality. Hugh Walpole's defense of the Waverley Novels, parts of which are included in his book, is a graceful, engaging tribute, but unconvincing. Mr. Walpole cannot turn the clock backward, and though we may agree that Scott's virtues were solid as the highlands of Scotland, his influence has already done its work and is now a problem for literary historians, a classroom exercise in the study of romanticism.

HORACE GREGORY

## Alexander—and After

*The Legacy of Alexander: A History of the Greek World from 323 B. C. to 146 B. C.* By Max Cary. The Dial Press. \$4.

*Alexander the Great.* By Ulrich Wilcken. Translated by G. C. Richards. The Dial Press. \$4.

IN the Greek expansion that followed the conquests of Alexander there is much to interest us. It offers fascinating analogies with our own situation, analogies of the sort that do not merely provide intellectual sport but constitute evidence which we now dimly comprehend in its true importance, and which will in time be of the highest value to social psychologists.

Relative to Egypt, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Iran, the shores of the Black Sea, and the central plateau of Asia—the vast areas that Alexander's victories gave her—little Greece itself was like the Europe that after the voyages of Columbus and Vasco da Gama found itself with a new world for booty and most of Africa and much of Asia to wield empire in. The Greek exploitation of its new-found world resembled our own in the rapidity of its expansion and the energy which created cities and civilization. The wars waged by the successor kingdoms into which Alexander's empire parted sucked at that energy, but for a hundred years it seemed inexhaustible, as did European imperial energy up to the World War. Greek civilization, like the European, penetrated to the ends of the world that it knew and even beyond. Attenuations of Greek art reached Java and China, and in many beautiful statues of Buddha Apollo was reborn.

Having the breadth of the world to tread in, Greek localism began to disappear. Citizenship in the little city states, once a jealously guarded privilege, lost its advantages. The phrase "cosmopolite," citizen of the world, was an invention of the time and expressed a reality. It signalized the rapid spread of a uniform Greek civilization over the East Mediterranean world. Its resemblances to the cosmopolitan civilization that Europe has spread over all the continents are startling. Like our own, the pronounced distinction of Hellenistic civilization was its scientific advances. Western humanity was to require a reedu-

cation lasting fifteen hundred years to return to the heights reached then. The expanded Greek world, also, with its interest in realities, allowed its religion to atrophy. Those who could not keep step with the times could find solaces in the spiritualist religions imported from the Orient and recast in that California of its time, Eleusis. Others turned to the rationalizations of the philosophies, Epicurean, Cynic, Skeptic, Stoic. The unformulated secular faiths of our times, if given formulas, would fit tidily into these Hellenistic rationalizations.

The economic system at first shows a contrast with our own, but the contrast is easily explicable and can be shown to be still another resemblance. The Hellenistic age produced machines, but used them only as toys. The reason was that the economic system was built on slave labor, which became so abundant after the conquests that there was no impulse to replace it by mechanical devices. The vast slave supply, kept up by an efficient slave husbandry, weakened free labor and steadily depressed it into the slave class. We see much the same situation in our time, when labor is forced to surrender its human dignity and become an external gear. Greece was torn by proletarian revolts and the counter-strokes of the classes in power. The violent alternations of fortune racked Greek society to pieces. Humanity, at that time, was incapable of solving that problem; it has waited till our day to see in Russia the strongest and most hopeful effort for a solution.

Professor Cary in his book gives us a very interesting and well-written picture of Hellenistic Greece. I have two faults to find, however. He gives up far too much of his book to the wars of the kings—wars as tiresome as they were senseless. This part of his work could have been synopsized and generalized, and were it so generalized, it would be more easily grasped. Was this warfare of the Hellenistic monarchies, to which is given more than half of the book, so much more important than Hellenistic literature, which is surveyed in a few pages? The reduction of this section of the history would have given space for more amplified treatment of Hellenistic civilization, and resulted altogether in a better-proportioned book. My other quarrel is with a detail of Professor Cary's style. It is as a rule astonishingly vivid, and one of the best styles I have met with in recent historical writing. But it is wearisomely allusive, and the allusions are frequently incomprehensible.

Professor Wilcken's biography is well constructed, and is probably the best available on its subject. It is, however, over-favorable to its hero, representing as it does a reaction against the iconoclasm that until recently granted Alexander little more than the loyalty and discipline of his father's army, youth, and luck. Alexander was undoubtedly a genius, but his flaws are equally undoubted. He died too young to come to complete self-realization or to make a complete self-revelation. Much of Wilcken's portrait is of necessity imaginative and interpretative. The colors, however, are bright. Not the most negligible virtue of this biography is its readableness.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

## Mr. Nathan's Soliloquies

*The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan.* Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

CONFRONTED with a certain sort of book, the reviewer is likely to feel that by all odds the greatest service he can render his readers is to give them some idea of the book's contents. This sense of a duty to be performed is particularly compelling if he feels that, for one reason or another, the author of the volume in question enjoys no very large following, and that without his—the reviewer's—efforts the seed that is being sown may fall upon stony ground. Such a book is this latest work by George Jean Nathan.



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By reading Mr. Nathan's "Intimate Notebooks" one may learn that Sinclair Lewis makes speeches in dialect, tells his friends what a great writer he is, and drinks a lot; that Theodore Dreiser is very honest, supports a great many causes, frequently goes to the movies, and drinks a lot; that Ernest Boyd drinks a lot, seldom goes home, and has a fund of anecdotes about literary celebrities; that Jim Tully lives in a villa with a Chinese flunkey, drinks a lot, and is still a hobo at heart; that Clarence Darrow drinks a lot, is a sentimentalist, and thinks he dresses well; that H. L. Mencken constantly complains about his health, drinks a lot, and spends much time in the playing of practical jokes; and that Eugene O'Neill, who is happy when he is happy and sad when he is sad, used to drink a lot. Mr. Nathan, it appears, has utterly failed to convince himself, however hard he may have tried, "that such trivialities are not more important in the picture of a man than items often widely held to be of graver significance."

Only part of the book, however, is devoted to reminiscences of this sort; Mr. Nathan ran out of friends on page 121. Notebook Two contains what he calls Critical Observations. Here we learn that English critics are often hostile to American books, that actors have no great love for reviewers, and that much good writing is buried in periodicals. Notebook Three, devoted to Theatrical Opinions, records Mr. Nathan's faith that the talkies will never supersede the legitimate drama, his conviction that Eugene O'Neill is our foremost dramatist, and his prediction that sentiment is about to triumph over smut in the drama. In Notebook Four he gathers a few Random Conclusions: doctors, he believes, are often ignorant; school children should not be made to memorize dates; Negroes are really not to be pitied. Reading between the lines, one gathers that Mr. Nathan drinks a lot.

It is, as has been stated, the purpose of this review to give a brief summary of "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan" for the benefit of those who might otherwise remain ignorant of the volume's contents. If, however, the reader feels a great eagerness for the unabridged text and is unable to procure the book, he may be interested to learn that since Mr. Nathan shares with Ralph Waldo Emerson the habit of working over for publication the entries he makes, at the moment of inspiration, in his intimate notebooks, the greater part of the material here preserved for all time in Granjon type has previously appeared in the public prints and could doubtless be located with the aid of the "Readers' Guide."

GRANVILLE HICKS

## A Sprawling Novel

*Fired.* By Karl Aloys Schenzinger. Translated by S. Guy Endore. The Century Company. \$2.

THE major theme of Karl Schenzinger's "Fired" is the plight of the German middle class today. This is the novel's chief, and for the most part its sole, distinction. The story is told with a cinematic smartness which permits it hardly more than to scratch the surface of the profound and tragic theme it essays; it resorts to the sensational and the melodramatic in situations where anything more than the simplest statement of reality seems mere novelistic trickery. Nevertheless, in so far as the book deals with the confusion of a class in the throes of economic dissolution, in so far as it deals with the chaos that is Germany today, Schenzinger's novel cannot be without interest for us.

The author takes a petty bank official, a graduate engineer, and a hotel doorman and shows what happens to them and their families under the threat and materialization of unemployment. He seems to be under the illusion that in doing so he has taken

a cross-section of class stratification, although actually he has taken only three representatives of the petty bourgeoisie, for the hotel doorman is no more a member of the proletariat than the bank official is a member of the ruling class—all three are wage slaves, and all three face the same annihilation when their jobs are taken away from them. The financial expert eventually hangs himself, the doorman plays the horses with whatever money he can scrape together from the sale of the last sticks of furniture in the house, while our hero, the young engineer, drifts down and out, and eventually, of course, into the arms of Hitler, his program of action being as violent and as vague as that of the party which welcomes him.

The irritating thing about Schenzinger's novel is its utter lack of emphasis, its muddle-headedness. It is all over the place, jumping from a political brawl to Dostoevskian melancholy with a distressing nonchalance. The author's bourgeois and fascist sympathies are obvious, yet nowhere does he present his case with the slightest conviction. A revolting and utterly meaningless student anti-Semitic riot is presented in a favorable light; a spectacular debate between fascist and Communist delegates, ending in a free-for-all, is described without even informing the reader as to the nature of the arguments presented. The reader can only infer that the author, while writing a novel whose implications are chiefly political and economic, does not himself understand the nature of those implications, and begins to wonder if any of those operative youngsters rushing around with brown shirts and cudgels understand any more.

EDWIN SEAVER

## Understanding France

*The Evolution of the French People.* By Charles Seignobos. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.25.

PROFESSOR SEIGNOBOS'S volume, offered by the publisher as "almost certainly the best short history of France ever written, and quite certainly the best ever offered to American readers," contains much to justify these slightly extravagant claims. Yet to all who lack a detailed knowledge of French history, the book will inevitably be confusing, since it is not, in the generally accepted meaning of the term, a history of France at all. In justice to Professor Seignobos, it must be admitted that he does not regard it as such. Rather, he defines it as an attempt to explain, often confessedly on the basis of very scanty source material, a long and complicated process of evolution; to present and to analyze critically the series of transformations which, operating upon the people who have occupied France in ages past, has made them into the French nation of today. Every informed and thoughtful reader will find in Professor Seignobos's attempt to do this difficult thing a performance which is always scholarly, rarely unsound, often provocative, and sometimes brilliant.

Professor Seignobos's method of approach to the problem has not only presented difficulties to him—difficulties which he has for the most part surmounted admirably—but it is open to certain valid objections. The most serious of these is that, impelled by the sheer physical limitation of space, the author has violated the most fundamental rule of historical method by a complete renunciation of the whole mechanism of proof. Thus the work is unsupported by any authority save that of Professor Seignobos's own scholarship. In the hands of almost anyone else, this innovation in historical method would be merely a rash presumption, but few would question the scholarly authority of the professor of modern history at the University of Paris.

Nevertheless, certain of Professor Seignobos's interpreta-



tions are, in the opinion of this reviewer at least, somewhat strained. In his treatment of the Protestant Reformation, for example, while it is natural that he should place particular emphasis on the work of Calvin, his statement that Calvin's doctrines were accepted by the Protestant churches of all countries other than Germany and Scandinavia is certainly open to qualification. Again, few would agree that the latitudinarian theories which developed from Locke's writings in the late seventeenth century resulted in England in the overthrow of the Christian doctrine itself.

These, however, are comparatively minor flaws in the excellence of the whole work. Professor Seignobos has selected his materials with skill, developing them in such a way as to depict the growth of the customs and institutions which form the core of present-day France. The effectiveness of the work is increased by the stress which he has placed on feelings, beliefs, habits, and ideas, for he rightly holds that some understanding of men's motives is the essential preliminary to an understanding of their deeds.

It is impossible to form any estimate of Professor Seignobos's style, for the reason that in foreign translations one can never tell where the author ends and the translator begins. The book is frankly not easy reading, but for all who would understand the France of today it is well worth the effort.

CATHARINE YOUNG

## Shorter Notices

*Nicodemus.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

This is a collection of poems very much Edwin Arlington Robinson's own, a series of those philosophical, ironic portraits of men who, in moments of illumination, talk in monologue or to another of the idealism in apparent failure. *Nicodemus*, humbled and obscured by Jesus, speaks to the skeptic Caiaphas. Jael kills Sisera and exults in a kind of religious frenzy. Toussaint, prepared for death, talks on life and death, power and decline. Ponce de Leon, dying, speaks of his search for the Fountain of Youth, and of death. There is one more poem of Annandale, and there is one of Hector Kane, very like the portraits in "The Town Down the River." A few more conversational lyrics make up the volume. Here is all of Robinson's wisdom—the inevitable technique and power that are always his—and here is the same philosophy—that beyond failure lies a kind of spiritual glory if the failure is due to man's search for light. One longer dramatic study of the love and hate between woman and man is included—this very much like some of the long narratives we have had recently from the poet's pen. The book gives us nothing new, to be sure, but it gives us more of the spirit and subtle interpretation of Robinson himself. Every poem in the new volume fits exactly into the scheme of Robinson's art and philosophy.

*Romance in the Latin Elegiac Poets.* By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

Miss Haight not only celebrates the charms of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid as love poets, and recommends them as such to modern readers; she claims also that they have a place in the history of European fiction, coming as they do in the vanguard of romance and preparing the way for Petronius and Apuleius. Her case as a scholar is shrewdly argued; her efforts at "appreciation" and translation are less successful, since she is neither a critic nor a poet of especial skill. But her enthusiasm happens to be justified by the quality of the literature under discussion, and her book may serve excellently as an introduction to one of the great fields of poetry.

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## Drama

### Mother Was Right

SINCE 1906 Miss Rachel Crothers has produced about twenty-five plays, of which a remarkable number have achieved at least a moderate success. In the course of that time the tone of the American theater has changed enormously, and to a certain extent Miss Crothers has changed with it, but she has, nevertheless, Taken Up a Stand rather more definite than that of most of our more copious playwrights, and has constituted herself what might be called the enlightened defender of the conventional virtues. Times being what they are, she has, in these later days, admitted to her scene a good many examples of our modern youth, as well as quite a few of their more skittish elders. Hence, cocktails have been drunk, adulteries have been planned, and—in accordance with her obvious determination to speak to this generation in its own language—epigrams in the manner of the moment have flown freely about. But with it all Miss Crothers has never failed to let it be known what she thought about this general determination to kick over the traces. The moral has always been kept perfectly clear, and, tucked in somewhere or other, one was always sure to find the conclusion that Mother Was Right.

"When Ladies Meet," her new sentimental comedy at the Royale Theater, follows closely in the tradition which she has set, and before going any farther it becomes my duty to report three things: first, that most of the critics liked it very much; second, that the general public seems to agree so thoroughly that the play promises to be the first large financial success of the dramatic season; third, that it is most unusually well performed by a company which includes Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel, Selena Royle, and Spring Byington—of whom the last shines with especial brilliance in the role of a featherbrained little widow whose naivetes make Miss Crothers's points by indirection much more tellingly than they are made when put solemnly into the mouths of her more solid citizens. But having reported these facts, I feel free to add that I thought the play almost completely spoiled by the obtrusion of moralizing generalities sure to irritate a great many people who would have been willing enough to follow the author in all she had to say about the specific personages of her story.

This story has to do with an "advanced" prig who falls in love with a handsome but long-married publisher of her slightly phony books. Full of grandiose ideas about the rights of a great love, she is convinced in theory that the only decent thing to do is to test that love by a little cohabitation before the two of them confront the wife in a fine "clean" fashion. But the prig was reckoning without the personal element, and when, through the machination of an admirer determined to keep her straight, she meets the wife, reality destroys all her abstract theories. She realizes that the publisher was only a philanderer after all, and she realizes, besides, that her folly has been responsible for bringing the long-suffering wife to the point where she will forgive no more. And upon this somber situation the last curtain of an alleged comedy goes down.

As I have already hinted, I see no fault to find either with the situation or the characters through which it is developed. Both are true enough to contemporary life and both would be capable of furnishing an interesting commentary upon it. But Miss Crothers is so eager to preach that she cannot let the thing stand merely for itself. She is determined to draw general conclusions and to advance a sweeping dogma as dubious as the dogma of her priggish heroine. Right is right and wrong is wrong. Married men who make love to other women never

really mean it. Women who fool themselves into believing that they can live with a man without forfeiting his respect are always wrong. Experiments like that which the heroine is about to make always fail. Decent women and loose women belong to different tribes, forever separate. Et cetera, et cetera.

Obviously the proper answer to a shallow fool is merely that life is not so simple as he thinks it. Circumstances alter cases, and one cannot build a life upon the basis of some abstract spiritual geometry. Big words do not necessarily mean big passions, and philandering is a common practice which becomes very dangerous when it involves a party of the second part incapable of recognizing the thing when he sees it. All this the story of "When Ladies Meet" says very clearly, but it cannot prove all that Miss Crothers seems determined to make it prove, and it breaks down under the load she would put upon it. Life is, she says, simple; you can get an answer positively deduced from a few elementary principles—only they are the exact opposite of those which her heroine chose. And as a result, what one has is not a convincing picture of the complexity of life, but only one set of platitudes put up against the other, and one glib generality opposed to another not a whit less glib. Mother was right.

Of "Nona" (Avon Theater) nothing much can be said except that it is a tawdrily romantic and conventional farce about a temperamental dancer. It is played with characteristic abandon by Lenore Ulrich, who, against one's better judgment, wins a kind of admiration for her genuine if unsubtle verve. On the other hand, "Americana," the new McEvoy review at the Shubert Theater, seems to me to be on the whole the most rewarding entertainment of its kind produced this season. Its satire runs out rather quickly, but there is some admirable dancing of a sort rather more serious than we are accustomed to, and despite all its variety there is a consistent style which makes for a unified impression.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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## Films

### Class War

**H**OLLYWOOD has so often been criticized for pandering to the tastes of the least intelligent of the movie-going public that any attempt it may make to rise to the level of adult intelligence, however hesitant and timid it may be, deserves to be noted with a word of encouragement and praise. In regarding "Cabin in the Cotton" (Strand) as such a praiseworthy effort, I am not unmindful of its failure to arouse anything approaching enthusiasm among the New York critics. A story with only a modicum of sex appeal, a central figure that is neither particularly relevant to the main theme nor sufficiently interesting as a character study, and a plot that lacks dramatic suspense cannot be expected to stir the blood of the sentimental cynics who view the world from the Broadway window. Nevertheless, to those whose interest in drama extends beyond the conflicts of individual consciousness and the specious dramatics of contrived entanglements "Cabin in the Cotton" will provide a welcome relief from the juvenile trivialities of the average Hollywood film.

There is no need to dwell at length on the main theme of the picture—the fierce struggle between the tenants and the planters in the cotton-growing South. The general facts are familiar enough—ceaseless toil and squalor on the one side, ruthless exploitation and a life of ease and luxury on the other. But if the facts are not new, their presentation on the screen without any glossing over of their disturbing social significance is something to be decidedly grateful for. Here is a corner of human life simmering with passions and hatreds that now and again burst into flames of wholesale destruction; to have it brought home to one's mind is to gain a new and valuable experience.

It is not that the film is faultless even as a social document. It makes a feeble attempt to suggest that the conflicting interests of the tenants and planters might be reconciled by some amicable arrangement on the basis of cooperative enterprise. But this is obviously a concession which the author of the scenario, Paul Green, had to make to his producers to absolve them from taking sides in a social conflict. One may wonder why a film-producing company should feel constrained to disclaim any intention of approving or disapproving the implicit message of a story it produces, as Warner Brothers do in this case by a special introductory statement from the screen. After all, the public is not particularly interested in the opinions of the producing companies. But such is the anomaly of the film industry. A film is not merely sponsored by a producing company, as a play would be, but is actually written and directed under the constant supervision of its producers. Under the Hollywood system it will be a long time before the author and the director are free to say just what they want to say and in the way they want to say it.

Only by bearing in mind such reservations as this can "A Bill of Divorcement" (Mayfair) be accepted as a film of more than average merit. Clemence Dane's play has been transferred to the screen with a care and sensitiveness that have preserved all its essential qualities. The film is intelligent, moving, and capably acted. Its main defect, and it is the defect of the adaptation, is that the situation it pictures—the sudden return from an asylum of an insane husband when his wife is on the point of marrying another man—carries the hall-mark of a stage conception designed to confront the spectator with a dramatic conflict which does not spring inevitably from the relationship of its characters.

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# The Nation

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Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1932

No. 3513

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**T**HE GRIM IRONY of our "balanced" budget becomes clearer every day. On October 21 the deficit since July 1 had already reached \$560,000,000—only \$38,000,000 less than the huge deficit for the corresponding period a year ago. Secretary Mills's estimates now turn out to have been incredibly bad. On the basis of his figures the actual increase in the tax yield for the first quarter of the fiscal year should have been \$161,250,000; actually it was \$59,017,420, or just 36.6 per cent of the expected amount. After every possible allowance is made, it is impossible not to condemn the Treasury calculations for their amazing incompetence. A comparison of estimates of quarterly receipts from particular new taxes with actual receipts in the first quarter of the fiscal year would be too cruel; it is more generous to compare the actual yield of the taxes in September with the monthly yield expected, for while receipts for August, for example, were only 41.2 per cent of the monthly estimate, receipts in September had risen to 64 per cent of that estimate. But even for September we find that malt, wort, and grape concentrates yielded only \$815,000 compared with the estimate of \$6,833,000; jewelry only \$181,000 compared with the estimate of \$750,000; passenger automobiles only \$1,078,000 more compared with the estimate of \$2,666,000 more; radios and phonographs only \$165,000 compared with the estimate of \$750,000; admissions only \$1,506,000 compared with the

estimate of \$3,500,000; and checks only \$3,793,000 compared with the estimate of \$6,250,000. The Treasury calculations were made at a time when business was just as depressed as it is now; there is no possible excuse for such bungling. Just how far wrong the calculations of receipts from the income and corporation taxes will prove to be when they are payable on March 15 next can only be conjectured.

**S**ENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE—and Governor Philip La Follette, as well—has decided to support Governor Roosevelt, a decision which should insure Wisconsin's going for Roosevelt. We are glad that the Senator finally took a position, though it would obviously have been much wiser had he done so earlier in the campaign when Senator Norris took his stand. In his statement announcing his position Senator La Follette declared that President Hoover "has been wrong on every important issue which has arisen during his term of office," that is, from the progressive point of view. This being the case, it seems as if the Senator could have made up his mind much earlier. As for Senator Norris, he made an admirable speech on October 17, dwelling upon that hypocrisy of politicians to which *The Nation* has so often referred. He showed how Senator Goff of West Virginia, Senator Fess of Ohio, the present Vice-President, and Senator Willis of Ohio, all bitterly criticized Mr. Hoover prior to his nomination, only to turn around thereafter and swallow their own words. Most amusing was his recalling the remarks of Senator Dickinson of Iowa on April 10, 1928, when he declared that the issue could not be met "by nominating a candidate whose principal appeal is to big business. . . . Hoover is symbolical of the radio combine, the high-power trust, and big business all along the line." Now the joke of all this is that Senator Dickinson was the keynoter at this year's Republican convention, where he praised Herbert Hoover to the skies. We are of the opinion that this hypocrisy of our politicians has perhaps more to do with the deterioration of our public life, its falsity and inefficiency, than any other one thing.

**F**ROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY come reports of the last desperate Republican efforts to win the election. Employers are telling their employees that their businesses will be closed the day after election if Roosevelt wins, following the example of Mr. Ford's notice to his workers urging them to vote for his personal friend, Mr. Hoover. That letter, we venture to say, will lose more votes for Hoover than it will gain. From Liverpool a well-known American journalist, Farmer Murphy, cables us that Democrats and Socialists should now exercise their "equal privilege of opinion" and should "prevent the further enlargement of the fortune and power of this social ignoramus by refusing to buy Ford products." Plainly that kind of game can be worked both ways. Even more widespread than direct or indirect coercion of employees is the insistence that Mr. Hoover must be elected in order to nurture and protect the delicate new plant of prosperity which has just begun to raise its head. We do not believe that this "new-prosperity"



argument, or the threat to close the factories, will be as effective this year as in 1924. There are too many factories closed, too many workers unemployed, too many companies obviously on the verge of collapse, to make it possible to frighten any considerable number of people into voting for the incompetent and inefficient Mr. Hoover. The danger, to our mind, is of another sort—that Mr. Roosevelt, when elected, will adopt policies too cautious, too much like Mr. Hoover's own, to have any important effect on our collapsed economy.

**A**S THE CAMPAIGN draws to a close, it becomes evident that Herbert Hoover will be fortunate if he gets as many electoral votes as Al Smith polled against him four years ago. An analysis, so far unpublished, of newspaper dispatches, straw votes, and private surveys, compiled by an expert on a New York newspaper, indicates that Governor Roosevelt can count on at least 400 electoral votes, with the possibility that his total will reach 450 or 475. Executive Chairman Lucas at Republican National Headquarters is claiming 270 electors, only 4 more than a bare majority. And even the optimistic Lucas is unable to name the States that will yield this figure. Mark Sullivan reveals the desperation of the Republican high command with the claim that Mr. Hoover can win by carrying only thirteen States. But the thirteen include several that the Republicans have no hope of carrying, among them California, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Ohio, and New York—not to mention Wisconsin. When Lucas, back from the West, claimed State after State as "at least doubtful," a Washington correspondent asked him about Wisconsin. "I was hoping you wouldn't mention that State," Lucas remarked. Four years ago Hoover had 444 electoral votes against 87 for Smith. This year there is not a State in the Union that is really safe for the Republicans. They will be happy to pull through in Pennsylvania by a margin of 100,000 as against 1,000,000 in 1928, and they have reason to be worried about Maine since the September election. Even Kansas and Iowa are on the fence. On the other hand, Roosevelt has 135 certain votes in the belt of twelve Southern States fringed by Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Kentucky, Missouri, Arizona, and New Mexico bring him up to 167. The wet States of Maryland and Nevada make his total 178. In addition, Roosevelt needs to carry only Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and New York to go past the majority mark with 294 electors. And in these four States his chances are much better than Hoover's.

**S**ENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER, who is up for re-election in the State of New York, is as much a product of Tammany Hall as Alfred E. Smith. He was a Tammany member of the Assembly for three years, and of the New York Senate for nine years, and is just concluding his first term in the United State Senate. He was also for a number of years a just judge of the Supreme Court and of the Appellate Division in New York State. In the Senate, without being brilliant and without allying himself directly with the progressive group, he has none the less shown commendable independence, great industry, and genuine social-mindedness. It was he who introduced the first bill for aiding the unemployed—the Garner-Wagner bill for \$2,100,000,000 which the President so mistakenly vetoed. Lately

he has again been speaking out splendidly, demanding two billions for relief through public-works construction, because, as he says, "we shall experience a winter of indescribable cruelty unless action like this is taken." He has also demanded greater speed in the administration of the economic-relief laws. He voted against the appointment of Judge Parker to the Supreme Court, and for the Norris anti-injunction measure, as well as for all humanitarian legislation which has come before the Senate. Labor warmly indorses him. Here we have another case like that of Lieutenant-Governor Lehman. The Senator's record is extremely good; the objection to him is that he is part and parcel of the Tammany machine, about whose revealed wrongdoings he has never even whispered, although he was quick to find his voice to approve Boss Curry's selection of Tammany's puppet candidate, John P. O'Brien, for the mayoralty of New York.

**S**ECRETARY MELLON has set a new style for ambassadors. It has been the custom for many years for ambassadors to come home during Presidential campaigns to speak and vote for the candidates of their party. Thus Mr. Sackett has just come from Berlin at his own expense (which means also without salary) to campaign for the reelection of the man who appointed him. But Secretary Mellon has adopted a cheaper way. He has made a partisan political speech in the country to which he is accredited, extolling Mr. Hoover and leaving no room for his hearers to doubt that he desires Mr. Hoover's retention in the White House. Such a procedure seems to us to go far beyond the limits both of good taste and of diplomatic propriety. If his example were to be followed, it is easy to see the demoralization in the service that would ensue. It would be only a short time before every ambassador would feel constrained to make stump party speeches, to any audience that would listen to him, lest he be accused of being lukewarm in his support of his President or his political associates. Incidentally Mr. Mellon informed his hearers at the English-speaking Union in London that our campaign is not being fought on any other issue than that of discontent with present economic conditions. "In the final analysis," he said, "the real question that is to be decided in the coming election is one of leadership rather than issues." Precisely. *The Nation* has been asserting for years past that there is not the slightest difference in principle between the two old parties. What Mr. Mellon did not go on to point out is that neither party is presenting any far-reaching program for the reorganization of our social and economic conditions.

**I**N ALL THE OPTIMISTIC BALLYHOO attending England's apparent recovery from the financial crisis of a year ago, one important fact, the increasingly desperate plight of the British worker, appears to have been virtually forgotten. At the end of the "recovery year," to use a phrase now popular among certain British statesmen and journalists, labor finds itself worse off than it has been at any time in the last decade. Indeed, never before in English history have there been so many men and women out of work, and not in recent years has the amount of relief extended to the individual unemployed worker been so small. The hunger riots of the last six weeks were inevitable in face of these conditions. There is hardly an industrial community of consequence to be found anywhere in Great



Britain that has not witnessed at least one riot since the middle of September. The worst disturbances, at which scores of people have been injured and scores of workers arrested, have taken place in or near London, Liverpool, Manchester, Belfast, North Shields, and Stratford-on-Avon. As we write, hundreds of the jobless are marching on London. "Most of the marchers," say the newspaper reports cabled here from London, "appear to be unusually meek and mild types of British unemployed." Neither the heavy rainstorms nor the lack of food has served to stop the marchers, so desperate have these workers become. The alleged "financial recovery" of England has no real meaning so long as the growing hunger of the people remains unrelieved.

**A**NOTHER IRISH CRISIS not unlike that which led to the creation of the Free State appears to be inevitable as a result of the quarrel between the De Valera Government and England over the land annuities. When this controversy first arose through the Free State's refusal to continue paying the annuities, England retaliated by adopting a special tariff against Irish goods. Since then trade in the Irish Free State has fallen off considerably. A further slump followed the failure of President de Valera to reach an agreement in London. In consequence unrest has been spreading throughout the Free State, and the demand for a republic has noticeably increased. It is morally certain that this situation will lead to a major crisis, possibly to an explosion, unless the tariff war is soon ended and the annuities question settled. Officials of the Dublin Government contend that if provision were now made for payment of the annuities it would so disrupt the budget as to precipitate a financial crisis. On the other hand, the MacDonald Government has shown no willingness to moderate its tariff until a general agreement is reached. While in London President de Valera reiterated his belief that the only real and permanent solution of the Irish problem is to be found in a united Irish republic. However, he is wisely proceeding with great caution in advocating a republic. He doubtless knows that overzealousness on his part at this time might easily result in another bloody civil war.

**I**F ANY ONE MAN can be said to stand at the central point of international banking, if any man is placed in a unique position to feel the pulse of the world's credit and to realize the ramifications of the world's credit structure, it is Montagu C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England. In one of the few public speeches he has ever delivered he now makes an amazing confession of bewilderment. "It is too much for me," he says.

I wonder if there is anyone in the world who can really direct the affairs of the world, or of his country, with any assurance of the result his action will have? The confused affairs of the world have brought about a series of events and a general tendency which appear to me at this time as being outside the control of any man and any government and any country. I believe that if every country and every government could get together, it would be different, but we do not seem to be able to get together.

In the last three years the man in the street has seen his former idols topple one by one: the statesman who, he supposed, knew what he was doing; the captain of industry

who, he was confident, knew what he was about; and the international banker who, he was sure, was almost omniscient. And now at last, the best-known of the international bankers, the head of one of the three most influential banks in the world, suddenly confesses in all humility his own incapacity to make head or tail of things. Where is the man in the street to look now?

**T**HE FARM REVOLT continues to spread notwithstanding the forecasts of students of the agricultural problem, who believed that the apparent failure of the farm strike last summer would dampen the ardor of the wheat and hog raisers. In Nebraska the farmers have taken the mortgage situation into their own hands. Declaring that they will not allow their farms to be confiscated, they have stopped several foreclosure sales and compelled the banks to accept small cash payments in settlement of overdue mortgages. In Iowa and South Dakota the picketing of highways leading into market towns has been resumed. In these and other States the farmers are casting aside their old leaders and forming new organizations to carry on their struggle. The new organizations, including the Farmers' National Relief Conference, appear to be growing rapidly. They demand a general moratorium on all farm debts; the cessation of foreclosures, tax sales, and evictions of farm families; and a new marketing arrangement that will serve to increase farm prices by cutting the profits of the middlemen and not by raising the prices which ultimate consumers in the cities must pay for farm produce. That the farmers are not expecting much in the way of relief as a result of the national elections in November is shown by their direct-action methods.

**L**INDLEY M. GARRISON, the second member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet to die this year, was a man of forceful, almost brilliant personality, who would not stay in the Wilson Cabinet when he disagreed with the President on matters of military policy. We wish there were more men in public life who had his sturdy independence of character and his old-fashioned idea that a Cabinet member ought to resign when he can no longer conscientiously support the policy of his superior. We admit that that policy would have resulted in a heavy mortality in recent Cabinets, whose members seem to have had no more objection to advocating men and policies in which they did not at heart believe than lawyers have in taking the cases of men they know to be guilty. If the custom of resigning from a Cabinet became established, it would often serve as a check upon the President both in his initiation of policies and in his selection of Cabinet members. The story of how Mr. Garrison came to be chosen for the Cabinet has often been told. At the last moment Mr. Wilson had in his Cabinet neither a Secretary of War nor a representative from his own State. Therefore it was decided that he should pick a man from New Jersey for the post. But whom? Mr. Tumulty picked up the list of lawyers in New Jersey and turned over page after page until he reached the letter G. He stopped at the name of Vice-Chancellor Lindley Garrison. "He's a good lawyer," said Tumulty. "All right," said Mr. Wilson, "let's ask him to be Secretary of War." Mr. Garrison received the invitation barely in time to pack a suitcase and catch the night train to Washington for the inauguration.



# Governor Roosevelt's Campaign

WE are not of those who feel that Governor Roosevelt has greatly strengthened his position by his utterance on the bonus. When forced to speak out by ex-President Coolidge's speech in New York, in which Mr. Coolidge fantastically declared that Governor Roosevelt's failure to express his views on this issue had "measurably impeded our economic recovery," the Governor answered that the charge was baseless and absurd. He had spoken out last April and he had not changed his mind. He asserted:

I do not see how, as a matter of practical sense, a government running behind two billion dollars annually can consider the payment of bonus payments until it has a balanced budget, not only on paper, but with a surplus of cash in the Treasury.

There you have the politician. Did he say: "I am absolutely opposed to the bonus until that remote time when prosperity will have returned and we can anticipate payments out of a large cash reserve and without any strain on the Treasury"? He did not. He had to take the indirect road, and express himself in inexact language. What, for example, does a "balanced budget" mean? Does it mean the fake balancing of which President Hoover and Secretary Mills were guilty last spring? Or does it mean a genuine balancing of outgo and income? And pray what is a surplus of cash in the Treasury? Ten millions of dollars, or five hundred millions of dollars, or two billions of dollars? Obviously, the Governor admits the principle that the bonus might be anticipated at once if for any reason we should find ourselves suddenly able to make both ends meet and with a cash balance on hand. If this is "taking a stand," heaven help us.

We suppose that it is inevitable that when a candidate talks as much as Mr. Hoover and Governor Roosevelt do, foolish statements will now and then slip in. But we submit that if anybody can get a clear-cut view of Governor Roosevelt's fundamental principles, his deep and underlying beliefs, he is much cleverer than we. For example, could anything be more ridiculous than his stand upon the tariff? Again and again he blames Mr. Hoover for "the monstrous Hawley-Smoot tariff which is strangling our foreign trade," and then he proceeds to assure the farmer that he will not only maintain the existing tariffs on agricultural products, but will see to it that they are *made effective*. That, in all conscience, would seem to yield enough to the protectionists, but it does not—not enough to suit him. For at Wheeling, on October 19, the Governor declared that he had "advocated a lowering of tariffs by negotiations with foreign countries" and continued thus:

But I have not advocated, and I will never advocate a tariff policy which will withdraw protection from American workers against those countries which employ cheap labor, or who operate under a standard of living which is lower than that of our own great laboring groups.

Now we submit that this is protection pure and simple. It is the doctrine of McKinley, of Lodge, of Smoot and Hawley, and all the rest. There is nothing Democratic about it. It concedes the whole argument to the camp to which historically the Democratic Party has been opposed.

It stamps his whole position as utter nonsense, as the product of cloudy and inefficient thinking and of dire economic ignorance. Again the Republicans have smoked him out and taken him into camp. If we must not do business on equal terms with countries that pay lower wages than ours and have a different standard of living, how can we get around this by tariff reductions negotiated by treaties with those same countries that have a different standard of living?

Was there ever a more incredible sequitur than this one of Mr. Roosevelt's? The tariff is strangling trade; therefore Mr. Hoover is censurable. Therefore I promise to make the tariff more effective. Therefore I shall never reduce it as long as it affords protection to our workers from every country—in other words, the rest of the world—in which the standard of living is lower. Therefore I promise a reduction of rates in the monstrous Smoot-Hawley tariff which is strangling our foreign trade. The farmer is perishing because he cannot sell his products abroad; therefore I shall come to his rescue by making the tariffs more effective, and I pledge myself not to lower them on the vast bulk of manufactured articles, the barring of which makes it impossible for the farmer to exchange his products for the goods of other nations—the only way international trade can be carried on. What utter nonsense!

Walter Lippmann has called attention to another foolish statement. In a letter published October 18 Governor Roosevelt wrote that he believed: "We can cut down federal expenditures from 20 per cent to 25 per cent by the elimination of unnecessary offices and overlapping functions of government." As federal expenditures run to \$4,000,000,000 Governor Roosevelt proposes to save from \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 in this way. Well, he cannot eliminate the debt service, which comes to \$1,000,000,000; he has never intimated that he would cut one dollar from the \$600,000,000 the army and navy are costing us, or the \$1,000,000,000 the ex-soldiers are costing us, or the \$650,000,000 which goes for public works and subsidies. Therefore he can only cut his \$800,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000 out of the remaining \$800,000,000 of the budget! Obviously this is a childish performance, surpassed only by President Hoover's promise to reduce the budget by \$1,500,000,000.

Now we would not deny that Governor Roosevelt during this campaign has surprised his admirers and his critics alike by showing a greater political skill, a greater vigor of utterance, and a better political strategy than had been expected of him. But we submit that this is not the hour for political strategy, or for keeping silent on this or that issue, or for juggling words. There are those who say that Governor Roosevelt has shown clearly by his speeches that his philosophy is directly opposed to that of Mr. Hoover, that his is the progressive attitude as opposed to the big-business reactionism of Herbert Hoover. Perhaps. But what the hour calls for, we repeat, is a clear-cut, vigorous platform, far-reaching, wide-visioned, for the general overhauling and reorganization of our government, for a new economic attitude, a new economic policy. That is why we repeat that the only vote worth casting is a vote for Norman Thomas.



## Hillquit for Mayor of New York

**T**HERE can be no question that Morris Hillquit, the Socialist candidate for the mayoralty of New York City, is far better fitted for the position than either John P. O'Brien, the Tammany candidate, or Lewis H. Pounds, the Republican straw man selected by Samuel Koenig's machine, which has always worked hand in glove with Tammany. But apart from Mr. Hillquit's personal qualifications, the program of municipal government which his party has adopted is worthy, we are firmly convinced, of the indorsement of every citizen who is sincerely interested in giving New York a truly honest and efficient government. That the municipal government is sorely in need of reorganization cannot for a moment be doubted. That the necessary reorganization cannot be brought about by either the Democratic or the Republican Party is equally clear. The only hope of success lies in the Socialist municipal platform and in the program laid down by Norman Thomas and Paul Blanshard in their recently published book, "What's the Matter with New York." Thus, in indorsing Morris Hillquit's candidacy, we are in no sense accepting him merely as a means of protesting against the excesses of Tammany rule, but are urging his election because we sincerely believe that he and his platform point the only constructive way out of New York's present desperate plight.

The Socialists of New York have pledged themselves to practice strict economy in government, partly by reducing excessive salaries among the higher officials and eliminating superfluous office-holders. Tammany has in large measure thrived on these high salaries and unnecessary offices. The Socialists declare that under no circumstances will they economize at the expense of the social services, "such as education, health, child welfare, and recreation." They plan to meet the unemployment problem by seeking an "appropriation by the city of \$75,000,000 for direct unemployment relief, to be supplemented under the law by State and federal aid"; by the "immediate resumption of work on parks, playgrounds, schools, hospitals, and subways"; and by going to work at once "on a comprehensive program of elimination of the slums through municipal construction of model dwellings to be rented at cost." Carrying their program of municipal socialism farther, they are working for "a unified and publicly owned and operated system of subways and buses," and for "public ownership and operation of electric, gas, and telephone utilities." But they intend to strike with even stronger and more effective weapons in their campaign for good government. They propose to consolidate the borough and county offices, the multiplicity of which has been a source of profit to Tammany. They advocate numerous pertinent reforms in the election machinery, not the least important being their plan for opening impartial publicity channels to all parties. They will seek "legislation to reorganize our system of taxation so as to include a graduated tax upon socially created land values and special assessments upon properties particularly benefited by subway construction." Finally, they are working for "a thorough revision of the antiquated city charter, to provide for proportional represen-

tation and in other respects to democratize the city government and make it more efficient."

Of necessity some of these reforms will have to wait upon the State legislature. This is true of the plan for proportional representation, under which the minority parties would be assured of representation on the municipal council. Most of the other proposed changes could be brought about almost at once; in any case work could be begun on them as soon as a new administration took office. It is probable that not every detail in the Socialist program will be found acceptable to every liberal and progressive voter in New York. But by and large the ends the Socialists are seeking are the very ends to which the reformers and liberals have long aspired. Mr. Hillquit is a thorough student of the complex problem involved in the task of governing the great, modern metropolis of New York. His party was primarily instrumental in exposing recent instances of graft and corruption in the city government and in driving Mayor Walker from office. *The Nation* confidently believes that the election of Morris Hillquit would advance immeasurably the cause of municipal reform.

## Speak Up, Economists!

**W**HAT do you economists have to offer?" The question is undoubtedly embarrassing, especially to "scientific" economists, for while it is an open question whether or not economics may be called a "science," it is certain that it is not a science in the sense that physics is, or bacteriology. Scientific knowledge enables us principally to do three things: to understand, to predict, and to improve our lot. Economics performs all these functions very imperfectly, and its shortcomings have been exposed mercilessly in the last three years. Even now it is next to impossible to find two economists who are exactly agreed regarding the causes of the present depression, or the precise degree of responsibility to be attached to each of them. Not a single economist in the world, to our knowledge, predicted the present depression—that is, told just when it would occur, and how appalling its depth and extent would be. The remedies proposed for getting us out of it range from silence and bewilderment to a babble of cocksure but mutually contradictory suggestions. No wonder there is a widespread feeling among laymen that economics is bankrupt, and that one man's opinion is as good or as bad as another's.

Claudius Murchison, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, rises to a spirited defense of the economist. He begins by telling us just what he means by an economist. He does not mean merely an ambitious bond salesman who has started a printing-press and showered abroad varicolored charts interspersed with columns of figures (seasonal variations allowed for), or a "big shot" in the farmers' cooperative who has got himself appointed on a President's commission. He means, rather:

... one who has worked for years with the stern discipline that began with the Greek philosophers and carries the imprint of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Alfred Marshall, who regards his Ph.D. long ago received as but an early incident in the life of a scholar, who knows the technique of scientific research and has examined objectively



every type of economic change, who is familiar with the background of every economic institution and its present functioning, who is affiliated with no interest and attached to no prejudices.

These are pretty stiff requirements, and one begins to wonder whether anyone at all quite measures up to them. Professor Murchison himself remarks that those who may rightly be called economists are numbered in the fifties rather than in the hundreds. He implies, however, that practically all our real economists are college professors, and that is a very dubious generalization. One need merely recall that even among the four classical economists he mentions, Ricardo not only was not a professor but was one of those stockbrokers for whom the professors profess so little respect, and John Stuart Mill was not a professor either, but a clerk in the India House.

In spite of the conflict of voices on so many points, Professor Murchison does find a highly impressive degree of agreement among genuine economists as opposed to the great body of lay opinion and the actual policies of governments. However hesitant or lacking in agreement the economists may be when it comes to positive proposals, they could, at least, if they were consulted, exercise a tremendously important veto:

When a particular policy is unsound, the economist knows it and can say why. Where there is a particular problem to be met, the economist can at least pass judgment upon the proposals of others, if he himself has no solution ready. Usually he is at one with his fellows in meeting immediate situations. There is not a single economist in the world, be he red, pink, or liberal, who did not see long ago the infamy in the economic aspects of the Treaty of Versailles, or who would defend the present tariff policy of the United States, or who would advocate the forced maintenance of the present forms of competition in the coal industry, or who would oppose the public regulation of the employment of women and children in industry, or the standardization of the working week for mass-production activities, or the adoption of workmen's compensation and old-age insurance.

The question "What do you economists have to offer?" Professor Murchison hints, is being asked "just six years too late."

In view of all this, it would be interesting to learn just why the economist is so little consulted—why he does not get appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Federal Trade Commission, or the Tariff Commission, or the Cabinet; why, when he is appointed to an international commission at all, he is simply smuggled in as a subordinate, an assistant, or an "adviser" without any real power; why his opinions on economic questions are so seldom asked for or quoted by the press, which devotes its headlines and columns to the happy overnight ideas of manufacturers of electrical appliances, bankers whose banks have not yet failed, and politicians who have nothing to gain by honesty or knowledge. And it would be interesting to learn, too, just why the economists do not speak up in a world deluged by charlatanism. It is true that in their first prominent attempt to do so—their petition to President Hoover in May, 1930, to veto the Smoot-Hawley tariff—they were utterly ignored. But they will have to learn to toughen their skins. They must speak out emphatically and constantly if they want to be heard.

## How Standardized Are We?

WE also are human—and this, we hasten to add, is asserted for the benefit of those who think that we are less, rather than for the benefit of any faithful readers who may have been led by the impressiveness of the editorial plural into supposing that we were more. Take, for example, the fact that we, like mere private persons, often find ourselves abandoning our most cherished convictions when they are too ardently supported by a bore, and that even our constitutional habit of thinking things pretty bad disappears momentarily when we have talked too long with someone who thinks that they are worse.

We are, to be even more specific, getting pretty tired of hearing it said that everything about America is "standardized." In the first place, we have never been able to convince ourselves that the furniture in a Kansan's house and the furniture in a Kansan's mind are more monotonous than the same things are in the minds and parlors of a Bavarian or a Norman of a corresponding social class. In the second place—and this is more important—we do not see just how that theory can be made to jibe with another pet assertion of the intellectuals, namely, that what we lack most is unity—a common faith, a common purpose, or, as they like to put it when feeling unusually superior, a "tradition."

We are, of course, aware of the fact that the words "tradition" and "standardization" bear to each other the same relation as the members of certain other pairs like "thrift" and "stinginess," or "resolution" and "pig-headedness." We realize, in other words, that America might possibly seem "varied" to some and "formless" to others; but after long meditation and everything short of prayer we are still unable to conceive how it could be both "standardized" and "without a unifying tradition."

We have also noted that among those who find these United States standardized one moment and spiritually anarchic at another are to be numbered nearly all the neo-Anglicans, neo-Catholics, and neo-Thomists, who talk with nostalgic admiration about the medieval synthesis and the joys of living in a time when the answer to every question from the nature of God to the circumstances under which sexual relations between man and wife are permissible could be found in the "Summa Theologica" of the Angelic Doctor. In those beautiful Middle Ages everything besides thought was, to be sure, variable and disordered. The only thing you could positively count on was what a man would believe. But sometimes it seems to us that the boasted order of the time had begun organizing things at the wrong end; that we are nearer right when we insist that it is a good thing to have shoes in standard sizes and automobiles in standard design while leaving individuality of taste and opinion untouched. Our Communist friends, to be sure, promise to do away with variation at both ends and provide mental parts as readily interchangeable as those of a Ford, but we are not sure that even that would satisfy us as well as things as they are. We may be wrong. If we are not, America may be not such a bad place to live in, as such things go. And that can hardly be.





*"Unless you elect Mr. Hoover, I'll have to put another lock on."*



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

## *The Bipartisan Tariff Humbug*

FOR the life of me I cannot see why Mr. Hoover, and so many protected manufacturers, should become excited over Mr.

Roosevelt's stand on the tariff. There was a time when Mr. Roosevelt thought that he would make a direct frontal attack upon the tariff his chief contribution to the campaign—at least so I am reliably informed. But when he spoke at Topeka on the plight of agriculture he took precisely the position which Mr. Hoover has consistently maintained as to tariff benefits for farmers. What he promised to do was not to reduce the present tariff on agricultural imports or to do away with it altogether, but "to make it effective." When he took that position he gave his whole case away. I know that he has since declared, like Speaker Garner and others, that the Hawley-Smoot tariff has struck a deadly blow at our foreign trade, while Mr. Hoover not only asserts the contrary but declares that if he remains in power the agricultural tariffs will be "widened." Now if a tariff on agricultural imports is a good thing for the farmer and should be made effective, as Governor Roosevelt says, it should also be widened, and if necessary increased. I submit that there is no issue joined between the two men here. Nor is there the slightest genuine difference in their general attitude on the tariff. Either (1) you must be a protectionist; or (2) you must assume the old Democratic position of Grover Cleveland and his school that a tariff can be justified only in order to produce revenue; or (3) you must be a free trader and opposed to all tariffs. There is no other alternative. Governor Roosevelt has come out neither for free trade nor for a tariff for revenue only. His only threat to the manufacturers is that he will lower certain rates. It is not the protective system that he is training his guns on, but only the heights to which some rates have been boosted. He plainly thinks that the rates on agricultural imports are exactly right, since he told the embattled farmers of Kansas that all that he proposed to do was to see that they were enforced *efficiently*. So I submit that here again we have the pot and the kettle; that there is no choice for those who wish to strike off the shackles of protection and liberate our foreign trade except to vote for Norman Thomas.

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I AM quite ready to admit that the Socialists have not put the tariff issue to the front as they should. I think that Norman Thomas himself understands better than most men in his party the terrific injury done to our trade by the present tariff, but sometimes I wonder if even he fully realizes the demoralizing effect of the tariff upon our entire business and political life. Not only have Presidential elections usually been bought by the tariff magnates, whose open corruption has been revealed more than once, but the immorality of the whole proceeding, the playing up to these manufacturer favorites by the government, accounts con-

siderably in my mind for the general corruption of American business. It is certainly a highly unfair and a highly improper procedure, to say

nothing of its economic folly, for the government to single out a small portion of the population and say to it: "Let us go into business with you to the extent of guaranteeing your profits. We shall not ask whether you are running your business honestly or crookedly, efficiently or inefficiently. All we are interested in knowing is whether you are a manufacturer; if you think that you can't compete with somebody else, we will take your word for it and give you as much state aid as you need." Talk about putting people on a dole! Talk about putting the government in business!

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THE truth is that Franklin Roosevelt has never yet shown any sign of understanding the economies of the tariff problem, any more than has Herbert Hoover. I see that many of the thousand college professors who protested to Mr. Hoover against the Hawley-Smoot tariff have now petitioned the President to see to it that the Tariff Commission be made to function properly and get rid of some of the outrageous injustices of the existing tariff rates. What innocents they are! Don't they know that the politicians have agreed to tariff commissions in the firm belief, heretofore justified, that the commissions will do nothing to take tariff revision out of their hands? At least they ought not to have been so tactless as to point out that the Tariff Commission is doing precisely nothing, and to do this on the day after the President, at Cleveland, had assured his audience that the Tariff Commission could be relied upon to take care of all the major injustices which might have crept into the tariff! Yet Governor Roosevelt will probably indorse the commission without realizing that thereby he again gives away the whole case against the protective iniquity. How I wish that he had sent for Bennett Clark, that fine upstanding son of Champ Clark, who is running for Senator in Missouri. Colonel Clark could have given him a lesson in political courage. The Colonel is letting everybody in Missouri know that he will not vote for any tariff merely because it might help some Missourians; and in the zinc districts around Joplin, where the whole mining business is down and out and the workers are unemployed, he has told the voters that he would not support a tariff on zinc no matter what happened. Colonel Clark could also tell Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover exactly how many millions of dollars in the sale of eggs to Canada the Missouri farmers have lost since Canada struck back at us after the Hawley-Smoot tariff checked the flow of Canadian agricultural products into this country. But I am very much afraid that neither Mr. Pot Hoover nor Mr. Kettle Roosevelt would be interested. They want to be elected, and therefore do not wish to offend the protected big boys who hold the money bags.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



# A Soviet-Japanese Deal Against America?

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, September 4*

**A** YEAR after Japan's invasion of the Three Eastern Provinces the threat of war continues to hang over the Pacific, Japan is in the throes of a severe economic crisis, Tokio is weighing the advisability of leaving the League of Nations, Russia is in arms, and Manchuria is in ruins.

Far from extricating the Japanese Empire from its economic impasse, Manchuria has become a definite liability. Those Japanese who thought that the Manchu provinces would yield them immediate booty and profits are already disillusioned, and the Wall Streeters who, in contrast to the American public and Washington, remained pro-Japanese because they expected to participate with Japan in the exploitation of Manchuria, should know now—but probably do not; it is too early—that they have been nursing a vain hope. The flourishing Eastern Provinces of China have been visited in the last twelve months by famine, crop failure, floods, and destruction. No new investments have been made, although representatives of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Kuhara, and other big Japanese trusts, on insistent "invitations" from the military, have investigated the prospects of new business. The reason is simple: guerilla warfare continues, and the country is not pacified nor likely to be for a number of years. The 1932 soya-bean harvest in Manchuria is estimated at no more than 40 per cent of 1931. Domestic trade languishes. In Southern Manchuria, according to Japanese sources of information, tax returns are down 75 per cent, and in Northern Manchuria 90 per cent. The Harbin *Nichi Nichi*, a Japanese organ, says: "The situation in Manchuria is so bad that no one must count on the rapid development here of Japanese or any other economic activity. First of all, it is necessary to reconstruct the ruined economy of the country, especially agriculture and finance."

In view of the sad state of affairs in Manchuria and in Japan, some political observers have bravely announced the conclusion of a Soviet-Japanese alliance, or deal, or understanding. After a year in which Japan's generals dreamed of Siberian conquest, these observers say, Tokio has been brought to earth by the fall of the yen, by hunger in imperial and Manchu villages, and by the difficulties, which might have been foreseen but were not, of permanently seizing a country with 30,000,000 disaffected inhabitants and with all the chaos of China as a hinterland. Political sobriety in Tokio, the theory goes, coupled with Moscow's natural desire for peace, has produced an agreement between the two nations most interested in Far Eastern affairs. This alleged Soviet-Japanese understanding provided, according to many foreign newspapers, that the Russians should concede Manchuria to Japan and the Japanese should concede Outer Mongolia to Russia. Another version suggested, instead, that Moscow would open Outer Mongolia to privileged trade. It stipulated, moreover, that the Soviets could

retain the Chinese Eastern Railroad although it runs through Japanese Manchukuo, and that in consideration thereof, bankrupt Tokio would grant Russia huge long-term credits.

This strange political cocktail was never mixed. No negotiations or conversations have taken place between Tokio and the Kremlin which might have led to such an agreement. The tale about Moscow's "understanding" with Japan arose from and was published a few days after the signing of the Soviet-Japanese fisheries convention in August. The pourparlers on this important but limited problem have proceeded for several years, and the treaty is merely of an *ad hoc* character. It has political significance in that it makes peace a selfish interest of large Japanese firms. Its conclusion is not unrelated to a Japanese general's trip from Europe through Siberia to his island home. But the fisheries convention stands as an independent document and is organically unrelated to the critical complex of bigger questions which darkens the Soviet-Japanese horizon.

These facts having been established, one must add that a Soviet-Japanese agreement is conceivable. Russia has never wanted war, and the military in Japan are beginning to realize that they cannot afford to fight Russia. When that conviction grows more general, as is likely in the next few months, Japan—having gained her major objective, the conquest of Manchuria—may be anxious to stabilize and legalize her position by an agreement with Moscow. If that should be achieved, American Far Eastern interests would suffer, for it has always been the traditional policy of the United States to prevent Japan from buttressing her power on the Asiatic mainland.

Despite the Fish committee, the high cost and scarcity of American credits for Russia, and Washington's stubborn refusal to recognize the Soviet Government, there is no anti-American sentiment and no anti-American policy in Moscow. On the contrary, Moscow would be very happy to do commercial and political business with the United States, if only because it would feel safer if the Far Eastern situation were a tri-partite affair instead of, as at present, two insulated relationships: Soviet-Japanese and American-Japanese. Nevertheless, Russia's relations with Japan are tremendously important and very delicate, and she cannot forgo the possibility of a settlement with Tokio on the chance that, ~~one~~ day, the United States will deign to recognize her.

Yet a settlement is easier said than made. The wish for an agreement may soon be mutual, but the way is beset with many obstacles. Japan's first demand on the U. S. S. R. would be *de jure* recognition of the Manchurian state. Japan will not get out of Manchuria. She will sooner withdraw from the League of Nations. Tokio would like to have the Soviets follow its example in establishing diplomatic relations with Manchukuo, so that "Emperor" Pu Yi's "state" might have legal international status. If Russia refuses recognition to Manchuria, Japan will be irritated, and such irritation may mean war or at least expensive border con-



troversies. If Russia grants recognition to Manchuria, she will offend China, whose popular good-will she has always courted, and anger Mr. Stimson, who has rightly defended Chinese territorial integrity. Yet it is not simply a matter of such direct alternatives. For Moscow already maintains *de facto* relations with the Manchukuo government. There are Soviet consuls in Manchuria and Manchurian consuls in Siberia. This exchange was imperative because Soviet Russia has thousands of citizens and high officials and the Chinese Eastern Railway on Manchurian soil, and in the present disturbed state of that country they need daily protection. The Manchurian authorities, naturally, will some day urge Moscow to transform this *de facto* recognition into *de jure* recognition.

With obvious intent to embarrass the Soviets, the Chinese government made Moscow a written-pact proposal just at this juncture. A pact with China and the recognition of an independent Manchuria are obviously incompatible. Nanking, however, has been unalterably and violently hostile to Russia since it first severed relations with the Soviets in 1927. There is no indication that Chiang Kai-shek has experienced a change of heart or that he has been subjected to any domestic political pressure which would account for his new offer. Indeed, that offer is, in essence, a continuation and a further proof of Nanking's hostility to Moscow. Nevertheless, the proposal is a fact, and the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs must reckon with it. Moscow has replied that it cannot negotiate a treaty with a nation with which it has no diplomatic relations. This is a firm principle which the Soviet Government has defended successfully in respect to England, France, and Japan, and which, informally, it has likewise enunciated to unofficial American visitors. If China would actually resume diplomatic relations with Russia, a settlement with Japan might be postponed and a rapprochement with the United States facilitated, provided always that Nanking gave other and sincere evidence of a desire to live on friendly terms with the Soviet republic.

In any inclusive negotiations between Japan and Russia the fate of the Chinese Eastern Railway, Russia's chief stake in Manchuria, would obviously be the subject of serious discussion. In 1924, I understand, Japan was ready to pay Moscow something like \$300,000,000 in gold for the line. The Bolsheviks could not accept such an offer because that railroad, which today belongs to the Soviet Union, has been reserved by history as the national possession of the Chinese people. Until the present, Soviet control of the C. E. R. was essential to Russia not so much for commercial reasons—because it gives her shorter and cheaper access to Vladivostok and the Pacific—as for strategic reasons. Military experts admit that if any Power other than Russia held the C. E. R., it could bar Russia's approach to the Pacific, cut off her Maritime Provinces, and take Vladivostok. But today, although Russia retains the title and the official management of the line, the presence of Japanese soldiery in Northern Manchuria and in the C. E. R. zone deprives that formal possession of all strategic value. Irrespective of Russia's relation to the C. E. R., Japan is Siberia's neighbor and could, but for the concrete circumstance of a strong red armed force, step across the border and make herself mistress of Eastern Siberia. The C. E. R. is no longer a military factor. The Chinese Eastern, which hitherto has been a guaranty of peace in the "cockpit of Asia," has lost that role.

This is a new historic development of vast significance, even though it has been overlooked by most commentators.

Commercially the railroad is a liability. Under the treaty arrangement of 1924 Russia and Manchuria divide the annual profits of the C. E. R.'s operation equally between themselves. Until 1929 each partner received an appreciable yearly sum. Now this money has been swallowed up in the anarchy which reigns in the Three Eastern Provinces. It is possible, moreover, that the C. E. R. may not be a business asset for many years, perhaps it may never be, simply because the Japanese are completing a competing parallel line and in August definitely decided on the rapid construction of a deep-sea harbor at Rashin in Korea, which is intended to rival Vladivostok, the eastern C. E. R. terminus, as North Manchuria's soya-bean port. Japan, therefore, is less interested than ever in owning or holding the Chinese Eastern Railway. To Russia it now becomes a transit route of shrunken significance involving expense and political discomfort and running through what is really hostile territory. The C. E. R. is thus a very exposed arm of the Soviet state, and the Kremlin must be hard pressed to know what to do with it. Japan does not need it, and would not pay much for it in any event. China cannot obtain access to it. Russia could not sell it to a foreign Power because that Power would have to fight Japan in order to make the sale real. There is no reason, finally, why the U. S. S. R. should simply surrender it to Japan.

I think no one either in Tokio or Moscow could offer a good suggestion for the future of the C. E. R.; the best solution, for the moment, is probably the prolongation of the present very unsatisfactory status quo. Neither in the case of the Chinese Eastern nor in that of recognition of Manchukuo is the time ripe for a negotiated change. Nor is Outer Mongolia a suitable factor in a Soviet-Japanese *quid pro quo*. Official recognition of Manchukuo would be a great consolation to Tokio. But official recognition of Russia's interests in Outer Mongolia is neither wanted nor needed. The additional circumstance must be remembered that whereas Outer Mongolia is now connected by good and short motor roads with the Siberian railway towns of Kiakhta, Verkhni-Udinsk, and Biisk, Japan, if she wished to buy and sell in Outer Mongolia, would have to take Kalgan, deep in the Chinese province of Chihli, where a long and difficult trade route to Urga begins, or try to develop the even longer camel track from Manchouli on the Soviet-Manchurian frontier. Japan may have designs on Mongolia, but that poor desert country is destined by geography to trade almost exclusively with Soviet Siberia.

What, then, would be the subjects of a Soviet-Japanese "dicker"? And why assume that the Soviet Union wants an alliance or an agreement or anything more than a non-aggression pact such as Moscow has been pressing with Japan for months past? Any real understanding is possible only between friends or between nations with common goals, common interests, or common enemies. (Japan and Russia have no common enemies.) Moscow can ask two things, and only two things, from Tokio—the evacuation of Manchuria and peace. It knows, however, that Japan has no intention of leaving Manchuria. And as long as Japan is Russia's land neighbor, Moscow must remain suspicious and nervous. If there were any real statesmen in Washington, they would know how to take advantage of this situation.



# This Is Manchukuo

By HENRY HILGARD VILLARD

*Harbin, September 6*

**B**ETWEEN Japan and nature, conditions here are unbelievable. At least half the city has been under water, including the most important business streets, and the flood has dropped less than two feet. While that has reduced the spread a good deal in the upper city, it has had very little effect elsewhere. Fully 500 Chinese and Russians have been drowned here, and probably 10,000 more along the line of the western branch of the Chinese Eastern Railway. An enormous crop of soya beans has been destroyed, perhaps one and one-half million poods, and the losses in the west must be many times that amount. In addition to the flood and undoubted famine up river there have been 500 cases of cholera, but the Japanese have set up disinfecting and inoculating stations all over the town, and have now checked the disease almost completely. Also one whole block of buildings caught fire or was set on fire and burned pretty much down to the water's edge, so that the Chinese living in the upper stories were forced to jump, and some were drowned as the water was from six to eight feet deep. On the main street you can see cars, droshkies, rickshas, and boats all tied up in a traffic jam. I went to the bank by jumping from my car to a pier constructed out into the street—this in the upper town. In the Chinese section there are streets to remind one of Venice, full of boats rowed by landlubbers, so that collisions occur all the time. To add to the joy, as soon as the water goes down, a glorious stench arises. The policemen stay on their beats in boats, or sometimes stand on barrels in the shallower places.

This morning I went with the Y. M. C. A. launch which distributes food on the other side of the river. The flood there extends for miles, so that, were it not for rows of trees, one could see no horizon. The groups that the Y. M. C. A. is feeding number several hundred. In one place these unfortunates were crowded on ground a hundred yards long and not more than twenty-five feet wide. On this narrow spit, in addition to men, women, and children, and the rude shacks that housed them, were pigs, cows, dogs, ducks, and chickens. Another group inhabited a more rounded island with several small houses on it, crowded beyond belief and surrounded by a half-mile of water, the only high land near there being the railroad embankment of the western line, which has also very nearly been washed away. No relief has yet been sent up the river, and there is dire need for funds as the people will have to be fed through this coming winter. As for the railroad, the eastern line is entirely out of business. Our train to Harbin was the first one to come all the way from Mukden without stopping at various points while the passengers got out to walk past the wash-outs. We found there that a whole concrete blockhouse guarding a bridge, two stories high and heavily made of concrete, had been toppled over on its side and left about thirty feet below where it had previously stood. The force of the water had ripped a great section out of the railroad embankment, creating holes in what had been the embankment lower than the surrounding land. The steel rails had been bent and the en-

tire track twisted upside down, so that the ties still attached to the rails looked like a board walk. I have been here a week waiting for a train to Manchouli. The last train that went through was attacked by bandit soldiers and the line has been cut ever since. The day we arrived, there was fighting only five miles from the line. This is Manchuria in September, 1932.

On top of this misery we find superimposed the new "independent state of Manchukuo." It is a dreadful farce. When the Independence Convention was held, the Japanese-paid Chinese delegates were asked to vote on whether they wanted "independence." Only seven voted favorably—simply because the others did not know what it was all about and not because they were unwilling. Immediately afterwards, thinking the meeting over, they departed in haste to a promised banquet, only to be called back briskly by Japanese soldiers with bayonets on their guns, who brought out and helped to unfurl the new Manchukuo flag. Thus was born a great republic. I happened to be present at Mukden when the Japanese General, Honjo, took his departure. I understand that it was reported in the Japanese press that he had a great ovation. The truth is that the ovation consisted of applause from school children let out of school and supplied with flags for the occasion, together with a few adult Japanese. The Chinese were conspicuous by their absence, except for a few who looked on in silence as the children waved the flags. By way of insuring a free expression of public opinion, the street on which this spontaneous ovation was staged and the adjoining streets were lined with Japanese soldiers with fixed bayonets. Even the Chinese police were absent for the reason that on that morning some police or mechanics around the airdrome revolted, killing two officers and eight men, firing the wireless station and airdrome, and destroying twelve or thirteen planes.

This sort of thing has been going on steadily. Very few of the Manchukuo Chinese forces can be trusted. They join when the Japanese come, get money, guns, and food from them, and then as soon as the Japanese leave they revolt. Most of the Chinese towns are recaptured by the "Volunteers" without fighting. The Manchukuo flag, or quite as likely the Japanese flag, is pulled down whenever the Japanese troops leave, and the Chinese flag is hoisted in its place. Then the Chinese press reports a great "victory" for the Volunteers; and so it is as far as the Japanese are concerned, for their work has to be done over again. An American correspondent told me of his train being stopped at a town at which the Japanese had fired blank cartridges for a while and then dispatched enough soldiers from their armored planes to drive out a scared Chinese police force. Three days later, in a solemn press conference, the Japanese spokesman read a petition from the same town to the effect that as the Chinese police force had departed, wouldn't the Japanese please come in and garrison the town to protect it from something or other. And the Japanese do not seem to mind having the public know the real facts. They think the form is all that matters, and that that will fix everything nicely at Geneva.



What of the Japanese invasion? Is it likely to bring, in the course of time, the good government and the suppression of banditry which this country so very much needs? To give the Japanese credit, when it comes to doing a routine task efficiently they are good at it, as are the Germans, whom they very much resemble. But though there may be a possibility of actual physical benefits coming from Japanese rule, it is today a most important fact that sufficient opposition has developed and been maintained against the Japanese forces to disrupt conditions in Manchuria most seriously, render them far worse than they have been, and make it clear that the Japanese have a most difficult and baffling situation to cope with. So far they have merely succeeded in disorganizing things completely. For instance, they came to Harbin to protect the eastern and western lines of the Chinese Eastern Railway; since that time the eastern line has not run at all, and the western has only run a few trains in a month—in part, of course, because of the floods. Any question of the future, therefore, resolves itself into an attempt to guess how long Chinese financial aid—coming largely from Shanghai and oversea Chinese, and not merely from Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang—will continue on the one hand, and how long Japan can support an army here, on the other. I do not believe that Russia, America, or the League will materially influence the situation short of very serious action, such as war or economic boycott. My guess is that Chinese support will continue as long as the present disorder is maintained, which is largely in China's favor and of her making. The Volunteers live off the country, needing only arms and ammunition. A soldier is supposed to get less than \$4 gold a month, and is rarely paid in full,

so it costs very little to keep a force of irregulars in the field.

As for Japan, the only explanation of the fact that she has but 80,000 men here—no more than at Shanghai though the need here is much greater if order is to be achieved quickly—is that her finances prevent the sending of more. Besides, Japan's trade with Manchuria has been tremendously reduced, a serious matter in view of her other economic difficulties. But this is far from saying that she will withdraw. From the economic and the military point of view Manchuria is a Japanese failure, but to withdraw now when no returns have been received for the money expended would be to admit complete defeat, and that is unthinkable for the military clique which now controls Japan. It is the prevailing opinion here among foreigners that the Japanese military will stake everything on going ahead. Thus it is expected that the Japanese will move on Jehol Province this fall, and no one would be surprised to see Japan take Peiping and Tientsin. So we shall see what we shall see.

Part of the Commission of Inquiry of the League of Nations is coming through Harbin soon, which may afford some of us an opportunity to get on to Manchouli. The Japanese military insist that the line is clear. The railroad officials say that three bridges have been burned. The stories differ from day to day, but they remain stories, as no trains seem the least bit interested in running. This reminds me of the Post Office. The old Chinese officials have quit. There are one thousand unopened bags of mail right here. When you want your mail you are shown a big pile of letters and told to look for it and please to take all your friends' letters, too. It is reported that there are 1,500 bags of mail lying at Manchouli. So this is Manchukuo!

## Missouri—a Threat and a Promise

By RALPH COGHLAN

*St. Louis, October 17*

**A**FTER long heart-to-heart talks with Missouri Hoovercrats, farmers, Republicans, South St. Louis Germans, Pike County squires, Ozark hill-billies, Joplin zinc miners, Missouri River mudcats, and other assorted representatives of the electorate of this State, I have come to the conclusion that Missouri will plump for Roosevelt in November, a conclusion which is, I grant, neither startling nor novel.

Missouri, in the last ten Presidential elections, has gone Republican five times and Democratic five times; so there is no such tradition of party loyalty here as obtains in Alabama or Vermont. But there are various factors that augur a Roosevelt victory. St. Louis, a normally Republican city, gave Smith a margin of 15,000 in 1928, and the diagnosticians are nearly all agreed that Smith's wetness was the cause. The city of St. Louis has a large economic interest in liquor manufacture, particularly beer. The promise in the Democratic platform of immediate modification of the Volstead Act is of immense political importance in St. Louis, because it means the reopening of the great Anheuser-Busch beer plant in South St. Louis, as well as other large breweries. I do not know what would be the actual economic results, in employment and so on, of the reopening of the

breweries, but the fact is that both the making and drinking of beer are precious pursuits to the Germans of South St. Louis, who have never recovered from the shock of prohibition. It must be remembered, moreover, that old Adolphus Busch established a kind of benevolent feudalism in South St. Louis, and the memory of his beer, his generosity, and his truly unusual personality is still very vivid.

Now, the Germans of South St. Louis are Republicans, but they have absolutely no scruples about crossing party lines when their own interests and sentiments are involved. They were responsible for Reed's return to the Senate in 1922 largely as a reward for his attacks on Wilsonism, those same attacks having alienated such large blocks of Democrats that his defeat was freely predicted. They were also largely responsible for Smith's St. Louis victory in 1928, and it will be surprising if Roosevelt and the Democratic beer plank do not take them by storm.

The second factor in favor of Roosevelt is the remarkable discovery, brought about by Bennett Champ Clark's successful candidacy for the Democratic Senatorial nomination and Henry Kiel's successful candidacy for the Republican Senatorial nomination, that rural Missouri will no longer count the world well lost for prohibition. Rural Missouri has been a fief of the Anti-Saloon League for years, and the



fact was so well recognized that it was the common practice of wet Senatorial candidates to simulate dryness in the country. One of Clark's opponents, Charles M. Hay, is a former Anti-Saloon League attorney, and in two previous races for the Senate he developed great strength in rural Missouri. One of Kiel's opponents, Dewey Short, is a Methodist minister and, of course, dry. The issue was clear cut—and the rural voters in droves deserted Hay and Short for Clark and Kiel, both dripping wet. Thus, the comparatively drier aspect of the Republican platform will not be so effective in rural Missouri as it would have been four years ago.

Factor number 3 in Roosevelt's favor is the emergence from merely local fame in Kansas City of one Tom Pendergast, a political boss who promises to carve a niche in history alongside Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, Frank Hague, and John Curry. Pendergast—irreverently described as a man "with a Braunschweiler figure and an Angus neck"—is God's gift to cartoonists. His physical bearing is a pictorially perfect example of the boss type before it was disfigured by dieting and Kollege--Kut garments. Tom is rough, tough, pot-bellied, and heavy-jowled.

His rise from boss of a waterfront ward to boss of Missouri is, of course, not entirely explained by his practice, let us say, of the copybook virtues of industry and perseverance. Granting they made him supreme in Kansas City, where in the recent primary he delivered more than 100,000 votes for his candidate for Governor, and nearly 100,000 for his candidate for the Senate, Charles M. Howell, he had to have luck to go farther. One piece of luck was the definite Democratic trend created by the depression, which automatically throws into the spotlight any man with 100,000 Democratic votes under his belt. Another was a blunder, the only conspicuous one in an unusually fine administration, on the part of the Republican Governor of Missouri. Governor Caulfield in 1931 vetoed a redistricting bill passed by a Democratic legislature, because it gave the Republican Party only five of the thirteen seats in Congress. This was not fair and the Governor said so, but who ever heard of a fair redistricting bill? Now, the effect of the Governor's veto was to cause the nomination and election at large of the State's entire delegation. And with Pendergast able to start off any Democratic aspirant with 100,000 Kansas City votes, thus practically insuring his nomination, the veto gave the delegation to the boss.

If any doubt remained of Pendergast's power in Missouri politics, it was dispelled by the course of events following the sudden death on October 12 of Francis M. Wilson, Democratic candidate for Governor. Under Missouri law the task of filling the vacancy fell to the Democratic State Committee, composed of sixty-four men from all parts of the State. The logical substitute was Russell Dearmont, who opposed Wilson in the primary and ran a good race. In addition to Dearmont numerous other names of well-known Democrats with good records were proposed. Pendergast, however, got behind Guy B. Park, an obscure country judge of Platte City. Against the furious protest of most of the large Missouri newspapers and a considerable segment of the party, Park was named on October 17 to succeed Wilson. Under the Pendergast pressure the supposedly independent committee flattened out and chose Park by acclamation. This action enhances the chances for victory of the Republican State ticket, though Pendergast un-

doubtedly figured that the prize was in the bag and that he could safely nominate Park. In any case, the boss ruthlessly swept aside all opposition and forced his man on the committee. Tweed or Croker never gave a more impressive demonstration of political czarism.

In his campaign speeches the Republican candidate for Governor has made Pendergast the issue in the campaign. He is saying that the Pendergast machine so thoroughly dominates Kansas City that a home-owner may not build a sidewalk on his own property without buying ready-mixed concrete from a firm favored by the machine; that he cannot obtain a permit to build a house until he has given assurance that he will buy all materials from the "right" dealers; that unless he buys his coal from a machine dealer, he will have serious trouble with the smoke inspector; that every child who buys a five-cent soft drink contributes part of the nickel to the treasury of the machine; that one great nationally known soft-drink manufacturer has withdrawn from Kansas City because he refuses to pay the tribute demanded.

Kansas City has had the habit of going Democratic in the primaries of Presidential years and Republican in the elections, but this year, with the Pendergast machine hitting on all sixteen cylinders, it looks like a Democratic sweep. One interesting straw in that direction is that the names of 57.5 per cent of Kansas City's entire population are on the registration books, and the best St. Louis is able to do is 46.5. Some Republicans are darkly hinting that among the 57.5 are the animal inhabitants of Kansas City's stock yards; the Democrats merely attribute it to Pendergast efficiency in getting out the vote.

I have discussed Pendergast at length because he and Bennett Clark are the only two interesting and significant figures in the entire campaign in Missouri. The one holds a threat; the other a promise. There are no issues unique to Missouri. Like the rest of the country, the State is "broke" and is running to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for money to keep its people from starving. The same desire for a change is evident here as elsewhere, not that Missouri is overcome with admiration of the amiable Franklin D. Roosevelt, but rather that it is determined to express its dissatisfaction with Hoover. The same unemployment is present. St. Louis is feeding one family in every ten, and Kansas City is practically as badly off. The zinc mines around Joplin are closed down and have been for a long time. Corn, wheat, cattle, tobacco, and cotton prices tell the tale in the rural section.

Missouri, then, presents a familiar economic picture. But it is seldom that any State witnesses, at one time, the rise of a political boss of Pendergast's proportions and of a newcomer to politics (if the son of Champ Clark can be called a newcomer) of such brilliant potentialities as Bennett Clark. Of recent years Clark, whose only public office has been that of parliamentarian in the House of Representatives when his father was Speaker, has been living in St. Louis, practicing law, though neither the law, per se, nor money-making seems to have engrossed him. We have an insight into his real interests in his recently published biography of John Quincy Adams, a work which could not have been written by anyone without a real flair for historical research and a deep interest in public affairs. One can learn about Clark from Adams, because Clark, in recording the career of a great public servant, so sympathetically describes his



devotion to country and to public service that the reader must inevitably ascribe that quality to the author himself. Clark performed something of a political miracle in Missouri. Although he had made many speeches for his father and for ex-Senator Reed earlier in his career, he was an obscure figure in Missouri politics. He filed for the Senatorial nomination at the repeated suggestion of Reed, and on the theory that he would have Reed's support. That support seemed essential, because Clark had neither money nor organization. But at about the same time Pendergast put Charles M. Howell, an insurance lobbyist, into the field as his candidate. Reed, still nursing Presidential ambitions and realizing that to alienate Pendergast, who controlled the Missouri delegation to the Chicago convention, would be to dash his last hope, declared himself neutral as between Clark and Howell.

Clark was thus forced to begin the race from scratch, except for the advantage arising from the love and devotion his father's name arouses in Missouri. Most of the political prognosticators figured that he would run third; they could not see how he could overcome the tremendous vote assured to Howell in Kansas City by reason of Pendergast support, and the presumably great popularity of the dry Charles M. Hay in the rural districts. His prospects were made blacker by the extension of Pendergast influence to the St. Louis Democratic political organization.

Despite these discouragements Clark embarked on a speaking tour that was truly remarkable. Like the elder La Follette, he speaks at great length and in great detail, and it was not long before the St. Louis and Kansas City papers learned, from the abbreviated reports of these talks, that a Missouri politician was actually engaging in the business of forthright truth-telling. His audiences, too, were struck by the novelty of this departure from what is considered sound political practice, and by the pleasing impression of a young man who apparently was in every way worthy of a celebrated father.

Clark's campaign began long before the Democratic convention, but at the outset he announced himself in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, a position that was made much easier for other Democratic candidates after the convention. But it was an even greater surprise to find Clark taking a liberal view of economic questions, which is the real test of any candidate. He favored government operation of Muscle Shoals, federal supervision of public utilities in interstate commerce, enactment of the Wagner bills, shorter working hours, and the use of the taxing power of the federal government as a brake upon the concentration of wealth. He opposed the emasculation of the anti-trust laws and all prohibitive tariffs.

Typical of the boldness with which he carried on his campaign was his choosing to deliver an anti-tariff speech in the Joplin zinc district, where candidates from time immemorial have soft-pedaled anti-tariff arguments because the district has always believed its economic salvation lay in protection. Clark did not merely denounce high tariffs in general; he warned his hearers that he would not weaken his general advocacy of "tariff reform by asking for any special favor for any special interest in the State of Missouri." He quoted the statement of his father, made in the debate on the Payne-Aldrich bill: "I will never help any living human being rob the American people simply because he happens to live in Missouri."

Another significant position taken by Clark early in his campaign was his opposition to the sales tax. Many Democrats flirted with it until it began to explode in their faces, and the Democratic membership of the Ways and Means Committee swallowed it hook, line, and sinker. Clark had the intellectual insight to see that such a tax is a scheme to shift the burden of taxation from those able to pay to those less able to pay, and he had the intellectual honesty to oppose it.

Clark's position on war debts is very similar to Senator Borah's. He opposes outright cancelation, preferring to hold the debts "as an economic and diplomatic club over foreign countries to compel pro rata reduction in armaments." His greatest weakness, in my opinion, is his attitude toward veterans' questions. He has not said what he would do about the bonus, but it is to be presumed that he would favor paying it, and that he would also favor other measures for increasing veterans' expenditures. His position, as I say, is not clear, but he was one of the organizers of the American Legion, is still a member, and in this campaign has enjoyed the active support of many Legion members. He could not oppose their desires without laying himself open to the charge of disloyalty, and I do not know whether he would be willing to make that sacrifice or not.

Though the prestige of his father played some part, Clark's victory was a personal triumph, brought about by the liberalism and outspokenness of his campaign speeches. He wrote his own speeches and was his own board of strategy for the most part, though he had the valuable assistance of his sister, Mrs. James M. Thomson of New Orleans, a brilliant speaker and organizer, and of Colonel Thomson, among others. That he was able to crack the Pendergast slate in one of its two key points was considered a master-stroke.

In the election, of course, Pendergast is supporting Clark, but, one may judge, it represents merely routine party loyalty. Clark looks like a certain winner, though his opponent, Henry Kiel, three times Mayor of St. Louis, might do better but for a serious difference of opinion among his campaign managers. One school of thought in that group favors running Kiel as a bricklayer, in which occupation he was once employed, and presenting him to the public as a fellow-toiler; the other school of thought answers, "Who the devil wants a bricklayer in the Senate?" and favors putting him forward as a highbrow. So on one night Kiel talks feelingly about carrying a hod under the burning sun and on the next is quoting Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Spinoza, Plato, and Einstein. The public cannot figure it out.

Pendergast is almost sure to put over his candidates. His success will extend his influence not only to the State government but to the city of St. Louis, whose police and election boards are appointed by the Governor. The men on the St. Louis force, at present efficiently conducted on a non-political basis, are consulting family genealogies to prove to Boss Pendergast's future police board that they and their ancestors were suckled on Jefferson, weaned on Jackson, and brought to political wisdom under Woodrow Wilson.

So Missouri, alarmed by the threat of Pendergast, has as consolation the promise that Clark will not only give Missouri civilized and progressive representation in the Senate, but will grasp the leadership of the Democratic Party in Missouri. Let Clark do that and he will insure for himself a brilliant future in national politics.



# Wisconsin Turns to Roosevelt

By WILLIAM T. EVJUE

*Madison, October 19*

**I**F the Democrats, political "untouchables" in Wisconsin for three decades, are ever to strike for power successfully, it will be on election day of this year. Under normal circumstances they are few in number. There are probably no more than 50,000 real Democrats in Wisconsin, although the party has upon occasion rolled up an impressively large vote. Thus, in 1928 Alfred E. Smith narrowly missed carrying the State when he received a total of 450,000 votes. Moreover, the Democrats have no great popular leader to inspire them or to attract the enthusiastic support of the disgusted voters of other parties. But more serious than their lack of dynamic leadership is the particularly vicious character of the campaign being conducted against them by the conservative Republicans. In the primary campaign the voters, especially the workingmen, were told that the renomination of Governor La Follette would drive industry out of the State and close the factories that are still open. Largely as a result of these tactics the conservative candidate, Walter J. Kohler, bathtub manufacturer and former governor, defeated Philip La Follette by more than 90,000 votes. Today the voters are being told that they and the whole country will be plunged into an even more terrible panic if the Democrats win in the November elections.

Whether these efforts to throw the fear of economic disaster into the voters will succeed is questionable. While Wisconsin has weathered the depression better than most States because of its diversified agriculture and industry, the slump has nevertheless taken a terrific toll. Many people in this State are frankly demanding "a new deal because things can't be any worse." In addition, there is no enthusiasm of any kind here for Herbert Hoover. Even the conservative Republican candidates scarcely dared mention his name or their connection with the national Republican ticket during the primary campaign last month. On the other hand, Roosevelt sentiment is strong in Wisconsin. The aggressiveness of Franklin Roosevelt has served to make up for the lack of leadership among the Wisconsin Democrats. It is proving a boon to the candidacies of A. G. Schmedeman, Mayor of Madison, who is running for the governorship on the Democratic ticket, and F. Ryan Duffy, Fond du Lac attorney, who is seeking to replace John J. Blaine in the Senate. Both candidates are able and honest, but, alas, colorless.

Duffy's opponent is John B. Chapple, thirty-three years old, who edits a newspaper in Ashland. Five years ago Chapple was an outspoken Communist sympathizer. Today he is one of the most reactionary Republicans in the State. In the primary campaign he denounced the La Follette Progressives as reds inspired directly from Moscow, and described the University of Wisconsin as a hotbed of atheism, radicalism, and immorality. His blatant, demagogic attack enabled him to defeat the popular John Blaine by approximately 10,000 votes.

The public-utility issue will play a large part in the final outcome of both the State and national elections in Wisconsin. Judging by the platforms of the Republican,

Democratic, and Socialist parties, the power trust has not a single political friend left in the State. All three parties early this month adopted planks calling for strict regulation of the public utilities and for public ownership where regulation breaks down. But the sincerity of the Democratic and Republican planks, particularly the latter, may readily be questioned. The power interests themselves supported and generously contributed to Kohler's primary campaign, going so far as to warn their employees to vote for Kohler or face wage reductions and possible loss of their jobs. But now the Kohler managers are bidding for Progressive support with the new public-utility plank, which obviously is intended only to serve as window dressing. The Democratic utility record is none too good. At the nominating convention last spring the power interests were influential enough to keep the power question out of the Democratic campaign platform. However, Roosevelt's statements on this question have had a profound effect, especially in this State where thousands of investors were caught in the Insull collapse. Mayor Schmedeman was one of the first Democrats to demand a utility plank. After his nomination he threatened to run on an independent platform if the new State platform failed to take a strong stand on the power question. He got the plank he wanted.

The second major issue has to do with unemployment relief. It is conservatively estimated that in the coming year Wisconsin will have to spend \$20,000,000 to help the jobless. The conservative Republicans have shown by their campaign speeches and their activities in the State legislature that they want the communities to "take care of their own." In the senate they fought every move to increase income taxes, or to reach tax-exempt dividends, for the purpose of meeting the cost of unemployment relief. They blocked every effort of Governor La Follette to have the legislature enact a comprehensive and adequate relief measure, and finally approved a compromise measure which provided no more than \$6,500,000 for relief. Former Governor Kohler is now promising to reduce expenditures, and hence taxes, and at the same time is declaring that in Wisconsin "nobody shall starve." How he plans to raise the money necessary to feed the unemployed without new taxes or increased expenditures he does not say. The Democrats, on the other hand, have adopted the Progressive position that the State must help, and must do this by taxing the incomes of those who are really able to carry this extra burden.

The outcome in November depends primarily upon the Progressives, whose leaders have now openly indorsed not only Governor Roosevelt, but the Democratic candidates on the State ticket as well. If Roosevelt, Schmedeman, and Duffy, with the help of this valuable support from the La Follettes, can attract most of the 320,000 voters who cast their ballots for Philip La Follette in the primaries, Wisconsin will go Democratic. But if the Progressives stay away from the polls or split their vote, the conservative Republicans may win. In either event it is apparent that Roosevelt will poll a huge vote.



# The Tariff on Sugar—a Case Study

By HERVE SCHWEDERSKY

ONE way to learn what effects tariffs really have is to take the question entirely out of the realm of generalities and come down to specific case studies. For this purpose our tariff on sugar has the advantage of having been in existence sufficiently long to afford a basis for long-range study. It was during the Administration of George Washington that a tariff on sugar was first imposed. Duties were assessed against imported sugar by the Act of July 4, 1789, in the amount of 1 cent a pound on brown sugars, 3 cents a pound on loaf sugars, and 1½ cents on all other sugars. We have had a tariff on sugar ever since, with the exception of four years under the Administration of Benjamin Harrison. Under the McKinley bill of October 1, 1890, a bounty of 2 cents a pound was granted to the home product. Sugar below the so-called "Dutch standard" was placed on the free list, while sugar above the standard was made dutiable at ½ cent a pound. This bounty was repealed in 1894 and the old-fashioned tariff was once more restored.

On December 17, 1903, under Theodore Roosevelt, the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty granted a reduction of 20 per cent on sugar imports from Cuba, making the duty on 96-degree raw sugar 1.348 cents a pound. Since then practically all of the dutiable sugar imported to this country has come from Cuba, and the rate in effect against Cuban sugar is the only one having any real bearing on our sugar trade. This tariff was lowered under the Administration of Woodrow Wilson, raised by the Emergency Tariff bill of 1921, and again on September 22, 1922, under the Fordney-McCumber bill, when the duty against Cuban imports was fixed at 1.7648 cents a pound. On June 17, 1930, President Hoover signed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act. Among its many other increases that bill raised the duty on raw sugar to 2 cents a pound for Cuba and 2.50 cents for other foreign countries. On refined sugar the duty is 2.12 cents for Cuba and 2.65 cents a pound for other foreign countries.

It is interesting to refer back to the *Congressional Record* of March, 1930, when the new sugar tariff was under discussion in the Senate, and to read the impassioned speeches urging the increased duty in order to save the beet farmers and preserve our high standard of living and wages. We can also find in the same *Congressional Record* that the Tariff Commission, after an investigation, had found that the difference in the cost of producing sugar in this country as against Cuba was 1.23 cents a pound, a dissenting report placing this differential at 1.57 cents. Even at the higher figure this differential was less than the prevailing duty of 1.7648 cents; it represented only 78½ per cent of the new duty.

Another item worthy of note which was brought out in the discussion was that beet growers employ to a large extent cheap foreign labor, specially imported for the purpose, principally from Mexico. But this evidently failed to impress the proponents of the higher tariff. The real purpose of the tariff was to raise the price of sugar in this country artificially and in that way to safeguard the profits of the beet-sugar industry.

A comparison between the open-market price of sugar and the duties levied against it (as compiled by Willett and Gray) is illuminating:

Year	Average Price of Raw Sugar Without Duty (cents per pound)	Duty on Cuban Sugar (cents per pound)	Percent- age of Duty
1910	2.828	1.3480	47.67
1915	3.626	1.0048	27.71
1921	3.459	1.6000	46.26
1922	2.977	1.7648	59.28
1928	2.459	1.7648	71.77
1930	1.499	2.0000	133.42
1932 (High)	1.200 (Jan. 8)	2.0000	166.67
1932 (Low)	0.570 (May 31)	2.0000	350.88
1932 (Recent)	1.160 (Oct. 18)	2.0000	172.41

In other words, while the duty represented almost 48 per cent of the price of raw sugar in 1910, it was reduced under Woodrow Wilson so that in 1915 it was a little under 28 per cent. The Emergency Tariff bill raised this to 46 per cent and the Fordney-McCumber bill to 59 per cent in 1922. The Hawley-Smoot bill brought this up to 133 per cent, while at the low prices of this year the duty represented 351 per cent of the open-market price on 96-degree Cuban centrifugal raw sugar. This low price of 0.57 cents a pound is the lowest price on record; it barely covers the incidental costs of making and handling the raw sugar, with nothing left for the grower of the sugar cane.

To understand the tariff and its effects, it is necessary to have an idea of the importance of the home industry it was intended to protect. The total consumption of sugar in the United States in 1931 was 5,475,000 tons. Of this amount 2,036,000 tons, or 37 per cent, came from Cuba; 2,111,000 tons, or 38 per cent, came from our insular possessions, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico; and 1,293,000 tons, or 24 per cent, was domestic production. But the domestic sugar production is no better off, comparatively, in 1931 than it was ten years earlier. In 1921 and 1922, for example, our domestic production amounted to 26 per cent of our total consumption, compared with only 24 per cent in 1931. We were then importing 52 per cent of our consumption from Cuba and 21 per cent from our insular possessions. In other words, the tariff, even if we trace it back to the pre-war period, has not helped the home industry to any appreciable extent, but has merely helped our insular possessions to the detriment of Cuba. It has stimulated production in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico, where our present tariff is the equivalent of a bounty of 2 cents a pound on sugar. This bounty is paid by the consumer. The sugar tariff is costing the consumer about \$300,000,000 a year, or more than the total war-debt payments annually due the United States—a rather heavy tribute to pay for the upkeep of our beet-sugar barons.

This policy of discrimination against Cuba becomes even more incongruous when we compare the relative importance of our investments in the various sugar-producing countries.



The latest available figures place the following estimates on these investments:

Domestic beet-sugar industry.....	\$221,418,000
Domestic cane-sugar industry.....	56,274,000
Hawaii sugar industry.....	127,266,000
Porto Rico sugar industry.....	78,966,000
Philippines sugar industry.....	190,187,000

Total ..... \$674,101,000

Against this we have invested in the

Cuban sugar industry.....	\$800,000,000
Other investments in Cuba.....	750,000,000

Our total interest in Cuba..... \$1,550,000,000

These figures hardly need comment.

It might be added that increasing overproduction in the leading producing countries leads to a collapse in world prices of sugar; and such a collapse, of course, affects the domestic producer. Thus the tariff on sugar has turned into a boomerang which threatens to destroy even those whom it was primarily intended to save and protect.

There is another side to the tariff problem which is of paramount importance, but which is almost invariably overlooked when tariffs are under discussion. This is the relationship between tariffs and exports. Let us observe what effect the tariff on sugar has had on our trade with Cuba. Between 1910 and 1914 our imports from that country amounted to \$122,077,000 annually, sugar and molasses accounting for \$92,842,000. Our exports to Cuba during the same period averaged \$63,047,000. The rise of sugar prices during the war and of our sugar consumption greatly increased the value of our imports. In 1920 these imports reached the amazing total of \$722,000,000. But this was accompanied by a corresponding rise in our exports to Cuba, which in 1920 amounted to \$515,000,000.

Since then the fall in sugar prices and the effects of our own tariff policy have gradually curtailed Cuba's purchasing power. This curtailment was immediately reflected in a corresponding decline of our exports. Between 1921 and 1925 our imports from Cuba averaged about \$300,000,000, and our exports to Cuba about \$175,000,000. Both continued to drop until in 1931 our imports were \$90,059,000 and our exports \$46,964,000. This represents a drop of 26 per cent from the 1910-14 averages. (The figures are taken from Department of Commerce reports.)

In order to dispel any doubts, it may be pointed out here that the excess of our imports from Cuba over our exports to that country represents, with minor adjustments, dividends and interest payments on our investment in Cuba. Needless to say, these payments have declined in proportion to the decline of our foreign trade, and the purchasing power of American investors has been curtailed by the amount of that decline. In Cuba the collapse of sugar prices has resulted in widespread revolt, in bombings and killings, in poverty and suffering, heightened by the desperate efforts of the Machado regime to preserve Cuba's credit in America and to meet all payments on the foreign debt. A careful analysis of our trade with Cuba discloses a close relationship between the plight of Cuba and the plight of the American farmer. Following is a comparison of our sales, in dollar values, of various articles to Cuba in 1925 and in 1931:

	1925	1931
Meats .....	\$9,332,000	\$2,038,000
Lard .....	14,326,000	3,920,000
Milk and cream.....	2,746,000	246,000
Eggs .....	3,142,000	20,000
Boots and shoes.....	6,532,000	153,000
Wheat flour .....	9,970,000	3,748,000
Beans .....	2,238,000	80,000
Potatoes .....	2,156,000	172,000
Cotton cloth .....	13,593,000	4,884,000
Coal .....	3,062,000	1,398,000
Iron and steel.....	13,538,000	1,398,000
Industrial machinery	24,550,000	1,394,000
Sugar-mill machinery	11,767,000	99,000
Automobiles .....	5,053,000	570,000

In sum, the tariff on sugar has completely failed in everything that it was intended to do. It is costing the consumer \$300,000,000 a year and yet it has failed to maintain sugar prices. It has promoted overproduction. It has destroyed a large part and jeopardized the balance of our investments in Cuba, totaling \$1,550,000,000. It has practically wiped out our export trade with Cuba, and has hurt the farmer and the manufacturer. Instead of promoting employment at home, it has helped Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and has contributed to our own unemployment problem by destroying our exports of products manufactured in America and of food products raised in this country. It has not safeguarded the profits of our sugar industry, but has merely postponed for a short period the ultimate decline of that industry. It has impoverished Cuba and hurt the United States. And this is just one sample tariff schedule.

## A Country Clothes Line

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

We strung the clothes line out between two trees where what we stood to lose of landscape had the least claim upon our eyes' opinion—a nettle patch, a side of broken fence, an old apple that looked as if the winds of twenty years had stored their sweepings on it.

I could not bear to see them covered up, and when it came to hanging the first wash I walked away stooped under private cloud.

When I returned I looked up niggardly at what I must grow used to see, and saw a pleasant something else.

I saw a sheet by its wet weight gone low enough to take a border etch of tilting grass stems; above, some birds parading on the line gave it a lively counter border, while the sheet moistly took sunlight like a polish.

Whereby I learned that given space enough Nature by prompt adoption, or it may be called familial recognition, can set anything at home.



# Pending Repeal

By FORREST REVERE BLACK

**M**ILLIONS of Americans, listening in on the Democratic convention in June, believed that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was just around the corner. As the delegates from the rural fastnesses of the South and West voted wet, Mrs. Charles Sabin, generalissimo of the feminine foes of prohibition, was heard to remark: "Where are the thirteen States now that can block repeal?" That there has been a tremendous upheaval in public sentiment no one can doubt, but certain hard facts stand in the way of outright repeal in the near future.

The amending process is a cumbersome one. Two-thirds of both houses of Congress must initiate the amendment, if the customary method is used, and this means that before the proposed amendment can ever go to the States, it must have bi-party support. There has never been a time in our history when one political party controlled a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. This one fact diminishes somewhat the significance of the Democratic platform, and it should not be forgotten that the Republican convention repudiated outright repeal. Further, many delegations voting wet in the Democratic convention represented States that will be predominantly Republican in the next Congress. But even assuming that the Democrats will carry three-fourths of the States, there is no certainty that the representatives of that party will abide by the national platform on the prohibition issue. Twelve days after the convention adjourned, a Democratic Senator, speaking on the floor of the United States Senate, said that "beverage alcohol is a squanderer of morals, intellect, and will. . . . To say that it should not be forbidden by law and fought by every weapon at our command is to deny our duty both to God and mankind." Yet this Senator represented a State whose delegates voted unanimously for repeal in the convention.

The votes on the various "beer resolutions" in the closing days of the last Congress should have dampened the ardor of those who insist that immediate repeal is possible. Scores of Democratic members in the House and Senate brazenly repudiated the fresh mandate of their party formulated in the national convention. Moreover, the wets in their enthusiasm for a signal victory have forgotten the fact that no amendment has ever been repealed. They have forgotten that the Supreme Court of the United States in 1895, by a decision of five to four, overruled a well-established principle when it declared that a federal income tax was unconstitutional, and that we had to wait eighteen years to get an amendment to cure the effect of that decision. In the meantime we fought the Spanish-American War relying on odious and ineffective stamp taxes. It has been estimated that the federal government lost more than a billion dollars in revenue because of the awkward character of our amending machinery. The advocates of the "lost" Child Labor Amendment could reveal much to the repealists if they would listen.

The most important roll call on prohibition in the last Congress was on the proposal to bring the Beck-Linthicum amendment out of committee. This was the first wet and dry test vote in Congress in a decade, and the wets piled up a

surprise vote of 187 but were defeated by a dry vote of 227. If that vote were tabulated by States, we should find that the 227 dry votes would put twenty-eight States in the dry column—and thirteen States can block permanently any effort at repeal.

At the present time most of the wet organizations and their leaders, failing to appreciate the inherent difficulty of the amending process, are concentrating their energies on the ultimate objective—repeal. They have neglected a consideration of the more immediately pressing question—what to do in the interim. Inevitably they will find that the most effective program for ultimately doing away with prohibition lies in a gradual, piecemeal attack.

There are today two minority schools of anti-prohibition thought concerned with the immediate problem—the modificationists and the nullificationists. The aim of the Congressional Districts Modification League is to amend the Volstead Act and liberalize the statutory definition of an "intoxicating liquor." It is true that there is no scientific agreement as to the exact alcoholic content of an intoxicating beverage, and hence it would be possible to raise somewhat the limit of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1 per cent specified in the Volstead Act and still be able to run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court. But as a solution, modification is a futile method because the wet forces would not be satisfied with anything short of genuine beer and good wine, and both of these are, by definition, intoxicating. While the Eighteenth Amendment remains in the Constitution, it is futile to hope that the Supreme Court of the United States, whatever its personal sympathies and whatever changes in personnel may occur, will declare that genuine beer and good wine are non-intoxicating.

The way out of the prohibition muddle will probably be found in nullification. The Eighteenth Amendment is not self-executing. Therefore, the best wet strategy would be for the House of Representatives to refuse to appropriate money for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. According to the vote on the Beck-Linthicum bill, the wets need acquire only twenty-two additional votes to accomplish this. Then, when a wet majority is obtained in the Senate, the Volstead Act can be repealed. The wet States in the meantime can repeal their enforcement acts. But it should be obvious that this would not constitute a solution of the prohibition problem. It would not even satisfy the wets, because an unregulated and a non-revenue-producing liquor traffic is unthinkable as a solution.

It will require some time and perhaps several roll calls to convince the wet organizations that repeal is not a feasible present remedy. It will be an even longer time before anti-prohibition leaders realize that nullification can be utilized as a process of government. But once the ideas are grasped, first, that it is possible to raise revenue from the liquor traffic, and, second, that it is possible to regulate the traffic without having either the revenue or the regulatory laws declared unconstitutional as violating the Eighteenth Amendment, the "noble experiment" will have started toward its end.



The principle is well established that the government, in taxing a business, does not recognize its lawful character and does not sanction its existence. After the citizen pays his tax, he simply has a receipt and not a license to engage in the business taxed. As early as 1811 a Georgia court, construing a State statute that imposed a tax of \$1,000 on a faro table used for the purpose of gambling, in every different county in which it was so used, held that the use of the faro table for the purpose of gambling was not rendered lawful by the tax imposed on the instrument. At the present time, under the federal income tax, our government levies a tax on the bootlegger's profits from the illicit traffic in liquor. It is well established that a tax may be imposed for purposes of revenue or, under the police power, for purposes of regulation or prohibition. If it is used for purposes of prohibition, it constitutes a penalty for carrying on the prohibited business. It is clear therefore that the government can impose a tax upon a business that is prohibited.

When it comes to the regulation of the liquor traffic, if federal and State enforcement acts were repealed, it would be possible for the States under the police power to regulate the liquor traffic without violating the prohibition amendment. By a system of negative regulations the State can penalize what it wants to penalize. Justice Holmes has said: "The State may direct its law against what it deems the evil as it actually exists without covering the whole field of possible abuses." A lack of abstract symmetry in the law does not matter. An illustration will aid in making clear this proposition. The State of Montana has repealed the State prohibition law. But in another section of the Montana Code there is still on the statute books a law providing for a penalty for the sale of liquor to minors. Does anyone doubt that a violator of that law commits an offense against the State for which he can be punished? Does anyone contend that such a law sanctions or authorizes the sale of liquor to adults? That law constitutes a typical illustration of what may be designated a negative regulation under a system of State nullification. If that law is valid, why is it not within the constitutional competency of a State, under the police power, to make it an offense to sell liquor on Sunday or on any day after certain hours? And if that can be done, why is it not possible to provide by a series of negative regulations a control of the conditions of sale and consumption of liquor? It would not require extraordinary adroitness, in drafting such legislation, to keep free from drifting into a position where the State would be positively legalizing what the Eighteenth Amendment condemns.

The effect of such a policy would be that where public sentiment in a State allowed it, all persons not within the proscribed classes would be enabled to procure palatable liquor under the circumstances and conditions permitted by the State law. It should be noted further that under a policy of nullification liquor manufacturers and dealers would not be permitted to incorporate, and contracts for the sale of alcoholic beverages would not be enforceable, in either State or federal courts as long as the Eighteenth Amendment remained in the Constitution. The absence of corporate and credit facilities for the liquor traffic would constitute a distinct social advantage, for the reason that the liquor business would be in the hands of small producers and retailers under circumstances that would be conducive to competition in quality and price.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter has reason to believe, after an encounter with a Westerner fresh from the ranges, that the West—and the Drifter means the West that is east of California—is much the same as it has been. For one thing, the dirt road still prevails, and twin ruts lead to many a distant ranch. Only the main-traveled highways have suffered any improvement. At the risk of offending some of his friends in the cow country, the Drifter admits to satisfaction at the news. There is nothing like a dirt road for discouraging progress—and he has hopes that he will yet have time for one last look at the great open spaces before service stations begin to crowd the cattle trails.

\* \* \* \* \*

ASIDE from the negative value of keeping traffic out, the dirt road has a positive value. Unlike the broad cement that invites speed and imposes restlessness, the dirt road is leisurely. It is narrow, but its narrowness has no oppressive connotations because it is never straight. Macadam leads always somewhere else. It is a foreigner passing through. But the dirt road is static and indigenous, inviting contentment for the simple reason that there is no incentive to go on. In the populous East it offers the easiest way to seclusion. Getting away from it all consists usually in turning down any one of a thousand "little dirt roads." And surprisingly enough, if the traveler follows almost any one of them, he is likely to find, not so much as a mile from the main cement, a remote section of land and life he had not dreamed existed.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOME of the most mysterious dirt roads the Drifter has ever found lie between hedgerows in Brittany, and are less than half a mile long. Along their course one may find the Middle Ages in a worn statue of the Virgin, a deserted monastery, or the wondering eyes of a peasant peering from a shadowy barn and then receding into its depths. As for the rest of France, it is certainly along the unpaved roads and towpaths that one learns about the Frenchman's way of life. And it is not too much to say that to follow the dirt roads of any country is to find the quickest route to an understanding of its inhabitants.

\* \* \* \* \*

IT is the dirt road of the sparsely populated American West that the Drifter finds most satisfying, probably because he spent one of his most memorable months journeying through a remote section of the Idaho sheep country in an early automobile whose tool kit included not only a tire pump and a jack but a shovel for slicing off high centers. For days the car followed precarious ruts, stopping at night at a hospitable sheep camp or a crude settlement. Sometimes it passed—or was passed by—a slow but steady sheep wagon. For the most part it was alone on the landscape. And it is that experience, not so much of seclusion as of going nowhere with all possible delay, that the Drifter would like to repeat before the net of cement closes in.

THE DRIFTER



## Correspondence

### "Good-for-Nothing"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thoreau says somewhere that a man is not morally or intellectually the worse for a patch on the seat of his pants. As a man who for the past thirteen months has been unemployed, I cannot say that I credit the statement with any truth. I don't have the patch as yet, but I sense vividly, wind and weather aiding, a need for several good-sized blocks of warm cloth. Correspondingly I feel that my mind needs patching, too. My suit has, through all these days, lost caste among the respectable, for when I walk halfway across the city to apply for a job, I meet the employer and he sums me up in a sharp, critical glance, fraught with disapproval. It's a pretty lowly suit of clothes, I grant. Yet it is, apparently, too good for sitting with my fellow-sufferers and getting up any kind of conversation. They distrust my grooming.

Through all this past summer I have tried to while away some of the hours of my enforced idleness in Grand Circus Park, a trysting place for us "good-for-nothings." (This phrase I caught from the lips of a portly old lady who was scrutinizing the "benchers" from her straight-eight Packard.) There was quite a bit of talk in June and July among the impromptu assemblies in the park, and the general drift of it all was that since the "pick-up" didn't come in the spring, it was bound by some cosmic necessity to appear on the scene full-fledged on or near October 1. There were some dissenters from the opinion, but they were Communists and had nothing to offer in the way of "good times." My comrades seem to distrust the reds because, as I have heard more than one of them declare, they "don't have the cash."

It's a little chilly around the park now, and even the pigeons are not coming so frequently. The fountain is dry, and there are dead leaves in its basin. The Statler Hotel, diagonally across the street, still prospers, its sizable monolith screaming out the victory of man over matter. A great many people go there in the evening for dinner. They can be seen alighting from richly appointed cars on the arms of mummified chauffeurs. The "good-for-something" people hurry through the doors to sate their jaded appetites with the chef's table d'hôte, while the "benchers" across the street don't even wonder when they will go home for the good reason that they have no home. Not long ago when a big party was being given, twelve or more uniformed attendants, thickly stippled with shiny buttons, were waiting patiently, like male caryatids, under the brilliantly lighted marquise. A shaggy-faced veteran of the depression, on the eve of his third jobless winter, had been talking to me, but stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed in a cold stare of hatred, as he saw three cars drive up to the curb and unload a set of shamelessly laughing women. When, I asked myself, will the venom of hate, born of sheer hunger, tingle in his fingers and drive him to murder?

By dint of avoiding breakfast except for a cup of coffee, and for my lunch taking two apples, which I get for a nickel, I can live well into the middle of January. Then I don't know what will happen. I am, possibly, an educated man. The few years that I have earned my way in the world, I have done so by the white-collar method. In fact, I taught French in one of our larger educational plants in the Middle West. I am a bachelor and master—of arts. "You've had it soft," I was told by a former Chrysler employee, who asked me how many hours a day I put in on the job, and he was probably right. Now I am turned out into a world stinting of its mercies. Not for

long will I be able to continue my one-meal-per-day schedule; not for long will I dare to hope, in the face of the facts these fellow-benchers thrust upon me.

We are now in the middle of October. The "pick-up" didn't come. There is less and less talk going on, and the men seem to be freezing into silent despair. It's much easier to get a seat in the park, too, for the weather is already wintry. I and doubtless counted fortunate for the possession of an overcoat by those that still go there wearing the same clothing they wore in June.

I have, as I said, enough money for scant provender until January. What then? I don't quite know. I don't believe I can stick it out with my comrades of the bench, and I am afraid that in my impending adversity I shall put my distress to uses not deemed sweet by the law of this land.

Detroit, October 17

"GOOD-FOR-NOTHING"

## Pairing Votes for Thomas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am one of those who believe that the only liberal votes which will not be thrown away this fall will be those cast for Norman Thomas. There are, nevertheless, many who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should help elect Hoover. There are others who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should elect Roosevelt. Both of these groups are likely to go to the polls with a heavy heart and vote to keep someone out rather than for their first choice. Their votes, moreover, will in large measure cancel each other.

I believe we have devised a way to enable both of these groups to do that which they really desire most of all—namely, to vote for Thomas without injury to their second choice and without aid for the candidate whom they dislike most. The method briefly is this: Will all such voters communicate briefly to one of the vote exchanges mentioned below (1) their name, (2) the State in which they live, and (3) whether they are planning to vote for Hoover or Roosevelt. We will then arrange pairs from identical States and will inform each person who the other member of his pair is. Both will then be able to vote for their first choice, Thomas, without fear of aiding or injuring the chances of either the Democratic or Republican candidate.

This seems a fruitful way of transforming wasted votes into votes that really will mean something. Will voters in the Eastern States who feel themselves in such a predicament therefore kindly communicate with Miss Mary Fox, 112 East Nineteenth Street, who will manage such a voters' exchange in the East; and will those in the Middle West write me at 5660 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. It would be better still if some of the readers of this journal would start informal local exchanges, thus covering a wider area and lessening the burden of work upon the large exchanges.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS,

Chairman, Thomas and Maurer Committee of 100,000  
Chicago, October 20

## For Readers in Toledo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nation readers in and near Toledo who are interested in the formation of a discussion group may communicate with the undersigned at Post Office Box 81, Station F.

Toledo, Ohio, October 1

S. L. DAVIS



## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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# THE HYGIENE OF MARRIAGE

## A DETAILED CONSIDERATION OF SEX AND MARRIAGE

BY DR. MILLARD S. EVERETT  
Central YMCA College, Chicago

FOREWORD BY DR. CLARA M. DAVIS  
The Children's Memorial Hospital, Chicago

INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR T. V. SMITH  
University of Chicago

Read the following partial table of contents

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# Books and Drama

## Fable

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Silver as only windless water is,  
The pool gave back each willow to the sky.  
And so Narcissus, dreaming there of his  
Immaculate image—marble flank and thigh,  
Whose flesh no violence had set seal upon  
Or kissed alive; less mortal in such guise,  
More godlike, being half Hermes and half faun—  
Leaned to that mirror with adoring eyes.

Surely such beauty had not been before  
On earth. What golden wonderment could plague  
The heart with burning sweetness to the core!  
But strangely that reflection bore a vague  
Presage of peril grievous and unknown. . . .  
Poor fool, and if that face were not your own?

## Frank Harris Again

*Frank Harris.* By Hugh Kingsmill. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

THE formal biography of a liar is not easy to write, and Mr. Kingsmill has hardly attempted anything of the sort. Now and again he undertakes to establish an objective fact concerning his subject's earlier years, but for the most part he is content to draw upon his own knowledge and to supplement it with what his contemporaries can tell him. As a result, Harris's youth remains about as misty as it has always been before, but we get, nevertheless, the most vivid and illuminating of the various character sketches which have appeared. It is possible that more facts will be brought to light if anyone cares enough to search for them, but it is not likely that we shall get a more convincing portrait of a picturesque and exasperating scoundrel who remains strangely pathetic despite his manifold sins.

In the pages of *The Nation* Mr. Francis Hackett once accused me bitterly of romanticizing this scoundrel for the purpose of depreciating his friendly enemy, Bernard Shaw. I certainly had no intention of making myself the champion of a man whom his associates, almost without exception, found utterly impossible; but Mr. Kingsmill's book abundantly supports my real contention—namely, that Harris's downfall was due not only to his vices, but to his queer, incongruous virtues as well. He was unscrupulous, untruthful, and treacherous. No one could work with him or even lend him a hand without being brought sooner or later to regret the association. And yet a quixotic impulse, a sudden inability to conceal any longer what he really felt, would wreck his scoundrelly plans to succeed at all costs. He might get the editorship of the *Fortnightly* and be cynically determined to rise in the Tory ranks; but he would lose his job by defending Parnell when Tory respectability became more than he could bear. Thus, also, when he was editor of the *Saturday Review*, he could jeopardize his position by privately defending Oscar Wilde, and could finally make that position impossible by his support of the Boers. One may succeed by being thoroughly dishonest and—occasionally—by being thoroughly honest, but there is nothing which leads more surely to failure than hypocrisy tempered by occasional outbursts of

sincerity. A really decent man would never have consented to try to rise in a party whose principles he despised, but an efficiently contemptible one would not have destroyed himself in an access of honesty. Harris's liberalism, like his enthusiasm for Shakespeare and Jesus, was shrill, exhibitionistic, and a little absurd, but it was genuine in its own way.

Without obtruding psychological theories, Mr. Kingsmill makes it perfectly clear that Harris is to be understood only as the victim of an inferiority complex too severe to be other than destructive. Whatever his real youth may have been, he was very anxious to conceal it by hinting at social and educational advantages which he never had, and by determining to succeed so spectacularly at something—whether politics or literature—as to wipe out all doubts about himself. That he had, besides this spur, certain genuine talents is proved by the measure of renown he actually achieved; but he was one of those unfortunate men whose needs outrun their capacity, and he made up the difference with pretense and with delusion. Sometimes he blustered and cheated his way into prominence; sometimes he indulged in empty boasting which was obviously ridiculous to everyone except himself. When he started his career as a boot-black, he was soon shining two pairs to his employer's one; when he went to work as a laborer on the Brooklyn Bridge, his foreman told him, "You are the best in the shift"; when he became a cowboy, he was recognized as the best rider that had ever been seen; and, of course, his triumphs with women put Don Juan and Casanova to shame. But to take Harris at his own valuation is to be scarcely more wrong than to set him down as mere cad and fool. With less talent he would have been a madman; with more he might have been a genius. But here again he fell between two stools. His drive exceeded his capacity, and he would have gone farther if he had had either less of the one or more of the other.

Mr. Kingsmill is also, I think, essentially right in judging Harris's literary work as neither so good as his admirers claim nor so bad as his enemies would make out. His short stories were given exaggerated praise by men like Arnold Bennett, partly because they were in the newly fashionable style of the French masters, partly because Harris's personality startled one into the belief that his writings must be as extraordinary as the man himself. And much the same thing is true of his biography of Wilde and of his book on Shakespeare. Both are interesting without being truly great, but both are also sufficiently blustering and sensational to impress romantically minded persons to whom the grand gesture means much. Harris remains his own most interesting creation, and like any character in fiction he is remarkable by virtue of the simple fact that he is vivid. One can hardly like a man who is both vicious and ridiculous, but that does not prevent him from becoming a very picturesque figure in legend.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Still Groping

*Beyond Desire.* By Sherwood Anderson. Liveright. \$2.50.

IN his time Sherwood Anderson has written moving autobiographies and some of the most exquisite short tales ever told on this continent. He has thrown light upon the dark interior of the Middle West. The trails he blazed in American prose have been beaten into broad highways by Hemingway and Dos Passos. He remains a spiritual force to which, despite all its shortcomings, we owe much: as we must owe much to any one who, in a country which does not encourage such virtues, has stood for honesty and simplicity of heart.

But the dismal fact persists after almost a score of years:



he is not by nature a novelist. Not one of his long fictions has withstood the weathering of time. They lack solidity, clarity, and conclusiveness. They are fabricated not out of powerful emotions, large ideas, and fully realized human beings, but—and too obviously—out of personal doubts, crises, memories, and temporary interests. The shaping spirit of imagination does not seem to work through them.

Remembering what Mr. Anderson will not learn about the writing of novels, one is not surprised to note that the seven years between "Black Laughter" and "Beyond Desire" have witnessed essentially little growth in him. He has moved from the Mississippi to a small Georgia mill town; and to his brace of standard confusions—confusion about sex and confusion about the deadness of American life—he has added a third: confusion about the class struggle. To the labor problem in the South he brings the same sincere bewilderment that, a dozen years ago, he lavished on the male menopause. A new subject matter has not created a new Anderson.

The subject matter itself is not quite clear. The theme of the section headed Youth is one not unfamiliar to readers of Anderson: the vague yearnings of Red Oliver, groper. The section entitled Mill Girls offers a touching, if not very solid, picture of the dreary life of young factory workers. The third part, Ethel, is really an independent long short story: a study of sexual frustration in a middle-class woman. The formal connection between the second and third sections is as casual and unsatisfactory as the physical encounter which binds Ethel to Red Oliver. The final division, Beyond Desire, pitchforks Red into a workers' struggle of whose import he is but dimly aware. He dies fighting a vague battle among a group of laborers and Communists the like of whom was surely never seen on land or sea. He might just as well have allied himself, as far as this reader is concerned, with a detachment of female Bostonians and perished in the cause of Christian Science. To add to the confusion, Anderson seems to have gone in for a new zigzag narrative method which courageously defies all the known laws of chronology and gives an average mortal's time-sense no chance whatsoever.

Red Oliver has little reality because Anderson himself does not seem quite to know what he symbolizes. Furthermore, Red's background, which is supposed to be part of the boy, is never convincingly created. The mill girls, for all the author's sympathy and warmth, are wraiths. They talk a language patented by Anderson years ago and used solely by characters appearing under his management. His poor whites have simply not been studied: small-town baseball fans do not, when expressing approval of a neat play, cry out: "Good!" A tramp, wishing to ridicule affected language, cannot say: "Ain't we getting swell! We are getting highbrow," without giving the reader an uneasy sensation of something wrong—a sensation which becomes a positive conviction when such tiny errors in verisimilitude are repeated a thousand times. Anderson is uncertain about his people mainly because they are so uncertain about themselves. He identifies himself with their bewilderment, which is a disconcerting attitude for a novelist to take. It is all right enough to be bothered, as Anderson is, by the ambiguity of experience, but when characters wander through 360 pages thinking: "It was unimportant. It was terribly important," the reader may be forgiven for wondering whether it was either. Traditionally, a novel embodies the resolution of an emotional conflict in the author's temperament. Anderson never advances beyond the conflict itself. Even this might be interesting if only it were clearly recorded. But it is not—and, in any case, it is debatable whether a novelist has a right to keep on asking himself questions for 360 pages.

Furthermore, has he a right to stud these pages with such grave discoveries as those which inform us that in the South "a great deal is made of family"; that "people like to be bullied

by doctors"; that "young men have the blues as well as old men"? It would be small-minded to object to such trifles were they not part of the very fabric of the book. Their combined weight destroys almost entirely the force of the many fine isolated insights that "Beyond Desire" actually contains.

I, for one, should welcome a return to those clear and simple Andersonian moods from which came the finest tales in "Winesburg, Ohio" and "Horses and Men," and those magnificent interludes imbedded in "Tar" and "A Story-Teller's Story." I cannot believe that Sherwood Anderson was cut out to be a novelist; and if a dwindling audience means anything, this is a unique or cranky judgment. Sherwood Anderson's talents are too valuable to be squandered on a difficult art form for which his nature does not appear to be precisely adapted.

CLIFTON FADIMAN

## More About Gandhi

*That Strange Little Brown Man Gandhi.* By Frederick B. Fisher. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$2.50.

A RECENT Associated Press dispatch from Simla reports that the British government has banned Bishop Fisher's book, and that no translations, reprints, or substantial reproductions will be allowed in India. In view of this, one might expect the volume to be an indiscriminate and wholesale indictment of the British in India. This is far from true. Dr. Fisher is pro-Indian but not anti-British. He is an anti-imperialist. He first went to India about three decades ago, and ever since has gone back and forth, residing from 1920 to 1930 in Calcutta. He knows India, and though he may underestimate the obstacles in the way of immediate self-rule, he sees as a whole the turbulent Indian situation. In this volume he describes the part played by Gandhi in the contemporary life of the country.

The value of the book consists not so much in its relation of new facts as in its presentation of the personal experience of one who has had many opportunities to study the various phases of the present-day Indian problem. Much that Dr. Fisher says of Gandhi is familiar to all who have read either the Mahatma's autobiography or the excellent summaries of it by C. F. Andrews in his volumes on Gandhi's life and ideas. But Dr. Fisher has known Gandhi for twenty-five years, and his experience with the Indian leader was worth recording.

Dr. Fisher, in describing Gandhi's efforts to remove the discrimination against Indians in South Africa, cites the following example of Christianity in that country. In 1925 he visited South Africa and had occasion to discuss an important matter with a brilliant young Indian, a graduate with honors from a British university. He suggested that they meet in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. for a conference. "I am sorry, but I am afraid they won't let me in there," said the young Indian. Dr. Fisher laughed at him and said: "Come along. I will be expecting you." Dr. Fisher went to the director of the Y. M. C. A. and told him what he had done. The director was embarrassed, but said that because of public opinion no Indian could be allowed in his lobby. Dr. Fisher went back to his hotel and left word to have his friend sent up to his room immediately on his arrival. But the student was not allowed to enter the lobby to ask for him at the hotel desk. He himself had to go out on to the street to talk to the student, and as Dr. Fisher stood there on the sidewalk almost speechless, the student said without rancor: "There's a Mohammedan mosque just down the street. They'll let us in." And so the only public place that an Indian Christian college graduate and a white Christian bishop could find for a Christian talk was on the cushioned floor of a Mohammedan mosque.

SAVEL ZIMAND



## Genetics: 1932

*Genetic Principles in Medicine and Social Science.* By Lancelot Hogben. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

THE cover blurb, presumably written by the publisher, gives a picturesque description of the contents of Hogben's book, asserting that when reputable biologists write of the alleged superiority of the Nordic race, of the hereditary and environmental ingredients which produce feeble-mindedness and criminality, and other such generalizations, they have as a rule no certain knowledge of the truth of their statements. The author gives in his preface a somewhat more constructive picture of his objectives. It is, he states, his endeavor to discuss what methods can be applied to the extremely elusive nature of the materials with which human genetics has to deal. Two main points of view are kept in mind: (1) an examination of the clinical evidence available and of its value as scientific data; (2) a discussion of genetic concepts as applied to sociological problems. About half of the book deals with the applications of familiar genetic principles; and while, for the general reader, there is a good deal of detail, yet this serves to bring home the importance of keeping in mind the insufficiency of much of the evidence. The author's choice of illustrative materials—data concerning identical twins, the more convincing examples of human pathological cases, the evidence from the four blood groups of man—brings out the advances that have been made in recent years as well as the need of caution in handling even the better-known traits of human inheritance.

For the general reader the chapter on the genetic background of social behavior can be recommended as a careful handling of a much-abused topic. The chapter on the Concept of Race that follows may serve to open the eyes of anthropologists and social economists to some of the intricacies in this popular field of forensic discussion. Hogben's analysis of the genetic concept of race is the best that has been printed to date—critically cautious and not without humor. Geneticists, Hogben says, believe that anthropologists have settled the problem of the number of races of mankind. Anthropologists think that their classifications are sanctioned by genetic principles. Social philosophers believe that their prejudices are grounded on the laws both of genetics and of physical anthropology.

The generation to which Huxley and Haeckel belonged entertained a very generous belief in the information to be gained from a comparative study of human physique. A less optimistic attitude prevails today. Modern genetics has shown, among other things, how easy it is to draw false conclusions from evidence which in the past was used to construct imaginary pedigrees. The prevailing idea that the weight of the brain or the size of the cranium can be taken as a measure of individual capacity for civilized life is shown to rest on insecure foundations and to be lacking in objective evidence to support it. The connection that is known to exist between the size of the body and cranial capacity is generally ignored when comparisons of this sort are made. Bismarck's brain weighed 1,867 grams, while that of Leibnitz, the discoverer of the calculus, weighed only 1,257 grams. Pearson, using Wendt's data, found the average weights of the brain of day laborers and of that of members of the academic class were respectively 1,299 grams and 1,384 grams; but the average body weight of the former was 53.9 kilograms, while that of the latter was 64. If the brain weights of the day laborers were increased in the ratio of the body weights of the professors, the average laborer's brain should be weighed as 1,542 grams as against the professor's 1,384.

With regard to the conclusions that have been promulgated by eugenicists concerning intermarriage between widely separated racial groups, Hogben gives a devastating analysis of the evi-

dence from which certain of these conclusions have been deduced. This treatment alone is so far ahead of its time that it seems doubtful whether the lesson it conveys will be taken to heart by eugenicists and social reformers. Even over-enthusiastic geneticists may find it "hard" reading.

The theory of natural selection has influenced sociologists more profoundly, in a superficial sense (if the paradox be allowed), than any other single doctrine of biology, partly because it has appeared to furnish support to a current social dogma that competition is the economic factor of social evolution. Darwin's achievement was so great that sociologists have failed to keep in touch with the subsequent history of the theory of natural selection. Darwin's view was based on the idea of blended inheritance, while the modern view rests on particulate inheritance. The working out of the two ideas involves important differences. Darwin supposed evolution to deal with essentially continuous materials in which, *without selection*, no change would occur, while today the creative side of organic evolution is found in the origin of mutant types that either transcend the original boundaries of variation of the species or else stabilize characteristics already present. The chance that a new type will survive depends on its relation to the environment in which it finds itself, which relation may or may not involve competition with the type from which it arose. The old term "natural selection" may still be used in an altered sense to express the survival value of a new type after its appearance.

No other book treats these topics so critically and courageously, and there is no other that the doctor and sociologist can read with so much profit. The only doubt on this score that might arise is whether, without a pretty complete knowledge of modern genetics, the doctors will realize the need for self-criticism.

THOMAS HUNT MORGAN

## A Novel in Verse

*Rip Tide. A Novel in Verse.* By William Rose Benét. Duffield and Green. \$2.50.

MR. BENÉT'S belief is that a story may be told in verse with a condensation and intensification not possible to prose. Certainly the story of "Rip Tide" is not one which by originality of plot or character or theme would attract special attention. The forced ending would be criticized in a short story. It is the poetic form and only that which gives this novel in verse its power. In this form the very usual story holds the interest and stirs the emotions.

Mr. Benét is a good poet. His use of the narrative stanza of eight lines rhyming *a b c d, a b c d* is expert, and his abrupt change from this rather smooth-flowing and formal stanza to the broken and more conversational verse rhythms of the later chapters is entirely right. The poetic symbol of the sea used so consistently to interpret Sheila and later her son, Barry, does indeed intensify the reader's feeling for these characters. The narrative method, as always in the best poetic narratives, is that of stressing moments of high feeling only, of leaping from dramatic scene to dramatic scene, and of avoiding all exposition. The result is three portraits of lives connected by secret links. Each of these three lives runs an outwardly normal course; inwardly each is aware of a violence in feeling given no outlet. And so the drama is an inner drama—that is, at least, up till the last moment, when a rather arbitrarily chosen end is forced.

Mr. Benét's use of imagery is economical and yet fine. He allows himself no emotional debauches, no flights into fancy out of character with his speakers, no purely ornamental descriptive passages. His method of conveying emotions is most frequently a kind of poetic understatement which is very effective. Only now and then does he show these emotions in flood:



"My sea!" she thought. Tall tree-trunks of the grove  
Lined the red sun with black and rigid bars,  
Their purple shadows wavering down the snow.  
Yet somewhere swelled the dunes, somewhere must be  
That only corsive for the wounds of love,  
That clean, cold restitution of the stars,  
The seething foam, the roaring overflow  
Of the crested and unconquerable sea!

For the most part the characters live in action, in the modern world of reality; only at rare moments in their lives are they the dreamers.

But the result of Mr. Benét's success in making a commonplace story significant through its poetry is that, in the end, we miss the greater significance which might have been if the story itself had been more worthy of its vestments. We miss this poet's submergence in his theme, his own passionate convictions and emotions so beautifully presented in his earlier and more subjective poems. "Rip Tide" is a very good piece of work, but it somehow is not important. And Mr. Benét is capable of writing important poetry. It is skilful verse, some few passages have real beauty, but it remains, for the most part, merely very competent writing.

EDA LOU WALTON

## John Quincy Adams

*John Quincy Adams, "Old Man Eloquent."* By Bennett Champ Clark. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.75.

MR. CLARK'S book meets with much success the need for a new biography of John Quincy Adams. Nothing strikingly new is to be found in it, for the episodes in which Adams figured have been pretty thoroughly explored, but the narrative is exceptionally full and admirably balanced, and the style, save for an occasional lapse such as Canning "waded in," and a persistent reference to Adams as "J. Q. A.," is of a more than ordinarily high order. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Clark's work, aside from his clear and orderly handling of events, is the contrast which he draws throughout between Adams's personal qualities and his achievements as a statesman. Personally, Adams was without question the most consistently and comprehensively disagreeable man who has ever held high public office in this country, and Mr. Clark lets slip no observable opportunity to remind us of his sour and peppery temper, his quarrelsome disposition, his instinctive imputation of low motives to others, his vituperative language in controversy, his long memory for real or fancied affronts, and his stubborn refusal to meet suggestions of conciliation halfway. What he said or did in public, moreover, was elaborated and intensified in his famous diary. To these defects of temper was added the misfortune of an unimpressive appearance and a shrill, rasping voice. Yet if any American, all things considered, is to be accounted a statesman, Adams merits the designation.

Adams's success was due in part to circumstances and in part to the acuteness and independence of his mind. Entering the diplomatic service as a boy, he had acquired, by the time he became Secretary of State in 1817, a linguistic equipment, a familiarity with diplomatic procedure and international problems, a personal acquaintance with European rulers and statesmen, and a detached point of view regarding Europe such as no other head of the department has ever possessed when he took office. Nothing that he saw or experienced in Europe—the fall of the Dutch Republic, Russia under Alexander, the vexatious peace negotiations of 1814, the return of Napoleon from Elba—left him with the slightest illusion about European politics; and when, as Secretary of State, he carried through the negotiations that gave Florida to the United States, and later directed, more

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than anyone else, the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine, he knew exactly the diplomacy and the political conditions with which he was dealing.

The four years of Adams's Presidency were an interlude between an old political order and a new, relatively unimportant in achievement save for his championship of federal internal improvements, and his defeat in 1828 left him deeply chagrined. His memorable return to politics as a member of the House of Representatives, however, opened a new chapter in which every one of his qualities, good or bad, found supreme illustration. Mr. Clark's description of Adams's great fight over the right of petition is dramatic, but that long struggle, although quite the most spectacular of all in which he engaged, was only one in a list which included his stout defense of Jackson's course in forcing a reluctant France to pay its debt to the United States, his exposition of the right of a military commander to free slaves in time of war—a contention which Mr. Clark thinks entitles Adams to be called "the father of emancipation"—and his opposition to the annexation of Texas.

For all his vigor and incisiveness, Adams was no model of political consistency, and no single phrase could adequately describe either him or his policies. He was a nationalist and a jingo, an imperialist of a sort, a worshiper of the Constitution, an opponent of slavery but not an abolitionist, a stickler for official and technical proprieties, a ruthless and unbridled antagonist in debate, and too little of a politician to cling close to any party. Outside his family, where personal relations were singularly affectionate, there were no intimates in his life, and he lived, worked, and fought alone. Some softening of his asperities, Mr. Clark suggests, must have come with his last year or two; the tumult, at least, was over, the old fighter was treated with respect, and when at last he had his wish and fell in his place in the House, colleagues and the nation mourned. Mr. Clark's is the heartening story of a statesman who, with all his bristling faults, was never afraid, his enemies themselves being judges.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## The Last Classic

*The Ironic Temper. Anatole France and His Time.* Haakon M. Chevalier. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

**D**ESPITE its charming format, diverting illustrations, and searching analysis, Mr. Chevalier's study of Anatole France is a disappointing book. As analyst of one side of a much-adulated, yet enigmatic writer, Mr. Chevalier may seem superior in subtlety to Mr. Josephson, who has written a book on France's contemporary, Zola, which is really a study of Zola's times, but Mr. Chevalier's volume is very inferior in interest. The reason for this may well be that Mr. Chevalier has chosen to neglect an eventful period for a life which was extremely uneventful; moreover, he has only examined (and in what detail!) one aspect of that life, one facet of that singular character. As his title indicates, he has concentrated on the irony of Anatole France. The word occurs oftener in Mr. Chevalier's pages than in those of the Master himself. It is reiterated so frequently that in the long run one becomes sickened of the term.

Coming forward for the defense after the depreciations of J. J. Brousson and Barry Cerf, Mr. Chevalier makes a fairly good job of the case, but the case was lost in advance. He has performed a work of piety, but it is too late. As Bernard Fay has said in private conversation, "Anatole France is no longer the fashion"; and it is extremely unlikely that this fashion will return. Thanks largely to himself, to his profound lack of originality, of courage, of sincerity, to the vices of mind and heart which he sedulously cultivated, to the spectacle of that

ignoble and well-advertised senility which terminated in 1924, the patrician of letters who was a best seller, the profound ironist who was all things to all, the national philosopher who carried within him all his life the soul of a furtive child, left behind him, in his own country at least, an undisguised impression of boredom and disgust. How futile, then, to write, and to write well, a two-hundred-page eulogy on the irony of Anatole France, that famous irony which, amid so much that was sterile and enervating, he cultivated as his one trump card much as a certain type of juggler cultivates a single muscle! What does it profit an artist to become monarch of the whole Kingdom of Irony if he lose all else beside, if he fears the fatality of death as much as he has hated the fatality of living?

Yet there is much that might be said in extenuation of this overrated man, much that Mr. Chevalier, in his filial piety which takes so much for granted, has neglected to say. Edmund Wilson uttered the last word on France when he wrote recently that he summed up a bourgeois culture which began with the French Revolution and announced the death of that culture. He carried on in his bland, soft, insinuating fashion the deadening materialism of Taine, the universal skepticism of Renan. He was a true son of the Parisian bourgeoisie from which he sprang, a class which is temperamentally petty-minded, penny-wise, invincibly distrustful. The mentality can be profitably studied in the terrific pages of Léon Bloy's "Exegesis of Commonplaces"; and to that odious mentality France stayed faithful in the main throughout his long life. At the same time he was bookishly enamored of Greece and Rome, of the classic tradition, and he desired to be a classic himself in his own lifetime. It would impress the neighbors, and he had his wish. He overcame his natural inertia and self-indulgence sufficiently to produce some very pretty books, and when he became famous enough to enlist the interest of Mme Verdurin, known to history as Mme de Caillavet, she saw to it that he continued the manufacture of professional "masterpieces." In vain he protested, for he had a genuinely unpretentious side and hated the requisite industry of the artist. It was all in vain; he was "the greatest writer of France" and must live up to the reputation. Then came the Dreyfus Affair, and France, motivated by his formidable mistress, who was of Jewish stock, threw himself with relative energy on the unpopular, yet profitable side of the New Terror. It was then that he wrote his most stimulating books, "L'île des pingouins" and "Histoire contemporaine," making his peace with the reactionaries on the side by his mordant satire on the Revolution, "Les dieux ont soif." In one respect at least he did not disdain that "ugly little Jew," Saint Paul, and emulated the hated Christians in their "wisdom-of-the-serpent" and "meekness-of-the-dove" aspect. More truly, wherever he found himself—in the portico of Pilate, a Gothic transept, or the rostrum of Radical Socialism—he was faithful to his tyrannical deity, the Ironic Temper.

Mr. Chevalier seems to feel that France has been rejected by "the lost generation" which survived the war, largely because, whatever else he was, he had a heart and a sense of pity, while "hearts are no longer worn" and the sense of pity is antiquated. It is true that the word *bonté* was constantly on his lips, almost as often as the words beauty and harmony. Yet Anatole France was not really "good." People who are constantly extolling goodness seldom are. "I do not disdain goodness," wrote Montherlant, "because I dislike to see it written up on every garden wall." Like many people who are constitutionally sensual and cold-hearted, France was always excessively sentimental in his writing. But there are disquieting episodes in Brousson's journals which reveal an almost repulsive cynicism in the venerable Master. Truly we think that it is not for nothing that the lost generation in rejecting the last classic has rejected a "beauty," a "goodness," which revealed itself as the merest sweetstuff.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT



## Shorter Notices

*This Country of Yours.* By Morris Markey. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

Mr. Markey, who is one of the best living reporters, gave himself an ambitious assignment. He set out to see what the American people were like. He had read about them; he had even written about them; but he wanted to hear them read their own characters. He traveled 16,000 miles before he finished, and this book is the record of his findings. It is perfectly fascinating. Not that it reveals the American character, for surely there is no such thing, or at any rate Mr. Markey did not turn it up. But he talked to many persons of all ages, occupations, and degrees of dignity, and since he talked to them with sympathy and humor he elicited in every case a human response. If any generalization can be made about the country after reading this book, it is that the parts of which it is composed are parts indeed—quite separate from one another in knowledge and feeling, and satisfied to be so. Everybody wants more than anything else to be let alone; he likes his job, even in these hard times; and he believes that the times will get better only when we stop fussing about them. Mr. Markey found a huge, cheerful ignorance everywhere, and the revolution centuries away. This will be depressing or encouraging in accordance with the reader's views; but any reader will derive entertainment and information from the volume, which is crowded with convincing detail and brilliantly written—a "profile" of the nation in 300 pages. Not the least valuable chapter is that devoted to a description of New York, where Mr. Markey, at a loss how otherwise to proceed, simply describes his own life in the metropolis.

*Memories of a Southern Woman of Letters.* By Grace King. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

With the exception of her travels, the author of "The Pleasant Ways of St. Médard" spent her life of seventy-nine years in New Orleans, and the capture of that city in the Civil War was the most vivid of her childhood memories. Her literary output—short stories, novels, and historical monographs—was concerned almost exclusively with Louisiana. Her inspiration to write sprang from her resentment at the "libels" of George Cable, and her first efforts were encouraged by Charles Dudley Warner. Through Warner she met Mark Twain. She traveled extensively and made several prolonged stays in Paris, where her most notable friendships were those with Madame Blanc and Pastor Charles Wagner. Miss King's discursive reminiscences, very sparsely provided with dates, are marked by unquenchable enthusiasm and ineradicable naivete.

*The Capital Question of China.* By Lionel Curtis. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

Mr. Curtis was an honorary secretary of the Royal Institute of International Affairs when it formed groups for the study of various countries and problems—one for the Balkans, one for Russia, one for reparations and national debts, one for the Far East, and so on. As he studied the reports, it became his conviction that the problems of the Far East outweighed all the others in importance, and he devoted himself to an intensive examination of the situation in China. It is his belief that the economic and political instability in China threatens the security of the whole world—on the reasonable premise that a fifth of humanity cannot live in disorder without unsettling the remaining four-fifths. The greater part of the book is a careful, concise, and unprejudiced, but frequently naive, survey of the situation in China. His conclusion, however, is less impressive. He proposes intervention in China, not by force, which he believes would be disastrous both to China and the nations that

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attempted it, but by diplomacy. If the European Powers and Japan would send their wisest diplomats to Nanking and work sympathetically with the government as Ambassador Morrow did in Mexico, he believes that the Chinese would be tremendously aided in emerging from their present chaos.

## Drama Tableaux

**B**OTH playwrights and producers must know as well as I do that no good modern play has ever been made from a good modern novel. The very fact that a certain class of effects has been successfully achieved through one method of telling a story is sufficient proof that no other method is equally suitable for creating the same effects, and a novel is no more reproducible in drama than a painting is reproducible in stone. The only things that a playwright could actually take over count for so little in themselves that there would be no real reason for bothering to take them over at all were it not for the temptation to do exactly what the movies do when they buy the rights to a play—namely, hope that its popularity or its fame will be worth in publicity whatever the rights may have cost.

"The Good Earth," which Owen Davis and his son have dramatized from Pearl Buck's novel of the same name, and which the Theater Guild has produced at its own theater, proves no exception to the rule. Obviously the writing has been conscientiously done and obviously the script has been presented with elaborate care, but the chief effect is only to make one regret that the conscientiousness and the care were not expended upon some enterprise not foredoomed to failure. As one of the few persons who have not read the novel, I am in no position to say how satisfactory the present play may be when considered as a series of illustrative tableaux; but I am in the very best of all positions to judge it as an independent work of art—which it all too obviously is not. Certain scenes—notably that in which the beggars storm the rich man's house, and that in which the hero turns back to his discarded first wife—are undoubtedly effective. Yet they achieve their effectiveness despite the fact that they are preceded by other scenes which no competent dramatist would have chosen for the purpose of building toward them if he had not felt the duty of following an outline unsuitable to dramatic presentation. What we get, at best, is two or three scenes of a genuine play preceded by a synopsis of earlier events almost as unsatisfactory as a frank synopsis necessarily is.

Miss Buck's novel has been praised for a certain legendary quality which she has succeeded in giving to her story of a peasant's rise through his love for land. Readers have found in it the strong simplicity of fundamental things and a sense that her characters were important because they stood, not merely for themselves, but for ways of life so old as to be immemorial and for eternal motives revealed with classic simplicity. But such effects as these presuppose in the telling of a story something of the necessary remoteness of a legend. They presuppose a method capable of suggesting old, unhappy, far-off things, and that method itself presupposes a generalized narrative heightened here and there by some concrete detail carefully chosen because it happens to be one which will not mar the effect by its grotesque or insistent particularity. But such effects and such methods are the very ones which are very difficult, if not impossible, on the stage. The very personality of the actor necessarily makes the character he is impersonating distinctly an individual, and since every background

must be visually complete, there are limits to the selectivity which can be employed in the presentation of details. A certain concreteness and particularity are inevitable, and many things which could be described with a grave dignity become grotesque when acted out by individuals in a scene all-too-inescapably concrete. Here is not something surrounded by the pathos of distance but something very specific happening before our eyes, and as a result, the effect of the theme itself is changed, and the story of Wang Lung's devotion to the Good Earth begins to seem distressingly like some modern story of an avaricious peasant and his neighbor's fields.

Among the members of the company Nazimova seems to me the only one who, from the very beginning, succeeds in sinking a familiar personality beneath a manner and a masque, although Claude Rains certainly grows more convincing as the play proceeds. Henry Travers is amusing as the old father, but he is only one of Shaw's comic Englishmen with a pair of trailing mustachios on his lip and a pigtail down his back.

Several other plays of a very busy week deserve some comment, and the best of them is "I Loved You Wednesday," a romantic comedy of sentiment with a speakeasy background, which is now being presented at the Sam Harris Theater. Much of the dialogue sparkles quite delightfully and has, besides, a distinctly original flavor. Moreover, Frances Fuller and Rose Hobart are both delightful as, respectively, the wife of a philanderer and the old sweetheart whom he did not recapture.

Edgar Wallace's "Criminal at Large" (Belasco Theater) is also an excellent specimen of its kind—the kind being detective melodrama with some leanings in the direction of the green-lights and clutching-hand school. Somewhat more credible than most and therefore quite as credible as it needs to be, it keeps its satisfying secret to the end and is given some real distinction by the fine performance of Emlyn Williams as the young and eccentric Lord Lebanon who is—and ought to be—the last of his ancient race.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

### □ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

THE ABBEY THEATER PLAYERS. Martin Beck Theater. Repertory of modern Irish plays. Reviewed next week.

AMERICANA. Shubert Theater. McEvoy revue with some satire and a good deal of excellent dancing.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. Hilarious satire on relatives and their ways.

CLEAR ALL WIRES. Times Square Theater. Fast melodramatic farce about newspaper correspondents with a colorful and amusing background of mujiks, commissars and other Russian fauna.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's colorful play about a self-made lawyer.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Belasco Theater. Reviewed this week.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Sam Harris Theater. Reviewed this week.

NONA. Avon Theater. Lenore Ulrich unrestrained.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. The Group in an excellent production of a tense play about a radical who gained the whole world while he lost his soul.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. Rachel Crothers delivers a sugar-coated sermon in defense of the old-fashioned virtues. Most of the critics liked it but I did not.



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1932

No. 3514

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

MR. HOOVER, DRIVEN BY FEAR of his impending defeat, has begun breaking records. Never before, if our memory serves us, has a President descended so far into the hurly-burly of political campaigning as to make twenty-three speeches in fifteen hours—most of them back-platform addresses, it is true, in the manner of the regulation barnstormer. When the campaign began, it will be recalled, Mr. Hoover announced that in his judgment two speeches by him were all that the campaign, and the dignity of the White House, called for. Never before has an Administration so largely forsaken its duties to go on the stump—at government expense—leaving the departments to run themselves. Still another record, a most painful one, has gone to Mr. Hoover. Never before has a President in search of reelection been booed as Mr. Hoover was in Detroit. Other hostile demonstrations Mr. Hoover has encountered, but there, "for dozens of blocks," according to the *Detroit Times*, "the air was filled with raucous 'booing' by large crowds." The situation was so tense, the *Times* continues, that the Secret Service men made Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who "were visibly agitated by the hostile demonstration," change from an open to a closed automobile. "Veteran Secret Service men" said that they had never witnessed anything like it. The police, of course, ascribed the demonstration to Communists,

B. E. F. members, and "dissatisfied unemployed"—how ungrateful not to be satisfied when unemployed! Mr. Hoover was reported on his return as certain that the booing would help rather than hurt his cause. But we doubt if he desires any more help of this kind.

MEANWHILE NEARLY EVERY MEMBER of the Cabinet has been on the stump for the final wind-up of a campaign which from the point of view of intellectual performance and genuinely constructive measures has about touched low-water mark. We entirely agree with Paul Anderson's comment on another page that Governor Roosevelt would be far stronger today if he had stopped campaigning after his first long trip. There have been times when his speeches have approached the maudlin. Al Smith, too, has had bad luck with his talks, if the first two are any criterion. To have raked up the bitterness of four years ago may have gratified his angry friends; it has certainly not added a cubit to his own stature. In Boston he was more effective; but even there he made some excellent points badly, at times haltingly, as if unprepared. Nevertheless, he has done the fair, not to say honorable, thing in urging his friends to stand by the ticket to which he, as a regular party man, is committed. On the Republican side, Theodore Roosevelt, the much lesser, over in Manila, was allowed to show his gratitude to Mr. Hoover for the two offices he has received at that gentleman's hands by speaking for him over the radio. He, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the son of the man who ran in 1912 on the radical Bull Moose platform with its demand for all sorts of experiments in social legislation, had the effrontery to tell the listening public that "we do not wish our country to be made a laboratory for wholesale experiments in government ownership, tariff tinkering, or currency inflation." Fortunately this stupid and nasty campaign does not end without a touch of humor. After solemnly advising the public and all his employees to support Mr. Hoover, Henry Ford will be unable to vote because, patriot that he is, he forgot to register!

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY *The Nation* receives word of the magnificent campaign Norman Thomas has conducted. Without benefit of money, special trains, radio hook-ups, or press agents, the Socialist candidate has been met everywhere by huge crowds of enthusiastic listeners. In Hartford, Connecticut, a meeting for Thomas turned out to be the largest political rally held in the city during the whole campaign. The crowd, paying 25 cents admission, overflowed the biggest hall in town to listen to a powerful attack on the economic program and performances of both the leading candidates. Only the night before, Secretary Mills had addressed a gathering in the same hall that scarcely filled the first-floor seats. Out in Oklahoma, where by an outrageous decision of the State Supreme Court the Socialist candidates are barred from the ballot, Thomas ran second to Roosevelt in a straw vote conducted by the *Oklahoma News*; Hoover, who swept the State in 1928, came third. Four years ago at the National



Press Club in Washington, D. C., Mr. Thomas spoke to a group composed of four reporters and a handful of faithful Socialists; this year he was welcomed by a gathering of six hundred newspapermen and their guests, whose enthusiastic response is described elsewhere in this issue by Paul Y. Anderson. All these indications point to the largest Socialist vote on November 8 that has ever been polled in the United States. That this will be a vote for fundamental change, as well as a rebuke to the old parties and their hopeless floundering in the face of economic disaster, is shown by the almost incredible recent increase in the number of Socialist locals throughout the country. In May of this year only 83 communities supported party locals; since then 467 new locals have been formed. When popular discontent gets to the point where it organizes and pays dues, it has become more than a mere political flurry.

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER'S SPEECH at Indianapolis was from the Republican point of view the most effective speech he had delivered in the campaign up to that time, and it was made so by the fact that whoever wrote it took full advantage of Mr. Roosevelt's shifts on the tariff question. Mr. Hoover reviewed all Mr. Roosevelt's denunciations of the Smoot-Hawley act and the Democratic candidate's subsequent announcement that he did not propose to reduce tariffs on farm products, and he begged to remind Mr. Roosevelt that he had "overnight thrown overboard the great historical position of his party." It is a good thing to have someone—even Mr. Hoover—remind Mr. Roosevelt of this; the Governor got precisely what he deserved for his lack of backbone and his attempts to be too clever. Apart from its *ad hominem* effectiveness, Mr. Hoover's Indianapolis address was a string of absurdities. The man who was positively assuring us at regular intervals in 1930 that the depression would be over in sixty days still has the hardihood to announce with a straight face that he has "positive evidence that the measures and policies we have set up are driving the forces of this depression into further retreat." It probably required even more hardihood for him to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of wanting to use the Supreme Court for political purposes—this from the man who nominated that third-rate judge, John J. Parker, for the Supreme Court merely for the purpose of strengthening himself politically in North Carolina. Assistant Secretary of the Interior Joe Dixon, it will be recalled, indiscreetly hailed the nomination as "a major political stroke," and it smelled so badly that the Senate threw it out.

**I**F THE PRESIDENT of the United States were chosen by the votes of college students, Herbert Hoover would apparently win the election. Such is the indication based on a number of college polls from all over the country, which show, in contrast to the newspaper and the *Literary Digest* polls, a strong majority for the Republicans. Evidently the more privileged youth of the land believes in letting bad enough alone. The really interesting results of these student votes appear in the scores run up by Roosevelt and Thomas. The Democratic nominee came in second, but except in the Southern colleges, which stood by their traditional allegiance, his vote was only a shade ahead of Norman Thomas's, the numbers being respectively 10,607 and 9,614. In several colleges the Socialist candidate ran ahead; New York University

and Columbia in New York gave him a comfortable lead over his old-party opponents while in the West he won a majority in Colorado University and the Colorado School of Mines. To analyze this vote would be extremely difficult; we suspect that it indicates little or nothing about the temper of the country. Rather it suggests that undergraduates, relatively comfortable and unmoved by the economic upheavals around them, generally stand pat, accepting uncritically the political faith of their childhood; or, if they have begun to think at all, they pass swiftly and without fear to a radical solution of the problems confronting their country and time.

**T**HE UPRISING OF THE BAR of New York City against the deal by which Tammany and the noble and virtuous Republicans joined hands to nominate Senator Hofstadter for the bench has assumed remarkable and most promising proportions. For once the lawyers have really forgotten their individual prejudices and their professional futures and are working as never before—as their critics have so often said they could work if they chose—to reform the courts and the administration of justice. Today they are really in hopes that they will upset this unholy bipartisan alliance and elect their two excellent candidates, George W. Alger and Bernard S. Deutsch. Even if they do not, the anger and determination now aroused will still be potent in next year's mayoralty contest. The spectacle of the head of the anti-Tammany legislative investigating committee accepting nomination at Tammany's hands is intolerable, and so, too, is the nomination of his running mate, Aron Steuer. As John W. Davis has well put it in his letter to W. Kingsland Macy, the Republican chairman, Mr. Macy is "probably the first and only individual who ever suggested in public that a judge should be selected on the basis of his father's merit."

**W**HILE THE QUARREL over Japan's conquest of Manchuria continues to engage the attention of diplomats in Geneva, Washington, and elsewhere, the Japanese themselves are apparently looking still farther afield. There was held in Peiping recently a conference of more than passing significance, which was attended by Akira Ariyoshi, the Japanese minister to China; Tokuzo Komai, privy councilor of Manchukuo; Tuan Chi-jui, a former President of China; and a number of retired Chinese war lords, including Wu Pei-fu and Yen Hsi-shan. Observers reported that the question of erecting a new buffer state in North China was discussed. It is known that the Japanese have for some years looked with favor upon this idea. Five years ago, indeed, when the southern Nationalists were threatening to invade Manchuria, the Japanese did actually intervene in North China for the purpose of "restoring peace and order." Now that the Nanking Government is showing signs of dissolution, and another period of civil warfare in the Peiping area and along the borders of Manchuria appears imminent, the Japanese may again decide to intervene. Doubtless their creature state, Manchukuo, would feel more secure if an autonomous but friendly government were set up in North China as a barrier against the political confusion and military disturbances of the rest of China. The presence of Wu Pei-fu and Yen Hsi-shan lends color to the belief that the Peiping conference took up this question. Wu Pei-fu has always wanted to govern North China, while Marshal



Yen was for a short time in 1928 in control of Peking (now Peiping), and has made no secret of his desire to return to authority in that area.

**GERMANY WILL HOLD** on November 6 its second Reichstag election and its fourth national election of the year. The political turmoil attending these elections and the feeling of uncertainty resulting from the failure of any of them to settle decisively the constitutional controversy which has split Germany into several hostile camps have undoubtedly proved injurious to German recovery. Nor is there much hope that the coming election will serve to allay this feeling of uncertainty. While recent communal elections show a marked decrease in the strength of the National Socialists, it is not very likely that the voting on November 6 will produce a working majority in the Reichstag. The Hugenberg Nationalists, who are friendly to the Von Papen Government, are expected to gain at the expense of the Hitlerites, but not enough to enable them to form a combination with any of the other conservative or moderate parties. Moreover, it is generally believed that the only other faction that will show increased strength is the Communist Party, and that certainly will not comfort the business men and bankers. Unless President von Hindenburg and Chancellor von Papen decide to disregard the constitution altogether, another Reichstag election will probably have to be called late in the winter or early next spring.

**CAN WE RESTORE PROSPERITY** in this country by continuing to throttle our foreign trade? American manufacturers seem to think so, and in this they have the active sympathy of some of our federal officials. Anti-dumping hearings, attended by little publicity, are now being held in Washington before F. X. A. Eble, the Commissioner of Customs. Manufacturers have for weeks been presenting evidence intended to show that certain foreign products are being sold here at prices which, even after adding freight charges and customs duties, are still below the actual cost of manufacture of identical products in this country. Witnesses have told of entire industries being "wiped out" by this "ruinous foreign competition," and have denounced the prices of these foreign goods as "unfair." They are demanding that such goods be barred, under the anti-dumping law, from entering the American market. Even our tremendously high tariff does not suit them; they want their competitors' goods completely excluded. As yet no concrete evidence of dumping has been presented. Nevertheless, orders have been issued admitting stearic acid from the Netherlands, rubber footwear from Czecho-Slovakia, manganese ore, and steel products only under bond on "suspicion of dumping." If dumping is proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioner of Customs, these and other products under investigation will be permanently excluded. It is to be presumed that the commissioner will demand valid and convincing evidence of dumping. Yet even his temporary orders are proving harmful to trade. According to the importers concerned, the bond required in each case is so heavy that they cannot afford to bring these particular products into the country.

**SEVERAL "ARMIES"** of veterans, farmers, and unemployed workers are planning to march on Washington shortly after Congress convenes in December. The police

officials of the capital in their turn are working out plans for resisting these "invasions." But reports from Washington indicate that they are not having much success. They probably miss the cool wisdom and frankness of Superintendent of Police Glassford, who recently was compelled to resign, ostensibly because the District Commissioners refused to approve his proposal for reorganizing the police department. There is good reason to believe, however, that General Glassford actually retired under pressure because he had opposed the use of troops in driving the war veterans from Washington last July. He was of the opinion that the police had the situation in hand when the Hoover Administration suddenly turned the bayonets, tanks, and tear-gas bombs of the regular army upon the bonus seekers. Whether his successor, Major E. W. Brown, will have any better luck remains to be seen. Major Brown has sent letters to police chiefs throughout the country "requesting that every possible bit of information be supplied to Washington authorities concerning the nature, temper, and size of groups en route to the capital." It is to be hoped that he and his colleagues will take every precaution to prevent trouble, for there must be no further bloodshed.

**THE PURCHASE AND SUPPRESSION** of the Chicago *Evening Post* by the *Daily News* of that city is additional evidence of the way in which the press is being affected by the depression. Daily newspapers were decreasing in number through consolidation, suppression by rivals, and financial failure long before the economic disaster came, in obedience to an apparently resistless trend toward monopoly. Now the process is being greatly accelerated. Recently the morning Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the evening *News* were brought under the same ownership, for the obvious purpose of making savings in overhead and costs of production. The city of Cleveland is now limited to getting its news from either the *Plain Dealer* group or the Scripps-Howard newspaper, the *Press*. In Chicago, which used to be almost a city of newspapers, there are now left the two Hearst newspapers, the *American* and the *Herald and Examiner*, and the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Times*, and the *Daily News*—a sorry choice, with the *Daily News* by far the best. The absorption of the *Evening Post* again throws a group of excellent newspaper workers out into the street, with practically no hope of obtaining journalistic work. What the newspapers are contending with is shown by the advertising statistics of the New York dailies for September. The *Times*, one of the strongest papers in the United States, lost 26 per cent of advertising as compared with 1931, the *Herald Tribune* 23 per cent, and the *Evening Post* 24 per cent. Roughly, these figures are about double the loss of 1931 as compared with 1930.

**TO MILLIONS OF AMERICANS** the most exciting news of the last few months will be that the contract bridge scoring has been changed. This was no frivolous task, no mean achievement. The great brains of two continents were focused upon it. As Charlie Schwab has put it: "The amount of effort expended [in changing the rules] has been prodigious. . . . We are all concerned that a great contribution has been made." He might have added that the new rules are the result of the first successful international conference since the war.



# The End of a Sham Battle

WITH the Presidential campaign in its final week neither of the two great parties, in the midst of the worst depression in our history, has had the intelligence or the courage to propose a single fundamental measure that might conceivably put us on the road to recovery. The Republicans have finally decided to stake everything on one main argument. This is that recovery has already begun, that it will surely continue if only we let it alone and do absolutely nothing, and that the one thing that would set it back irretrievably would be a Democratic victory. Mr. Hoover's sole hope of saving himself now lies in the ability of the Republican Party to frighten a sufficient number of voters into swallowing this contention. Its complete lack of plausibility is quite evident. For it involves either the superstitious belief that the depression is a mysterious visitation unrelated to human error and that it will equally mysteriously cure itself if only we keep hands off, or it involves the still more preposterous belief that all the slumps and disasters in Mr. Hoover's Administration were caused by "shocks from abroad" and the wicked Democrats, while all the recoveries, even the most minute, were caused by Mr. Hoover.

As so much is being staked on the recovery, it may be well to look at its real nature and extent, disregarding the enormous propaganda of "optimism" recently put out not only by the Administration, but by industrial leaders, investment bankers, and the like. The index of business activity of the *New York Times*, compiled from figures of car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric-power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production, stood at 56 per cent of normal for the week ended October 15, compared with its low point of 52.2 per cent of normal in the week ended August 20. Even on the Republican interpretation, this would mean that wicked Europe and the wicked Democrats between them had succeeded in pounding American business activity down during the first three and a half years of Mr. Hoover's administration by 47.8 per cent, while Mr. Hoover's noble last-minute efforts were able to win only 3.8 per cent of it back. Eleven-twelfths of the damage, in other words, remains.

The most cheerful single announcement of recovery has been that of the American Federation of Labor, which estimates that 560,000 men were taken back to work in September. But the federation reminds us that 10,900,000 persons are still unemployed. And as *The Nation* pointed out editorially several weeks ago, these unemployed are worse off now than they were in August, when the total was greater, for they have depleted whatever savings they may have had. Further, the federation tells us that these employment gains "are entirely seasonal, and when November brings lay-offs, as it always does, most of this gain will probably be lost." The federation sees no reason to change its previous opinion that at least 13,000,000 men will be out of work by January.

The last quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation is not reassuring either. The report shows a deficit for the three months ending with September of

\$27,000,000 after preferred dividends were deducted, the largest deficit for three months in the corporation's history; even before the deduction of preferred dividends the deficit was \$21,000,000. What is happening to the Steel Corporation is merely symptomatic of what is happening to hundreds of our other great corporations, including the railroads; they are not earning current operating expenses, and the question becomes increasingly serious of how long they can continue to live on their vanishing reserves. Finally, the fact that the current rate of business activity is now slightly higher than it was at its worst is in itself no reason for supposing that improvement will continue. Almost as if with the emphatic intention of smashing this myth, wheat—the rise of which earlier in the year was everywhere hailed as one of the unmistakable barometers of recovery—has now not only lost all of its previous rise, but has plunged to 44 cents a bushel for December delivery, the lowest price ever recorded on the Chicago Board of Trade.

To meet these conditions President Hoover has proposed nothing but a continuance of the process represented by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—i. e., keeping things going by dumping more of the taxpayers' money into enterprises not considered safe enough for private capital to risk its own money in. So far from apologizing for the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the most disastrous single piece of legislation signed by him, he has made increasingly emphatic his intention to raise the tariff still further, recently instructing the Tariff Commission to look into the rates on sixteen commodities to see if they ought not to be jacked up because of currency depreciation abroad; though he says nothing, of course, of the fall of commodity prices which automatically raised the tariff rate on sugar, for example, from 70 per cent ad valorem in 1928 to 350 per cent in May of this year, with the consumer—that always forgotten man—paying the bill. Against this calamitous policy Mr. Roosevelt has been ineffective, for though he denounces the Smoot-Hawley tariff, he removes all meaning from his denunciation, first, by promising that he will give just as much "protection" to industry and the farmer as Mr. Hoover is giving, and, second, by proposing reduction by the utterly impracticable method of a separate treaty with each country.

On the vital question of international debts the Democratic platform commits Mr. Roosevelt against cancellation, while Mr. Hoover brilliantly proposes to use the debts to promote our exports—which is as if the head of a department store were to propose to expand its sales with the bills that its customers still owed to it! On federal expenditures, in spite of a still appalling deficit, neither candidate has had the courage to say specifically where he would make a cut of any importance; Mr. Hoover, instead, hints at a bigger navy and opposes as a "gross injustice" any reduction in the staggering payments we are making to veterans who suffered no injury in the war. Mr. Hoover is against the bonus in principle while Mr. Roosevelt is against it for the time being. Mr. Roosevelt thinks a little more might be spent on relief and Mr. Hoover thinks we have already spent enough on relief. Such is the glorious Presidential campaign of 1932!



## The Herriot Plan

PREMIER HERRIOT'S new disarmament plan is one of the most important advanced by any responsible statesman since the Paris Peace Conference. In certain aspects it is almost revolutionary. This is particularly true of the proposal to abolish professional armies in continental Europe. There can be no question that the possession of such military machines by the leading Powers in 1914 helped to precipitate the World War. In suggesting that "national defensive militias" be substituted for the regular armies, the French Premier has more than met President Hoover's recent declaration that land forces should be organized for defense only. Herriot's suggestion that the Powers also agree to compulsory arbitration is not new—this principle was embodied in the Geneva Protocol of 1924—but acceptance of this principle appears to us, as it does to Herriot, to be essential to the success of any general disarmament program. Lastly, in putting forward these proposals the French for the first time recognize the necessity of revising the Treaty of Versailles.

If it accomplishes nothing else, the Herriot plan at least revives the hope that something may finally be achieved at the Geneva disarmament conference, which until recently seemed about ready to expire. The State Department and the foreign offices abroad will probably await detailed publication of the French proposals before deciding upon their own policies. They know from experience that progress at Geneva has been constantly blocked by minor technicalities. The Herriot plan may contain a few of these obscure technical points, included for bargaining purposes, if for no other reason. For example, on its face the French scheme makes an exceedingly important concession to Germany. Not only does it open the way to general treaty revision, for which the Germans have long been agitating, but it also appears to fit in very nicely with General von Schleicher's plans for reorganization of Germany's military establishment. It will be recalled that after the disastrous Jena campaign Napoleon limited Prussia's army to 42,000 men, but placed no limit on the length of service. Hardenberg and Scharnhorst took advantage of this by passing as many men through the army as quickly as was practicable, thus creating a huge reserve of trained men. It was upon this system that the efficient Prussian army of later years was founded, and it was to prevent Germany from repeating the process that Lloyd George insisted at the Paris Peace Conference upon limiting the German army to 100,000 effectives, with the minimum term of service placed at twelve years. General von Schleicher has several times candidly declared that he wants this term of service reduced, presumably to enable Germany to create another military reserve. It seems a little naive to expect that France will ask nothing in return for this concession.

The chief obstacle to execution of the Herriot plan may prove to be the United States. Point 6 in the plan clearly suggests that the United States should be called upon to contribute to its success by entering into a consultative pact with the European Powers. Point 9 declares that arbitration shall be obligatory for all states adhering to the projected treaty. Dispatches from Paris discussing the French

proposals seek to emphasize the European aspects of the scheme. They point out that the disarmament features apply exclusively to the Continent, and that all the United States is asked to do is to "grant guaranties of security that she herself has envisaged." Thus Washington is again being invited to bind itself to act in concert with Europe whenever war is threatened. Premier Herriot had in mind the several public declarations made by Secretary of State Stimson and his predecessor, Frank B. Kellogg, to the effect that the United States will not hesitate to consult with other Powers regarding violations of the Kellogg Pact when and as the necessity arises. But the French Premier forgets that the State Department has again and again made it clear that the United States will not agree in advance to such consultation or to any other form of concerted international action. Nor does the United States seem prepared at this time to change its position with regard to compulsory arbitration of all disputes in which it might be involved. If the French government is truly anxious to bring about the reforms proposed, it will not wait upon American acceptance of these two points.

Whatever the ultimate fate of the Herriot proposals may be, they come at a most opportune moment. They will certainly give new impetus to the discussions at Geneva and may eventually lead to a genuine disarmament agreement. President Hoover declared the other day that the United States would build a navy "equal to that of the most powerful in the world" if the Geneva conference failed. The Herriot plan may not be perfect, but it at least has the merit of having no such jingoistic threats attached to it.

## The Supreme Court and the Gerrymander

A WIDE spread of gerrymanders may be expected next year as the result of the amazing decision of the United States Supreme Court, handed down on October 18, upholding the Congressional redistricting law in Mississippi, and by implication in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia also. Once more the court divided five to four, and this time Chief Justice Hughes, far from pretending to liberalism, himself wrote the majority opinion which declared that Congressional districts need not be "of compact, contiguous territory and evenly divided as to population," as ordained by the law of 1911. The majority opinion, from which Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo dissented, held that Congress deliberately omitted from the 1929 act the requirements of the law of 1911, and that therefore apportionments under the 1930 census are not bound by any of these former restrictions.

The court's decision on Mississippi immediately affects Kentucky, Tennessee, and possibly Virginia. In Mississippi and Kentucky, where lower federal courts had overthrown the redistricting laws and ordered elections at large, the greatest confusion now prevails, with the probable necessity of nominating by petition and the likelihood of a challenge in the courts after the November election. Mississippi's Congressional delegation was reduced from eight to seven by the census of 1930. The State's redistricting law was chal-



lenged by Stewart C. Brown of Jackson in a federal-court suit which pointed out that the districts were far from being either contiguous and compact or of equal population. In fact, they varied in population from 184,000 in the Fourth District to 420,000 in the Third. It is this inequitable distribution which the highest court has now approved.

In taking again the extremely legalistic attitude so often adopted before, the Supreme Court has disappointed liberals everywhere. But politicians of both parties will be pleased. This decision gives free rein to their map-drawing talents. In addition to the Southern States mentioned, where the 1932 legislatures may be expected to rearrange the districts to eliminate any chance of a Republican being elected to Congress from their mountain sections, the States principally affected will be Missouri, Minnesota, Illinois, and New York. Missouri's fifteen Representatives are being elected at large this year, but next year the minority Republican Party may expect to be frozen out in the redistricting. Minnesota elects eleven at large, but if the Republicans carry the legislature they undoubtedly will try to eliminate the Farmer-Labor districts. Illinois, which now elects two members at large, may see an even greater disproportion in future districts than exists now if a Republican legislature is elected.

The situation in New York deserves special mention. New York gained two Congressmen by the 1930 census, making forty-five in all. The Republicans attempted to redistrict the State against the will of the Democratic Governor. That attempt was frowned on by the State and federal courts without exception, and as a result two members at large are being chosen at this election. The contempt that the bosses have for these jobs is shown by the fact that both parties nominated nonentities. The Republican reapportionment act, which the Supreme Court killed, was one of the worst gerrymanders in American history. While depriving Tammany of four of its present members, it linked Democratic Staten Island with part of Republican Long Island, from which it is separated by fifty miles or so of land and water. Under the new Supreme Court ruling, however, that would be perfectly possible. Legally, a district might consist partly of a county near the Canadian border and partly of New York City.

The constitution of New York State, by giving a disproportionate representation to upstate rural areas, practically guarantees Republican control of the assembly, if not of both houses of the legislature. Should Colonel Donovan be elected Governor and be supported by the usual Republican legislative majority, there would be nothing now to prevent the G. O. P. from carving up the State in such a fashion that New York City's representation at Washington would be reduced to a minimum. The situation, however, is not without its menace even to the Old Party. If the Democrats this fall should sweep the upstate districts and, overriding a rotten-borough constitution, elect both a Democratic State senate and a Democratic assembly, then the Republican plight would be grave indeed. For such a legislature, with a Democratic Governor's backing, could not only realign the Congressional districts to the advantage of Tammany and its allies, but could also initiate a constitutional amendment to end the unfair advantage of upstate rural counties in the legislative apportionments. And this, when ratified by the people of the State, would end the seventy-five-year Republican legislative rule at Albany.

## Microbe Hunter

TWO generations ago most Americans who returned from their honeymoon brought with them an imitation ivory paper-cutter through the handle of which one could peep at a magnified image of Niagara Falls. Today their grandchildren come back from Paris with similar trifles, differing only by virtue of the fact that less ennobling images of nature are commonly supplied—and they are usually no more aware than their grandparents were that what they have is essentially the microscope with which Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek laid the foundations of bacteriology and first saw the forms with which the best-equipped laboratories are still busy.

Just three hundred years ago this fall Van Leeuwenhoek was born at Delft into a world which believed that the only proper study of mankind was man. More than a century later Lord Chesterfield was to express what was still the common opinion when he spoke contemptuously of those who busied themselves with the piddling affairs of insects and mites. But Van Leeuwenhoek was one of those perverse eccentrics whose curiosity took an undignified direction. He prepared for himself little cylinders of glass which he mounted in metal plates and with the aid of which he peered into drops of foul water as well as into gobs of even less inviting matter. As a result, his was the first human eye to see protozoa, bacteria, and many features of the minute structure of living organisms.

Modern historians of science complain that Van Leeuwenhoek's investigations were scattered and unsystematic. He peered at everything like a small boy finding new uses for a tool or a toy. But he was industrious nevertheless, and he was canny besides: industrious because he saw more new things than almost anyone before or since his time; canny because, not content with 112 communications to the Royal Society in England and 26 papers published in the *Mémoires* of the Paris Academy of Science, he protected himself against the danger of being called a liar by obtaining from some members of the former body a sworn statement to the effect that they had seen with their own eyes some of the wonders he was prepared to show. He was the first person accurately to describe the red corpuscles of the human blood, and he missed by only a few months being the first to see those active little tadpoles which modern science calls spermatozoa; but oddly enough more than two centuries passed before anyone suspected the importance of the smallest and least striking of the things which he saw—namely, the bacteria.

The ghost of Van Leeuwenhoek is in an excellent position to realize that it is still the poets whose achievements stick longest in the human mind, for Van Leeuwenhoek inspired one poem far better known than any of his own achievements. It was he who first noted that the humble flea is not too humble to be exploited by a parasite, a discovery which inspired his contemporary, Dean Swift, to write:

So, naturalists observe, a flea  
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;  
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;  
And so proceed ad infinitum.

Ten people are familiar with that jingle to one who would recognize the name of the first of the microbe hunters.



1932  
The year the ins  
go out!



*The Handwriting on the Wall*



# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

**M**R. POT ROOSEVELT and Mr. Kettle Hoover are just having the time of their lives calling each other names. The

## *Here They Are Calling Each Other Names!*

Governor now charges the President with Destruction, Deceit, and Despair. He had better look out. A magistrate in New York City, one Renaud, almost sent a taxicab driver to the workhouse for ten days on October 24 because he freely expressed his opinion of Mr. Hoover to a fare. As the *New York Times* reports it, this amazing judge finally let him off "with a reprimand and a warning that whether or not he agreed with the President's views he must respect him as long as he is President." In that case the magistrate had certainly better hale Franklin Roosevelt into court for calling the President a deceiver and a falsifier, and obviously having no respect whatever for him. Of course the Governor is well within his rights, and the magistrate with a French name plainly belongs in Europe and not in the United States. Our Presidents are not kings but hired men put into the White House for a brief term of years, and are no more exempt from frank or vulgar or profane criticism because of their office than is any other citizen. George Washington was not spared, nor Abraham Lincoln, and neither of them set up the theory that a President was beyond being called names by his fellow-citizens according to the well-established custom of democracies. Incidentally, the taxicab driver was, we suspect, allowed to go free because the magistrate knew that there was no law directly covering his offense, and that the driver could have sued the policeman for false arrest—unless that all-embracing charge of disorderly conduct would cover the case; by means of that, police and magistrates often dispose of persons whose actions or speeches they dislike. Yet we have not reached lese majeste quite yet.

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**I**T is one of the refreshing things about this campaign that Mr. Roosevelt has been getting after Mr. Hoover so vigorously that the latter has finally discovered that the name of the man running against him is Roosevelt. For the first few weeks after the President found his tongue he couldn't possibly name his opponent. Gradually he took his courage in both hands and gave his hearers the surprising information that it was a fellow named Roosevelt who was sticking pins into him night after night. These four-year Presidential battles really have their educational value when candidates begin to speak out frankly; at least there is a chance then that the plain people may understand how far from supermen the candidates are, and what little claim they have to being called statesmen and constructive leaders. When they begin to berate each other like fishwives, and every speech each makes is intended to prove to the public just how much the other has misrepresented and falsified the facts, the public begins to size them up just about as they are.

**W**HAT a relief it is to turn from all that slanging and banging and noisy hurly-burly, which will make every American well

satisfied to have the campaign over on the eighth of November, to the quiet sincerity and honesty and good manners of the campaign waged by Norman Thomas. After visiting thirty-eight States he has just come back to New York to report that his party has built up a strong national following and that the Socialist protest vote this year will be "tremendous." I am sure that he told the sad truth when he said that his long tour convinced him that there is not the "slightest warrant" for the Republican assertion that the depression is lifting. He added: "The resources of the people are exhausted. I have been in towns where there isn't any money. Butte, Montana, is such a place. There is only one encouraging sign and that is the way the unemployed are beginning to organize on the Pacific Coast, in Colorado, and Indiana." He said that he had found only one Roosevelt rooter, Josephus Daniels. "The Roosevelt people," he averred, "are those who put cotton in their ears so they can't hear anything." Finally, he confirmed what every observer reports, that the hatred for Mr. Hoover is of an intensity never before witnessed in an American campaign. Incidentally, he reported that in Denver, where in 1928 he talked to 200 persons, this year his audience numbered 8,000, and 14,000 came to hear him in Milwaukee. Everywhere he went the crowds surpassed his audiences of four years ago by thousands. This is heartening news—if only the progressive and liberal-minded element will go to work to build a new third party on an enduring basis immediately after the election. Just as it was possible for Socialists and liberals to get together in 1924 under the La Follette leadership, it ought to be possible in 1936 to set up a political opposition that will be a distinct challenge to the Pot Democrats and the Kettle Republicans. Senator La Follette, by the way, hinted at that possibility in his statement explaining his decision to support Governor Roosevelt. But more important than the opinion of any Senator at present is the simple fact that the depression is not getting appreciably better, though there are some hopeful indications.

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**P**OOOR Mr. Roosevelt will deserve all the sympathies of the public when he takes over the wreckage left by the Hoover Administration. By the way, I met a Democratic politician well on the inside of Tammany Hall the other day who told me that Roosevelt would carry New York City by about a million votes and win the State easily. "But," he added, "in two years from now he will be as unpopular as Hoover is at present." "And then?" said I. "Then we shall have a dictator." "And the dictator?" I asked. "It will be Al Smith," said he. The Irish, apparently, have not lost their humor.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



# Mr. Hoover's Last Mile

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, October 29*

THE campaign, thank God, will soon be over. If you are weary of reading about it on this page be content to know that I am even wearier of writing about it. The truth is that the country is thoroughly fed up with this campaign. It has been entirely too long. There have been too many public addresses by speakers who either had nothing to say or were afraid to say it. Mr. Roosevelt's flashy smile and flashier phrases have become almost as tiresome as the muddy, interminable sentences of Mr. Hoover and the arrant demagoguery of Hurley and Mills. Not in my time has there been so much sound and fury, signifying so little. Through all this bombast and piffle we are informed that Hoover remains loyal to the power trust and the Hawley-Smoot tariff, and that Roosevelt favors repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead Act—which we knew already. The remainder you can put in your eye. I am convinced that Roosevelt would have got 3,000,000 more votes if he had gone back to Albany at the conclusion of his first campaign tour and remained there. His Western trip probably was necessary in order to head off the Republican whispering campaign to the effect that he was an invalid, but his subsequent journeys have been worse than a waste of time and effort. As for the distracted Mr. Hoover, there is no evidence that his frantic sorties will have the slightest influence on the result. Probably he has succeeded in alarming a few business men—and in antagonizing an equal number of farmers and workers. Only a miracle can save him, and the suspicion that Mr. Hoover is not a miracle man has become somewhat general. To me the most refreshing incident of recent weeks was the talk which Norman Thomas delivered at the National Press Club, and which, I am proud to say, was not only heard but actually cheered to the echo by a large majority of the Washington correspondents. It was a gust of clean air in a foul room.

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ONE aspect of the campaign which should not pass unnoticed is the perfectly disgraceful fashion in which Cabinet officers and their ranking subordinates have abandoned their duties in Washington and scattered to the four corners of the country for the purpose of making political speeches. The fact, incidentally, forms a rather interesting commentary on the argument that the government cannot function without the services of Hoover and the Hoover Boys. It has been functioning for several weeks with very little assistance from most of them, and will continue to do so until election day. The Treasury, for example, with a deficit of more than half a billion dollars—which is growing daily—has floundered along while Secretary Mills stumped the country from Washington to San Francisco and back to Baltimore. The War Department remains open while Secretary Hurley and Assistant Secretaries Payne and Davison prowl and howl upon the hustings. The Interior Department did not close its doors while Secretary Wilbur was

parading his pedagogic periods in southern Illinois, and Agriculture still waves notwithstanding the fact that Artful Artie Hyde was last reported in Denver or Salt Lake City, where he disclosed that the Hawley-Smoot tariff was directly inspired by God, a revelation which must have aroused profound bewilderment in the breast of Old Joe Grundy. Of course, the truth is that the real work of the government is being performed by the same unhonored, unsung, and underpaid federal employees who always perform it regardless of which party is in power. But if the state of the Union is as grave as Mr. Hoover now asks us to believe, how is it that nearly all the members of his staff are able to go off on vote-catching excursions?

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A PIECE of news developed here a few days ago which received surprisingly little attention from the newspapers, considering its sensational and important character. Charles A. Russell, former solicitor of the Federal Power Commission, deliberately charged in a public address that President Hoover had personally intervened to prevent the provisions of the Federal Water Power Act from being executed, as a result of which the Insulls and other utility promoters were able to unload hundreds of millions of dollars in watered stocks on the investing public. It will be recalled that the first act of the President's newly appointed Power Commission was to dismiss Russell and William V. King, both of whom had sought vigorously to deflate the fantastically padded accounts of power companies occupying public sites. The importance of this task lay, first, in the fact that the price of securities offered to the public rested, in part, on these fictitious values; second, in the fact that rates to consumers are partly based on them; and third, in the fact that if and when the federal government decides to recapture these sites it must purchase them on the basis of these book figures. Yet Russell told his Washington audience that when he sought to eliminate \$800,000 of "padding" from the books of an Insull enterprise, F. E. Bonner, the executive secretary, not only interfered but repeatedly declared he was "carrying out the instructions of President Hoover." Russell also alluded to a letter in which the President expressed his desire that the activities of the commission be curtailed. He accused the President directly of seeking to "wreck the Federal Water Power Act." Thus far there has been no reply from the White House or from members of the commission. When the list of Republican campaign contributors is made public it will be interesting to discover how many of them are power magnates. And there are some of us who won't forget to look.

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IN that connection it is timely to note that obstacles have arisen to the pious scheme whereby the R. F. C. was to buy California for Hoover by lending \$102,000,000 of the taxpayers' money for the construction of an aqueduct at Los Angeles and a bridge at San Francisco. This will



bring grief to the hearts of all those who rejoice in good works, whether public or private, but the fact is that interested citizens of California have filed suit in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to stop one of the loans. They represent with considerable force that the act creating the R. F. C. expressly prohibits loans which are to be repaid out of taxes, and that the ordinance providing for the aqueduct expressly stipulates that its bonds shall be retired in part out of taxes. It is impossible to appreciate the rich irony of the situation without remembering that it was the Administration which insisted on the exclusion of tax-supported projects when the act was before Congress. The Administration was fearful lest States, cities, or other governmental agencies be led into extravagances. My enjoyment of the situation is tempered by a suspicion that the persons opposing the loan are actuated more by private considerations than by concern for the integrity of the statute. A sour and distrustful nature makes me wonder whether opposition to the aqueduct originated among private water and power companies. If a similar opposition develops against the bridge, I shall wish to know whether any private ferry companies are in the picture. In the words of the old Chinese proverb: "When crossing behind a street car, look for a truck coming in the opposite direction."

TO advance new reasons for the defeat of Hoover and his crowd would seem, in the homely language of my mountaineer ancestors, to be a work of supererogation. Nevertheless, to that long list there should be added, in all conscience, the action of the Wickersham Commission in suppressing the report of its expert subcommittee on the Mooney and Billings case. It is true that the report, now finally made public through the diligence of Senator Wheeler and others, discloses little that was not already known. We are told again that the case against the defendants really was "made" by a private detective hired by labor-baiting employers. The unique value of the report consists not in its disclosures but in its authority. No one who belongs outside a psychopathic ward would question the capacity or fairness of the distinguished lawyers who made the investigation. At the time when the report was presented to the Wickersham Commission the chances of liberating these innocent prisoners were much brighter than they are now. It has been charged that Mr. Hoover insisted on its suppression. Whether that be true or not, it is obvious that he could have insured its publication by a mere word. That he failed can only be explained by his fear of antagonizing powerful financial interests in California. Who invented the phrase about "playing politics with human misery"?

## The Revolutionary Crisis in Japan

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

IT was the fear of a social explosion in Japan that led to the imaginary conflict between Japan and the United States described by Hector Bywater in "The Great Pacific War." Mr. Bywater saw the authorities in Tokio deliberately resorting to war against a foreign Power in order to divert the attention of the people from desperate living conditions within the country. Something of the sort happened last autumn when Japanese troops marched into Manchuria. At least that is the conclusion reached by many economists and political students in Japan. Not long before the fall of Mukden on September 18, 1931, there were definite indications that the long-anticipated crisis in Japan's agricultural economy was at hand. The crops that season had been the poorest in five years; farm prices were falling at an alarming rate; the already burdensome debts of the farmers were mounting so fast that not only agriculture but the banks as well were shaking under the strain; the latent unrest among the peasants pointed the way to violent outbreaks, possibly to a social explosion. These signs were not apparent to everyone, but their real significance did not escape the militarists. Coming largely from landed families themselves, the militarists knew that despite the government-fostered industrial expansion of the last two generations Japan was still fundamentally an agricultural country, that its social peace and economic security, and indeed its principal food supply, still depended primarily upon the well-being and complacency of the hard-driven peasants. But like Mr. Bywater's imaginary war, the military diversion in Manchuria, if that was its purpose, failed to stem the spreading unrest. Today that unrest has taken on a distinctly revolutionary aspect, not necessarily in the sense that it is

leading to a coup d'état or a bloody civil war, though both may come, but because it now appears certain that only revolutionary reforms can really solve Japan's farm problem.

The struggle for existence has always been a grave one for the Japanese peasants. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they seldom had enough food for themselves; the rice they raised went toward payment of taxes; they had to be content with the cheaper grains and potatoes that were left. According to one commentator, Matsuyo Takizawa:

Multitudes of people died of hunger. Such a desperate situation drove the peasants to appeal to the lord, and when their appeals were not heard, furious riots broke out. In 1764 the peasants (of different provinces) united and attacked wealthy people in the vicinity and plundered rice and money from their storehouses. . . . There are over fifty local uprisings of peasants recorded in historical writings.

More recently, and especially in the last fifteen years, there has been increasing agitation among the peasants. The press has reported many attacks on the houses of landlords by impoverished tenants. Although it is difficult to organize the Japanese farmers for political action under normal circumstances, in the last few years peasant Socialist parties have arisen almost spontaneously among them. The tenant farmers are organizing themselves into unions, the membership of which is said to be "increasing at a notable pace." As a further gesture of revolt, the farmers in several localities have established their own schools for their children, and in consequence have been colliding with the state authorities. Petitions to the government and parliament for help have also greatly increased in number of late years. And the peasants have sought to dramatize their plight by



mass-meetings and public demonstrations. An example of these was the march on Tokio undertaken by a large group of peasants in February, 1929, avowedly to advertise the need of "saving the poor farmers of Japan from starvation."

The financial, commercial, and industrial classes and the newspapers have paid little heed to these demonstrations. In this they have been less discerning than the militarists and fascists, who for many months have had organizers at work among the peasants. Within the last year, however, the farm crisis has become so acute, the demonstrations of the peasants have been so insistent, that the city dwellers and the press have finally awakened to the gravity of the situation. They are not greatly concerned over the personal suffering of the farmers; what distresses them is the likelihood that an agricultural collapse will undermine the banking system, and so threaten the whole national economy. The newspapers are devoting countless editorials and articles to the problem. The *Osaka Mainichi* recently asked: "How do the farmers meet these deficits, steadily accumulating and accelerating? Those who have daughters do so by selling them to brothels or by making them work in spinning mills; those who own farms, by giving them up." To which the *Weekly Chronicle* replied:

The amount of relief to be got by abandoning a farm instead of continuing to work it cannot be very great. And it is reported that in these days there is a decided slump in the market for daughters. Debts increase, but the price obtainable for daughters decreases. As for having them work in filatures and cotton mills, trade is so bad that many girl workers find themselves under the necessity of returning home because the mills do not want them.

It was not until after the press campaign had been under way for months, in fact, not until after a monster petition for relief, signed by 110,000 farmers, had been sent to Tokio, that the present non-partisan government began to take seriously the reports that the agricultural crisis was really a grave matter for the country. The peasants asked for a three-year moratorium on farm debts, a state subsidy for fertilizers, and another subsidy to finance emigration to Manchuria and Mongolia. Official deputations were sent out to investigate the basis of these requests; local governors were asked to report upon actual conditions in their districts. On receipt of these reports, some of which were frankly sensational in describing living conditions among the farmers, the government was finally convinced of the wisdom of calling a special "farm-relief" session of the Diet. This session was convened on August 22, but the government took up most of the time in debating and defending its Manchurian policy and in criticizing the presence of the American fleet in the Pacific Ocean. Only a few million yen were voted for farm relief. Nor will the government lift a finger to help those who are actually starving on the farms. Throughout the summer the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry was flooded with petitions from peasants asking that rice be sold to them at reduced prices or be distributed free. But the officials replied that "the regulations do not allow sale in Japan at prices under the open market, and free distribution is absolutely banned."

The scarcity of tillable land, the pressure of a rapidly growing population, high tax rates made necessary by the state's desire to create a modern industrial system out of exceedingly poor material resources, and the inexorable law of

diminishing returns have all contributed to the farm crisis. The first and the last are the most important of these factors. There is not sufficient arable land to give each farmer a plot large enough to support himself and his family. Far from having a surplus to sell for profit, he often cannot produce enough to meet his taxes or rent, to say nothing of supplying his own needs. The tenants, who make up approximately half the farmers, have the smallest plots of land, and so stand lowest in the agrarian scale. But even among the farmer-owners the problem is grave, for a majority of them have farms that are no more than an acre and a half in extent. To put it another way, there is one farmer for each nine-tenths of an acre of arable land in Japan, as compared with one farmer for each thirty-two acres of tillable land in the United States, for each sixteen acres in Denmark, six acres in France, and three acres in Italy. True, the Japanese have worked unexpected miracles by way of intensive cultivation, but now they are learning that no matter how much additional labor they expend, and no matter how much more fertilizer they use, the produce that can be wrung from one or two acres of land is definitely limited. More than that, intensive cultivation is beginning to bring increasingly diminishing returns. Rice is the principal farm product and the principal article of diet in Japan. From 1909 to 1919 the yield per acre of this crop was increased under improved methods of cultivation by about 18 per cent, but since 1920 there has been no increase whatever. Indeed, although the total acreage of cultivated land has been slightly expanded, the total rice production since 1928 has actually declined. Both labor and fertilizer cost money, and more of each is needed every year to keep up the yield. The cost of production is therefore going up, while farm prices have been going down. In a sense, then, the Japanese farm crisis is a capital crisis, for Japanese agriculture has now apparently reached the point where necessary additional capital expenditures eat up all the potential profits.

The rise of the silk industry saved the peasant for a time. Many farmers turned to sericulture some years ago when America began to buy silk in great quantities, although the tending of the cocoons meant many extra hours of labor at night for farmers and their families. In the opinion of some students of the Japanese population problem, had the farmers not been able to fall back upon the silk industry, "the increasing cost of producing a bushel of rice would have brought about a great social collapse." But the United States, having troubles of its own, is no longer buying silk in great quantities, and the price of that commodity has fallen almost perpendicularly: a 130-pound bale brought \$700 on the Yokohama Silk Exchange three years ago; today the same bale brings from \$150 to \$200.

The farm crisis can be attributed not only to the scarcity of tillable land and the rising costs of production, but also, though in smaller measure, to the government's long-established policy of artificially stimulating industry by means of various kinds of subsidies. One result of this policy has been to saddle the landowners with taxes proportionately higher than those assessed against urban property-owners, and to use these taxes for the benefit of the cities rather than the rural districts. It was for years considered sound economic statesmanship to favor industrial corporations with absurdly low assessments, although until very recently the earnings of these corporate enterprises were extremely high.



In 1929 the Tanaka Government sought to equalize the tax burden as between town and country, but the farmer still has to pay from two to three times as much in taxes as the city dweller. For example, a business man with an annual income of 1,200 yen is assessed approximately 10 per cent of that income, whereas the peasant with an equivalent income has to pay as much as 23 per cent. When the business man's income rises to 3,000 yen, he still pays no more than 12 per cent in taxes, but the landowner with that income has to pay approximately 30 per cent.

Another consequence of the state subsidy policy has been to raise the standard of living among the urban classes to a much higher level than that of the farm population. W. R. Crocker discusses this in "The Japanese Population Problem," in which he writes as follows:

Wage-earners in the town are better off than the tillers of the fields. This is a disparity that would foment discontent and unrest at any time; today . . . it is a disparity that rankles deeply. The peasants are literate and are open to the appeal of the written word. . . . They are breathing in the subtle air of new standards, and at the same time are self-conscious spectators of their own inferior conditions. . . . It is irrelevant to urge that they are not less fortunate than their forefathers.

On the one hand, the peasant has a natural desire to achieve as nearly as his resources will permit the standard of living obtaining in the cities. On the other, because of the increasing use in Japan of modern advertising and salesmanship, he is under constant pressure to buy manufactured products from the city. Together, these factors have resulted in making the average Japanese farm less self-contained than it was before the revolution of 1868. The early domestic crafts have all but disappeared; the rural household no longer produces all that it consumes; it must buy many things from the city, especially clothing. Inevitably the peasant's hardships are now multiplied when he falls upon evil times.

The peasant cannot remedy his position by acquiring new land, for there is no idle land to be had. Nor can he help himself by more intensive methods of cultivation, for that is costly and will yield him no greater returns. His taxes, or rent, are extremely high, and these take a large part of his crop. What is left goes for interest charges on his loans and the purchase of fertilizers. If he meets these charges, he has nothing left with which to feed himself and his family. In ever-growing numbers, according to the *Tokio Nichi Nichi*, the farmers are compelled to borrow for consumption purposes, to buy food and clothing; and the interest they must pay on such loans is exorbitant, often running as high as 14 per cent. In consequence, the indebtedness of the farmers is mounting at the rate of 1,000,000,000 yen annually. In July the total farm indebtedness stood at 6,000,000,000 yen, which at the normal rate of exchange is equivalent to \$3,000,000,000. This amounts to an average of 8,000 yen, or approximately \$4,000, per farm family. If the government cannot or will not help the farmer, he must either withhold his tax and interest payments, which would certainly precipitate a new financial panic, or else meet these payments and starve himself and his family. That, however, is only the immediate problem. It does not take into consideration the permanent difficulty of Japanese agriculture—the threatened exhaustion of the land, the rapidly ris-

ing costs of production, the inescapable fact that Japan has about reached the point where it can no longer feed itself.

Japanese business men and newspapers at the moment are talking of the problem in terms of relief. Many relief schemes are being advocated, but only four have been seriously considered in official quarters. The first would provide direct government loans without security to the farmers; the second would reduce the rate of interest on unpaid tax assessments and on other obligations to the government that may be in arrears; the third would create a program of public-works construction to stimulate employment, and thus increase the purchasing power of the workers; the fourth would seek to raise the price of agricultural products by a higher tariff and by government purchase of surplus supplies of rice. It is doubtful whether any of the money involved in direct advances to the peasants would ever reach them. In the past the creditors of the farmers, and they are numerous beyond counting, have always been quick to appropriate such relief advances for themselves, leaving to the farmers nothing but the expense of obtaining the loans. The second plan would do little more than postpone the day of reckoning, for the interest due the government is small in amount compared with the total indebtedness of the farmers. A public-works program would help, but the relief would be only temporary, and the cost of the construction would greatly increase the already large deficit of the government. Higher tariffs would certainly help the Japanese farmer no more than they have helped the American farmer, while the proposed plan to control the price of rice through government purchase is no more likely to prove successful than was our own experiment in trying to stabilize grain and cotton prices through the Federal Farm Board.

The government is disturbed more by reports of unrest in the rural provinces than it is by actual evidence of starvation. It is watching very closely the growth of radicalism among the farmers. Not long ago the police bureau of the Home Office instructed the local governors to make regular reports on radical activities and agitation in their respective prefectures. More recently a government spokesman declared that it was the intention of the authorities "to suppress the agrarian movement, should attempts be made to attain the end in view by recourse to illegal acts, no matter what the motives of the agitators." Whether or not the government is justified in its fear of radicalism among the farmers, it appears that the agricultural crisis may lead to revolutionary changes in Japan. Kaku Mori, chief secretary of the last Seiyukai (Conservative) Cabinet, addressing the special farm-relief session of the Diet, declared:

I am not an advocate of national socialism, but I hold that the state should have more control over industry. When a farmer raises a crop of rice, the government by means of a monopoly should see that the price covers his living expenses. . . . The state should control the monetary organs and many other industries, such as shipping and fishing. But present methods of administration can do nothing. Extraordinary measures in which the army and the politicians cooperate are needed. . . . Bold measures, even at the cost of a temporary suspension of the present constitutional system, offer the only remedy.

It is significant that such views should be expressed by one of the most influential leaders of the largest political party in Japan.



# Will Pennsylvania Go Democratic?

By THOMAS E. WILLIAMS

*Harrisburg, October 26*

**W**ILL Republican Pennsylvania go Democratic on November 8? The politicians, both Republican and Democratic, would like to know the answer to that question. It is difficult to visualize a political upheaval that would cause the great industrial State of Pennsylvania to turn its back on the G. O. P. Nevertheless, there is a portentous undercurrent of anxiety in Republican circles.

Since 1856, when James Buchanan, the only Pennsylvanian to occupy the White House, was elected, Pennsylvania has not gone Democratic in a Presidential year; only twice since 1860 has it elected a Democratic Governor—once in 1882 and again in 1890; and only once in seventy-six years has it torn loose from its strong Republican moorings in a Presidential year. That was in 1912, when Theodore Roosevelt swept the State with his Bull Moose movement. In the last two Presidential elections Pennsylvania gave the Republican nominees a plurality of almost 1,000,000 over their Democratic rivals. President Hoover four years ago polled 2,055,382 votes in the State, while Governor Alfred E. Smith polled 1,067,586, the largest vote ever polled by any Democratic candidate in Pennsylvania.

Four years ago thousands of voters cast their ballots, not for Hoover, but against Smith. This year, if talk on the street corners and the ominous looks on the faces of Republican workers are any indication, thousands of Republican voters in Pennsylvania are going to vote, not for Roosevelt, but against Hoover. Many things are responsible for the political uncertainty in the Keystone State this Presidential year. First, Pennsylvania has more than one million and a quarter unemployed, some of whom have been jobless for a long period. Second, the almost impregnable State Republican organization, welded together by the Camerons, Quay, and Penrose, like the old gray mare in the song, "ain't what she used to be." Third, Governor Gifford Pinchot, dispenser of much State patronage, is not supporting President Hoover and is taking no hand in the campaign. Fourth, Joseph R. Grundy, former chief collector of campaign funds, which he obtained largely from the manufacturers, has remained discreetly in the background, leaving the filling of the party war chest to someone else. Fifth, William S. Vare, Republican leader of Philadelphia, having received no help from President Hoover when the United States Senate rejected Vare's credentials for membership in that body, is exerting himself little in behalf of the Hoover candidacy. These and many other complications have given a different aspect to Pennsylvania politics this year and have endowed Democratic leaders, always hopeful when the fight grows hot, with a cocksureness they have not displayed since 1912.

The Camerons, Simon and Donald, father and son, were the creators of the Republican organization which has held Pennsylvania tightly in its grip since the Civil War. Matthew Stanley Quay and Boies Penrose followed in the footsteps of the Camerons, cementing together more strongly the component parts of the invisible government known as

the Republican State organization, and tearing down the bulwarks of the Democracy. During decades of defeat, disappointment, and disaster the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania has somehow managed to retain a loyal following. Sold out at times in the past, at other times counted out, the party has nevertheless continued to roll up a Democratic vote bigger than that cast by most of the States in the Solid South. Through all the years of adversity it has managed to keep the State organization functioning; and though it is at best hardly more than a guerilla band compared with the rival Republican organization it can always be rallied to do battle when there are prospects of a good fight. Though handicapped by lack of funds, it has never failed to raise an army of volunteers in its hour of need. This year, for the first time in its history, it finds itself opposed to a financially embarrassed Republican organization.

The decline in prestige of the Republican organization, accustomed under Quay and Penrose to big expenditures and victory, began after the death of Penrose in 1921. Twice since the passing of Penrose the Republican organization has suffered defeat in a Republican primary election, both times at the hands of Gifford Pinchot, Progressive Republican, who won the gubernatorial nomination in 1922 and again in 1930. Penrose was hardly dead when the fight over his mantle of leadership began. The mantle was almost torn to shreds in the struggle, which culminated in the slush-fund fight in the Republican primary of 1926. The Mellons, aided substantially by the cash collections of Joseph R. Grundy in that conflict, came into the ascendancy in Pennsylvania politics. Subsequently the rejection of William S. Vare by the United States Senate added to their power. But their direct reign was short-lived. They found that running the politics of Pennsylvania was too costly a plaything, and retired behind the scenes to continue their rule by proxy.

Even before the Mellons effaced themselves, the Republican organization showed signs of slipping. Lacking the capacity for leadership, the brains, the backbone, and, what is more important, the money which in the days of Quay and Penrose had made it almost impregnable, the Republican State organization has kept going since Penrose's death mostly on the momentum of the overwhelming Republican sentiment in the State. Now the confidence of Pennsylvania in Republican prosperity has been shattered under Hoover, and the morale of Republican workers, bolstered up in other days by the prodigal liberality of Quay and Penrose, has sagged under the Scotch methods of the present-day managers of the organization.

What is worse, the Republican campaign managers have nowhere to turn for funds this year, even if they were inclined to be liberal. All over Pennsylvania mills and factories are idle, and their owners cannot be expected to contribute what they do not have. Under a regular Republican Governor State office-holders can be counted on to provide campaign revenues. They contributed more than \$300,000 for the Republican campaign four years ago. But this year Governor Pinchot will not permit the organization to assess



the jobholders for "voluntary contributions." Faced by disension among the thousands of unemployed, harassed by the disintegration of once powerful county organizations because there is no dominating central figure to hold them in line, and disorganized by the loss of the governor's office with its vast patronage, the managers of the Republican organization are hoping desperately that Pennsylvania voters will continue Republican.

Meanwhile the Democratic leaders, aware of a great unrest among the voters, are hoping for a Democratic miracle on election day. Militant wets in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and in the more populous urban areas in the mining sections distrust Hoover's last-minute conversion to their cause, while the dries in the strictly rural districts of the State resent his desertion of the dry principle. Philadelphia

and Pittsburgh, the two big cities in which Republican majorities are counted upon when the party is faced with a fight, may not—in fact are not expected to—rally to Republicanism this year as they have in other years. Republican organization workers in both of the big cities frankly admit they will not have the money to get the vote out this year. In the rural districts canvassers of both parties report a strong anti-Hoover sentiment. Warren Van Dyke, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, says Pennsylvania certainly will go Democratic this year, but gives no figures. General Edward Martin, chairman of the Republican State Committee, says Pennsylvania will give Hoover a big majority, but gives no figures. Past performances favor General Martin. But the depression is still here. Figure it out for yourself.

## Revolt in the Far Northwest

By EARL WRIGHT SHIMMONS

**A**LTHOUGH California achieved the credit and glory of being the pivotal State in the election of 1916, Washington also in late returns piled up the necessary margin of votes to win the battle for Woodrow Wilson. At most it could have been said that the election hung on Washington and California. As President Hoover's home State, California is again in the limelight this year. But again it is Washington which may swing the balance in case there is a close race between the industrial East and the agricultural South and West. The battle in Washington as in California is a mixed affair, but the cleavage shows the standpatters lined up behind the Republican banner and the liberals and progressives for the most part supporting the Democratic ticket. The reason for this is that the liberals invaded the Democratic primaries and captured the nominations for United States Senator, Congressman from the Seattle district, and a few other key positions from the old-line Democratic politicians.

In 1922, with the aid of the railroad unions, the farmers' State Grange, and an admiring women's-club dry vote, Clarence C. Dill, ex-Congressman from Spokane, defeated the powerful Miles Poindexter running for reelection as United States Senator. A young Tacoma attorney, running for the legislature on the ticket of the Farmer-Labor Party, was instrumental in making a last-minute deal with Democratic leaders of southwestern Washington whereby Farmer-Labor and Nonpartisan League votes were thrown to Dill in exchange for Democratic votes for a Democrat running for Governor on the Farmer-Labor ticket. This Tacoma attorney was Homer T. Bone. Bone is now the Democratic nominee for Senator, challenging the strongly entrenched Senator Wesley L. Jones. The latter, a professional dry and author of the "five-and-ten" act, is now chairman of the powerful Appropriations Committee. Washington has obtained a good share of federal money through Senator Jones's influence, and the standpat press of the State, at the behest of various chambers of commerce, is backing Jones and Hoover.

While Senator Dill specialized on radio, fathering

national broadcasting legislation and supporting progressive measures in general, Bone was becoming an expert in the problem of water power. Thanks in part to Bone's dynamic campaigning, his home town of Tacoma owns its own hydroelectric-power system and sells electricity at the lowest rates in America, at the same time making a substantial profit. Bone has often been called upon by the supporters of Seattle's municipal power plant to help them in their fight to develop the great Skagit River project. Two years ago when the younger business interests of Portland gave battle to the power trust, Bone helped them elect the public-ownership candidate for Governor of Oregon.

After working his way through law school and passing the State bar examination, Bone first became known as a labor attorney. Later he became chief counsel for the Port of Tacoma, from which position he recently resigned. He plunged into politics early as a Socialist Party candidate. In 1912 the Socialist Party of Washington was one of the most militant in the country and the strongest in proportion to population. Bone fought under the Socialist banner until the party had practically disappeared and then, in 1922, swung to the Farmer-Labor Party. When that liberal group faded from the political stage he became a Progressive Republican. Several times he ran against the veteran lumber-trust Congressman, Albert Johnson of Hoquiam. The power trust defeated him on one occasion by stopping the street-car system of Tacoma when workingmen were returning home to vote for Bone.

This year he started campaigning early. With adroit feints he joined the new Liberal Party, headed by "Coin" Harvey, an old-time Populist, then switched to a temporary organization calling itself Progressive Republican, and at the last minute suddenly filed for Senator on the Democratic ticket. Under the laws of Washington a voter can enter the primaries of any party. While maneuvering to outwit the power-trust-controlled Old Guard of both the Republican and the Democratic Party Bone toured the State in an old automobile with his campaign manager, Saul Haas. Haas was formerly a newspaper correspondent covering the legis-



lature and managing editor of the late Seattle *Union Record*. Cards were distributed asking support for Bone but not stating which position he would file for or on which ticket. Thousands of these cards were signed and returned to him as requested on the day after his address. The Citizens' Unemployed Councils of Tacoma and Seattle added their indorsements, also the standard railroad labor organizations. As a result, when Bone entered the Democratic primaries, although, as was charged by his old-line rival, Stephen Chadwick of Seattle, he may have failed to bring "any hay for the donkey," he did bring 60,000 progressive votes.

The official count showed a total primary vote of 427,944. The Democratic Party smashed all previous records. In a four-cornered race Bone received 98,094 votes, Chadwick being second with 47,817. Senator Jones made no primary campaign but was renominated by the Republicans over a strong rival with a vote of 118,249. On receiving news of the big Democratic success in Washington, Governor Roosevelt changed his Western itinerary to include Seattle. His reception in Seattle was the most enthusiastic given him up to then in his Western tour. Steered by Senator Dill, Roosevelt "welcomed" Bone as a liberal into the Democratic ranks; while Dill indorsed Marion Zioncheck, a recently naturalized citizen backed by the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League, as the Democratic nominee for Congress from Seattle.

This was too much for Chadwick and some of the other stalwarts who had upheld the Democratic banner for years in Washington. Over the radio Chadwick announced that he could not support the interloping opportunist and "radical," Bone. When Hearst purchased the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* in 1922, the Seattle *Times* switched its politics overnight. The *Times* now denounced Bone for doing the same thing. It endeavored to explain its refusal to support Bone and Zioncheck by asserting that they were "radicals." The *Times* even denounced Mr. Roosevelt, whom it had been supporting, for indorsing Bone. Since then, under pressure from the power and lumber trusts, it has veered farther and now practically supports Hoover. During the primary campaign the *Times* refrained from attacking Governor Ronald A. Hartley, running for a third term on the Republican ticket, because its mud-slinging campaign against him four years ago was generally considered the cause of his reelection. Bone says he is glad the *Times* has come out against him as he believes its opposition will bring him 50,000 votes. Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer*, which did much to elect Senator Dill, supported an American Legion candidate for Senator in the Democratic primaries, but has since come out for Bone in his fight for public ownership of water power. The Scripps-Canfield papers in Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane are also giving Bone good support.

The standpat Republicans and the Chadwick Democrats supporting Senator Jones hope to stave off a Democratic landslide by encouraging minority parties to pull liberal and radical votes away from Bone and Zioncheck. The Socialists have again established a State office, and when Norman Thomas was in Seattle, the *Times* obtained statements from him criticizing Bone for running on the Democratic ticket. The Liberty Party, a newcomer, with many Socialist planks and a soldier-bonus and fiat-money plank, is being given liberal space by the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, the Baker papers of Tacoma, and other Republican organs.

With the Olympic and Cascade mountain chains and the Columbia and Snake rivers within its borders Washington has about one-seventh of the potential water power of the country. Its timber is being rapidly logged off and the fishing industry is declining. Its progressive-minded population is being forced to look to the development of irrigation projects in the "inland empire" and to cheap hydroelectric energy for industrial prosperity in its cities. The Stone-Webster power interests, with an investment of \$100,000,000 to protect, have for many years led the lobbyists of the special interests at Olympia. With the aid of "cow-county" legislators, who were promised appropriations for good roads, and by utilizing Spokane's jealousy of Seattle, the lobby has blocked municipal-power bills introduced by Seattle and Tacoma members. The Bone power bill, allowing municipal plants of first-class cities to sell surplus power to suburban towns in competition with private companies, was thus defeated in 1924. An initiative bill known as the Grange power measure, of which Bone was joint author, was passed by a large majority in the 1930 election.

The Insull crash has supplied to Bone plenty of fresh ammunition with which to bombard the power interests. Senator Jones, who, Bone charges, is a friend of the private power companies, has been forced to take the stump and defend his record, although he is now old and ill. Jones is waving the flag and calling on Hoover. Bone alleges that Jones acted as yes-man of the Insull interests in voting to confirm Roy O. West, Insull attorney, as Secretary of the Interior in President Coolidge's Cabinet, and also in voting to shift the 3 per cent light-and-gas-bill tax from the power companies to the backs of the consumers. Jones also voted against the soldiers' bonus, and Bone does not forget to bring that up. On the dry issue, Jones has been forced to shift his stand to conform with the Republican platform. Bone is also a dry but is not opposed to resubmission. Jones is now trying to get his boyhood friend, Senator Borah, to come to Washington and indorse him as a progressive. If Borah comes, it will be at the eleventh hour and may not save Jones. If his voice permits, Senator Norris will speak for Bone in Seattle.

When the Reconstruction Finance Corporation turned down Seattle's application for a loan to continue construction work on its Skagit power plant, Mayor John F. Dore, Republican, threw his support to Bone and welcomed Governor Roosevelt. Apparently something happened then in Washington, D. C., for the R. F. C. soon granted Seattle a loan of \$1,491,000 to improve its municipal water system. The Farm Loan Board has also been very lenient to the poverty-stricken farmers of the State. The Seattle *Times* points out how much assistance Senator Jones has obtained for the Bremerton Navy Yard and holds out the promise of more appropriations for steady work if Jones is reelected.

That Washington voters, normally Republican, know how to split their votes was shown in 1928, when Hoover carried the State by 170,000 while Senator Dill was reelected on the Democratic ticket by a majority of 44,000. Since the primaries, city registration has smashed all records, especially in Seattle, where there was a jump of 35,000. Many of the newcomers are said to be subsisting on city and county charity. Judging by these and other indications, it begins to look as if Washington would slip into the Democratic column.



# Sherwood Anderson: The Search for Salvation\*

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

ANDERSON became Anderson when Dante became Dante—"midway in the journey of this life." He was about thirty-five when he heard his "Tolle, lege" and saw the vision on the road to Damascus. Before this crucial event, from which his entire life derives its significance, his career had been, in terms of outward events, essentially meaningless.

About 1910 we find him president of his own paint-manufacturing concern in Elyria, Ohio. He is a middle-class American business man. One afternoon he stops dictating to his secretary, utters a farrago of strange phrases, and walks out of the office. He never returns. From this point on his life is pretty much the history of his books. That single release of energy has furnished him with the impetus for sixteen publications written over a period of as many years.

The story of Anderson's "conversion" has been told often, particularly by Anderson himself. It is the central dramatic situation which recurs, under subtle disguises, in "Many Marriages," in "Windy McPherson's Son," in "Out of Nowhere into Nothing," in "Dark Laughter," in "Beyond Desire." He is obsessed with the experience of sudden self-discovery, the single moment in which the subconscious rises up to enforce its demands upon the total personality. The dramatization of this moment is his major contribution to the interpretation of American life. For no matter what mystic personal jargon he may wrap it in, the experience he describes is common among middle-aged business men who are only outwardly adjusted to their routines.

The mind of the average male American falls asleep as he emerges into maturity. It lives of course an underground existence, but its chances for emotional expression are few. It has to wait for an opportunity. Business worries and the construction of the bourgeois façade divert its energies. Then, perhaps at forty, the façade is complete. The specter of business failure is exorcised. The American has a chance to take stock, to confront himself as a human being. Immediately all the emotional confusion and self-searching which at twenty were petrified by the Medusa head of commercial ambition come alive. The personality makes frantic efforts to adjust itself. Usually the code of the class operates automatically. Society says: "No nonsense now. Play golf. Keep on making money. Live with your wife, even if it is a bore. Business as usual." After a temporary spree of the sentiments, the average male surrenders. A considerable number, however, never do, and continue their adolescence from the point at which it had been abandoned. Some are quite conscious of the whole mechanism. "Won't I ever grow up?" John Webster asks himself in "Many Marriages"; and when Anderson in "Mid-American Chants" speaks of himself as "a confused child in a confused world" he is using no mere figure of speech.

As the confusion of the seventeen-year-old was largely sexual, one expects the confusion of the forty-year-old to be sexual also. Hence the large part which sex plays in Anderson's stories and novels. This is not due to any personal obsession, as his early critics unfairly contended, but to the phenomenon of reemergent adolescence. Anderson's middle-aged heroes fall in love pretty much as do boys, except that he has dressed up their affairs with a little watered Lawrence and misty introspection. The adolescent loves on a narcissistic level. He falls in love with himself and with his ability to feel lust. As we should expect, John Webster, at thirty-eight, falls in love in much the same way. The whole mystifying erotic verbiage of "Many Marriages" is reducible to the formula of narcissism. A woman is a receptacle for Webster's stored-up libido, nothing more. She is useful as a means of rediscovering his ego, of transporting him back to the fevers and fervors of adolescence.

This rediscovery in middle age, expressed primarily in terms of sexual behavior, is the key to an understanding of Anderson, as it is the key to an understanding of the whole American experience he represents. It explains the peculiar nature of Anderson's "confusion," so frequently referred to, which is not at all similar to the turbulence of, let us say, Thomas Wolfe, or to the simple immaturity of Glenway Wescott. It explains the qualities of Anderson's art and it explains, I believe, why that art has lost much of its appeal and has not developed quite as we all once hoped it would.

To me the most important fact about his career is that his first book appeared when he was forty. It was difficult to learn after forty. He needed badly the apprenticeship which most writers go through in their twenties and thirties. After forty, men do not usually write because they are writers. They write because they are bothered, upset; because writing offers an escape from a disturbing reality or because it seems to provide a method of clarifying their personal problems. Thus the softness and sentimentality of Anderson's work is not that of youthful confusion—which may be succeeded by clarity and order—but of middle-aged bewilderment, the bewilderment of a mature man who has suddenly been forced to think.

This bewilderment expresses itself through two complementary experiences which are also the type-experiences of the post-war generation for which Anderson speaks. The first experience is that of the search for salvation, for some formula or interest or activity which will fill with reality a life suddenly rendered meaningless. In the case of Anderson, the quest was futile from the start. He was at its inception intellectually unprepared. He was incapable of making clear comparisons of values. He sought an *individual* resolution of a problem which was bound up with American society as a whole. His characters—and his characters are split-off sections of himself—go around looking for truth as if it were something tangible. But truth, in Anderson's sense—for by

\* The second of a series of articles by Mr. Fadiman on American novelists.—EDITOR THE NATION.



truth he means harmonious adjustment to one's total environment—is elusive. It is elusive because the entire society through which Anderson passes in his quest is a tissue of lies. Many now believe that as that society is changed to conform to the needs of all instead of to the greeds of a few, the individual's "truth" will gradually emerge. It will appear, not, as Anderson thought, through the self-regeneration of the individual, but through the regeneration of society as a whole. Up to very recently Anderson has been unable to perceive this. His search for salvation was a one-man affair. Consequently he has passed from one panacea to another; and as fast as these panaceas have proved unsatisfactory, he has staged a retreat or—what amounts to the same thing—a rationalization of his dissatisfaction. These two movements—the search for salvation and the retreat before experience—work through all his books. Sometimes one follows upon the other, sometimes they are present simultaneously.

If we examine his curious career, always turning in upon itself, strangely devoid of straight-line development, of deepening, of increased clarity, we are driven to the conclusion that while Anderson has, since 1916, learned a good deal about the art of writing, he is no more equipped now than he was then to synthesize and interpret American experience in its relation to himself. He came face to face with himself too late. His crucial conversion in his middle thirties caused such a violent upset as to preclude a complete orientation. And at the same time it gave him a peculiar blindness toward all attempts made by others at a careful solution, whether in terms of art or science, of life's problems. He says: "Critics are always abusing me because of my confusion. If they have themselves a solution for the difficulties of life, why do they not tell the rest of us about it? I admit my own confusion about money, government, sex, all kinds of relationships. Does this seem naive? It does not seem to me a sign of sophistication to accept the easy worn-out solutions always being handed out." Of course, in the face of this statement several thousand years of intellectual progress disappear into thin air. If you feel life as something to be encountered *de novo* every morning, you are not likely to achieve a solution to any of its problems—or even to see those problems clearly. You will be in the end reduced to that simple nihilism to which Anderson has frequently been perilously close. Has he not said: "After all, there must be something amateurish about this notion that anyone can ever do anything about life"? He seems at times hypnotized by the magical ease with which one can mutter to oneself: "It's all too complicated. Life is life. You can't change it. What does it matter?" This is an attitude natural to a person who has tried to "do something about life" in an explosive and exaggerated manner, as Anderson did. His confrontation of life was so violent that it set up new conflicts in him which he was not equipped to resolve.

There were two methods of dealing with this situation. The first and simplest was to rationalize his disorder, make a virtue out of it, capitalize his naivete. (This he has done with considerable success; some of his finest literary achievements are nothing but triumphant dramatizations of his most bewildered moods.) The second was to stage a series of evasions, retreats before the overcomplicated spectacle of contemporary American life. If you cannot save your soul here and now, remove it, by a feat of legerdemain, somewhere else where the problem of salvation has no meaning.

Though in Anderson the technique of retreat is not worked out consciously and efficiently, as with Hergesheimer or Cabell, it is not impossible to analyze it.

The simplest way of interpreting Anderson from the sociological point of view is to see him as a sentimental rebel against industrialism. Industrialism was one of the factors that conspired to produce his own emotional climacteric. He hates it; and particularly he hates it because it is ugly. His reaction toward it is that of the sentimental aesthete rather than of the militant radical. As alternatives to the horrors of industrialism he yearns for "song," "truth," "craftsmanship." His entire attack on modern American capitalist culture is reminiscent of the William Morris socialism of two generations ago. Thus he evades the problem by seeing only one side of it—for surely ugliness is only one, and perhaps the least, of the symptoms of the sickness of an acquisitive society.

But his evasion takes a more active form in his idealizing of preindustrialist pioneer America. Anderson believes—and there is surely a grain of truth in the idea—that before the factory came, there was a feeling, especially in the Middle West, "that America had something real and spiritual to offer to the rest of the world." He thinks of the American topography of that day as "clean and natural and noble," and his fancies fill it with splendid, salty democrats who worked with their hands—just as the sentimental eighteenth-century Frenchman filled the South Seas and the North American continent with noble savages. One can measure the force of this emotion in Anderson by the childish ferocity with which he reacts against it in his recent "Perhaps Women": "I am sick of that self in me, that self in me, that self in me, that would not live in my own age."

Closely related to the retreat to the past is another escape-mechanism in Anderson which might be called the Huck Finn dream. Every American business man has it. It becomes particularly persistent during the dangerous middle years and was one of the factors, again, that caused Anderson's rebellion. The Huck Finn dream is simply the dream of a tired man, the vision of idleness, Whitman's desire "to loaf and invite my soul." Anderson's characters are not really in active rebellion against American life; rather they impress us as being tired of it. They need a long fishing trip. And as a matter of fact, that is what Bruce Dudley in "Dark Laughter" goes after in his search for his Mississippi paradise. Just as Hugh McVey represents the success dream, so Dudley represents the idleness dream hidden within the heart of the successful business man. All Anderson's heroes run away *from* something, to a state of comparative rest, rather than *toward* something, to a state of action.

True idleness, true calm, is found only in boyhood when one really rests because one is not resting *from* anything. It is natural, then, that Anderson should write best of his own early years. It is when he is in a mood of reminiscence that he is most moving and lucid. "Winesburg, Ohio," though the characters were suggested by his neighbors in a Chicago rooming-house, is conceived in this mood of reminiscence. So are the best stories in "Horses and Men." So are the finest sections in "A Story-Teller's Story" and "Tar." His masterpieces are, beyond a doubt, the three or four tales of the American race track of the Pop Geers era. These stories come right out of his boyhood and are set down clearly and perfectly, without rhetoric or fumbling or



moralizing. When Anderson escapes to his own childhood and frankly gives up modern civilization as a bad job, he writes with conviction and unmatched delicacy.

Anderson has found refuge in his boyhood, in fantasy worlds, in the past—but the shelter which he has most constantly made use of is that supplied by writing itself. In his notion of the artist as an individual set apart from the world Anderson has discovered his most soothing consolation. The entire myth of Bohemia which today seems so absurdly anachronistic has a natural attraction for Anderson. He becomes a writer suddenly, as a mature, middle-aged man. Reacting over-violently against his former life, he exalts the role of the artist, broods upon it, plays with it, isolates it as far as possible from his previous mundane experience. He has all the sentimental enthusiasm of a recent convert. He likes to rejoice in his new-found freedom by uttering such bold words as "A good artist is as unmoral as a dog." He lays down the law flatly: "An artist is an artist. He isn't anything else." The artist has special privileges: "As regards human relationships, I am of course muddle-headed. How could I be anything else, being both an artist and an American?" He uses colorful phrases—"Art is something out beyond reality, a fragrance touching the reality of things through the fingers of a humble man filled with love"—to dress up his own conception of himself as a very special sort of person. His whole inflated attitude is clearly a compensatory adjustment, a special technique of evasion, a method of consoling himself for his failure to achieve the salvation he has earnestly and painfully sought.

Anderson is so honest about his own shortcomings, so sincere, so clumsily anxious to show us exactly how his books came to be, that it is far, far too easy for the critic writing today to draw up a bill of complaints. His reputation is clearly not as high as it was, let us say, in 1925. There is none of that feverish excitement which used to greet his books. Like Dreiser he seems to be slipping into literary history. But like Dreiser he has made certain undeniable contributions to American fiction and to the interpretation of American life. He has written—he must be tired of hearing this, but it is the truth—a half-dozen stories that will live along with the best short tales of Melville and Poe and Hawthorne and James. His race-track stories are perfect: read them fifty times and they will still give you that legitimate catch in the throat by which one may recognize moving art.

And "Winesburg" remains: one of his earliest books, it is still, I think, his best. It is, for the most part, beautifully written; but more than that it is a revelation of America which is still, after almost fifteen years, full of significance. It has the same kind of importance as "Main Street," of which, indeed, it is the complement. Just as "Main Street" exposes the tragedy of the complacent and the fit, the Kennicotts who are in harmony with the environment they have created, so "Winesburg" exposes the tragedy of the misfits, the mutterers, the crazy rebels, the hall-bedroom brooders, the mad doctors, all the human material which has been distorted and degraded in order that Babbitt might be Babbitt. These sex-starved, life-starved, unbalanced Americans are the non-useful by-products of an industrial process which sees human beings merely as tools. There they huddle together, in Winesburg, Ohio, or in the

squalor of Twenty-third Street lodging-houses, gregarious but unsocial, drowned in stark solitude of soul. Though not as immediately recognizable as Sinclair Lewis's characters, they are true and important American types, and no one else, unless it be William Faulkner, has portrayed them so clearly and powerfully as has Sherwood Anderson. It is a solid achievement.

But what will give Anderson a lasting place in the history of our literature is the fact that he symbolizes a whole period of self-discovery. He was a kind of Rousseau daring to stake all on his own personality, to question it, reveal it. It was, in 1916, a daring thing to do; the whole region of the subjective was almost *terra incognita* among American novelists. Anderson, by exposing himself, broke the ice. He filled others with courage, lent authority to the mood of rebellion. His attack on the Puritan denial of sexual experience, despite all its mystical flummery, was at bottom the brave gesture of a true and simple man. It was a gesture full of generative power.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter cannot allow the Presidential campaign of this year of disgrace to pass into history without expressing a hope that never again shall there be a political contest at once so pointless and so bedeviled with points. Nobody has been able to state a program, discuss a problem, or even make a promise except in points. Herbert Roosevelt has unrolled an eight-point program for railroad recovery at Coronado Beach, California, and Franklin Hoover has retaliated at Old Orchard, Maine, with a ten-point promise of a farmers' paradise. The wets have sassed the dries in fifteen points and the dries have sassed them back in seventeen. Whereas politicians used to "point with pride," and let it go at one point, they dare not express any sentiment now in less than eight or ten points for fear of waking up next morning and discovering that their rivals have outpointed them.

\* \* \* \* \*

UNFORTUNATELY there is nothing in the rise of the point system of campaigning to inspire the American citizen. It is only a new wrapper for the old boloney. A program which doesn't mean anything can sometimes be made quite impressive if stated in twelve points, and if one uses enough numerals with which to swaddle one's promises, it is easy to slip in a joker somewhere among them without attracting too much attention. Thus it is possible for Herbert Roosevelt to promise the farmers higher prices for their produce in nine points, and in the tenth to conclude casually that of course none of the methods proposed is to be carried out in such a way as to raise the price of food to the consumer. So, too, Franklin Hoover can mesmerize his audience with twelve points for controlling the public utilities, with the off-hand proviso somewhere that no action is to be taken which will disturb the sacred American principle of private initiative and ownership. It takes a steady-headed voter to keep in mind that although promising is nine points in a campaign, possession is still nine points of the law.



UNLESS memory is at fault (and usually it is), there is a protuberance on the Alaskan coast which the geographers have allowed to be called Point No Point. It should be the ideal habitat for most of the political philosophy of the campaign of 1932. If the point system is to continue in another campaign, it might be well to study as a guide the constitution of the Bingtown Rifles, a military company organized some years ago in Ohio. The constitution consisted of two articles:

Article I. This organization shall be known as the Bingtown Rifles.

Article II. In case of war this organization shall automatically be disbanded.

So, too, the many-pointed though pointless programs of the 1932 campaign might be simplified and condensed into two points to read as follows:

Point 1. I promise you everything you want and a cash bonus of \$1.50 besides.

Point 2. In case of election, Point 1 is to be regarded as null and void.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### In the Sunny South

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Down here in the Old Dominion, where Jefferson's democracy is no longer anything save words in a Baptist politician's vocabulary, there's some pleasant little incident every day. Recently the ladies of the Virginia Congress of Parents and Teachers forced the resignation of their president, Mrs. D. W. Persinger, of Roanoke, because she confessed her allegiance to Mr. Norman Thomas. In the sunny South it's not even safe to be a Republican; and a citizen who professes socialism is about as safe as a public-school teacher who has agnostic leanings or an inclination to make Negroes out of niggers.

Danville, Va., October 25

JULIAN R. MEADE

## Devere Allen's Position

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While my economic views are scarcely of cosmic importance, Mr. G. C. Edgar has done me no service and has flattered himself as a political observer not at all when he refers to me, in his article on Connecticut politics in *The Nation* of October 26, as a "liberal progressive" of the same "general outlook" as Professor Milton Conover of Yale, candidate for the United States Senate on the ticket of the Independent Republican Party.

As a matter of fact, I happen to believe that liberals and progressives have demonstrated their basic futility in our past and present crises; and except in one talk which was greatly restricted in time, I have never failed to stress the more radical economic portions of the Socialist platform and to call for revolutionary, though non-violent, abolition of the profit system and the socialization of economic and cultural life by a combination of the ballot and labor solidarity.

You may be interested to know that the mood of Connecticut's electorate has sent crowds in excess of all our expectations to listen to these ideas and to consider them with a toler-

ance and sympathy hitherto unknown—which may account for the place Connecticut holds in the straw votes as the leading State with respect to the proportion of Thomas ballots. Mr. Edgar is quite right in attributing the greatest Socialist strength to Bridgeport and its Socialist leader, Jasper McLevy, a man whose capacity should long ago have been nationally known. But I think he has underestimated the extent to which socialism has been penetrating even the small towns, and for rural old-party leaders the election will bring some genuine surprises.

Wilton, Conn., October 26

DEVERE ALLEN

## Cowardice and Folly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Herbert Hoover holds the President's office at a time that is far more critical and dangerous than any previous period of our history. He is well informed in regard to the problems confronting the country as any other one man. Yet he has failed utterly in political and moral leadership.

Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce in 1921, called the President's Conference on Unemployment and acted as chairman of that body during its three weeks of deliberation. Many of the relief and employment measures advocated by economists, educators, bankers, business men, ministers, and social workers during the past two years—and bitterly opposed by President Hoover—were proposed by committees of the 1921 unemployment conference and accepted then by the full body, including its chairman.

Mr. Hoover, until nominated for the Presidency, was chairman or a member of committees connected with either the President's Conference on Unemployment of 1921 or the National Bureau of Economic Research—committees which were especially engaged in the study of unemployment and business cycles, and of public works as a remedy for economic depressions. A committee of which Mr. Hoover was chairman until his nomination for the Presidency in 1928 published two large volumes on "Recent Economic Changes," and also a volume on "Planning and Control of Public Works," by Professor Leo Wolman, setting forth the advantage of quickly expanding public works when a business depression sets in.

During the campaign for the Presidency, in the summer and fall of 1928, Mr. Hoover constantly referred to the political principles and activities of the Republican Party as the chief cause of prosperity and the full employment of labor. In November, 1928, three weeks after his election, Mr. Hoover requested Governor Brewster of Maine to present to the Conference of Governors at New Orleans what became at once nationally known as the "Hoover Plan." The *Literary Digest*, devoting its first three pages of the issue of December 8, 1928, to the plan, described it under the heading, "Hoover's Plan to Keep the Dinner-Pail Full," in the following words:

The abolition of poverty, or a job for every worker, was more than once depicted by Mr. Hoover during his campaign as the great aim of the American economic system. Now his proposal to create a \$3,000,000,000 reserve fund to be used for public construction work, so as to ward off unemployment in lean years, is hailed as a step toward that goal. . . .

Mr. Hoover's inaugural message in March, 1929, and his message to the special session of Congress in April carried no word about providing this unemployment reserve fund to be used in the pending inevitable business depression. Both Governor Brewster and Professor William T. Foster saw President Hoover in the spring of 1929 and urged action along the lines of the Hoover Reserve Fund plan. Although the President assured Governor Brewster the matter would receive his atten-



tion as soon as the farm-relief session and other pressing matters were out of the way, no action was ever taken by the President—and the collapse of "prosperity" came in October.

President Hoover's record since then is well known. For a full year he issued public statements minimizing the depression. When the futility of predicting the return of prosperity in another sixty or ninety days became apparent even to Mr. Hoover, he showed, in his message to Congress in December, 1930, the first recognition of the serious economic condition of the nation. Did he recommend that Congress appropriate or raise by a bond issue to meet the critical situation the sum of \$3,000,000,000 or \$1,000,000,000, or even \$500,000,000? No. He asked for between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000, and secured \$116,000,000! Congress adjourned in March, 1931, without providing any relief for the millions of unemployed men and women and their families. And it was not until May of the present year that the President consented reluctantly to legislation for the direct relief of the then ten millions of unemployed. Inadequate as the compromise Wagner-Garner relief measure was, it was accepted by the leaders of Congress simply because any bill providing adequate relief and employment would have been vetoed by the President.

The final act of President Hoover in sending the regular army, with tanks and gas, against the unarmed veterans and their wives and children is a fitting climax to the blindness and indifference of the past three years, which have been justly characterized in the editorial columns of *The Nation* under the titles: *Is It to Be Murder, Mr. Hoover?* and *Cowardice and Folly in Washington*.

*New York, October 25*

DARWIN J. MESEROLE

## The Terror in Cuba

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reports have recently come from Cuba of the assassination of prominent leaders of the opposition to President Machado, including Representative Gonzalo Freyre de Andrade and his two brothers. Newspapers state that the killing was done in retaliation for the previous slaying—by whom not stated—of Dr. Vasquez Bello, president of the Cuban Senate, a strong Machado supporter, "who, had he lived, probably would have been the next president of Cuba."

Many Americans still think that the Spanish War and the "rescue" of Cuba from Spanish domination were worthy projects, but information from trustworthy sources confirms the belief that present conditions in Cuba are largely the result of American domination of Cuban financial affairs, and that the illegal control of the government by President Machado is being supported and aided by the American government.

Several representatives of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom have been in Cuba during the past year. We were in personal touch with Dr. Andrade, and know him to have been a man of integrity. He was a well-informed lawyer, formerly professor of economics at the University of Havana. His brother Leopoldo was an engineer and sugar planter who wrote a book on the Cuban sugar industry criticizing Chadbourne of New York (organizer of the Chadbourne plan). The book was seized by the Machado Government. Both men were fearless in their denunciation of the Machado regime and were in hourly danger for years. Their deaths are now added to the list of over 1,000 such assassinations on the streets of Cuba since the beginning of the Machado regime in 1925.

Last summer when I was in Cuba I met a number of splendid young women, college graduates, who have just now finished serving thirteen months' imprisonment on the Isle of

Pines as personal "hostages" of President Machado. Some sixty students are said to be still imprisoned. All schools and colleges in Cuba except a few of the lower grades have been closed since December, 1930.

The situation in Cuba is intolerable. Since the Platt Amendment makes it impossible for the Cuban people to cope with the situation, the W. I. L. is urging the withdrawal of the support of the United States government from the Machado administration, the immediate repeal of the Platt Amendment, and the appointment of a civilian commission similar to the Forbes Haitian Commission to investigate and report on Cuban conditions.

We are now making a thorough study of the whole Cuban situation, and we shall welcome correspondence, clippings, and any definite information from those in close touch with Cuban matters.

*Philadelphia, October 15*

ELLEN STARR BRINTON

## More Evidence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I quote below part of a communication received from an authentic source in Havana. It gives but a glimpse of the reign of terror which has gone on without mitigation for more than a year.

Eighty-four political prisoners, a broad term for those fighting the Machado dictatorship, were liberated today, unmistakably a maneuver on the part of the Machado Government, as was the announced dissolution of the Patriotic League (part of Machado's spy system and a branch of the secret police), which has in effect merely resulted in a change of name. These measures have been taken to make it appear that the government has suddenly become benevolent and eager to favor and conciliate the opposition. The ulterior object is to weaken the vigorous press campaign which has been waged outside the country. At bottom, the reign of terror continues unchanged. To be exact, the week ending yesterday netted a total of six bodies found in separate districts of Havana and Matanzas, all identified as members of the opposition.

The deaths which have caused the most sensation and the greatest sorrow are those of the two Perez Díaz brothers, Floro and Antonio. These boys, students of the Teachers Normal School and of the High School Institute of Teachers, were members of the Student Council of Santiago de Cuba. Because of constant persecution they fled to Havana. Someone revealed their whereabouts, and they were immediately seized, together with a friend, in a boarding-house. Although they gave false names, their accent betrayed their native city, Santiago de Cuba. Floro was found mysteriously murdered on the road to the Martin Mesa bathing beach, and his brother, Antonio, on the road between Amarillas and Matanzas. The body of their friend, who remains unidentified, was found near the Mariano hippodrome. All of them bore the same wound, a bullet hole in the right temple made with a forty-five regulation army gun, and their bodies revealed distinct signs of torture.

Revolution is again in the air. The government is so overwhelmed with debts that for the past five months civil-service employees have collected not one cent in wages, and there is talk of another reduction—the cuts so far amounting to 50 per cent. The army, navy, police, and congressmen are the only groups still paid regularly.

Many organizations throughout Cuba are busily engaged in raising funds to give to political prisoners who have been detained for months without trial. Most of them are starving to death.

*Brooklyn, October 1*

MALWON KAUFMAN



## Progressive Miners' Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thirty thousand striking miners in Illinois need public support in one of the most significant labor struggles of recent years. They are fighting not only for a living wage but, still more important, for the right to have an honest union under leadership of their own choosing. Miners throughout the country are looking to this Illinois movement as the nucleus for a militant national organization to take the place of the old United Mine Workers, which, dominated by corrupt and unscrupulous leaders, has completely lost their confidence.

The Illinois strikers are having to fight against gangsters, troops, and a reign of terror in Franklin County that rivals Harlan, Kentucky. Union leaders have been shot down; a peaceful march into the southern counties was met with machine-gun fire.

Already operators covering some 10,000 miners have signed up with the new union, the Progressive Miners of America. The organization has the whole-hearted support of the rank and file. They are resolved that it shall be an honest, democratic, progressive organization.

The New York Committee for Progressive Miners' Relief, composed of liberal individuals and representatives of labor organizations, has been formed to arouse all possible aid in their behalf. Organizations are urged to allow a representative of the miners to make an appeal at meetings they are sponsoring, and to do all else in their power. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief will forward clothes left at its office.

The strikers need relief at once. Rush contributions to Armand Rossi, treasurer, New York Committee for Progressive Miners' Relief, First Floor, 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York, or to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

KATHERINE H. POLLAK,

Secretary, New York Committee for  
Progressive Miners' Relief

JOHN HERLING,

Secretary, Emergency Committee for  
Strikers' Relief

New York, October 17

## Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

THOMAS E. WILLIAMS is the Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*.

EARL WRIGHT SHIMMONS has been a reporter on various Tacoma and Seattle newspapers.

CLIFTON FADIMAN, head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster, is at work on a book of criticism entitled "American Life and American Novelists," from which the article in this issue is an extract.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM, poet and novelist, is the author of "Six a. m."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is a poet and critic whose most recent volume of verse is "Epistle to Prometheus."

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON is the well-known historian, author, among other books, of "The Ordeal of Civilization."

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# Books, Drama, Films

## Sonnet Without Music

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Mine-guards patrol the road beneath the oaks,  
With rifles and revolvers glistening  
Under the moon and rough heads listening  
For steps, while in a creek a bullfrog croaks  
His litany to death and man-made yokes.  
The strikers crouch behind a mound of coal  
With clubs and guns, while each man's rankling soul  
Grows tight, ascends to lungs, and slowly chokes.

Two minutes more—the lead remorse will fly.  
Bullets will cleave the lilies on the creek,  
Bring blood from chests and wring stupidity  
From puppets jerking in a stern, quick lie—  
The crazed, immortal struggle of the weak  
Against the flunkies of cupidity.

## "A Family of Minds"

*The Three Jameses.* By C. Hartley Grattan. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

THE history of great families is interesting not only in itself but for the light it throws on questions of the first importance. What is genius, and what are the conditions that thwart it, deflect it in this direction or that, or bring it to flower? Biologists have something to contribute to these problems on one side, and students of the social sciences on the other; but all must have the data supplied by the biographer. To the evidence recently turned in by James Truslow Adams in his history of the Adams family, C. Hartley Grattan has added the story of the Jameses.

Superficially such family histories seem to be merely one more proof that geniuses are born, not made, and that the abilities they display in maturity were all implicit in their chromosomes. But a full knowledge of such histories always results in a radical revision of this simple interpretation. It is not merely that unusual fathers can give their sons unusual educations and unusual ambitions (James Mill and John Stuart Mill constitute one of the most striking examples of this), but they can frequently give them, what is crucially important for all purely intellectual workers but so often overlooked, economic independence. It was economic independence that made Darwin possible, and it was economic independence that made the three Jameses possible.

(The common neglect of this simple but vitally important factor among students of genius is really amazing. Thus Havelock Ellis, in his otherwise careful and admirable "Study of British Genius," which tells us almost everything about men of genius, with a special chapter on stature, another special chapter on hair-color and eye-color, and speculations on the connection of genius with gout, says nothing whatever directly about economic independence, and this in face of the fact that the arbitrary standard of genius adopted was the amount of space given to a figure in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in other words, the amount of socially recognized success! The mystery is deepened by the fact that Ellis has a special chapter on Social Class, in which, after pointing out how many geniuses have come from the aristocracy and how

few from the proletariat, he seems inclined to attribute the difference almost entirely to differences in "stock.")

As it was economic independence that made the Jameses possible, Mr. Grattan begins, fittingly, with the man who made the economic independence possible, the founder of the family fortunes, the grandfather of William and Henry, William James the First. The elder James landed in America from Ireland in 1789, at the age of eighteen. Four years later he turned up in Albany, became a clerk, soon opened a tobacco store, then went into dry goods and groceries, built a tobacco factory, and in twenty-three years was ready to retire to money-lending and the business of being a Leading Citizen. Mr. Grattan has diligently unearthed the available facts, but he never succeeds—and I am sure the fault is not his—in making the first James seem anything but a dullard. All that we remember about him is that in addition to being astutely acquisitive he was extremely religious, and inflexibly opposed to "idleness and vice." But he died leaving three million dollars and twelve heirs; and the man now known as Henry James, Senior, was one of them.

By some miracle Henry Senior grew up without acquiring the slightest interest in business. Perhaps it was because he did not have to; perhaps it was the accident in his fifteenth year, when he burned his legs trying to stamp out a fire, so that one of them had to be amputated, and he remained in bed, often alone with his thoughts, for two years. His mind turned to religion, and he entered Princeton Theological Seminary; but he found two years of this enough; he could not swallow Presbyterian orthodoxy; and he began a long period in search of a faith, during which he flirted with strange cults like Sandemanianism, ending, at last, as a sort of independent Swedenborgian. Nearly all of his writing is on religious themes, most of it vague and transcendental, and unlikely to interest the present generation. If he had cared to devote himself to more mundane matters, he would surely have become an important essayist and critic; he could strike off pungent and telling phrases, like "the enameled offspring of Mr. Tennyson's muse," or (referring to Carlyle) "the same old sausage, fizzing and sputtering in his own grease," while his capacity for criticism that cut to the core of a question is illustrated by his remark that Carlyle had "the essentially Barnum conception of manhood, never unconscious youthful grace and symmetry, but everywhere gigantic overgrowth contrasted by dwarfish undergrowth."

But the greatest gift to the world of Henry James, Sr., was not his books but his two sons, William and Henry, and the education he was careful to supply them with. In the James household there was remarkable freedom of discussion; the two brothers were not only permitted to criticize freely the ideas of each other, but of their father, and the only defense he made use of, apparently, was not his superior age or paternal dignity but his wit. Henry James, Sr., did one thing more for his sons; he carted them off to Europe for a few years, where, as he wrote to Emerson, they might "absorb French and German and get such a sensuous education as they can't get here." These years in Europe were, of course, of crucial importance for both of them. Henry acquired a nostalgia for Europe, for its intellectual and aesthetic atmosphere and its way of life, that remained with him until he had permanently settled there; and though William James grew up to be a patriot, with ambivalent emotions toward Europe, he acquired there a mastery of languages and certain standards of judgment that never left him.

In relating the stories of these two remarkable men, the one the most eminent psychologist of his day and the other the foremost American novelist of his day, Mr. Grattan has pre-



served an admirable balance between the record of their personal lives and the critical exposition of their work. The tendency of the last few years has been for the reputation of William James to decline and for that of Henry James to rise. Mr. Grattan's volume supports this tendency. There is in it no suggestion of Van Wyck Brooks's thesis that Henry James's desertion of the American scene crippled him as an artist; Mr. Grattan feels, rather, that James "was composing from the materials of life great works of art full of meaning, bodying forth a vision of the world not to be duplicated elsewhere." He regards James, it is true, as "beyond all else the great exponent and defender of the leisure class" (the section containing this judgment appeared as an article in *The Nation* of February 17), but though "in concentrating his attention upon highly complicated representatives of a highly specialized social group, [James] brought the interest of his stories to the narrowest possible point," he was still dealing with questions of universal import. On William James Mr. Grattan's judgments are often harsh: he finds him a shallow optimist, and he feels that "the total implications of William James's philosophy would lead to intellectual bankruptcy." With Mr. Grattan's attitude toward James's pragmatism I find myself in general agreement. It seems to me true, as Santayana has remarked, that James's incursions into philosophy were essentially of the nature of raids. But we must not overlook the fact that James's thought was nearly always rich in penetrating incidental insights, and his "Psychology," in its half-literary, half-scientific genre, still seems to me a masterpiece. Mr. Grattan is not grudging in his recognition of the immense influence of William James's "stream-of-consciousness" concept on literature, particularly through Joyce, Proust, Dorothy Richardson, Faulkner, Aiken, and others. And while it is true that much in his psychology has been superseded by the psychoanalysts and others, is not to be superseded the fate of all germinal work in science?

HENRY HAZLITT

## Bulls and Bottles

*Death in the Afternoon.* By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

**T**HOUGH no one can doubt the genuineness of Hemingway's interest in bullfighting, "Death in the Afternoon" seems to have been written with one eye on the proverbial wolf. It may be just as well; a book that tried to maintain the level of "The Undeclared" or of the bullfight descriptions in "The Sun Also Rises" would undoubtedly become painful and might become ridiculous. Certainly the uninitiated reader can learn all that he is likely to need or want to know about bulls, fights, and fighters, and he has some fine photographs, an elegant binding, and a certain amount of humor thrown in.

If anyone else had written the book, there would be little more to say; but because Hemingway ranks so high among contemporary novelists, and because more people will read the book because they are interested in Hemingway than will read it because they are interested in bullfighting, one is justified in going on to talk about the author. Fortunately the author, fully aware of the interest in his personality, has made a vigorous effort to put as much of himself as possible into his book. As a rule these intimate revelations are placed, for the convenience of the author, who obviously prefers to do a craftsman-like job, as well as for the convenience of the reader, at the end of each chapter. At first they take the form of dialogues between the author and an old lady, dialogues that suggest both Frank Harris and A. A. Milne at their most objectionable. Later on—but none too soon, as Mr. Hemingway candidly observes—

the old lady disappears, and the author speaks directly to his readers.

We have, then, a series of observations on life and letters that provide glimpses of the mind of Ernest Hemingway; and there are, of course, other less premeditated revelations. The net impression is not unlike that received from the novels and stories. There is, it is true, a suggestion, especially in his comments on his critics, that Hemingway is less sure of himself than might have been supposed. But in general the book confirms previous judgments. It is surely not surprising to learn that he went to his first bullfight because he "was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death." It is not surprising to find him speaking of "mountain skiing, sexual intercourse, wing shooting, or any other thing which it is impossible to make come true on paper, or at least impossible to attempt to make more than one version of at a time on paper, it being always an individual experience." It is not surprising to read: "If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it"; or to come across a brutal and quite irrelevant description of the horrors of death in war time. All these things fit the picture.

There is considerable humor in the book, but Hemingway always speaks respectfully of bullfighting and of writing. In his peroration, which is largely concerned with the latter activity, he says: "Let those who want to save the world, if you can, get to see it clear and whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly." This is obviously sound, and it would be hard to find any novelist who, as novelist, would disagree with it. The only questions it raises are concerned with Hemingway's own efforts to see the world clear and as a whole. Is his literary process one of selection—a selection based on and dictated by a knowledge of the whole? Or is it a process of isolation—a deliberate setting apart of those segments of human experience he understands and likes to write about? It would take a good deal of space to answer these questions, and a good many references to the stories and novels to support one's answers. But there is a kind of answer suggested in a passage in this book: "After one comes, through contact with its administrators, no longer to cherish greatly the law as a remedy in abuses, then the bottle becomes a sovereign means of direct action. If you cannot throw it, at least you can always drink from it." If, in other words, you are troubled by the world, resort to personal violence; and if personal violence proves, as it usually does, to be dangerous, ineffective, and undignified, console yourself with drink—or skiing, or sexual intercourse, or watching bullfights. Now though this is certainly a poor way to save the world, it no doubt is a fine way to "get to see it clear and whole." Yah, as Mr. Hemingway would say, like hell it is!

GRANVILLE HICKS.

## Poverty

*Broken House.* By Ambrose South. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

**P**OVERTY is the subject of this novel—not the fashionable 1932 poverty that begets "depression parties" at summer resorts and causes Viennese Rothschilds to cut their domestic staffs from forty-eight to twenty-four; not the sudden depression-bred poverty that reduces a lesser man to destitution and sends him hurtling from a twentieth-story window; nor yet the Franciscan poverty that uplifts and purifies the soul; but the slow, grinding, debasing, year-in-year-out poverty that sucks at the vitality of a family of seven, forever dragging them down without ever quite annihilating them; a poverty that manifests itself in an incessant shortage of food, clothes, warmth, matches,



coal, soap, wood, tea, toys for the children; in vexation, fatigue, running noses, empty stomachs, greasy warmed-over blobs of food, broken finger nails, hands raw and stiff from farm work, premature old age, exclusive preoccupation with the business of staying alive and keeping others alive; drabness, ugliness, slovenliness.

Such is the poverty that, like an unseen guest, forever attends Clara and Hugh on their English farm, where their chief and woefully inadequate income derives from Hugh's dole and the sale of eggs. And such is Miss South's talent for bringing out the inmost character of Clara and Hugh that at times we forget the squalor of their surroundings, just as Clara does when she looks at her babies: their "little, wandering, muddy knees and legs and toes; red ears, red fists, red, hungry mouths, perfectly enchanting heads; faces that were alive like pockets holding wee, wild flowers."

Writing without humor yet with a restraint that keeps her very communicable feeling for her characters from ever becoming sentimentality, Miss South builds up in "Broken House" an appealing and memorable picture of a woman and her children against a background of manure, unwashed dishes, and grunting pigs. For while Hugh, with his war-begotten stump of a leg and a chronic irascibility born of poverty and bad food and failure of youthful hopes, is convincing enough, it is Clara who makes the book—Clara, the sloppy, inefficient housewife, the incessant drudge, forever inadequate yet, with her selfless mothering love for both husband and children, forever preferable to her blameless, efficient, thorough betters.

In spite of its subject matter "Broken House" has no social-economic ax to grind. Clara and Hugh, however cruelly handicapped, are permanently kept down by their own deficiencies rather than by invincible odds. Another family in their place might have done better. Miss South has written no thesis novel but a creative work of lasting impressiveness. Its two chief weaknesses are a failure to differentiate clearly between the various children (except Max, who is excellently drawn) and a certain amount of repetition. In the latter defect, in a book where little new happens and the effect is largely cumulative, there is perhaps some virtue.

GEOFFREY HELLMAN

## A Victorian Modern

*Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern.* By Clara G. Stillman. The Viking Press. \$3.75.

THIS is the first modern interpretative biography of Samuel Butler. In many respects the most advanced mind of his day in England, a man of extraordinary brilliance and versatility, he has been neither manhandled by the early pseudo-Freudian biographer, nor touched up by the psychographer, nor Stracheyized; and he has offered no target for the debunker. This neglect seems inexplicable when one considers Butler's constantly growing reputation in a day in which publishers and writers are combing their encyclopedias for forgotten men to resurrect and popular idols to crush to earth. Butler's novel has been implanted in the minds of two literary generations and has had a direct and powerful influence. His first social satire is ranked with the best in English literature of its kind. A part of the scientific world has definitely admitted him into its hierarchy. Artists are beginning to take notice of the flavor of modernity in his painting and art criticism. Scholars no longer look upon his theory of the authorship of the *Odyssey* as a crank's whim. And yet, as in his lifetime, he has been neglected.

It is true that, looked upon superficially, Butler was not a colorful or romantic figure. He was an indefatigable worker. His life was his work, his work his life, to a greater degree

than in the case of most literary figures. Even M. Maurois would find it difficult to write a life of Butler with Butler's books left out. And, again, his versatility should rightly give pause to the most courageous biographer. But I think the chief reason for his neglect is that no more today than in his lifetime does he fit into any pattern. Some who found personal release or, critically, a new vitality in "The Way of All Flesh" are shocked by his conservatism. Others who have discovered in his biological works kinship in ideas or inspiration are shocked by his dread and hatred of scientific authority, while his indifference to many of the burning social problems of his time causes many moderns to turn sadly away.

But although he lacked appreciation during his lifetime and has been neglected by modern writers, Butler has been fortunate in his two principal biographers. The two-volume "Memoir" by his friend, Henry Festing Jones, is an honest and dignified labor of love. And now Mrs. Stillman's psychological and critical study will march beside Butler's reputation as long as that shall last.

In its critical aspect this is a thorough, closely reasoned study of a significant body of thought; and in its personal approach to the man and the genius it is a sympathetic but candid psychological interpretation. The two aspects of the biography are skilfully interwoven. Neither one stultifies the other, absorbs or belittles the other. Mrs. Stillman's exposition of the biological works of Butler—and it must be remembered that "Life and Habit" is one of the most brilliant books ever written—is an extraordinary achievement. On one point I should like to take issue. I think to call Butler an amateur pitting himself against the biologists is a mistake. He accepted the experts' data, and then, as Mrs. Stillman delightfully shows, turned their facts against their hypotheses. He was a philosopher, and in attacking the reasoning and conclusions of the Darwinians from the point of view of his own theories, he remained within his own field. But this is not to deny that Butler approached all subjects with the spirit of the amateur, or that he wrote a novel and composed music as one Simon-pure. The issue is probably trivial; but Butler's thought was hard, coherent, and of universal application. The word amateur to too many would suggest the merely clever dilettante. But no one will be misled if he reads the book through. For here every phase of Butler's life and all sides of his genius are dealt with in a distinctive and distinguished modern biography.

FRED T. MARSH

## "Some World Far from Ours"

*The Salutation.* By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

OPENING a book by Sylvia Townsend Warner, one expects to be transported to another star, where the light, however crossed by our iron actualities, is yet unwontedly bright and tender, and the air, if sometimes bleak as here, has currents of softer fragrance than we have known. The title of the sketch which opens this collection of stories, *Some World Far from Ours*, seems peculiarly appropriate to her gift, as the substance of the piece in a manner symbolizes the body of her work. In itself it is a trifle, conveying simply the shock of revelation and despair that comes to a hard-worked, middle-aged, romantic chambermaid in a one-night cheap hotel who, going to renew the sheets in a just-abandoned room, finds the disordered bed, the familiar walls, transfigured by a bath of icy moonlight. It is a trifle, but a piercing one. The juxtaposition of drab lust and romantic longing, of the room's musty ugliness and the moon's chill beauty, is superbly managed, and the reader is left with the sense that it is not only the dull



Minnie Parrs who glimpse thus briefly and irrevocably a world far from theirs.

The two novelettes, if in a different fashion, also open doors on something incredibly distant. The one has to do with an English wanderer who finds refuge in the house of a gracious Argentinian, the widow of his compatriot. The placid South American household and the grave, almost religious respect for the laws of hospitality which govern it take us farther than into another country, for they show life moving to another rhythm. Again, Elinor Barley's wretched infatuation and hapless end, while perfectly possible today and certainly believable in the early-nineteenth-century, rural-English setting Miss Warner gives them, make a tale seemingly as remote from us as any out of the Arthurian cycle. What works the change is more than a matter of unfamiliar backdrops and costumes. It is a fundamental question of tempo. These people have leisure for love and for grief, for the subtleties of comradeship and solitude that ripen only slowly.

Miss Warner achieves her effects largely by her style, which is lustrous with shining images and always carefully modulated—sometimes with too obvious a care. It is this that in stories full of shrewd, bitter, and occasionally rough humor turns the most ordinary men and women, the most sordid situations, to the stuff that dreams are made on. The result is a book which, for all the plain prose of much of its subject matter, has a definitely lyric tone. Sometimes the lyricism rings a little hollow and thin, as in *Early One Morning*. Often it is half lost in gently sardonic laughter, as in *Over the Hill* and *This Our Brother*. But it is the quality which distinguishes the book as a whole, which lifts much of it into the realm of fantasy, and which allows it to exercise the peculiar spell of romantic poetry.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

## Can Man Be Civilized?

*Can Man Be Civilized?* By Harry Elmer Barnes. Brentano's. \$2.50.

DR. BARNES, one of the most erudite and incisive of the younger prophets, sees civilization facing a major crisis owing to the growth of technology based on natural science, and believes that our only hope of salvation lies in social science. The social sciences, he admits, are not so well developed as the natural, but he is certain that we already know enough to be able to build a veritable Utopia here on earth. We have been prevented from doing so by the "dead hand" of the ignorant and barbarous past.

Believing that the next fifty years will largely decide the fate of Western civilization, Dr. Barnes points out the complex of forces threatening us and sets forth the essentials of a social gospel according to science. First, orthodox religion must be scrapped, because its theology has been undermined and its criterion of the good life exposed as invalid. We need a new religion of humanism to organize the mass mind, and to act as an ethical dynamo. We need a new code of morals, based upon what science shall discover to be the most salubrious means of promoting happiness in this world. The mental-hygiene movement has already shown that much can be done toward creating an art of life based on science, and here Dr. Barnes sees a harbinger of a scientific ethical code. He believes strongly in birth control, more difficult marriage and easier divorce, and above all in the creation of a sexual ethics based on scientific knowledge. Crime, war, industrial indecency, and the dangers of the machine age come in for highly intelligent consideration, and here again Dr. Barnes sees the promise of salvation in the social sciences. The future of civilization, he convincingly points out, depends in great degree upon man's

learning to make a more civilized use of his rapidly increasing leisure. Prohibition he regards as a menace, and believes that "no other nation needs civilized drinking so much as does semi-Fordized America."

Dr. Barnes is by no means certain that mankind will recognize the challenge of the age, or will meet its requirements. But he says, "Human history, looked at in the large, gives grounds for hope, not despair. Even the most benighted Southern Baptist of today is almost rational in his daily life and attitudes as compared to the medieval peasant or the cave man."

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

## Metternich Redivivus

*Metternich.* By Arthur Herman. The Century Company. \$5.

SIEUR CLEMENT WENCELAS, Prince of Metternich-Winneburg-Ochsenhausen, was born when Napoleon Bonaparte was four years old, and he lived to hear of Austria's defeat by Napoleon III at Magenta. He was the most important European statesman for a whole generation, from the Congress of Vienna to the Revolution of 1848—the unrelieved black background of all the revolutionary, liberal, and nationalistic agitations of his period. By most historians Metternich has been handled roughly, but the old simple faith in liberalism and democracy and representative government has been weakening since the World War, and the political philosophy of the Austrian diplomat no longer seems so sheerly perverse as it formerly did. His policies appear no more disreputable than those of his successors in the early twentieth century. At any rate, Mr. Herman has brought him back to life. While the author feels that the subject of his biography has in general been unfairly treated, there are no traces of whitewash on the picture he presents. He engages in no extenuation, but illustrates the tireless activity of a mind which was deeply concerned with many matters other than those of the chancellery. Metternich was a handsome lover, an indefatigable talker, genuinely interested in the scientific discoveries of his time. He was acquainted with a vast range of distinguished contemporaries. These were able and eager to record their impressions of him, and Mr. Herman has included a goodly number of such interesting reminiscences. Extracts from Metternich's fervid correspondence with Madame de Lieven (1818-19) are given. They show how recklessly the prince could write when at last he had found someone who really "understood" him. He confides to her: "For a number of years I have noted this singular thing: that men who diametrically oppose me die. The matter is simple. Such men are fools, and fools die." He confesses that he has twenty faults, "but presumption is not among them. My character does not bear opposition. I am too positive and do not like to occupy myself with criticism." While free from presumption he concedes now and then that he is never mistaken—others may, of course, have now and then spoiled his plans.

To a modern psychologist Metternich's method of solving problems will appeal. He reached his conclusions amid "apparent distractions"—when eating, talking, riding; he could then put down on paper his recommendations and the order of presentation would take care of itself. Once when faced with an important dispatch after a wearisome night journey, he asked the courier to let him finish a novel he had been reading—"Perhaps the answer will come."

Of Metternich's childhood and youth scanty records remain. He was born in Coblenz, and grew up under the influence of the French ideas that were in vogue in the Rhineland. His father was an inefficient diplomat who represented Austrian interests on the western border of a disrupted Holy Roman Empire. The French Revolution demoralized the University



of Strasbourg where Metternich had begun his studies. He joined his father in the Austrian Netherlands and later in Holland, and found his prospects ruined by the French invasions. Early personal grievances may well explain his persistent abhorrence for revolutions in general. Molded in the likeness of the *noblesse d'esprit* of the *ancien régime* he remained in his political views unchanged through life. Mr. Herman remarks in concluding his excellent volume that "if a World Federation ever comes to be among the human possibilities, it will most likely be based upon cosmopolitanism rather than internationalism, and perforce follow with a mature and practiced ease the cruder technique of Metternich. His name should in that day be profoundly honored." Several jokers lurk in this statement, as the author was doubtless well aware.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

## Shorter Notices

*American Poets, 1630-1930.* Edited by Mark Van Doren. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.75.

In this anthology Mark Van Doren has chosen to present not so much periods as poets. This accounts for the inclusion of thirty-four poets from the present century in a list which totals only fifty-seven names. The selections show the editor's admirable critical judgment. We have an excellent group from Emerson; interesting selections from the less well-known Anne Bradstreet, Philip Freneau, and Joel Barlow; and the best of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell. Then the better-remembered names begin—Whitman, Dickinson, the at-times-forgotten Woodberry, Moody, Sterling, Crane, Stickney—and we come, thereafter, into the twentieth century. Everyone has his own ideas about this century, and Mr. Van Doren has his positive opinions. Jeffers is represented strikingly by his lyrics, Bodenheim by his later poems, which are much better than his earlier; Allen Tate equals in space Hart Crane; and Léonie Adams, Louise Bogan, and E. E. Cummings have as many pages as Edna Millay. T. S. Eliot is incompletely represented because of copyright difficulties. Elinor Wylie is allowed only her earlier and less important poems, probably for the same reason. There is a good deal of James Rorty and of Merrill Moore, two poets less frequently represented in such company. It is time now to see the development of American poetry as a whole, and this anthology affords us that pleasure. Traceable throughout the volume is Mr. Van Doren's delight in the precise, technically well-turned poem and his dislike of rhetoric and redundancy and excess of sentiment.

*A Practical Program for America.* Edited by Henry Hazlitt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.

This is a collection of articles which originally appeared in *The Nation*. Each contributor sets forth what he believes would be the most desirable program for America to follow in the next four years in some particular phase of our economic life. H. Parker Willis writes on banks, Leo Wolman on unemployment insurance, E. R. A. Seligman on taxation, E. G. Nourse on agriculture, Walton H. Hamilton on the control of big business, Clarence S. Stein on housing, Morris Llewellyn Cooke on power, Henry Hazlitt on tariffs and debts, Winthrop M. Daniels on railroads, and Ray Vance on the control of the business cycle.

*The Giant Swing.* By W. R. Burnett. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

W. R. Burnett is that common American phenomenon, the skilled craftsman whose talent always seems superior to the demands he makes upon it. "The Giant Swing" tells how Joe

Nearing, piano-player in a jazz band, was baffled in his attempt to participate in the life of Middleburg; how he expressed his vague ambitions and unhappiness in a new kind of music; how he returned, after his national success, to see the people he had formerly envied or loved from his new perspective. The nature of Joe's rise is left somewhat dim, and the novel as a whole is disappointing, but there are moments of real insight, as when the principal source of Joe's artistic inspiration is shown to be his resentment at the individuals who had rebuffed or wounded him. Mr. Burnett tells one story—the rise to power of members of the lower middle class. His novels are really cynical success stories, with the success gained through crime, professional sport, or artistic effort.

*The Drama of Life After Death.* By George Lawton. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.75.

This large book—it runs to over 650 pages—is devoted to a study of spiritualism. It is notable for its thoroughness and its objectivity. Dr. Lawton is a member of the Columbia University group which is turning its talents in psychological and social analysis to the study of religious thought and expression. His book is the sixth title in the American Religion Series. Most of the volumes of the series have been of the highest possible quality and the Lawton book is distinguished among them for its comprehensiveness and insight. Spiritualism is, after all, more than a strange aberration: it is a powerfully appealing religion. Satisfying as it does the oldest of human hungers, the desire to circumvent death, it lays a powerful hold upon the emotions and provides a compensatory outlook which allays many earthly disappointments. Dr. Lawton has been at pains to give a long exposition of the spiritualist outlook, thoroughly larded with quotations from the literature, before he ventures upon a critique of it. In general, as a result of this treatment, spiritualism seems no more fantastic than any of several cults of much greater social respectability at present. Dr. Lawton remains unconvinced of the truth of the claims of the spiritualists and finds no objective, scientific ratification of their doctrines. Their "facts," he holds, are still in the realm of the unproved.

## Drama Cold Cuts

WHEN Edna Ferber and George Kaufman collaborate on a play, the general public prepares to enjoy itself thoroughly. A few years ago they got together on a piece so successful that it is still mentioned with awe in managerial circles, and it was generally supposed that as soon as the promised new opus appeared, the theatrical season would escape from the routine into which it had prematurely fallen. Success was predestined and success will be enjoyed in a considerable measure. For the present, at least, the new play will be the obvious choice for theater parties, and one will have to see it if one expects to be in on the small talk of the moment. But the sad fact remains that it is not quite good enough to add very much to reputations already as high as those of Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman.

"Dinner at Eight" is the title of the slice of life which they have prepared for exhibition at the Music Box Theater. This title is ironically restrained, but the restraint stops at the title, for in addition to some minor blackmail and a death by heart failure promised for a moment shortly after the fall of the final curtain, the piece includes one seduction, one adultery, one bigamous marriage, one suicide by gas (very elaborate), one financial ruin, and one duel—the latter fought in the butler's



pantry with a carving knife and its accompanying fork. Obviously, then, the evening is not uneventful and neither is it lacking in ingenuity. All the personages are somehow linked with one another by the fact that all are concerned in one way or another with a fashionable dinner party which collapses about the head of the hapless hostess because all the important guests are prevented from coming by one or another of the incidents mentioned above. In a way both the scheme and the intention are vaguely suggestive of "Grand Hotel," in that "Dinner at Eight," like the previous play, links together a number of separate stories by means of a mechanical device and then exclaims by implication, "Such, you see, are the dramas which go on just below the surface of our everyday existence," or even, as the old melodramas had it, "Such is life in a great city." But "Dinner at Eight" is less frankly melodramatic, less frankly a tour de force, and just to that extent less satisfactory as an evening of frank unreality.

I grant that the action is lively. I grant in addition a remarkable dexterity in the management of the various episodes and some flashes of smart dialogue. But if anyone should ask me what more, in God's name, I expect of a play, I should reply that I expect at least one of several other possible things—such as, for example, some evidence of an emotion really felt, some characterization deeper than that minimum required for a dramatic puppet, or, failing that, then some recognizable individuality of style. In "Dinner at Eight" I found none. With the possible exception of the aging actress played admirably by Constance Collier, every one of the characters is straight out of innumerable other plays, and each of the incidents is merely one developed with sufficient brevity to conceal a familiarity which would be boring if one were given time to recognize just how familiar it is. Buried among smarter phrases, such precious bits of dialogue as "Not after all that we have been to one another" and "This is the only decent thing I have ever done in my life" reached my incredulous ears, and they represent not unfairly the underlying substance of a play which Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman certainly wrote in some of their less inspired moments. Perhaps a manager besought them to supply him with a sure success. If so, then they worked conscientiously and hard at that particular task, but they did not really care about the story they were writing and were not concerned for one moment with the various hard fates of their characters. They produced their success, but if it had been presented anonymously no one could have guessed which of a half-dozen good contemporary workmen had turned this particular trick. A few lines back I called the play "a slice of life." It is really five or six slices not very freshly carved, and on second thought one is tempted to describe it as a plate of cold cuts.

The always charming presence of Alice Brady turns "Mademoiselle" (Playhouse) into an agreeable evening's entertainment and gives to this sentimental comedy also a good chance of success. Its author, the Frenchman Jacques Deval, may be remembered as the man responsible for "Her Card-board Lover," in which Jeanne Eagels starred some years ago, but the new play reveals him in the much softer mood appropriate to the slightly maudlin story of a frozen-faced governess who helps her charge to conceal an illegitimate baby because a baby is just exactly what she has always wanted. Grace George plays the governess with impressive restraint, but it is Alice Brady in the nominally minor role of a gay mother who makes the play. She brings to vivid life what is probably a not very well written part, and she makes mediocre lines seem sparkling with wit. Without her "Mademoiselle" would probably seem tedious; with her it is well worth seeing.

I have seen much worse plays than "The Passionate Pilgrim" (Forty-eighth Street Theater). Indeed, much worse plays have probably been written on the identical subject—



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# Films

## Going into Politics

IN the matter of politics the movies have so far been content to play the part of an unofficial apologist for the ruling classes and their interests and policies. On occasion the propagandist activities of the movies have been directly and obviously inspired by those policies. But the organization and interests of the film industry have always been too closely bound up with those of the dominant class to make such direct inspiration necessary for the routine work of manufacturing popular entertainment. Moreover, American films have done more than merely preach the comfortable gospel of earthly rewards awaiting the bold and enterprising in this land of opportunity. Owing to the peculiar quality of the film medium in its established form, which form incidentally has become established because of this quality, the main appeal of the movies has been their power to conjure up a world of dreamland, to supply the spectator with a sedative that would set free his pent-up longings for romance, adventure, and pleasures usually denied him. Thus, the movies have served as a disseminator of the approved social doctrine on the one hand, and as a safety valve for public discontent on the other.

In the light of this function of the movies it is somewhat surprising to observe that of late they have been trying to deal with subjects that by their very nature refuse to stay confined in a dreamland world, but persist in awakening the spectator to the realities of his life. Such subjects are the social and economic conditions of the country which, in their present state, with all the suffering and injustice they involve, are too keenly felt by the masses of the people to be sublimated into anything resembling the land of promise. Clearly, there must be special reasons to induce the film producers to depart from their established policy. It is a fairly safe guess that one of the reasons is the growth of a critical attitude among the movie-going public, which is no longer so easily pleased with the tawdry glamor of conventional romancing, and demands something more clearly attuned to its present insurgent temper. But the leopard cannot change its spots, and the film producers, when obliged to adjust themselves to the new demand, cannot change their minds either, even if they succeed in changing their voices.

A case in point is "Washington Merry-Go-Round" (May-fair), the Hollywood contribution to the election campaign, which sets out to expose the "malignant powers" ruling this country behind the back and over the head of the official government. As an indication of the profound political thought that has inspired this piece of screen pamphleteering, it will be sufficient to say that the "malignant powers" referred to are represented in the person of a high-placed and tremendously wealthy racketeer who holds Senators and Congressmen in the palm of his hand, controls elections through his power over political bosses, and disposes of his opponents by means which in an emergency do not stop short of poisoning. This sinister personage naturally meets with condign punishment at the hands of a lion-hearted young man who comes to Washington to destroy the monster of privilege and corruption, and whose gospel of political faith is that honesty and justice would be reinstated in their seat of power if only the people would disregard the political machine and send honest men as their representatives to Washington. It may be exaggerating the importance of this much too obvious melodrama to discuss it in terms of political intelligence. Nor is it so discussed here. It is mentioned merely as a significant example of Hollywood's valiant efforts to catch up with the times.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

H. H.

□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

THE ABBEY THEATER PLAYERS. Martin Beck Theater. Repertory of modern Irish plays.

AMERICANA. Shubert Theater. McEvoy revue with some satire and a good deal of excellent dancing.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. Hilarious satire on relatives and their ways.

CLEAR ALL WIRES. Times Square Theater. Fast melodramatic farce about newspaper correspondents with a colorful and amusing background of mujiks, commissars and other Russian fauna.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's colorful play about a self-made lawyer.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Belasco Theater. Detective melodrama remarkably well done.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Reviewed this week.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Sam Harris Theater. Gay romance in a speakeasy atmosphere.

MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Reviewed this week.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. The Group in an excellent production of a tense play about a radical who gained the whole world while he lost his soul.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Conscientious dramatization but not without the defect of all plays taken from novels.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. Rachel Crothers delivers a sugar-coated sermon in defense of the old-fashioned virtues. Most of the critics liked it but I did not.



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1932

No. 3515

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* goes to press on the evening of Election Day. Comment on details of the election results must therefore be postponed until next week.

WE CANNOT LET the campaign fade into the background without calling attention to one extremely important statement made just before the election by Governor Roosevelt. It read as follows:

As to immediate relief: the first principle is that this nation owes a positive duty that no one shall be permitted to starve. This means that while the immediate responsibility for relief rests with local, public, and private charity, in so far as these are inadequate, the States must carry the burden, but whenever the States are unable adequately to do so, the federal government owes the positive duty of stepping into the breach.

The Governor went on to say that the present Republican Administration early took a position against the frank recognition of this principle. He has therefore definitely committed himself to the principle of federal support for the starving in terms which he cannot possibly wriggle out of later. This is a position much advanced from the one that he took a year or more ago when he appealed to the Legislature of the State of New York for emergency relief funds and promised that not one dollar in cash of any money which the Legislature might appropriate would soil the hands of any indigent unemployed. We presume, of course, that if and when he faces the emergency next year he will still maintain that there must be no direct dole; that the federal money must go through the State channels. But sooner or later, if the emergency continues, he will have to be ready

to witness the handing over of cash to starving Americans. We have never been able to understand how anyone can split hairs and say that the ladling out of flour and clothes and coal to individuals who are in dire want is better for the individual than giving them the money and letting them go and fill their needs themselves.

AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN in New York City, President Hoover, ostensibly quoting his own acceptance speech at Palo Alto in 1928, spoke as follows:

In America today we are nearer a final triumph over poverty than in any land. The poorhouse has vanished from amongst us; we have not reached that goal, but, given a chance to go forward, we shall, with the help of God, be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

What he really said at Palo Alto four years ago, as Fabian Franklin has pointed out in a letter to the *New York Times*, was this:

... we have not yet reached the goal, but given a chance to go forward *with the policies of the last eight years*, we shall, with the help of God, *soon* be within sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this nation.

The President's performance added the final touch to an election campaign in which everybody misquoted everybody else, including himself.

THE SUPREME COURT, in setting aside the death sentences of the seven Negro boys convicted at Scottsboro, Alabama, has done honor to itself and prevented the staining of the good name of the United States by another dreadful miscarriage of justice. This does not mean that the boys are set free—only that they are to have a new trial under different circumstances from those surrounding the original one, when an atmosphere of hostility and race prejudice made a fair trial impossible. While this decision will not wholly change the opinion of multitudes that there is no chance in America for poor and friendless persons as wrongfully accused as were Sacco and Vanzetti, it should do wonders for the reputation of our American judiciary abroad. Almost nobody in the United States realizes that the Scottsboro case has become a matter of tremendous moment all over Europe and in Moscow, where excitement over this case has been only less intense than that aroused by the Sacco and Vanzetti executions. For example, sixteen hundred German literary lights, headed by Thomas Mann, signed a petition of protest, and more than one American consulate in Europe has been put almost into a state of siege because of a case of which probably not one in a hundred thousand Americans living beyond the Ohio has ever heard.

THAT THE WICKERSHAM REPORT on the Mooney-Billings case contains little that is new is not surprising. That the three legal experts who at the request of the Wickersham Commission inquired into the circumstances of the conviction of Tom Mooney and Warren Bill-



ings found that they had not in fact been given a fair trial, but were the victims of police trickery, manufactured evidence, and official lawlessness, is also not astonishing, for every fair-minded person who has knowledge of the case has long been convinced of the innocence of the two men. What angers us is the fact that this report was so long suppressed and is now finally being published only through the efforts of private citizens. The investigation, conducted by Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Carl Stern, and Walter Pollak, was official in every sense of the word. The conclusions reached by these eminent lawyers should have been sufficient to arouse the government for which they were acting to do whatever it possibly could to correct this gross miscarriage of justice. But far from showing even the slightest indignation, the Hoover Administration and its agency, the Wickersham Commission, deliberately suppressed the report. One word from the White House would have been enough to compel Congress to publish the document. But with the help of the Republican reactionaries in Congress the report was quietly buried by the Senate committee to which it had been submitted. The imprisonment of Mooney and Billings constitutes without question an official crime. By suppressing the Wickersham report the Hoover Administration stands convicted as an accessory after the fact to this unjust and inhumane proceeding.

**T**HERE IS RENEWED HOPE in Europe as well as in Washington that the Geneva disarmament conference will eventually come to a substantial agreement covering the reduction of land forces. The defeatism of a few weeks ago, which gave rise to many rumors of a new European war, has been turned into cautious optimism through the efforts principally of Norman H. Davis and Premier Herriot. Mr. Davis has talked with the leading statesmen of England, France, Italy, and other countries. He has endeavored to smooth out the increasing difficulties which recently threatened to bring the Geneva disarmament conference to an untimely end, and reports from the various European capitals indicate that he has had more than passing success. Premier Herriot likewise has contributed to the new atmosphere of hope and understanding by modifying his recent plan for disarmament. While all the details of this plan have not yet been made public, Herriot has hinted that he will not insist upon American adherence to the projected consultative pact as a preliminary condition to general acceptance of his proposal to abolish the professional armies of Europe. This seems to have pleased Washington, which had already indicated that it would lend its moral support to the disarmament provisions of the Herriot plan. More important than the moral support of the United States, however, is the increased likelihood that Germany will reenter the Geneva conference as a result of the implied promise of military equality contained in the Herriot proposal.

**T**HE FRENCH SUGGESTION that a European general military staff be created may, however, prove a serious obstacle to the success of the Geneva conference. The tide of nationalism is still rising throughout the world, and it is highly improbable that the nationalists will be eager to subscribe to this plan. In England, where Lord Beaverbrook has renewed his attack upon Prime Minister

MacDonald, there are at least 140 Conservative Members of Parliament who are said to be ready, with Beaverbrook's help, to fight English participation in the French scheme. Even in France, though the French might be expected to dominate the European general staff, the militarists and nationalists are displaying increasing hostility. And the Japanese continue to enlarge their military establishment, as though disarmament were merely a pious hope. It seems clear that Japan will contribute little or nothing to an understanding on armaments until the Manchurian question has been satisfactorily settled. Despite the discouraging attitude of these groups, there are other signs which are more encouraging. These are to be found not only in the sympathetic interest of the United States and Germany, but also in the position of Italy, which was wavering a few weeks ago, but is now prepared to go on with the Geneva conversations; and in the attitude of the smaller Powers, including primarily Spain and the Scandinavian countries, which have now pledged their support of the Herriot plan. There is good reason to believe that resumption of the negotiations at Geneva will bring genuine progress.

**T**HE REICHSTAG ELECTION in Germany, the second to be held this year, again resulted in a stalemate. Although it will have no seats in the new parliament, the Von Papen Government appears to have been the only victor. The National Socialists and the Centrists, who might have compromised their differences in order to form a coalition government, have been deprived of that opportunity by losing forty seats. Even with the help of the Bavarian People's Party, which is allied with the Centrists, they have not enough votes to form a working majority. The chances of arranging any other combination of parties to restore parliamentary government seem even more remote. The Von Papen Cabinet will almost certainly remain in power by default. Since it would be overwhelmed by the Reichstag if it were to risk a vote of confidence, it may be expected to maintain itself by dissolving the Reichstag once more. It would thereafter have to call a third election or seek to rule openly as a dictatorship. The strength of the National Socialists is now definitely waning. The industrialists are no longer helping the Hitlerites financially, for the present government is giving them more assistance and protection than they could expect from a Hitler government. Despite the decline of Hitlerism, it is noteworthy that the three parties advocating one form or another of socialism—the National Socialists, Social Democrats, and Communists—between them polled 60 per cent of the votes cast on November 6. Chancellor von Papen and General von Schleicher must eventually either bow to this hostile majority or resort to force in suppressing it.

**M**USSOLINI'S ANNOUNCEMENT of an amnesty in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Fascist regime in Italy, and its approval by the Italian Cabinet, roused great hopes that the political victims incarcerated in various jails and penal islands would at last be released. It now appears that while ordinary criminals such as footpads and burglars with short sentences are to be set free, and those serving long terms are to have their period of punishment commuted, only the political prisoners now confined within Italy itself will profit by what Mussolini calls a



"gesture of strength and not of weakness." The tragedy of it is that some of the finest men in Italy are confined on the Mediterranean islands, such as Lipari, from which Francesco Nitti, Captain Lusso, and Nathan Roselli made their dramatic escape in 1929. The type of man who is interned here suffers terribly from his forced idleness, to say nothing of the restrictions of his confinement. These men have committed no graver crime than to criticize the existing Italian government and to exercise their rights and privileges as supposedly free men to oppose and to protest against the Fascist Government. As long as these political prisoners remain in captivity we shall take with a grain of salt Mussolini's boast that this amnesty shows that the Fascist regime has grown so strong that it no longer needs to fear the men whom he has released. Certainly if this was intended as a gesture to raise the esteem of the Fascist Government and Mussolini in foreign countries, it falls far short of accomplishing that as long as at Lipari or anywhere else there are prisoners who are prisoners only because they preferred an Italian democracy to an Italian dictatorship.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, we hear, is still concerned because public opinion as to its conduct of affairs in India remains hostile. Some of our recent English visitors have taken the opportunity while here to speak well—extremely well—of their government's management of the Indians, and to express the hope that public opinion in this country will support the acts of the present British Cabinet. Well, we can only say that if these Englishmen really desire to lessen this pro-Indian sentiment in America, they should lose not a minute in releasing Mahatma Gandhi from the prison in which he has been kept month after month without any charges being brought against him, without his being given a day in court. Only recently, as the British Government itself admitted, Gandhi rendered a great service to both countries by the results of his hunger strike. It helped enormously the position of the untouchables in the new scheme of government in India, obtaining privileges for them which it was beyond the power of the British Government itself to win from Moslems and Hindus. Did the great and generous British Government recognize this service by releasing Gandhi? It did not. It maintained, despite its Anglo-Saxon tradition of speedy charges and a quick trial, that it must hold this man in prison indefinitely because he still preaches civil disobedience. We are glad that a mass-meeting of protest is shortly to be held in New York City to demand the release of Gandhi from prison. We wish that similar meetings might be held all over the United States.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK shows no intention of imitating Columbia in its simple and happy solution of the problem of undergraduate demonstrations. Instead of allowing students to protest as much as they like, City College prefers to call in the police. The inevitable result is a riot such as occurred on October 26 when the administration insisted that the police eject protesting students from a college classroom and thus provoked a disturbance in which three girl students are said to have been knocked unconscious. That night a crowd of about a thousand appeared at the night court where three students previously arrested were to be tried, and of course more ar-

rests took place. And as if that was not enough, the president of the college immediately decided to resurrect the crime of lese majeste by announcing that any students who took part in a proposed mock trial of college authorities would be disciplined. Doubtless, therefore, disturbance will be added to disturbance and there will be no peace until the college decides to do what England did long ago—set aside a Hyde Park.

TOKIO, NOVEMBER 5. The Soviet ice-breaker, *Siberiakov III*, arrived at Yokohama today after successfully negotiating the first Arctic passage between Europe and Asia in a single season.

THUS reads a recent Associated Press dispatch. What unsuccessful struggles of the past this brings up—the shades of Sir John Franklin and of the crews of his three ships, Sir Francis M'Clintock's efforts, and all the rest of the long line of men who failed in the attempt. Nordenskjöld accomplished it in 1878-79. The honors next went to Roald Amundsen and his specially prepared ship, the *Maud*, which spent the winters of 1918 and 1919 in making the drift. The *Siberiakov* has now negotiated it from Archangel through the Bering Strait in six weeks' time, although she lost two propellers in the ice, was reduced to sails, and was finally towed to Yokohama by a Siberian trawler. Naturally her crew of sixty-five, including three women, claim that this demonstrates the feasibility of summer water-communication between Europe and Far Eastern Russia via the Arctic. We doubt if it could be often achieved, and we see little advantage in an occasional successful passage. But it is pleasant to record this exploit as another illustration of the enterprise of the Soviets. Whatever the faults of their system, they have steadily reached out along scientific lines that call for the most daring exploration.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTISTS' "HANDBOOK" is one of the publications which we do not read regularly, though doubtless we should. It is therefore to the *New York World-Telegram* that we are indebted for an account of the racy jeremiad in the new volume lamenting the fact that while contributions to the cause have decreased, the faithful still spend considerable sums on chewing gum, movies, soft drinks, and cosmetics. "The great losses and 'hard times' which have come upon Southern Baptists by reason of the prolonged depression have not," concludes the "Handbook," "stopped them from wasting their substance in riotous living. God pity and help us." Perhaps the doings of the Prodigal Son during the years when he was prodigal were not as lurid as we had always supposed. The movies once made up for the omissions in the Biblical account with a version of the parable which was advertised on Broadway as "Glorifying the Babylonian Girl." But what does Hollywood know of sin? The chances are that the Prodigal Son merely chewed gum, powdered his nose, and wasted his money on an occasional bottle of strawberry pop. Has it not already been decided that the ancient Hebrews merely ate a raisin cake on those occasions when they are represented as having looked upon the wine; and did not a distinguished English novelist confess that in the Victorian household of his childhood he got the impression that the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah played cards and stayed up late at night?



# The End of Herbert Hoover

FOR Mr. Hoover's defeat we give profoundest thanks. Even though the change to a Democratic Administration offers no real relief, insures no worth-while program, and none of the far-reaching changes so desperately needed to extricate us from the disaster in which the country finds itself, we cannot but take heart at the verdict. It quickens our faith in the essential right-mindedness of the electorate when it has the facts before it—and this time no amount of Republican falsification and fustian could conceal certain essential truths. The people realized that whether Franklin Roosevelt had anything to offer or not, it was time to make a clean sweep in Washington and not only to retire Herbert Hoover as a complete failure, but to get rid of the fourth- and fifth-rate men surrounding him. We are aware, of course, that the very existence of the depression made Mr. Hoover's reelection impossible—indeed, we have been certain of this since May, 1931. But the depression alone does not explain the magnitude of the defeat, nor the undeniable fact that no other President within the memory of man has been so profoundly hated and distrusted by such great masses of his countrymen as has Herbert Hoover.

Unquestionably, any Democratic candidate—unless the exception is Al Smith—would have won this year. That is doubtless what Mr. Hoover's associates and loyal party press will tell him by way of solace for his dismissal from the White House. None the less, the size of the disaster is chiefly of his own making. Even with the depression, an outstanding, able, rugged, frank, and attractive President could have convinced the electorate that he was above all else devoted to the common weal, that from the outset he had really labored to save the plain people, and that he had not been first, last, and all the time working in the interest of big business, the railroads, and the banks. But the people saw in Mr. Hoover a servant of the interests, a man who, instead of taking them into his confidence in 1930 and 1931 as to the gravity and the danger of the economic collapse, lied to them, either deliberately or through stupidity, with the intention of keeping up their morale. How could any self-respecting people fail to resent this attitude? It is a false and unworthy conception of the American people which portrays them as not to be trusted to keep their heads in an emergency. It is a narrow and stupid philosophy of statesmanship which seeks to create illusions and then, after the deceit is exposed, expects that the people will still have the same confidence in the benign personage who has been intrusted with their government but does not think they can stand being told the truth. When to that are added Mr. Hoover's blunders and delays in the matter of the necessary relief measures, his absolutely rigid refusal to consider direct relief for the millions of starving Americans, his passionate clinging to economic gods long since proved utterly false, there are reasons enough for the intense personal antagonism to Mr. Hoover. He entered the White House with by far the largest popular vote ever cast for a candidate and an overwhelming majority of 444 to 87 in the Electoral College; in four short years he has completely dissipated that

unprecedented bank account of the people's confidence.

As for Franklin Roosevelt, if he fails to recognize and admit the fact that this election went against Mr. Hoover and not for himself, he will have made his initial—and very serious—mistake. What the voters did was to concentrate on getting their false public servants out of the way. They have been only mildly interested in Governor Roosevelt and his views. Trained to believe that a jump from the frying-pan to the fire is inevitable, they have taken little account of the panaceas offered by the Democrats. As it was, the Governor grew weaker in the latter days of the campaign. His sickening wabblings on the tariff, his absurd program for the farmers, his pathetic belief that he had outlined a big constructive program certain to cure our ills, have all revealed the economic ignorance, the callowness, yes, the juvenility of his mind, as well as his burning desire to say to each group just what he thought it wished him to say. While displaying a good deal of conventional political strategy and an unexpected aggressiveness, it cannot be said at the conclusion of the campaign that he has added anything to his political or personal stature.

Now Governor Roosevelt has an even greater opportunity than came to Mr. Hoover in 1928, without, however, being as free from political debts and entanglements as was the present President on the day after his election. What a vista spreads out before him! The wreckage, the ruin, the disaster to the lives of millions, especially the children deprived of decent nutrition, that confront him are enough to daunt the bravest and wisest. It is by no means sure that the corner has been turned and the long, long climb back to prosperity begun. It may well be that he will find himself taking over the greatest of offices at a moment when the economic and popular distress will be at their worst, with the government's revenues falling off at a still more alarming rate. But even if the situation is brighter, he will find himself charged by his political opponents with the responsibility for the coming effects of all their own misdeeds and their ghastly economic blunders, such as the Hawley-Smoot tariff and the Farm Board.

Far more than that, if there is in him a trace of genuine statesmanship, he must see that the situation which confronts America goes even deeper than the economic crisis of the moment—dreadful as that is. Repeatedly, during the campaign, he has quoted and praised Woodrow Wilson, under whom he served. Let us remind him that it was this same Woodrow Wilson who declared in 1912: "Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong?"; that "some *radical* changes we must make in our law and practice"; that "we stand in the presence of revolution . . . whereby America will insist upon recovering in practice those ideals which she has always professed, upon securing a government devoted to the general interest and not to special interests." Not one inch of net progress have we made in this direction since Woodrow Wilson spoke those true words; the slight gains made under him from 1914 to 1917 have long since been lost by the folly and wickedness of our plunge into the World War, by the



completely reactionary character and crookedness of the governments by and for the rich under Messrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. When all the mess of the economic collapse is cleared away, America must begin in earnest that radical reorganization for which Mr. Wilson called twenty long years ago—twenty precious lost years during which the country has gone down and not up.

There lies the real opportunity for Franklin Roosevelt. Knowing the overwhelming magnitude of the problem before him, and the utter inadequacy of the party whose leader he now is, we are tempted to condole with him and are little moved to congratulate him. Rather, we wonder at his incredible temerity in seeking the responsibility that broke Mr. Hoover and must challenge any man essaying it down to the last drop of his blood, the final bit of fiber in his character. But if he should meet that challenge; if he should have the God-given wisdom to chart the way so that this America of ours could once more be set upon the path of progress, could throw off the shackles of our masters—"the heads of great allied corporations with special interests"—he would rise to a height in the affections and gratitude of his countrymen never attained by any President since George Washington.

## The Panic in Wheat

NEVER was the futility of the protective tariff more pointedly demonstrated than in the case of the present wheat panic. Both of the major candidates in the Presidential campaign, Governor Roosevelt as well as Mr. Hoover, promised to maintain the tariff on farm products. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt emphatically declared that these particular rates must not be touched. And even as the candidates were talking, the bottom dropped out of the wheat market. Grain prices in Chicago and Winnipeg plunged to the lowest points recorded in modern times. December wheat sold below forty-two cents. By a remarkable coincidence, that is precisely the amount of the American duty on wheat imports. When this farcical tariff was enacted, the American farmers were told that the duty would raise the price of their wheat forty-two cents above the price obtaining in the world market. This, of course, was utter nonsense, because the United States does not import wheat on net balance but exports it. And as long as this remains true, all of our wheat, whether sold here or abroad, will be subject to world prices. Today the American farmer, far from enjoying a forty-two-cent advantage in the domestic market, finds that a bushel of wheat will not bring him even as much as forty-two cents. In fact, the local buyers in Kansas are today offering the farmers no more than twenty cents a bushel, although production costs in that State average eighty cents a bushel. In some of the Western communities bidding at the local elevators has been suspended altogether. Brokers and speculators apparently do not want the grain at any price.

The present panic is not confined to the United States by any means, but has spread to every grain market in the world. In October the reports of various governments showed that while the world's exportable surplus of wheat this year would be approximately 60,000,000 bushels below that of 1931, the probable requirements of the importing

countries had at the same time decreased by 170,000,000 bushels, thus adding 110,000,000 bushels to the total world surplus. This situation was caused by poor crops in the exporting countries and good crops in the importing countries. Brokers and exporters in the United States and Canada were apparently alarmed by these exceedingly bearish reports. Both countries had—and still have—huge surpluses of their own to be disposed of. The United States has approximately 380,000,000 bushels it wants to sell, while the Canadian surplus is about 135,000,000 bushels. Moreover, the holders of this wheat knew that the moment the crop now being harvested in the Southern Hemisphere began coming into the world market, the price of wheat would be further depressed. They began dumping their wheat at any price it would fetch, and the market virtually collapsed. The *Winnipeg Free Press* put the matter very bluntly when it declared that "Canada must sell her surplus as quickly as possible, since she has 100,000,000 bushels more to sell this year than last, and while no one cares to see the price falling, it is important that our market remain on export parity." The panic increased when word was received that Australian wheat was already beginning to move and that speculators at Buenos Aires had started a price-cutting campaign on their own account. Market observers declare that the offerings from the Argentine and Australia, both of which have had good crops, "foreshadow fierce world competition" in the coming winter—as though the present panic were not enough of a blow for the all-but-destitute American wheat farmer!

But his troubles do not end there; the tariff continues to plague him. The British Empire has adopted a system of preferential grain tariffs based on the recent Ottawa agreements. The effect of this arrangement is to bar American wheat from the British market and to disrupt, temporarily at least, the whole world market. How important this is to the United States may be seen from the statistics covering our grain exports last year. We sold 17,863,000 bushels of wheat to the United Kingdom and 12,493,000 bushels to Canada, these together constituting 39.8 per cent of our total wheat exports in that year. In other words, the American farmer has overnight lost almost one-half of his normal foreign market. This situation may eventually work itself out, though not without further injury to the American wheat grower. He must look for new markets in a world already filled with competitors who, because of their lower costs of production, can undersell him.

The British are not planning to stop with the Ottawa agreements. They are even now negotiating new agreements with Sweden, the Argentine, and other countries with a view to enlarging the imperial system—thus further restricting our opportunities to market our farm products abroad. Nor are the British alone in erecting new trade barriers. Does the American farmer ever stop to consider that the British system of preferential tariffs was largely adopted by way of retaliation against our own Smoot-Hawley tariff? On the contrary, he has been taught to believe that the tariff protects him from just such calamities by a long line of politicians whose economic ignorance is only surpassed by their political unscrupulousness. Can the major parties, as they indicated in the political campaign which has just ended, offer the farmer nothing better than still more meaningless tariff protection to aid him in this "fierce world competition"?





*The Morning After*



# Another Letter to Dmitri

EX-PRINCE DMITRI VICHOVICH  
4268 THIRD AVENUE  
LENINGRAD, U. S. S. R.

DEAR DMITRI: You asked me to let you know the results of the American elections as soon as possible, and I hasten to do that very thing. In fact, since *The Nation* goes to press so early in the week, I am compelled to write this letter the day before election. Naturally, the results have not as yet been tabulated (except by the *Literary Digest*) and I am forced to do a bit of guessing.

Making all allowances, then, it seems that the forces of radicalism have triumphed, and the people of this nation have determined upon a direct and unequivocal turn to the left. Neglecting the warning of that inspired prophet James M. Beck, in his Boston address, we have set ourselves to "convert this proud Republic into a bastard imitation of the Soviet regime in Moscow." In other words, Comrade Franklin Delano Roosevelt has been elected President by carrying approximately forty and three-tenths of the States and one or two of the territories.

(I arrive at these figures by the simple process of taking the preelection claims of Everett Sanders and of Jim Farley and adding them together, after first taking the precaution of discarding Mr. Sanders's figures; I then divide the sum by two and add a pinch of salt. Above, you have the result, which will surprise nobody but Mark Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan began proving in his daily articles immediately after the Maine election that a Hoover landslide was inevitable; the *Digest* polls, the defection of Norris, Johnson, and others only strengthened Mr. Sullivan's daily comment. The Electoral College may vote as it pleases, but on March the fourth Mr. Sullivan will be in Washington to attend Mr. Hoover's reinauguration. Well, I wish him luck.)

Mr. Hoover was very much taken aback by the result, inasmuch as his campaign was waged on the theory that this was the election of 1864 all over again. The results made him feel either that the American people didn't know their history or that he wasn't Lincoln. Either theory, of course, is tenable. Once over his surprise, however, Mr. Hoover remembered his manners and sent the winner a telegram of congratulations. The other members of the Republican nobility were not so well poised. Secretary Hurley is reported to have fled from Washington via airplane, stopping only long enough to take with him the crown jewels, six new suits, and the Jewish boy who writes his speeches. Charlie Curtis was last seen heading for his reservation, but one rumor has it that the other Indians are objecting strenuously.

As soon as the first returns came in, Comrade Roosevelt announced that he was working on an Eight-Year Plan the crux of which is A Second Term for Roosevelt. It is, I am unreliably informed, a thoroughly comprehensive plan which permits him to do in his second term the things he promised in his first. This, I need hardly tell you, is an old American custom. It always works out except when, as in the case of Hoover, there is no second term.

No definite announcement of the Cabinet has been made

by the new dictator of the proletariat. It has been hinted, however, that Smith, Ritchie, and Young may hold portfolios. Comrade Farley is probably slated for Boxing Commissioner and Gene Tunney is to be Poet Laureate. The head of the Treasury is still open, but since the Treasury itself is practically closed, this would not seem to matter much.

So successful was the uprising of the Forgotten Folk that not only Roosevelt but practically all the local Soviet tickets throughout the country were swept into power. The South, which had deserted during the revolution of 1928 owing to the machinations of the mad Bishop Cannon, was won back by Comrade Garner's masterful reading of "The Communist Manifesto" and by Huey Long's bathrobe.

The West and Far West, under the leadership of Generals Hearst, Norris, Johnson, and La Follette, successfully repelled the menace of the Mensheviks. The right-wing candidates, Thomas and Foster, were practically snowed under everywhere. In the East Comrade Owen D. Young successfully repulsed the attack on the Wall Street front. In New York, especially, the peasantry went delirious at the overturn of the old regime. Tammany Hall, for years the despised center of Communist propaganda, witnessed mad scenes of triumph as the news came that Comrade Surrogate O'Brien had been appointed as dictator over New York to replace Comrade Walker, now in exile.

Comrade O'Brien celebrated his victory by issuing the O'Brien Nine-Month Plan, otherwise known as A Kiddy in Every Home. Comrade John F. Curry, who is dictator over Dictator O'Brien, was especially moved by this and went into conference with Comrade McCooey. Interviewed afterward by newspapermen, they announced that it was simply a social visit. The news leaked out, however, that the real purpose of the conference was to discuss a telephone message from the President-elect, who had outlined his first plan to relieve unemployment. It was, briefly, to take the bread lines away from the old nobility and open them to the people.

The city greeted the rumor with cheers and rose to the occasion. A group of red workers headed by Comrade Mulrooney swept down upon Union Square, where a protest meeting was being held by striking policemen, and began striking policemen right and left—but more, naturally, to the left. The cops were taken to Bellevue and if they recover will be arrested and forced to listen to translations of Horace made by Comrade O'Brien. This last may seem harsh to you, Dmitri, but war is war.

Roosevelt's election ends all the problems brought up in the Hoover Administration. Well, not quite all the problems. There is one that bothers me and I wish you could help me out. It's about—and this is between us—Hoover. Tell me, could you use a good cook? Because Hoover can really feed Belgians, Armenians, Chinese, Russians—practically anybody but Americans. Help the United States solve the problem of what to do with her ex-Presidents. And, for heaven's sake, don't suggest life insurance. A man has to have some friends to do anything in that line.

MORRIS RYSKIND



# Hitler's Hold on Germany

By KARL FREDERICK GEISER

THE Papen-Schleicher barrage for German rearmament, the government's decision to lay the keel of the third "pocket battleship," the recent parade of the Stahlhelm, and the founding of the Reich's institute for the physical training of the youth of Germany have sent a tremor through the world and have elicited comments which in my judgment fail to take cognizance of the undercurrents which give rise to these disturbing manifestations. By far the most important of these manifestations, and the one which best indicates the permanent factors in the situation, is the Hitler movement.

First of all it may be said that whatever Hitler's personal ambitions may be, Hitlerism itself is not a personal affair or a political party but a popular movement, a *Volksbewegung*, with all that the word implies. This is the most significant fact about it, and it is one that the world outside Germany may well take note of. Moreover, what Madame de Staël said over a hundred years ago is as true today as it was then—that "Germany is the heart of Europe," and that unless the German people is given an opportunity to live a normal life there can be no hope for Europe. The Hitler movement is a functional disorder of the heart of Europe, which, however, is in danger of becoming organic. No American or European statesman who is interested in world recovery can afford to ignore the condition of Germany. The problem of recovery is the problem of Germany, and the progress of Hitlerism is the index or register of conditions there.

Those who know the history of Bryanism in America will find a striking resemblance in the German picture, though the colors there are heightened and more varied. Bryan voiced the financial distress of a single class; Hitler reflects the misery of all classes, which he thoroughly understands and knows how to express in dramatic form. There is not a grievance that he does not visualize, not a wish that he does not promise to fulfil; and as no government since the war has been able to relieve the general distress, those who have lost all, or who feel themselves the victims of injustice and unavenged wrongs, naturally turn to him who promises relief. Of course the government is not responsible for the Treaty of Versailles or for the vindictive spirit of France or the insolence of Poland; but the masses can hardly be expected to realize the relationship between an international conference or a protective tariff and the price they receive or pay for a commodity, when those who control the welfare of millions are blind to simpler facts. What a majority of the German people do know is that they are honest, hard-working, well-intentioned, that they are asking release from economic slavery at the expense of no other nation, that they have waited thirteen years only to see taxes increase and the burden grow heavier month by month. This is the complaint one hears on all sides, from all classes. The owner of a small shop in Weimar, discussing the hopelessness of his own situation, showed me his tax receipts: "In 1928 I paid a sales tax of 72 marks; it is now 212 marks, or nearly three times as much; and on this street we are

all for Hitler." When asked if he thought Hitler could help him, he replied: "I don't know; I only know that no party since the war has helped us, and I also know that I never open my shop in the morning with any joy in my work or without a feeling of hopeless despair."

Before the elections of last summer I heard Hitler speak in the great municipal stadium in Munich. Throughout the long program, which began at 4:30 in the afternoon and ended at 10:30 with the master speech of the "Leader," there was not a single uninteresting moment. Attractive young women in gay colors danced on the green, a band of 150 pieces played stirring music, and the "standards" marched in well-disciplined columns and picturesque formations. The last act, a torchlight procession which ended in the formation of the *Hakenkreuz*, preceded the dramatic arrival of Hitler, whose approach by airplane was announced by the loud speaker with an "Achtung, Achtung, der Führer kommt!" The announcement that a Communist had attempted to assassinate him by firing a shot which wounded one of his bodyguards as he left Nürnberg added a touch of color that even the flaming torchlights of 12,000 Hitlerites could not give. The plane dropped out of the black sky into the light of the amphitheater and swung in a circle over the waiting throng that now numbered at least 50,000. Another "Achtung!" and it was announced that the leader had landed and was on his way to the stadium. Fifty thousand rise as Hitler makes his way to the tribune through the tumultuous shouts of "Hail, Hail!" And what does he say after the audience is seated and his safe presence, *Gott sei Dank*, is announced? In substance this: Democracy has ruined Germany. There will be no hope for a better future until all old parties are abolished. They have told you to wait and be patient. You have waited thirteen years, while your representatives have been scorned at every international conference and laughed at by the outside world. You have waited and worked while your children starved, and what have you now for your pains but poverty and misery? And thousands, like the small shopkeeper at Weimar, believed that what Hitler said was true. Here at last was the savior of the people.

The weakness of the Hitler movement is to be found in its excesses. It has suffered greatly through the numerous acts of terrorism committed by its members and especially through the brutal murder last summer of a Communist in Upper Silesia. This act resulted in a sentence of death against five of the participants, from which Hitler successfully appealed on the ground that "the honor of the party" was at stake. The sentences were later commuted to life imprisonment. Public opinion is inclined to be tolerant with certain forms of lawlessness if committed under the stress of hunger or starvation, but deliberate murder or a threat to overthrow the legal order by violence, whether emanating from Communists or National Socialists, is no more popular in Germany than it ever was. The immediate effect of such acts is to strengthen the Center and the moderate groups; but whatever party or combination may come to rule, it is safe



to say that a solution of Germany's difficulties—on which world recovery depends—cannot be obtained until the basic cause of distress and bitterness is removed.

I have zigzagged through Germany from Bremen to Friedrichshafen and from east to west and will give a few typical illustrations of what I found. Bremen, with a population of 300,000, has 100,000 partly or wholly supported by public aid; in Hanover the tax burden is so heavy that a rentier who before the war paid 4 per cent of his income in taxes now pays 72 per cent. In Weimar I found myself in the midst of a street riot. In Dresden the head of the district and communal government of Saxony told me that the government was not functioning in the normal sense of the term and that his chief problem was to keep hundreds of thousands from starving to death this winter. On the surface Munich was quiet and orderly, but a visit to the welfare headquarters presented a depressing spectacle; while the industrial section of Gladbach in the Rhine Palatinate, the home of the greatest cotton-spinning and weaving industry in Germany, was like a graveyard, with eleven out of the fifteen important mills entirely idle. Württemberg is perhaps of all German states the least hard hit, because of its varied industries and also because of the habits of thrift, economy, and caution of the Swabian peasants; but the Black Forest region has become poor because Germany must accept Russian timber in exchange for her industrial products, and this has so lowered the price of German lumber that the people of this section have suffered greatly. In Baden many of the small landowners lost their holdings through excessive taxes—to pay reparations—before the state came to their aid

with protective legislation; and having thus lost their economic independence and, as they explain it, become slaves to the outside world, the majority have in desperation turned to Hitler because "it couldn't be worse." Frankfurt, before the war one of the richest large cities in Germany, has suffered much because it is a commercial center for trade and finance and also an administrative center for three territories and many large metal industries. The city treasurer has reported a deficit of 3,000,000 marks for the first four months of the fiscal year, which will end with a total deficit of 9,000,000 marks. The council is therefore facing the problem of how and where it can make further cuts and still keep thousands from starving during the coming winter. And so throughout Germany. The latest figures given me by reliable economists place the number of totally unemployed at 6,000,000 and of those employed on part time at 3,000,000, which means that about 25,000,000 persons, or one-third of the entire population, are undernourished. Meanwhile taxes rise for those who still can pay, and interest rates for those who must borrow still range from 8 to 20 per cent.

Aside from political and legal changes, the most pressing requirements for German recovery are long-term loans, lower interest rates, and a long period of peace. If these reasonable conditions are met, internal affairs will gradually resume a normal course, such disturbing factors as the Hitler movement will disappear, foreign investments in Germany will be safe, and Germany will recover and become a leading force for peace in Europe; for if there is one thing that is clear it is that the great majority of Germans want no more war.

## The Connecticut Needle Trades

By WILLIAM BILEVITZ

WHILE the attention of the country has been focused on the unhappy condition of Southern textile operatives, Kentucky miners, and the unemployed generally, the industrial towns of Connecticut have been having labor troubles of their own. Even before the entrance of the sweatshop into Connecticut, the State was not exactly a workers' paradise. The Manufacturers' Association has seen to that. For years wages have been low, unions have been suppressed, and labor legislation has been discouraged. Nevertheless, the Connecticut industrial worker has remained docile. Recruited largely from the most recent immigrant classes, he is usually an Italian or Slav. In the factories he has contributed his share to the manufacture of machinery, hardware, firearms, corsets, typewriters, silverware, and clocks with rarely a word of complaint. The possibility of a lay-off was his one concern. Otherwise he lived boisterously in the factory district, voted the Democratic ticket, alternated between Italian wine and needled beer, and through the magic of instalment buying managed to enjoy the benefits of prosperity until the crash of 1929.

For a number of years prior to the now historic crash Connecticut cities had been trying to attract new industries to the State. Among the first to accept invitations were a number of branches of the needle-trades industry, which set-

tled in New Haven. But a short distance removed from New York City, containing plenty of immigrant men and women accustomed to employment at a low wage level, Connecticut had obvious advantages over other industrial States. These new factories were fleeing from the high wages imposed by the Amalgamated Clothing and United Neckwear unions of New York City, as well as from the stringent labor restrictions of New York State. They found in New Haven all that they desired: low wages, an open shop, little effective labor legislation, a Chamber of Commerce to welcome them, and the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association to back them to the hilt.

During the six years that these factories have been in New Haven several strikes have broken out, a labor injunction has been issued, and scores of picketers have been arrested. The conditions that precipitated this unrest were recently outlined by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor in a preliminary report.\* Although this report is considered a very conservative description of the sweatshop situation, it has aroused public opinion in the State. Editorials demanding immediate action have appeared in a number of Connecticut's important newspapers. Governor Cross, Labor Commissioner Tone, and

\* "The Employment of Women in the Sewing Trades of Connecticut." Preliminary Report Bulletin of the Women's Bureau, No. 97.



Mayor Murphy of New Haven have all denounced the sweatshops but admit themselves powerless to act without the proper remedial legislation. That legislation will undoubtedly be presented at the next meeting of the General Assembly, where it will have the assured support of the League of Women Voters, and the assured opposition of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association.

It is only fair to say that the new factories migrating to New Haven paid wages at first that were in general on a level with the existing wage scale in the established needle-trade concerns of the State. In some of the shops it was possible for a girl (80 per cent of the employees in the Connecticut needle trades are women) to earn from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, and with overtime the wage was frequently higher. It was not long, however, before the girls in the neckwear factories began to receive a succession of drastic cuts. It was explained that the cuts were temporary, the result of a decrease in business, and that as soon as conditions improved the old wage level would be restored. The girls soon became convinced that business was not quite as bad as their employers had led them to believe. The orders continued to come in for larger quantities of neckwear than ever before. But they accepted the cuts until a series of minor irritations finally resulted in a walkout and strike. That was in 1927.

Since that time, at least a dozen other strikes have broken out in the Connecticut garment factories. To anyone familiar with the frequency of strikes among the needle-trade workers of New York City, this will not sound at all unusual. But it must be remembered that until its appearance in New Haven five years ago the strike was rare in Connecticut. During these years of strikes and wholesale arrests, scores of students from Yale University have distributed pamphlets explaining why the girls were out. During the last of these strikes a number of prominent society women of New Haven deserted their social functions on Prospect Hill to buttress the picket lines. Among these were Mrs. Charles G. Morris, whose husband was at the time president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. George Parmly Day, wife of the treasurer of Yale. But from the beginning it was apparent that the employers were going to have their own way. Even the entrance of representatives of the Amalgamated Clothing and United Neckwear unions did little more than temporarily organize the strikers. Supported by the authorities, and able to draw upon the State's large unemployed class for strike-breakers, the owners of the shops had only to bide their time. An injunction, followed by scores of arrests, finally ended a strike in the Siegman plant in February of 1931; but sporadic strikes have continued.

Meanwhile, scores of new companies continued to stream into Connecticut from New York. Although the center of this rapidly growing garment industry was concentrated in New Haven, shops began to appear in other cities on Long Island Sound and at short distances removed from the Sound. These included Stamford, Bridgeport, Milford, Derby, Ansonia, Shelton, Wallingford, New London, and Willimantic. A large majority of the new establishments included the so-called contract shops.

It is necessary here to differentiate between a regular factory and a contract shop. The owner of a regular factory in the needle trades produces his shirts or dresses or neck-

wear for a market the fluctuations of which are known to him through experience. He is reasonably sure of disposing of his merchandise since he does not manufacture any more than he believes he can sell. For this reason employment in a regular factory is fairly stable, and hours are more regular and wages invariably higher than in the contract shop.

It is in the contract shop that sweated conditions usually prevail. Such a shop is frequently operated by two men. One is busy securing orders from New York manufacturers, who see in the contract shop a means of cutting down their high labor costs. These manufacturers supply the contract shop with the material, already cut, which is to be sewed together and converted into the finished product. The second partner takes charge of production in the shop in Connecticut, receiving the cut material from New York, and sending it back when completed to the manufacturer under contract. The difference in labor costs thus saved is considerably in excess of the cost of transportation.

There are so many of these contract shops, not only in Connecticut but also in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, that the competition for the comparatively few available orders is very intense. In the mad scramble for contracts it is therefore not surprising to find the shops undercutting each other to such an extent that their margins of profit often disappear entirely. The only way in which they can meet this cutthroat competition and the pressure exerted by popular-priced chain stores promising volume-buying is to reduce the wages of their employees.

Since Connecticut has no law compelling registration of establishments employing labor, it is impossible to determine how many of these contract shops are now functioning. Miss Helen Wood, formerly industrial secretary of the New Haven Y. W. C. A., and now industrial investigator for the Connecticut Department of Labor, estimates that there are approximately 100 such shops in New Haven and an equal number scattered throughout the rest of the State. Certainly enough of them have been unearthed to indicate that the contract shop is a thriving Connecticut institution.

It has already been stated that the labor laws of the State are quite lax. A comparison of labor legislation in Connecticut with that of New York or Massachusetts will amply justify this assertion. Nevertheless, there is plenty of evidence that the contract shops, as well as some of the regular factories, have scant regard even for the existing legislation. State labor investigators have found numerous cases in which wages have been withheld, and minors have been employed without school certificates. Hundreds of women have been found working more than the legal fifty-five hours a week. Still other cases have been uncovered where employees were given home work after spending fifty or more hours a week in the shop. In such instances other members of the family, from mother down to younger sisters, frequently assist in completing the work through long hours at night. Even Sunday has been converted into another day of drudgery for scores of Connecticut needle-trades girls.

These conditions have repelled even the old-line Yankee manufacturers of the State. But the rate of pay in the contract shops has amazed and repelled them still more. Thousands of girls can be found throughout the State whose weekly wage on the basis of piece work averages from one to six dollars. The following tables represent the wages paid in two of Connecticut's contract shops. They are based on



information secured by the State Department of Labor in recent investigations. Since most of the contract shops have little or no bookkeeping, the tables are not uniform, being based on the capricious notes of employers and managers. The first table represents the wages paid for a fifty-hour week and a forty-eight-hour week. It might be added that these wages are comparatively high.

<i>Amounts Earned</i>	<i>50 hours</i>	<i>48 hours</i>
\$4.95—\$5.94.....	9 girls.....	13 girls
5.95— 6.94.....	10 " .....	1 "
6.95— 7.94.....	7 " .....	0 "
7.95— 8.94.....	9 " .....	3 "
8.95— 9.94.....	7 " .....	4 "
9.95—10.94.....	8 " .....	2 "
10.95—11.94.....	5 " .....	0 "
	—	—
	55	23
Median .....	\$8.11	\$5.51

The table that follows is a record of wages paid in a certain New Haven dress shop. The employer did not have any data with respect to hours since he paid his employees on the basis of piece work alone. Even then no comprehensible correlation could be drawn between dresses sewed and wages earned because a wide variety of styles were made, each requiring varying operations and time.

<i>Amounts Earned</i>	
\$0.00—\$0.99.....	6 girls
1.00— 1.99.....	8 "
2.00— 2.99.....	5 "
3.00— 3.99.....	7 "
4.00— 4.99.....	5 "
5.00— 5.99.....	4 "
6.00— 6.99.....	1 "
	—
	36
Median .....	\$2.13

A large proportion of the girls and women employed in these shops have never had sufficient schooling to compose a letter of complaint to the proper authorities, and a still larger proportion are probably unaware that agencies exist which might help them. But Commissioner Tone has received a number of slightly garbled, yet coherent letters which may reflect existing conditions much better than statistics can. One such letter reads:

Am writing you in regards to a factory. It is the ——— shirt factory in Shelton. I worked there for almost a week and couldn't stand the work. There girls are made to work over ten hours a day at ten and twelve cents a dozen shirts. And they make the girls work until 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. They start work at 7:30 and work until 6 or 7, with the exception of Saturday, when they work until 4 o'clock.

I am sending a pay check that this girl got for her work. Please keep her name and mine under cover. When I went for my pay Saturday we had to wait until almost 2 o'clock before they could pay us. Some of the girls that work on the sewing machines had to work without any dinner, because the boss wanted them to finish up some lot of shirts that had to be sent out that day.

These people that run the shirt factory came here about eight months ago and some of the girls have worked here since it started, and are making less than \$5 a week. I hope you will do something about this, and some of the girls are not 16 years of age.

The girls are tired out when they leave for home. I believe they have about 30 machines and about 16 presses. So you see why they make the pressers work so hard. They can't keep up with the work.

One of the officials of the New Haven Chamber of Commerce, in a recent interview, defended the contract shops as a necessary evil. It was his contention that without the new shops unemployment in the city and State would be considerably greater. At the present time the Community Chest has scarcely enough funds to take care of those who are forced to turn to charity for a means of subsistence. It is the garment shops, he maintained, that are supplementing the work of charitable organizations, and for this reason they must continue to be tolerated. The probability that the low wage level existing in the needle trades will eventually serve to depress wages in the other industries of Connecticut and further inconvenience organized charity has apparently not occurred to him. There have already been reported a number of circumstances that point that way. Even the practice of handing out home work, introduced by the contract shops, has been adopted by the A. C. Gilbert Company, nationally famous toy manufacturers, and the wages paid in the Gilbert plant do not differ radically from those paid in the contract shops.

A number of arrests have already been made of managers and owners who were evading the maximum-hours law, who had employed minors without school certificates, or who had failed to post the labor laws in their shops as is required. Except for charges of this sort there is at present no means of reaching the men who run the contract shops. During the next session of the General Assembly it is the intention of the League of Women Voters to lobby for a forty-four-hour law for women, and a maximum-hours law for minors. Commissioner Tone has also announced the need for compulsory registration of all establishments employing labor in order to facilitate the regular inspection of contract shops located in obscure lofts and ramshackle factory buildings. Whether such legislation will be passed in the General Assembly is a difficult question to answer. It will certainly have the support of an indignant public opinion, but signs of opposition are already beginning to appear. On the first page of the May issue of *Connecticut Industry*, official organ of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, appeared an editorial signed by E. Kent Hubbard, its president. Part of that editorial is here reproduced:

The 1933 session of the Connecticut General Assembly will convene in January. There will be introduced in that session more radical legislation than has ever been introduced in any previous session. This is not an overstatement of fact. It is based on accurate knowledge of what is going to happen. We do not want, nor should we have, a legislature made up of manufacturers, but we do want and ought to have a legislature made up of men and women who recognize that industry must be given a chance if the State is to prosper. It is the duty of every manufacturer in the State of Connecticut to aid in the selection of proper candidates and get out the vote for those candidates.



# Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

*Paris, October 15*

**I**T sounds incredible, but within the past two or three days I have heard several Frenchmen assert with great moral fervor and almost completely straight faces that the German army is superior to the French, and that Germany should therefore disarm to the French level, not vice versa. I have been holding my head ever since

**DISARMING** over this pinnacle of topsy-turvydom, and if I **GERMANY** can get it straight I will repeat the argument.

The French, say the French, are foolish. Their army numbers only about 450,000 effectives and almost half of these are in the colonies. The term of service has been cut to one year and the technical disposition of the forces assumes a three-weeks' period for mobilization. The force immediately available for defense of the frontiers is only about 150,000 men, and the French air force, far from being the best in Europe, is badly equipped and insufficiently trained. True, there is the chain of subterranean forts with their teeth in the frontier from Belgium to the Alps; but these, my friends say, the Germans would simply "fly over." There would be no declaration of war, an outmoded naivete; the Germans would demolish Paris in twenty minutes, and then there would be a new Treaty of Versailles, and not such a nice one.

Germany can put into the field two armies. This was the original Von Seeckt principle. The first, composed of 250,000 highly trained and mechanized experts from Reichswehr and Schupo, will go through the old-style French "mass battalions" like a fist through paper. Behind this exquisitely tempered, extremely mobile shock army the Germans can instantly muster 500,000 organized "veterans." Of course Germany has no heavy artillery, no tanks, no arsenals, no fortifications, no ordnance department, no bombing planes, no fighting planes, no gas, no anti-aircraft or anti-tank guns. But no matter. The pathetic French are certain they would get soundly beaten.

The Germans, it is true, have evaded and violated the disarmament provisions of the treaties. Any German not blind, deaf, or dishonest will admit this. The Germans have dummy tanks that serve training purposes, and heavy artillery with false wooden barrels; they probably are making gas, or are in a position to make it quickly at any time; and they have evolved a technique, I understand, whereby heavy passenger planes can be transformed into bombers within a few hours. The recent authorization of a national board for the physical training of youth is simply a new step in a definite and avowed program to increase the potential reserve of trained man power. The French know all this. It is all in Herriot's dossier, which he occasionally waves threateningly at Geneva. The dossier is not likely to be published, however, because that would uncover too drastically the methods of the French military intelligence, that is, espionage.

But whatever may be the technical violations the treaty has suffered, these do not make up for the enormous real superiority of France over Germany in military matters. The matter is worth discussion only as an indication of the lengths

to which French funk can go. The spoils of victory are—spoiling. Actual and overt rearming is not yet part of the German program, and even Schleicher in the speech that scared the French most made no demands except for equal rights and permission to reorganize the Reichswehr with the use of sample weapons. Equal rights? The answer he is getting is a corker. Equal rights? To be sure—let the Germans disarm to the French level!

Responsible people are hoping that Papen and Schleicher will not overplay their hand. If they go easy, they may get a good deal. France is assured a left government for four uninterrupted years, although Herriot himself may not last much longer as Premier—pending accidents, he will be a sort of permanent Foreign Minister à la Briand **HANDS ACROSS** in generally left cabinets—and there ought **THE CHANNEL** to be plenty of time for calmer negotiation. Serious maneuvering has already been held up because France is waiting to see what the League, that is, the French, system can do to Japan after the presentation of the Lytton report, and the Germans do not want to lock horns seriously until November, when a new Reichstag will be sitting—perhaps.

The Germans have already lost a great deal of international sympathy. For the past ten years Germany has usually been able to count on a fair measure of support from the United States, Italy, and Great Britain; the Germans had had a raw deal and needed compensation. But now I find a distinctly growing reaction, especially in England and Italy, against Germany; France is getting more sympathy than she has had in years, and the louder Papen and Schleicher bray, the more she will continue to get. The Hoover disarmament proposal served, of course, to draw England and France together. Great Britain will not stand for any one-third reduction of its fleet while Germany is building pocket battleships, and I hear that it was the Admiralty which helped insist on the very forthright language in the British note denying Germany juridical rights to equal-arms status. The Anglo-French entente signed at Lausanne has by no means lapsed.

Get out your maps and look once more for the remote and ridiculous island of Yap. I have a notion that we are going to hear more about Yap one of these days, and also more about the other former German islands in the Pacific that are now under Japanese mandate. Suppose Japan leaves the League. It is not likely, because the Powers **JAPANESE** do not want to punish her, but it is not impos- **YAP** sible. What happens then to Japan's mandated territory? No one seems to know for sure, but presumably the mandate would have to be given up, in which case sovereignty would revert, not to the League, but to the "allied and associated" Powers which created the League, including the United States. We in America may find ourselves part owners again of a group of remote and inconspicuous but strategically important Pacific islands—unless



someone at Geneva has a bright idea and suggests giving them to Germany. Germany might, it is just possible, like to have her former property back.

I have not seen any comment so far on the international significance of the withdrawal of Sir Herbert Samuel and his wing of bedraggled Liberals from the British government. The significance is that MacDonald is stuck with the frigid Simon as Foreign Minister for as long as Simon wants to stay, which will be, I believe, forever. If

NOT SO SIMPLE Simon and his so-called Liberals should  
SIMON threaten to resign, MacDonald would be left alone in a Tory Government, a prospect which even MacDonald cannot yet quite stomach. MacDonald cannot possibly get rid of Simon now, much as he would like to. Ramsay always wants to be his own Foreign Minister. He quarreled with Henderson and he is quarreling with Simon, especially since Simon is showing a distinct will of his own. He wanted to transfer Simon to the Home Office when Samuel quit, and give Foreign Affairs to his extremely intimate friend, Lord Londonderry; but Simon would not play ball. There he sits in Whitehall, and there he intends to sit for a long, long time.

## In the Driftway

COUNTRY auctions are as pleasant a diversion for a sunny afternoon as the Drifter has ever discovered. No one who has once explored an attic outgrows the thrill of poking about a pile of household goods and furniture spread out over a shady lawn, or loses the rosy hope of finding there some treasure that he has always wanted. Nor can he fail to be conscious of the dramatic overtones of human experience that linger about the empty house nearby and lend mysterious worth to otherwise commonplace objects. As for the actual drama of selling and buying, the Drifter has often found it so rich in character, dialogue, and suspense that he has stayed on until the last cup plate was sold and dusk had fallen.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

IT is the New England farm auction that the Drifter knows best. And it is with deep regret that he has watched its deterioration to a point almost beyond repair. Having become the pastime of rich "summer people," the farm sale has been appropriated by professional antique dealers and auctioneers who have destroyed its original character. Where once it was a sincere and amateur sale of the household goods of a dead or departing member of the community, it has now become a widely advertised sale not only of the furniture from a single house but of any stray pieces that shrewd antique dealers have had difficulty in selling. More than once the Drifter has seen the same piece of furniture at widely separated auctions. He has been told on good authority that during the summer furniture by the truck load is sent up by New York dealers to country auctions in Connecticut. It is sold to the highest bidder unless the bid is not high enough, in which case the owner bids it in himself, has it carted back to the farmhouse on Madison Avenue, and replaces the tag.

WHILE the Drifter waits for the farm sale to be restored to its former integrity, he will content himself with another sort of auction, quite as rich in interest, at which not furniture but houses are sold to the highest bidder. With the assistance of an old-timer as guide, the Drifter succeeded in attending such an auction not long ago in one of the most beautiful valleys in New England, a valley of few farms, remote in its autumn glory. Because the valley has been chosen as a reservoir for a city water supply, farms that have been there a century and a half must be flooded, the houses with their great shade trees must vanish within a year. The stock was already gone, and to the old man who stood in the wide doorway of an empty barn and answered the Drifter's questions, that had been the end. He was ready and anxious to leave his deserted pastures. With few exceptions, the crowd that followed the auctioneer from house to house was rural and indigenous—people who had known these homesteads and their occupants all their lives. Humor, pathos, and suspense crowded the ancient lawns as four houses, and the energy that had built them, were sold one by one to destruction, while the dead leaves underfoot and the autumn sun flooding the valley added finality to the scene. The death of a generation, whether of houses or of men, is a moving spectacle, and the Drifter felt something like patriotic pity when a sturdy and beautiful American cottage which had overlooked the valley since the year after the setting up of the Republic was sold for fifty-two dollars, memories and all.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Free Speech at Southwestern

[In our issue of September 21 we criticized the authorities of the Southwestern University School of Law in Los Angeles, California, for their action in forcing the resignation of Professor Leo Gallagher, a competent and popular member of the teaching staff. John J. Schumacher, president of Southwestern, protested to *The Nation* against what he held to be unfair criticism. We asked Professor Gallagher to state his side of the case and ourselves obtained all available information from other sources. We print below President Schumacher's protest and Professor Gallagher's reply. All the evidence we have examined bears out Professor Gallagher's contention that the university's action was the result of extraordinary pressure from reactionary groups in Los Angeles. It may have seemed irresistible to President Schumacher. Nevertheless, we have as yet discovered no reason for revising our opinion of September 21.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention was recently directed to an editorial appearing in your issue of September 21, bearing on the recent so-called Gallagher incident at Southwestern University School of Law. You have as authority for your editorial comment none other than an article which seems to have been lifted almost bodily from the notorious *Los Angeles Record*. I am astounded that *The Nation* should accept without any corroborative authority statements such as were published in the *Record*, and go even farther in heaping personal abuse upon Dean McNitt and myself. Please be assured that the writer may be many things but he is not cowardly. In my humble



opinion it is much more cowardly to broadcast such reckless opinions and accusations as you do in your paper.

In conclusion, allow me to state that there is no issue of academic freedom involved in this matter by even the remotest stretch of imagination. This institution has been 100 per cent tolerant and fair in its attitude, and we have no apologies to make to anyone.

*Los Angeles, October 7*

JOHN J. SCHUMACHER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Schumacher says that "there is no issue of academic freedom involved in this matter by even the remotest stretch of the imagination." In fact, the issue is far more important and fundamental than the issue of academic freedom. It involves the right of political minorities to defense in the courts. There has been no criticism of my teaching. In a bulletin to the student body after my separation from the teaching staff Dr. Schumacher said: "Our high regard for Professor Gallagher's ability, integrity, and loyalty has been undiminished." Dean McNitt of the law faculty said at a luncheon called to consider the incident: "Mr. Gallagher is a marvelous instructor with a fine personality, and in previous complaints against him there has been a strong protest by the student body in Gallagher's favor, but there has been a strong criticism from the outside. The question is how far we can stand public opinion. There is a limit of what we can take for Gallagher's principles—not ours."

The difficulty arose not out of my intramural activities but out of my extramural activities as attorney for the International Labor Defense. A correct understanding of the question requires a consideration of the background. For the last several years the public authorities of Los Angeles have made a scrap of paper of the constitutions of the United States and of California. There is no free speech or freedom of assembly here, no freedom from unreasonable searches and seizures, no semblance of the equal protection of the law. There is no security of person. The Red Squad breaks up nearly every meeting of Communists and their "sympathizers." It has publicly proclaimed that no Communist can speak in Los Angeles. It beats up unprotected men and women both in and out of jail. The Mayor and the Police Commission have publicly stated that Communists have no rights that the police need respect. The Los Angeles Bar Association, knowing all these facts, sits idly by. In the defense of workers I have attempted to demonstrate the malicious disregard by the constituted authorities of every human and constitutional right of political dissenters. This has displeased the Better America Federation and other reactionary organizations. Both by means of propagandist speakers and by the meanest newspaper misrepresentation of my conduct in court, these reactionary forces have attempted to create a public opinion against me. They brought such pressure to bear upon Southwestern University that they forced the school to suggest to me that I resign. Not desiring to embarrass the school, but insisting on my desire to remain on the faculty, I did resign.

Because I know of the pressure brought upon Southwestern by the reactionary forces which hold Los Angeles in their iron grip, I cannot have any ill-will toward Dr. Schumacher. I recognize the fact that he has kept me on the teaching staff of Southwestern for years, despite this constant pressure from reaction.

In conclusion, may I say a word for the Los Angeles *Record*. It is the only newspaper in Los Angeles which gives any accurate report of the trials of the so-called reds, the only paper which fairly reports the vicious misconduct of the Los Angeles Red Squad. Were it not for the *Record*, the terror in Los Angeles would be a black terror indeed.

*Los Angeles, October 22*

LEO GALLAGHER

## The Spanish War Pensions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of October 5 you quoted with evident approval the statements of Admiral Sims to the effect that Spanish-American War pensions constitute "a steal of the nastiest kind"; that the war lasted exactly 114 days; that 280,000 men enlisted, and 227,000 of these are now drawing pensions.

Admiral Sims is careless in his use of figures, to say the least. His 280,000 probably means the 280,564 men in the army in the early spring and summer of 1898. He has not included the thousands of sailors and marines who served with Dewey in the Philippines and with the fleet in the West Indies. Nor has he counted in the 126,468 men in the army and thousands more in the navy and marine corps who fought under tropical skies against the Filipinos, though some of the survivors of that campaign draw pensions as "Spanish-American War veterans." More thousands fought in the Boxer campaign, and some of them are drawing pensions under the same law.

The Admiral tells the world that 227,000 men out of 280,000 are now drawing pensions for service in a 114-day campaign. On June 30, 1932, there were 196,541 veterans of the Spanish-American War period on the pension rolls, not 227,000. The fighting in Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and China lasted more than four years, not 114 days. The number of men engaged during the whole period was nearly 500,000, not 280,000.

During that period Admiral Sims was serving as naval attaché at American embassies in Europe, and not under fire in the tropics. The Admiral is now drawing \$6,000 a year retirement pay, and not a small pension, as I am. And, Mr. Editor, if it were not for the pension I receive I would not be able to buy *The Nation* each week—or a whole lot of other things. Multiplying me by 196,541 shows that if it were not for the doles the government pays us for having risked our fool lives thirty-odd years ago, conditions throughout the country would be worse than they are now.

*Seattle, Wash., October 12*

C. F. STEPHENS

[We have received several letters of similar tenor, but after a careful examination of the official figures, we find that Admiral Sims is, in our opinion, generally correct as to his. He should, however, have pointed out that of the 227,000 who are now drawing Spanish War pensions, some 33,943 are widows, children, and nurses. It is true that there are also included in this class those who served in the Philippine insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion. We maintain, however, that the payment of \$102,000,000 a year in pensions for these short periods of hostilities is wholly disproportionate to the number of men who actually faced the bullets of the enemy.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY

*A Novel by Edward Dahlberg*

*Author of "Bottom Dogs"*

UPTON SINCLAIR says: "Edward Dahlberg knows the American underworld of poverty and ignorance and failure more intimately than any other novelist I can think of. His pictures of it make the cold chills run up and down my spine." \$2.50.

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., NEW YORK



# Books, Drama, Architecture

## Prose in America

*The Oxford Book of American Prose.* Chosen and Edited by Mark Van Doren. Oxford University Press. \$3.

MARK VAN DOREN'S anthologies of poetry are distinguished because his selections are sound, catholic, comprehensive, and above all fresh. This book of American prose has the same virtues. It is compiled without reference to a hundred previous anthologies; and it is most satisfactory, to me at least, at precisely the point where the average anthology is so unsatisfactory, in its selections from among contemporaries. Among living Americans Mr. Van Doren chooses selections from E. W. Howe, Santayana, Paul Elmer More, George Ade, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Cabell, Mencken, Ludwig Lewisohn, Carl Van Doren, Ring Lardner, Van Wyck Brooks, T. S. Eliot, and Joseph Wood Krutch. With one or two exceptions this list represents—and who has, ultimately, any other standard of anthological merit?—precisely the writers I should have chosen myself. The particular passages chosen from these authors are even clearer evidence of Mr. Van Doren's sureness of taste.

Mr. Van Doren's anthology is better, and much more readable, than its companion volume "The Oxford Book of English Prose," edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, even though the latter had a far richer field to choose from. Sir Arthur picked six hundred separate snippets of prose from hundreds of writers; Mr. Van Doren has chosen only seventy-three pieces of prose from forty-eight writers. He has almost reversed Sir Arthur's canons of selection. He has recognized that the peculiar flavor of any great writer, unless that writer happens to be primarily an aphorist, can seldom be fully tasted in a single paragraph or page, even though it be a purple one. "Almost everywhere," he writes, "I have restricted myself to pieces which have length and completeness. Whenever it was possible, and usually it was, I refused to abridge an essay, a chapter, or a tale. I avoided, in short, the purple patch."

The much greater readability of this volume, as compared with Sir Arthur's, is explained by still another question that Mr. Van Doren put to himself: "What writer, no matter how famous or interesting generally, has failed nevertheless to produce a piece of prose which will serve the purpose of the volume—stand independently here, have immediate meaning, and exhibit one or more of the qualities necessary to good prose?" The answers to this question, we are told, eliminated a great many scientists, philosophers, literary critics, and novelists. For example: "Theodore Dreiser, whom I consider with Cooper to have displayed the largest amount of talent in American fiction to date, I tried very hard to include. But I could find no portion of him that was good enough as prose. He is one of the greatest American writers of prose; his is not by any means, however, good prose."

This standard may possibly explain some things in the present book that would otherwise be puzzling—for example, the omission of Walt Whitman, though Artemus Ward is included; or the omission of William James. But I am sure there are long passages in William James that are independently fine, and weightier and more enduring than a few of the inclusions here. The word "weightier" may imply that I am judging these passages not by their "style" but by their "content." Perhaps that is so; but I am afraid I do not quite know how mentally to separate the two, and as time goes on I find it, indeed, increasingly difficult to do so. This does not mean that I leap to the opposite conclusion, and decide—with

such diverse writers as Arnold Bennett and Benedetto Croce—that style and content are *identical*. But it is naive and mistaken, and it leads to a great deal of bad criticism and oceans of bad writing, to think of style as the "garment" of thought, as if it could be put on or changed at will. A man's style is, rather, one aspect or phase of his thought, just as his logic is another; one would not dream of discussing his logic apart from his thought, nor would one be likely to assume that it included the whole of it.

Holding this conception of style, I find it impossible to admire the prose of any writer whose mind seems to me essentially commonplace. And with that standard in mind, I incline to question the inclusion in Mr. Van Doren's anthology of the aphorisms of E. W. Howe, for they seem to me for the most part shallow and counterfeit. I wish, instead, that Mr. Van Doren had considered the merits in this direction of the late Charles Horton Cooley. His "Life and the Student" contains many things that would be constantly quoted if Emerson or Thoreau had said them. Usually one remembers his aphorisms not for their cleverness but for their simple, condensed truth, as, for example: "Our individual lives cannot, generally, be works of art unless the social order is also." But occasionally he united a fine insight with a fine form, as in: "When we are perplexed we project the disorder of our minds in a belief that the world is anarchical."

But it is the sad fate of every anthologist, not only that he cannot hope to please everybody, but that he cannot hope completely to please anybody. Mr. Van Doren's is by far the best anthology of American prose ever compiled; and it is preceded by a Preface that is itself a distinguished example of American writing.

HENRY HAZLITT

## The Novels of Mrs. Buck

*Sons.* By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

"SONS," like "The Good Earth," deserves to be a best seller. The success of these two novels need not distress the defenders of literature. It has been won by meritorious qualities. Following the patterns of Chinese fiction, the two stories deal with the careers of families as much as of individuals, and provide novelties of direction that add to their interest. The pace, in some peculiar way, is in its varied, slow, but unstoping movement like that of life; and the effect on the reader is very satisfying. Moreover, if the characters are not true personalities in the sense in which the characters of almost every great novel are personalities, they are sharply drawn types, and well-drawn types are nearly as rare in fiction as are personalities. They are drawn by the lines of significant incidents which are clear and memorable, and not by clever epithets which are easy to forget. Certainly "The Good Earth" and "Sons" are good enough for success.

But not good enough for the critical overestimates that have flattered that success. Neither "The Good Earth" nor "Sons" is a great novel, or even a near-great novel. These two readable stories will soon join the procession of admittedly overpraised books, the annual masterpieces evoked by the nervousness of tired reviewers who, after long uneventful watching, come, like other tired sentinels, to hail a flickering as a fire.

Mrs. Buck is far from being a master. A great book involves its reader pretty closely either with its characters or its ideas, or it arouses a sense of allegiance to the author. Mrs. Buck's stories do not involve the reader much. The stories are absorbing spectacles, and the reader is an absorbed spec-



tator. But at the moments of tragic crisis, the reader is not likely to put the book down, as many of Dostoevski's readers must, because they have been involved to a point beyond their endurance.

"Sons" is a poorer book than "The Good Earth." In its greater length and wordiness it exposes the shortcomings of Mrs. Buck's workmanship as the stretching of a piece of cloth shows up defects in the weave. The interest and surprise of "The Good Earth" lay in the very primitiveness of the life it described. Story and character could be shaped by fact and acquire the clearness of reality. Wang Lung, content to have an ugly wife but rebelling at harelips and the pox, reveals better than pages of psychological analysis the humiliated mind of poverty. But in those passages in "The Good Earth" where more than an incident or a physical description is needed to light up a situation Mrs. Buck falters and forecasts her graver failures in "Sons."

In the latter novel she deals with the offspring of Wang Lung. They are not simple men like their father. They are accustomed to the obeisances of servants and the envious respect of neighbors, to luxuries and high society. The eldest son is a voluptuary; the second son a crafty and unscrupulous merchant, not above cheating his brother. The youngest son is a man of wilder temperament. He ran away from home because of his secret love for a maid whom Wang Lung took, in his old age, for his concubine. Frustration and a sense of injustice made a soldier of him, and turned him against women, though, to fulfill the Chinese desire for descendants, it permitted him to relax sufficiently to take wives whom he neglected after he had begotten children by them.

As the characters become complex, Mrs. Buck's treatment of them becomes ineffective. In "The Good Earth" the characters were types, but always credible. In "Sons" they are overaccented. The voluptuary is too often gorging himself, the merchant too obtrusively intent on his bargains, the general who calls himself the Tiger, together with his troupe, too theatrical. These subtler people require subtler handling. But Mrs. Buck can only pile on incident, and each incident confirms the sense of excess that strikes the reader before he is well into the book. A psychologist is needed, and Mrs. Buck has not the necessary equipment. Nor perhaps even the information. She knew her peasant, but her voluptuary and her merchant she knew less well, and her bandit general is altogether unreal, sometimes Hamlet, sometimes Tamerlane, sometimes Jack the Giant Killer. And since "Sons" is mainly devoted to his murky career, the book fails with him.

Mrs. Buck's failure in portraying so important a type in Chinese life as its Tuchuns indicates that in her presentation of other aspects of Chinese life she may not have been as successful as she has been said to be. I have felt that even "The Good Earth," close as it comes to peasant life—closer than any other novel of Chinese life by a Western writer that I know of—still remains outside, a matter of data rather than of the life that supplies the data. One has only to read the native literature, the poems, or the descriptions in a novel like "The Dream in the Red Chamber," to realize how plainly Mrs. Buck has remained on the outside. Perhaps every Westerner's book on Chinese life is fated to be the book of an observer rather than that of a participant. In "Sons" Mrs. Buck is a less keen, less patient, less orderly observer than in "The Good Earth."

To have made the figure of the Tiger credible, to have placed him in Chinese life as clearly as Wang Lung was placed on his good earth, called for a study of economic factors that Mrs. Buck would not or could not make. China in the last century has been a land of great and recurrent disasters. Drought and flood seem to proceed from a callous Nature, but in the long run their special destructiveness may be laid rather

to the greater evils of war and poverty. For in a peaceful and economically stable land, preventive measures can be taken and relief effectively administered. Economic oppression is the disaster that brings on other disasters. It brings on unending civil war, while in the harried land undiked and undammed rivers produce drought and flood. Mrs. Buck has portrayed very movingly the natural disasters of flood and drought. She has fumbled the endemic disaster of economic injustice. Had she dealt with it as well, we should have understood the bandits, the sale of children, the Tiger's early idealism and his relapse into a plundering general. Instead of a romantic blur the chief figure of "Sons" would have afforded Western readers an image with which to understand Chinese life, as useful as was Wang the farmer.

There remains for me to make some comment on Mrs. Buck's prose. At its best it is simple and clear; at its average it is undistinguished by any virtue or vice; at its worst it is painfully Biblical. In "The Good Earth" the Biblical passages were few and often justified themselves by the incidents they were used for. In "Sons" the Biblical passages drone on, a mannerism that may impress many readers but is enough to depress the few to whom a fit diction is important. The chief effect is verbosity. The following quotation is typical of the waste of words the mannerism leads to:

Twice and thrice did Wang the Tiger send his trusty harelipped man to his brothers, and twice and thrice did the man bring back silver to his captain.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

## Roger Williams

*Roger Williams: New England Firebrand.* By James Ernst. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

MR. ERNST'S work is the first adequate and thoroughly scholarly biography which has been published of one of the most important figures in American history. The fact that no one else, in this biographical age, has attempted the task may be due to the decline of public interest in our early colonial period, to the equal decline of interest in religious controversy, and even more to the persistent belittling of Williams in the histories of New England, which have been written mostly by Massachusetts men, the descendants of Williams's old enemies. In my own book on New England I did my modest best to show the general misconception of Williams and to indicate that his importance in the history of American thought was much greater in the political than in the religious field. This is fully borne out by Mr. Ernst in a work of notable importance.

Williams was, indeed, the first great exponent of democratic doctrine in America, and although he was closely followed by Hooker, the influence of the Rhode Island founder was much greater for several reasons. Constantly involved as he was in religious disputations, his theories of government and of toleration were essentially modern in that they did not derive from his religious doctrines but were thought out independently on purely political lines. The three chapters on his philosophy are perhaps the best in the book and deserve a careful reading.

As a result of some years of study, including one of research in England, Mr. Ernst has been able to gather many hitherto unknown facts about Williams's life, notably concerning his family and social background. Little or nothing has been added to our factual knowledge of Williams in America. In a field so minutely tilled as early New England there is perhaps not much that is new to be discovered. It is rather noteworthy that in a volume which contains so



much evidence of research there are only, I believe, six references to manuscript sources.

Mr. Ernst is to be congratulated on writing seriously on a serious subject and not diluting his work with third-rate Stracheyisms. On the other hand, it must be confessed that he does not handle his material in such a way as to make his figure stand out as clearly as the general reader would wish. There are too many chips in the workshop. There is a considerable mass of antiquarian detail which might perhaps have better been left to local history than included in the biography. We are sometimes confused or surprised by finding ourselves set back several years and beginning over again with a situation which we thought we had left behind; and there is a good deal of unfortunate and at last rather annoying repetition. For example, the letter to Mrs. Sadlier is quoted on page 28 and again on page 59; the will of Alice Williams is quoted on page 18 and again on pages 112 and 228; and many more examples might be given. In a word, the book, which developed out of a doctoral dissertation, has some of the faults usually and unhappily found in such productions. I fear it will prove rather heavy reading for the public, although it seems likely long to remain the standard life of Williams, and properly so.

Mr. Ernst has performed a most useful service in discovering new information and in bringing together in one volume for scholars all that we are now ever likely to know about Williams; and it is quite unfair to quarrel with an author for not doing what he did not intend to do. As Mr. Ernst has now made himself the leading authority in this field, it may be suggested that if he could by elimination produce a life of Williams in about one-third the bulk of this one, bringing out his lovable character and the salient points in his career, and clearly expounding his political thought, he would render a service to Williams and the public almost equal to his present one. Meanwhile, the book as it stands is one of the important biographies of the year.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

## The Man Mozart

*Mozart.* By Marcia Davenport. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

OF the possible methods of biography, Mrs. Davenport has chosen the one in which the biographer assumes subjective omniscience. This method, for obvious reasons, implies a quantum of fiction. Against Mrs. Davenport's assertion in the foreword that she does not offer the reader a romance must be set her contradictory statement that, having steeped her mind in data, she has set down in a continuous record what she believes to have happened. She has followed this principle to the point of inventing conversations and attributing to Mozart specific emotional responses, with the result that her narrative reaches at times a dramatized intensity indistinguishable from that of the novel.

For this vividness of presentation, the lay reader, to whom the book is avowedly addressed, will thank her. Save for his experiences as an infant prodigy on tour, Mozart led a life scarcely more interesting, in the eventful sense, than Schubert's. Generous, improvident, and proud, he struggled continuously against poverty. Moreover, his intellect was not such as to fascinate one with its brilliance, complexity, or depth. He is a prime example of the "pure" musician, who has nothing significant to say outside his music. Insignificant, too, was his physical appearance—short of stature, with an "oddly large, sandy poll and round, nearsighted gray eyes."

By making the most of every situation and dwelling upon

the emotional crises, Mrs. Davenport has written a biography that is frank, lively, and entertaining. Enthusiasm and honesty are its principal traits. She has told the truth about the man as she sees him, and her admiration for the genius overflows in her comments on his works. While she venerates the creator of tonal beauty, her attitude toward the human Mozart is symbolized by the portrait reproduced opposite the title page—a hitherto unpublished pastel devoid of flattery or idealization.

Her frankness extends to a few discreet quotations from the "astonishingly smutty letters" that have recently come to light. Well-nigh angelic spirit that he was in his highest flights of music, Mozart, when he dropped to earth again, took on the coloration of his environment. The salty speech of his native Salzburg came readily to his tongue, and in his gay moods his humor was more likely than not to have a Rabelaisian lustiness.

RAY C. B. BROWN

## More Bottom Dogs

*From Flushing to Calvary.* By Edward Dahlberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

DAHLBERG'S second novel emerges from his first—"Bottom Dogs." Having laid his foundations there, he here uses cinematic photography of the life of Lorry and his mother, Lizzie, in their new environment, the suburban slums of Long Island. But again and again he cuts back to St. Louis, where Lizzie, in the first book, ran the Star Ladies' Barber Shop, and to the orphan asylum where Lorry grew up. The writing has escaped from the heavy realism that was so effective in "Bottom Dogs" into the rarefied, jazzy atmosphere already reproduced in the last two chapters of that extraordinary first novel. In both instances the language is skilfully and curiously adapted to the subject matter.

This is primarily Lizzie's book. She is stark truth. This poor, shrewd, unleavened lump of human clay, this bottom dog in the form of a poor, sick, old-before-her-time woman whose head is filled with an amorphous ugly tangle of tag ends of notions, memories, superstitions, the refuse of deadened emotions, achieves a kind of greatness, greatness as a living, fleshly symbol of a huge sisterhood; greatness in her own right, too.

The sensitive orphan boy, Lorry, sick in being, does not yet find himself. He is still an insignificant bit of the milieu that in its desultory shifting and milling drags him along with it. He is still the yearning waif, the bottom dog, the orphan boy who knows only two widely separated worlds between which there is no reconciliation—the world of his actual life and the world of his books.

Two achievements in the novel deserve special mention. One is the creation of the minor figure of Willy Huppert, the ambitious, idealistic German boy who enters the Lewis household. The boy is haunting; and those who have not known him previously by experience are removed from contact with the shifting world at the bottom of civilization. His stomach trouble, his glorified ambitions to become a fighter, his ways about the house, his ideas and his conscious thoughts, here revealed in clairvoyant flashes, are so familiar as to be startling. The other is the whole chapter called Coney Island Angelus Bells, a garish symphony, violent, discordant, in which the grinning humor turns to pitiful revulsion.

Dahlberg's gift lies in his ability to re-create actuality, either by a process of building up detail, as in his story of the orphan days in "Bottom Dogs," or swiftly, sharply, as in this novel. There is no character study here. There is neither psychology nor ideas nor meaning nor interpretation. When he gives the thoughts of his people, it is their immediate conscious thoughts which interest him. The thinking is merely a phase



of the realism. And his people are moths that flit in and out of the path of an intense light until, singed and defeated, they fall away into darkness. But during the intervals of light he sets them forth with remarkable accuracy, and in the same way he sets forth their background with definitive sureness. In Dahlberg we have a peculiar talent which has discovered its own unmistakable field of expression.

FRED T. MARSH

## Shorter Notices

*Peter Ashley.* By DuBose Heyward. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

In this book Mr. Heyward seeks to recapture the mood of the South—more particularly, the mood of Charleston, South Carolina—during the few months immediately prior to the Civil War. It is a mood compounded of excited anticipation on the part of most of the younger men and of sorrowful apprehension on the part of some of the older ones, for they see that their children's children will never know the leisurely, prosperous, aristocratic way of living of the old South. Especially clear-headed is Peter Ashley's Uncle Chardon, who, unlike the Southern gentleman of joke book and musical comedy, and, for that matter, unlike most of his friends and relatives in this book, has Unionist rather than Secessionist sympathies. Chardon, incidentally, is a much more convincing character than his nephew Peter, who shilly-shallies around from pacifism to beligerency without much motivation. Most of the other characters, notably Damaris, who in true Southern fashion marries Peter only after he has proved his valor—and got himself all messed up—in a duel, are pretty thin. Moreover, the novel is very poorly organized, rambling on from horse races to duels to political discussions without rhyme or reason. An occasional factual description, such as that of a slave auction, is interesting; Mr. Heyward is a better reporter than novelist. You could cut the romanticism in this book with a knife, but then you could probably cut the romanticism in the old South with a knife also.

*So a Leader Came.* By Frederick Palmer. Ray Long and Richard Smith. \$2.

A prophetic novel, this enthralling description of the coming of the American Mussolini should be compulsory reading for those individuals who sigh for a dictator. Constant ("Think of that!") Spenser, a whirlwind Frank Merriwell of the most pronounced type, confounds the Marxists and gangsters and crooked politicians in double-quick time, makes a fortune, saves a ship, wins the heart of the people, dismisses Congress, and takes over the government. Constant ("Traveling Light!") Spenser is enough to make anyone ponder thoughtfully before giving active or passive support to a fascist movement. According to Colonel Palmer, the organization will take the line of opposition to communism, "the gangster menace," and the international bankers. The novel is written in a triple-spaced, newspaper correspondent's style, and is of great interest as a document.

*Julius Caesar.* By John Buchan. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

The latter days of the Roman Republic form as repulsive a spectacle as any in history. It developed no governmental ideas adapted to the empire it had won. It kept evading the persistent social problem and depressed its farmer and working class by the exploitation of slave labor. The population was exploited by party machines and demagogues. Caesar offered the fascist answer to the problem in ancient terms. His umpire

emperor, holding arbitral powers between the warring classes, was, when the emperors were big enough men, relatively successful. But they too evaded the social problem, and when the empire came to an end, it left a vast population, lowered to the slave level, in the new makeshift institutions of feudalism. To Mr. Buchan's admiration for Caesar it is possible to consent, but not to his admiration for Caesarism. His short biography admirably condenses a great amount of history, is suggestive in its parallels and analogies, and is written in a clear and rapid style.

## Drama

### More Than Clever

INTO this drab and discouraging season there has come, at last, a thoroughly unpretentious little comedy so sure in its touch and so perfect of its kind that it revives one's faith in the theater as an institution and provides once more what our eighteenth-century ancestors were wont to call in their sensible way "a rational entertainment." My only fear is the fear lest I should spoil it for some of my readers by saying too much and by thus leading them on to expect some power or profundity, some dazzling wit or some wild hilarity, to which it does not pretend; and yet, unless I can say that "The Late Christopher Bean" (Henry Miller's Theater) is about as good as an unpretentious play can be, I shall have failed in my duty. It is not "important" and it does not dazzle. It is, as a matter of fact, so extremely slight that it might very well seem thin if it were not so skilfully written and so admirably played. But anyone who does not find it, nevertheless, a delightful evening in the theater is someone whose palate has been dulled by the rank flavors of our stage until he is unable to appreciate an ingenious comedy seasoned with wit and insight.

The piece, which comes to us from the French, is based upon a not too meaty anecdote about a neglected painter. He had died leaving behind him a collection of canvases forgotten by the family which had contemptuously befriended him, and the play is concerned with the events which take place when a plague of critics and dealers descend upon the bewildered custodians of these forgotten masterpieces. What it may have been like in the original I do not know, but it is evident that the present version owes most of its own merits to Sidney Howard, who has transplanted the action to New England and made it a comedy of shrewdly drawn characters. Both these characters and the scene are now so thoroughly indigenous that Mr. Howard evidently took over little except the anecdote itself and that anecdote is not important. What we have is purely native comedy contrived with a great deal of frankly theatrical skill, but redeemed from mere cleverness by touches of nature none the less real because they happen to be set forth in an artificial tale.

Mr. Howard is perhaps the very cleverest of our playwrights. Actors, directors, and critics alike recognize his unusual gift for putting together scenes which "go" in the theater. One of his scripts is a delight not only to audiences, but also to all those who have struggled to project over the footlights the work of other dramatists less knowing in the ways of the theater. It is equally true, however, that he has other qualities likely to be lost sight of in our admiration for this more showy but fundamentally less important virtuosity, and these qualities become evident enough when we compare his work with that of other "clever" playwrights. He has, that is to say, a shrewdness of insight, a genuineness of feeling, and a gift for literary expression which might be even more highly praised than they



are if they had happened to be found in a playwright whose clumsiness would cause them to be cited in extenuation. He has, one is tempted to say, too many talents for his own reputation, and there is danger that the lesser may sometimes obscure the greater.

In any event, it is not cleverness alone which is responsible for the charm of "The Late Christopher Bean." It is also the humanity—the New England characters hit off in a phrase—and the comic insight which enables him to treat with tolerant amusement the spectacle of a decent family plunged into intrigue by the possibility of sudden and miraculous wealth. When the maid of all work—played magnificently by Pauline Lord—walks off in the end with the precious canvases under her arm, it is theatrically "right" in the simplest sense. She is the Cinderella of the piece and her triumph is as satisfactory a happy end as the movies themselves could desire. But it is also more than that. This maid is a person, not a puppet; there is real feeling and real truth in her portrait. And what is true of her is true of all the rest. They are manipulated as skilfully as any mere craftsman could desire, but the piece is not an empty trick for all that. It has substance besides.

Perhaps it is not worth while to attempt to decide just how much is contributed by all who have had a hand in the final result. Good as the play is, it would not be half so good without Miss Lord as the maid, Walter Connolly as the head of the family, and Beulah Bondi as the acidulous mother. Neither would it be so good without Gilbert Miller's skilful directing. But the fact remains that it is good—almost too good to be true.

"Dangerous Corner" (Empire Theater) is another clever play—in intention at least—and conceivably it might be effective if someone else had developed its situation. The idea of allowing a group of respectable people to lead one another on until the skeleton in each closet has been dragged to light is good enough as ideas go, but as written by Mr. J. B. Priestley the play simply talks itself to death.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's theater on Fourteenth Street has reopened, and its repertory already includes "Liliom," "Camille," and "The Three Sisters." Next week I shall perhaps have opportunity to compare Miss Le Gallienne's Camille with that of Lillian Gish, which is also current.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

It is a thousand miles from Broadway to the Martin Beck Theater, a block away, where the Irish Players are presenting a repertory program that includes all the old favorites of the Abbey Theater, a new prize tragedy, and a new comedy by Lennox Robinson, "The Far Off Hills" (which are always green). This last is a pleasant homey comedy, and the actors so play with and to each other that waves of delighted chuckles sweep the house. Indeed, after Broadway's guffaws, the civilized audiences at the Martin Beck are almost as refreshing as the Irish Players themselves.

L. G.

## Architecture

### Grain Elevators and Houses

RIDING past the famous grain elevators at Buffalo, early on a gray October morning, gave us an unpleasant jar, and stirred an old train of thought. The scene was so ugly! We had settled down to thinking of those grain elevators as monumentally beautiful, but it was only because of the repeated photographs. Not that there is any less grandeur in the forms; but what had been done in the pictures to obscure

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MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to a radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Conscientious but none too successful effort to make a play out of a successful novel.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. A very popular sermon by Rachel Crothers.

the honest dust? And how had the photographer spirited away the surroundings, which, seen from the train, are nothing but the most dismal cinders and slag-heaps, jabbed by crooked telegraph poles? Modern industry!

This industry is apparently the same old industry that aroused Carlyle and Ruskin and Morris to oppose it. Here's the poor landscape, still torn, still bleeding, after a hundred years or more. Here's our country, still a fortuitous agglomeration of sooty sticks and scrap-iron and mounds of slag. The homes the American people live in are for the most part still unmitigatedly ugly. In the midst of this junk the grain elevators cannot really be monuments; they constitute only a promise and a hope.

Am I saying only what has been said before? Not so. Hitherto the broadest view of our architecture has been that taken by the spiritual heirs of Ruskin and Morris, who have advocated community planning and "garden cities" and who have already provided us with some excellent demonstrations. They have transformed the cinders and the junk. But here's my point: they have in the process sought to destroy the meaning of the grain elevator as well! For the promise of the grain elevator is that industry itself will be wonderful when it once comes clean. But in their appearance the Radburns and Marie-mounts are not industrial at all. Their roots are back in the preindustrial English cottage. And as the present mood of defeat and depression deepens, they retreat still farther, from a fairly objective brick "colonial" to nostalgic high-gabled half-timber.

The German leaders have been on a truer trail than ours. They build their factories and their houses as if both were members of the same great modern family. It is possible to criticize their present phase as being sometimes "hard" or "monotonous," but it makes all the difference whether the criticism comes from within the modern ideal or from behind it. Within, there are possibilities of fruitful development. From being a "machine" the house can go forward to become a more delicate "instrument" adjusted to its uses as well as to its use. Such adjustment the "cottage" can never have, being as a concept fundamentally retrospective.

The next step forward in building technology calls for factory fabrication complete. For this, America is preeminently equipped. If only the program could enlist the enthusiasm of the men planning the new communities, what could we not get done!

Hitherto we have hacked and slashed in the process of setting up our industrial machine. Getting it under control, we could now turn around and make it yield us a landscape filled with human dwellings on an unprecedented level of quality and with an unprecedented charm.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1932

No. 3516

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER speaks the plain truth when he declares that if the wreck of the Republican Party is not taken over by a group of younger and liberal elements within it, "it will soon pass out of existence because of its incapacity to face the future with understanding and courage." When he also says that it "has been moving steadily toward intellectual, moral, and political bankruptcy" ever since 1919, he repeats what every sound observer within and without the party knows. Certainly under Mr. Hoover the party went down hill with extraordinary rapidity. Under Mr. Hoover, too, the quality of the men in the Cabinet deteriorated so that there is no one in that body, unless it be Mr. Mills and Mr. Stimson, who will be of value in any reorganization. Again, with only eight Republican Governors elected on November 8, and with many of the survivors in Congress certain to be deposed from important committee assignments, there will be little opportunity for new men to come to the front within the ranks during the next four years. But there are a number of men of the type of Mr. Butler himself, Alanson B. Houghton, for example, or ex-Governor Goodrich of Indiana, to say nothing of the Progressives in the Senate—they should now obviously be given the lead in the matter—who might well undertake the work of reorganization. Even before the publication of Mr. Butler's statement the New York Republican organization had let it be known that it realized that the first thing to do was to eliminate Mr. Hoover and the Hoover influence entirely. But that alone will not suffice if the party does not take its leadership

from among the Progressives or those who hold progressive ideas. Its reorganization will be preferable to its death only if it really becomes a liberal party or amalgamates with the conservatives and protectionists of the Democratic organization.

THE WET FORCES have just won a more overwhelming victory than their most confident spokesmen six months ago would have dared to predict. In eleven States which held referendums directly on the subject, either for repeal of State enforcement acts and constitutional provisions or for memorializing Congress for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the nine States in which the tally is completed voted against prohibition. The new House, according to the tabulations of the *New York Times*, will contain 343 definitely wet members, 29 drys, and 63 whose attitude is still doubtful; the new Senate will consist of 61 wets, 30 drys, and 5 who are doubtful. This means that the wets, who have hitherto been in a minority in both houses, will have more than a two-thirds' majority in the House and probably a two-thirds' majority in the Senate. Added to this is the moral force of the fact that the candidates, both for the Presidency and for Congress, of the party whose platform was flatly in favor of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment triumphed overwhelmingly over the party whose prohibition plank was ambiguous and straddling. All this makes it highly probable that the new Congress will vote to submit the outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the States; and if the present popular temper is sustained, it seems nearly as probable that the necessary three-fourths of the States will vote to repeal it. The chances of a "beer bill" to cover the interregnum period remain somewhat more doubtful, though it is certain that appropriations for prohibition enforcement will be drastically cut down.

THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT of the national election was the poor showing made by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. Instead of the 2,000,000 votes forecast by the straw polls, he received hardly more than 800,000. Final returns may bring his total to a million, but even at that figure the vote he polled is proportionately less than that Eugene V. Debs received in 1912 and 1920. Why the Socialists should have been no more successful in this period of widespread distress it is difficult to explain except on the theory that multitudes wished to insure Hoover's defeat and therefore voted for Roosevelt. In Philadelphia Norman Thomas's vote in the working-class districts was relatively smaller than that which he received in the Forty-second Ward, which is a middle-class residential section. In the river-front wards, where living conditions are the worst in the city, he received only 166 votes out of more than 23,000 votes cast for all candidates. The political editor of the *Atlanta Journal* suggests that the protest vote went almost unanimously to Franklin D. Roosevelt. "Had any other candidate than Roosevelt been running," he writes, "the Atlanta labor element would have turned to Mr. Thomas with a vote of several thousand."



**T**HE VOTING MACHINE is not constructed to make easy a citizen's privilege to write in the name of a candidate for office of his personal selection. He must provide his own pencil, a black one; he must move a little metal slide; he must know how to spell his candidate's name; he must write it correctly on a short and narrow slip. It is astonishing, in view of these difficulties, that almost 153,000 New Yorkers correctly registered their choice of Joseph V. McKee for Mayor against the machine-made candidates of the Republicans and Tammany. His vote was a tribute to the capacity for independent judgment of a great body of citizens, and his total undoubtedly would have been much larger if various tricks had not been employed against him and if many persons had not misspelled his name. Equally impressive was the vote for George W. Alger and Bernard S. Deutsch, running for the Supreme Court with the backing of the Bar Association against the joint candidates of the Republicans and Democrats, Samuel H. Hofstadter and Aron Steuer. Although Hofstadter and Steuer were swept into office on the Democratic flood, the vote for the independent candidates was large enough to encourage their supporters to organize into a permanent body for action in the next election. We have reason to hope, in spite of the huge O'Brien majority, that the chicaneries of the Tammany gang have at last penetrated the complacency of a good-sized section of the voting public.

**S**OLICITATION OF FUNDS for unemployment relief has started in many communities throughout the United States. The need this winter is many times greater than it was last year. Every survey undertaken by social agencies in the last few months clearly shows that destitution has been rapidly increasing in every section of the country. In New York City alone, according to a census recently completed by the police department, there are 180,758 destitute families "who are not now receiving relief." While private charities and local emergency committees cannot hope to meet the whole problem—the State and federal governments must also help—these community organizations should be supported as generously as is humanly possible. Every citizen who still has an income should do more than merely contribute what he thinks he can afford. He should make whatever sacrifices he can in order to help his less fortunate neighbors, for in no other way will it be possible to prevent further hunger and suffering in America.

**T**HE DIPLOMACY OF SIR JOHN SIMON, the British Foreign Secretary, continues to puzzle us. Only a few weeks ago he sent to Berlin a most curious document in which he contended that Germany's demand for equality in armaments was wholly illegal, and then in the same document sought to prove that Germany, after all, had a very good case. The first part of the note was obviously intended to win the approval of France and the second part to please Germany. Instead, Sir John succeeded in enraging both countries. Since then the Herriot plan for disarmament has been brought out. Whatever faults this plan may have, it at least has had the effect of softening Germany's opposition to resumption of the disarmament negotiations until military equality is conceded. The prospect of Germany's return to the Geneva conference revived the hope that real progress might yet be made. But now Sir John has again

seen fit to speak his mind. In an address in the House of Commons he formally recognized Germany's legal right to equality, but he asked that Germany first join with the other nations of Europe in a pledge never to resort to force under any conditions. He added, however, that Germany must also agree to use discretion in enlarging its military establishment! In other words, he seems perfectly willing to balance paper pledges against increased armaments. Sir John does not attempt to explain why Germany needs a larger army if it agrees not to go to war in any event. Nor does he appear to realize that the terms he offers Germany conflict in no small measure with the recent French proposals. Perhaps Sir John means to sabotage the Herriot proposal as he did the Hoover plan.

**E**ASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE are again giving the foreign offices of the large Powers, not to mention the government in Washington, many an anxious hour. Economic disaster, political difficulties, and irredentism are spreading at an alarming rate. Yugoslavia finds that it cannot transfer the exchange necessary to meet the interest charges on its principal American loan, Bulgaria can pay only half of the interest on its obligations, Greece defaults on its debt to the United States, and Hungary serves notice on Washington that it will be unable to meet its December payment. In republican Greece the Royalist Party has come into power; in Rumania the Ministry has been overthrown and the country is split into two camps over the Bessarabian question; Czecho-Slovakia, long considered the most stable of the new countries, recently passed through a serious government crisis and is now faced with another; Hungary has turned to a new strong man, Julius Gömbös, to save it from further disaster; in Poland the illness of the dictator, Joseph Pilsudski, is causing grave concern, for there is no one now in sight strong enough to take his place. At the same time many of these countries are having to contend with separatist movements. The Macedonian revolutionaries have virtually set up a government of their own in Yugoslavia, while the Croats are also giving King Alexander no end of trouble. In Rumania the Transylvanians are growing restive, and in Czecho-Slovakia the Slovaks have started a secessionist movement. The age-old Balkan question is as far from solution as ever.

**T**HE SWISS AUTHORITIES could have chosen no more brutal way of attempting to suppress radical agitation than the means they used in dispersing a crowd of demonstrators in Geneva on November 9. It seems unnecessary to have resorted to force in any case, but to have left that task to raw military recruits was nothing short of criminal. These inexperienced youths, most of whom had had no more than a fortnight of military training, lost their heads and fired their machine-guns point-blank into the crowd, killing eleven persons and wounding forty-three others. This was serious enough, but after the event Swiss government officials openly approved the action taken by the soldiers. President Motta declared: "One thing is certain, the troops conducted themselves as they should." This shortsighted attitude on the part of the authorities will, of course, play into the hands of radical agitators the world over. They will no doubt point to the Geneva tragedy as further proof of their contention that "the capitalist masters"



are carrying on a merciless class war against the workers. The shooting was probably an accident; surely there is no evidence that it was deliberate; but the subsequent attitude of the Swiss authorities will unquestionably go far toward convincing the workers that the shooting was a part of the class war. Nor will the moral the radicals are certain to draw from this tragedy be weakened by the fact that it occurred in Geneva, "the city of international peace," for the radicals have long contended that the international peace machinery set up by the Powers is meant simply to disguise imperialist greed and conflict.

**THE TRAGIC DEATH** of Professor Charles P. Howland of Yale University, the latest victim of the automobile juggernaut, brutally terminates ■ extraordinarily able, useful, and public-spirited life. After many years as a successful lawyer in New York City, the day came when he felt that he had secured his financial future sufficiently to enable him to give up the active practice of the law and to devote himself to educational matters, international questions, and other public problems. He thus set a most admirable example to his wealth-mad generation. He soon proved his great executive ability and force of character as chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission of the League of Nations, to which was intrusted the repatriation of all the Greeks expelled by the Turks—a most difficult and responsible undertaking since it involved the migration of 1,200,000 persons. An associate in research of Yale University, a member of the Rockefeller Foundation and of the General Education Board, he brought to each one of these responsibilities clarity of thought and excellence of judgment. For four years, from 1928 to 1931, inclusive, he edited the "Survey of American Foreign Relations," published annually by the Yale University Press for the Council of Foreign Relations in New York. Few men in America today are so well informed on foreign affairs, and few can bring to public questions such nobility of character and shining intellectual integrity.

**ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE** advertising notices that ever reached our desk is "Boyd's City Dispatch" offering for sale alluring bargains in lists of names. Magazines seeking subscribers, causes seeking patrons, people with something to sell, anybody in fact who wants to get in touch with his fellow human beings in neatly classified chunks can turn confidently to Boyd's. Here, for instance, are 11,259 Selected Hebrews in New York City worth \$50,000 or over. You can have them for \$150. Tenants of Pent Houses, 150 of them, sell for \$5, and we consider them cheap. More than 2,000 New York Widows worth \$50,000 and over are listed at \$50 (wealthy widowers not quoted), while 934 Millionaires Interested in Art Works, Antique Furniture, etc., cost \$20. There are certain classifications which seem to us absurd: 5,700 residents of Greenwich Village are rated below 4,959 residents of Park Avenue. Hebrew millionaires cost as much per head as assorted multimillionaires. That's not fair; some of our best friends are multimillionaires. And 3,000 Clergymen, Prominent, cost more than 3,929 Yacht Owners, which probably is not as silly as it looks, since Boyd's doubtless has it figured out that a man who owns a yacht these days can't be expected to buy anything else. Still, we prefer yacht owners, at any price.

## For These Favors

### WE GIVE THANKS:

That Dolly Gann is retired to Kansas without prece-  
dence, with the tax-free 'indigent Indian' who is her brother.

That Hiram Bingham will now be free to fly as high ■  
he likes—elsewhere than in the Senate.

That Senator Wesley L. Jones will subsidize American  
shipping no more.

That Reed Smoot no longer has it in his power to ■  
the sugar used by every American household for the benefit  
of the beet-sugar growers of Michigan, Colorado, and Utah,  
and the Mormon Church.

That James M. Beck, who earned first prize for the  
campaign's silliest speech, is now contemplating the decision  
of 21,000,000 Americans to "convert this Republic into a  
bastard imitation of the Soviet regime in Moscow."

That Senator Jim Watson is permanently retired to  
Indiana—as damaged goods without value.

That the Democrats and not death overtook George  
H. Moses and relegated him to the fastnesses of his native  
State, which is now also proved to be the home of wild  
jackasses.

That the State of Wisconsin spurned the candidacy of  
John B. Chapple, who declared that the University of Wis-  
consin was ■ hotbed of communism and free love.

That the State of Kansas found someone else besides  
■ goat-gland doctor to be its Governor.

That the State of Illinois put a final stamp of utter  
disapproval upon ex-Governor Len Small.

That California did not yield to the temptation to send  
■ sensational preacher to the Senate in the person of the  
Reverend "Bob" Shuler.

That the State of Missouri has sent, by an enormous  
majority, a courageous and broad-gauge tariff-reform Sena-  
tor to Washington in the person of Bennett Champ Clark.

That the State of Colorado has reinforced its Demo-  
cratic Senator, Costigan, with Alva B. Adams, ■ former  
Democratic Senator.

That Governor Cross of Connecticut remains in the  
State House to illustrate the advantages of having ■ bucolic  
professor in charge of a New England State.

That five Farmer-Labor Congressmen and nearly the  
entire State ticket were elected in Minnesota.

That Norman Thomas in fullest measure lived up to  
his opportunity to show the country what a statesman looks  
like.

### WE MOURN THE FACT:

That Representative Fiorello La Guardia went down  
to defeat at the hands of ■ lesser citizen of Italian origin.

That James J. Davis, now under indictment, was elected  
to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania.

That William G. McAdoo goes to the Senate ■ the  
carpet-bag representative of the State of California.

That the lame-duck-session amendment is not now part  
of the Constitution; and

That Herbert Hoover received fifty-nine electoral votes  
too many.



# The Victory

THE complete election returns only strengthen our conviction that here is a cataclysm to praise heaven for.

That does not mean that we abate one iota of our disappointment that the Thomas vote was not larger, or that we have overnight come to believe that Governor Roosevelt is the very man to lead us out of the economic chaos in which we find ourselves. We have not changed our views in the slightest, but we are profoundly grateful that the American people rose in their strength and turned Herbert Hoover out by a majority in the electoral college greater than the record-breaking vote given to him when he took office. Accepting the fact that it was impossible to expect the electorate to vote largely for the only man who had a political and economic program to offer, we cannot but be deeply moved by the thoroughness of the job done. It was, moreover, no mere blind, indiscriminating wrath. Connecticut chose a Democratic Governor, but elected all the other Republican candidates except Senator Bingham, whom it properly defeated. In New Hampshire the voters had had enough of Senator Moses, but chose a Republican Governor. In Kansas they refused to be carried away by the goat-gland doctor. In New Jersey they voted for Roosevelt, but chose the Republican candidate for Senator. In some States Republican candidates for Congress won seats from sitting Democrats in the face of the Democratic tidal wave. In many States, especially in New York, there was a great variation in the vote of the successful candidates.

All of which quickens our faith in democracy and fills us with renewed hope for the future, if only because of this demonstration of the complete loosening of party ties. When, roughly, seven millions of voters can switch their votes from Hoover to Roosevelt, it is idle to talk of party thralldom, especially if one recalls the multitude of Democrats who left their party in 1928 because of their opposition to Alfred E. Smith. Almost the bulk of our electorate has learned to vote independently; when one considers the absolutely rigid party lines of the eighties, and even the nineties, the progress is extraordinary. We take hope from it because we are certain that the electorate, having acquired the habit of voting on the merits of the candidates and programs offered, will ere long be ready to vote again for a party of progress and liberalism; that it will judge the performance of the coming Roosevelt Administration with as critical eyes as it has judged that of Herbert Hoover.

We are of the opinion, moreover, that this tendency will not be wholly offset by public satisfaction, even if there is real progress under Mr. Roosevelt toward economic sanity and prosperity, just as we are more certain even than we were last week that this Democratic sweep is by no means wholly due to the depression, but in part to a thoroughgoing dissatisfaction with the character of the present Administration, the falsity of its pretenses, and Mr. Hoover's deliberate misrepresentation of the facts of our economic situation. But whether we err in this hypothesis or not, we can feel no discouragement over the prospects of liberalism but only a vast satisfaction in what has taken place. Undoubtedly one explanation of the small vote received by Mr. Thomas is that many who

wished to ballot for him felt that the all-important thing was to retire Mr. Hoover to private life. That was in response to a sound instinct that there had to be a clean sweep before the process of reconstruction could begin. It may be, of course, that if Governor Roosevelt and his party fail to provide relief for our major ills, a large proportion of the electorate will jump back into the frying-pan of Republicanism. But that process cannot go on indefinitely. We believe that the farmers especially will be more than ready for a new deal four years hence, if their export markets continue to be cut off by the existing tariffs which Mr. Roosevelt has promised to make "effective."

Meanwhile the forces of liberalism again face a profound test. With an awakened and suffering public, with an electorate thinking politically as it has not been willing to for decades, the question is whether those who believe in a new and a constructive party can develop the necessary leadership and a program to convince. It may well be that in the next few months there will be only one plank for liberals to rally around, and that will be that American men, women, and children shall not die of starvation when our warehouses are bursting with unsold food, when the cost of foodstuffs is lower than in decades, and the government still has plenty of resources.

Under these circumstances, with the prospect that the coming Congress will show greater progressivism and political independence than did the last, the liberals will have only themselves to blame if they cannot bring home to the electorate the need of that radical reorganization of our governmental system which alone can bring us permanent hope of peace and prosperity in America. With the old order collapsing before our eyes, it will be treason indeed for those who realize the crying need of a genuinely constructive program, such as was not offered to us by either of the major candidates in the last campaign, not to bestir themselves. They must convince the American electorate that there are sound and rational ways out of the present jungle.

Finally, one phase of the election gives particular satisfaction. It is that the electorate was informed as never before. We refer not only to the greatly increased use of the radio, but to the greatly increased number of people who deliberately put aside other ways of spending their evenings to listen to the arguments on both sides. Whether spurred by the fact of this tremendous radio publicity or not, the press distinguished itself by its fair play. In New York City, at least, more speeches were printed verbatim than ever before. Even a newspaper which was formerly most hide-bound and partisan, the *New York Herald Tribune*, not only gave Mr. Roosevelt the squarest possible deal in the matter of his speeches, but allowed a sympathetic reporter to write freely of the Governor and his travels. More than that, it printed several of Mr. Thomas's speeches in full and it allowed Mr. Lippmann complete freedom of expression. This is great journalistic progress. The change offers most encouraging proof that hereafter new programs, new policies, and new leaders will have a hearing frequently denied them in the past.



# War Debts Versus Recovery

THE dramatic suddenness with which the British and French governments requested a postponement of their December war-debt payments and a reconsideration of the whole debt problem should cause neither surprise nor resentment. The period between their request and the date for payment is barely a month, and as their requests were postponed solely because of the election, it is proper that they should have been made immediately after the result had been determined. President Hoover's prompt invitation to Governor Roosevelt to confer with him on this and other questions was altogether admirable. The cynical will doubtless see in it an attempt to compel the Governor to share responsibility for a decision which, if it is what it should be, is certain to arouse the animosity of those Americans who do not understand the issue with which the country is confronted. It is imperative, however, that the Governor should share this responsibility. It is unlikely that during the whole course of his Administration he will have any more important decision to make than this which faces him now. It is even highly fortunate that both of the leaders of the two great parties will have to cooperate in a matter which we cannot afford to throw into the arena of partisan politics. That President Hoover's invitation may be good politics does not prevent its being, at the same time, a fine stroke of statesmanship.

The decision which the United States government must now make is of crucial importance, not only because of its immediate economic effects, but because it will serve to determine the relations of the United States to the rest of the world for years to come. If Congress should now decide to stand by its blind and dangerous pronouncement of a year ago, declaring it to be against its policy that "any of the indebtedness of foreign countries to the United States should be in any manner canceled or reduced," if it should refuse point-blank to reconsider the debts, it would not merely be the debts that would be involved, although certainly that is a serious enough matter in itself. Congress's refusal would make almost any other form of international cooperation, whether it involved disarmament, general tariff reduction, gold problems, or action against international aggressors, impossible for years. The resentment and bitterness caused by our refusal would imperil the foreign trade outlets that still remain open to us, either by provoking the erection of further retaliatory tariff walls or by the direct anti-American feeling that it would arouse. It would cost us vast sums of money and even endanger the peace of the world.

It is gratifying that on the very day on which the texts of the British and French requests for reconsideration were made public, there was also published a thorough report by a group of prominent American economists urging the immediate re-creation of the World War Foreign Debt Commission to reconsider and readjust all the war-debt agreements, and that this report was indorsed by a group of prominent political and business leaders, including Alfred E. Smith, Frank Lowden, John W. Davis, James M. Cox, President Butler of Columbia, George W. Wickersham, President Sloan of the General Motors Corporation, Henry

A. Wallace, the editor of *Wallaces' Farmer*, D. B. Robertson, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, and many others. This report is not based on sentimental considerations or on any appeal to American generosity. It is based on the same sort of considerations which must influence any banker when a debtor is no longer able to pay him in full, and, in addition, those more complex considerations which statesmanship cannot afford to ignore.

Our superpatriots (i.e., those whose policies would be certain to do infinite harm to the country) have been insisting that every penny we take off the war debts must fall upon the American taxpayer. As a simple statement of fact this is undeniable; but it is worth considering just what the real burden of the debts would be to the American taxpayer, and, more importantly, just what it would mean to him if the debts were not reduced. From this point of view the economists who prepared the report of the Committee for the Consideration of Intergovernmental Debts have made some highly illuminating comparisons. They begin by quoting and indorsing Secretary Mellon's remark, made six years ago, that "the entire foreign debt is not worth as much to the American people in dollars and cents as a prosperous Europe as a customer." The truth of this has already been illustrated. The instalment due this fiscal year on the debts amounts to \$280,000,000. But the decline since 1929 in our annual exports to Europe has amounted to four times that sum, or more than \$1,000,000,000. Restored foreign trade would mean the collection of \$300,000,000 more a year in customs duties alone. Finally, the economists point out that an increase of 1 per cent in our annual income over the present low levels would amount to more than twice the current annual instalment on the war debts.

It is unfortunate that the report did not expand upon this last comparison, for economically it is the crux of the whole question. Our national income in 1929 was estimated at \$84,000,000,000. On the basis of present indices of trade and employment, that income appears to have shrunk to a present rate of certainly not more than \$56,000,000,000—a loss of at least \$28,000,000,000 a year. In other words, we are losing \$100 a year through depression for every dollar owed us annually in war-debt payments. Put in another form, we are losing in one year twice the principal amount of the debts, and more even than the entire principal and interest we could hope to collect between now and 1987, when the agreements expire.

Our debtors now remind us that, in accordance with the communique published in Washington on the occasion of M. Laval's visit, they took the initiative at Lausanne and scaled down the German reparations to a mere fraction of their former sum. To complete that arrangement, they are asking concessions in the same broad spirit from ourselves. It will be disastrous if we reject their plea. At this moment thinking Americans everywhere must rally to those who are seeking the drastic reduction of these debts, if we are to save ourselves from even greater calamity than that we now know, and take our first great step toward economic recovery for ourselves and for the world.



# Fifteen Years of the Soviets

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, October 7*

IT is easier to shake the world in ten days than to remold it in fifteen years. The task of creating a Russia economically, politically, socially, and culturally better than the rest of the world is still unfinished. Only the foundation has been laid. Yet those who feel a thrill as each brick and trowel of mortar is added to the walls must also be sadly aware of the debris of the ages which lies strewn about to hamper the work of the builders. Russia is making her future before she has destroyed her past. That this backward nation should have staged the first social revolution is neither a contradiction nor an accident. It was backward because its bourgeoisie was weak—too weak to resist the forces of revolution. It was backward because the basis of its economy was agrarian feudalism and the basis of its politics Oriental absolutism, both overripe and too rotten to be capable of self-defense.

If the Russian bourgeoisie had been strong enough or wise enough to lead the masses in their revolt against the land barons and the Czar, they might still be in power. But the proletariat, directed by a Bolshevik vanguard, assumed that role. It assumed the role after Kerensky had tried to play it and failed. That is why there is a Soviet government today. Russia's backwardness, therefore, is, in a sense, responsible for the existence of the Soviets. It is also the source of many of their present difficulties. The Bolsheviks have undertaken to erect the highest social forms with the help of a people on a low cultural plane. Yet this, perhaps, is not an unmixed disadvantage; for the nation is unspoiled, young, full of the physical energy needed to bear the sacrifices expected now of Soviet citizens, and capable of great enthusiasm and faith. The human material with which the revolution has been working is both bad and good. It is bad when culture, technique, and skill are demanded; it is splendid when the situation requires that it live on a shoestring and a promise.

Promise is a major clue to the history of the Bolshevik Revolution. The first few months of the Soviet regime have been a mystery to many. In November, 1917, the revolution took the war-weary soldiers out of the anti-German trenches. "Peace" was even more compelling than "land" and "bread." Yet in March, 1918, the Communists sent them back into the trenches, and they went in hundreds of thousands, later in millions, and stayed there for three years to repel the attacks of foreign and native counter-revolutionists. What had happened between November and March? The workers and peasants had been home and seen the promise of a new freedom and a new world.

This brief breathing-space between World War and civil war infected the masses with a crusading zeal which persisted long after peace had been reestablished in 1921. The period of intervention was the most thrilling in the adult existence of many Russians. Literature still draws on it for heroic adventure. The secret of this civil-war enthusiasm lay chiefly in the exciting realization that the revolution permitted the Bolsheviks to proceed with the creation

of the society about which they had dreamed for a lifetime, but partly, too, in the frenzy released by its destructive phases. Moscow was able to smash its foreign enemies though the whole world united against it. The Bolsheviks crushed, exiled, or executed the capitalists, the nobility, and all other exploiters. The poor peasants confiscated their landlords' estates and persecuted the kulaks. What more could worker and mujik ask? Their success gave them and the Communists who guided them a sense of vast power. They got the same feeling, which in this case was also part illusion, from the system of "military communism" which prevailed between 1917 and 1921. The government put the whole nation on rations. All trade was suppressed. Grain was requisitioned from the villages. The state ruled supreme. But its authority rested on fiat and force and on the promissory note for a brighter future which it had given the people. Many Bolsheviks, nevertheless, felt that this was real socialism, and when the New Economic Policy (NEP) in 1921 introduced a measure of private capitalism and commercial freedom, some party members grumbled and a few committed suicide out of disappointment.

## MILITARY COMMUNISM AND THE NEP

Between 1917 and 1921 the Bolsheviks drew heavily on the credit which the nation had granted the revolution. Military communism was in no sense good communism. It was a war expedient. Yet even today Communists hark back to it as the golden era of the revolution. They yearn for the time when no laws and no economic considerations checked their rude domination. Strangely enough, the young Communists of today, who never knew the horrors and pleasures of that period, are the very men who make its methods their pattern. This is still one of the worst plagues of the Soviet regime, and the decree of July, 1932, on Revolutionary Lawfulness, which is aimed at the revolutionary lawlessness of petty officials—it could be equally well directed against the arbitrariness of some central authorities—will be a blessing if it really wipes out the psychological remnants of military communism.

By 1921 the nation began to demand payment on the promissory note Lenin had given it. Hence Kronstadt and the peasant revolts. Hence the NEP. Officially the NEP still obtains, but it went under a cloud in 1929 with the inauguration of the first Five-Year Plan and of widespread collectivization. In fact, its light commenced to dim in 1927 and by 1928 was only slightly visible. The seven NEP years were seven full years. Since the eclipse of the NEP, relatively leaner years have intervened. Indeed, 1932 is as lean as any since 1923. And yet from the national revolutionary point of view, the country was retrogressing a decade ago and is progressing rapidly now. The NEP period was "full" in the sense that the supply of consumers' goods increased steadily. After the terrible Volga famine of 1921 had loosened its grip, apparent prosperity settled over the land. In 1922, however, a Bolshevik leader, who, incidentally, later became a Trotzkyist, found it possible to



say to me that if within a few years no social revolutions occurred abroad, Russia would develop into a sort of labor republic like Australia. The stress on world revolt was greater then than it is now because within Russia less was being achieved toward the establishment of a Socialist economy. The trend of events during the NEP period seemed to indicate that socialism could not be built in one country. In 1924 revolutionary spirit and revolutionary policy in Russia stood at low ebb. In that very year and perhaps for that very reason Europe granted the Soviet Government *de jure* recognition.

### "THE ROAD IS LONG"

Industry registered considerable progress in the NEP years. That progress buttressed the state and checked the rise of a tendency toward private capitalism. Yet planned economy was only in its infancy, and the volume of construction was small compared with that under the Five-Year Plan. The number of workers increased; outlying districts advanced toward industrialization. But on the whole, and especially in the light of the potentialities revealed since 1929, buoyancy and tempo were lacking. The NEP exercised a corroding influence even on Communists, and certainly on the rest of the population. The play "Red Rust," the novel "Three Pairs of Silk Stockings," and other works of fiction which date back to that period mirror its spiritually disintegrating effects. In 1924 Trotsky declared: "We do intend to bring the peasantry, under proletarian leadership, to socialism"; but "the road," he added, "is very, very long." It would take "twenty, thirty, fifty years," he estimated, to reach its end. He made this statement apropos of literature, and his point was that a proletarian literature could not be created in Russia until Russia was a completely Socialist state. This pronouncement was laden with wisdom, but at the same time, like many of Trotsky's opinions, it reflected the revolutionary pessimism and diminishing faith which characterized the last seven years of his active participation in Soviet leadership, the years of NEP, years of advancing individual well-being and rapid revolutionary demobilization. The death of Lenin in January, 1924, just as this NEP spirit began to crystallize, hastened the process. It deprived the Bolsheviks of a man of uncommon greatness, and provoked a struggle within the Communist Party which still colors many of the Soviets' activities, and which, for some years, determined and often distorted all of the Kremlin's policies.

A great deal of Soviet history from 1924 to the present, and especially from 1927 to 1931, is intelligible only when one understands the meaning of Stalin's conflict, first with Trotsky, and then with the right opposition led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsky. If this conflict is seen as a purely personal squabble for power, the events of those years become a completely closed book. Now that the smoke of battle, with the exception of a few curls, has cleared, one can say with certainty that tremendous historic forces drove the rival Communist factions into the mortal combat which rocked Russia for five years. What actuated Trotsky, I think, was a fear that revolutionary progress had been so slow as to threaten the safety of the revolution. He sounded the alarm. He uttered warnings of the danger from the peasantry. Without more and faster industrial construction, he maintained, the revolution would perish, though the Soviet regime might persist. His cry shook the party; his criticism

goaded it into action. This was a great service to the revolution, and when the Bolsheviks regain the capacity for objective historical judgment, they will admit the value of his performance. Trotsky's summons against the influences which threatened to undermine the character of the regime was heard by Stalin. Stalin did what Trotsky wanted to be done, but he did not do it as Trotsky wished. The uninitiated who cannot distinguish between these two things always claim that Stalin stole Trotsky's program. No, Trotsky merely cranked Stalin's car, and then Stalin took the wheel. For some distance he followed a road recommended by Trotsky, but at its first important fork he turned sharply to the left along a highway that was not marked at all or at best only faintly indicated by a few light penciled dashes on Trotsky's map. That highway led to a collectivized village. Agrarian collectivization is Stalin's biggest contribution to the Soviet revolution. Every Bolshevik believed in it, but it never had a place in Trotsky's immediate program, not because he had not thought of it, but because of the "twenty, thirty, fifty years" which, in his judgment, would elapse before socialism conquered village economy. Trotsky did not come to hold his view by accident. It constitutes the vital part of his most fundamental philosophy of "permanent revolution." Trotsky always held, in accordance with this dogma, that Russia, and especially the Russian peasantry, could become socialistic only *after* the world revolution. Stalin takes a diametrically different stand, and he has been trying, through collectivization, to prove that Trotsky is wrong.

Obviously, such a divergence of views lifts the conflict above the personal. It is not unnatural that Stalin and Trotsky should have fought each other. Long before 1917 Trotsky occasionally cooperated with the Bolsheviks abroad. Yet he was not a Bolshevik. He was for a time a Menshevik. Many times he invited Lenin's fire, and in the emigration he and Lenin fought fiercely with each other. Trotsky joined the Bolshevik Party only in July, 1917. During the ten years that followed he more than atoned for his earlier struggle against bolshevism, but a man like Trotsky does not change his basic ideology altogether. It cropped out even while Lenin lived, and it manifested itself in many ways during his controversy with Stalin.

### THE TRAGIC STRUGGLE

The Stalin-Trotsky struggle is perhaps the most dramatic in the history of Sovietism—the most dramatic and the most tragic. There was no room in the party for two such dominant, and in their different ways nearly equal, personalities. One had to go. There could have been no rivalry between Trotsky and Lenin or between Stalin and Lenin. But Stalin had always detested Trotsky. They behaved like bitter enemies during the civil war, when it took all of Lenin's tact to prevent them from flying at each other's throats. Trotsky probably held the less intellectual Stalin in contempt. Bolsheviks are human and cannot always remain impersonal. There was, of course, a personal element in the struggle between these two great men. But it was much more than that.

When Trotsky cranked up Stalin's car, Stalin put on maximum speed so that Trotsky might not seat himself in it or overtake him as he swerved toward collectivization. Stalin took that curve without slowing down. But the rapid



tempo that has characterized every Bolshevik economic activity since 1929 is to be explained by another and deeper cause. The new policies inaugurated in 1929 released all the pent-up energy and enthusiasm which had lain dormant during the NEP. Communists felt that the socialization of the village and the industrialization of the city constituted the real revolution for which the revolution of 1917 had been made. The very streets and houses shouted this into my ears when I returned to Moscow in January, 1930, after an absence of four months. It did not matter that speed had created difficulties which forced Stalin to publish his famous article on Dizziness with Success in March, 1930, moderating the methods and pace of peasant collectivization. The important fact was that the Five-Year Plan and collectivization cleared the way for the performance of those functions for which history had called the Bolsheviks into power—the final destruction of Russian capitalism, the leveling of the barriers between city and country, the rapid Westernization of a semi-Asiatic nation, the raising of standards of living, and the establishment of a U. S. S. R. economically less dependent and from the military point of view unassailable. This was a task for heroes, and the Bolsheviks rolled up their sleeves with zest and rushed into the fray. Millions of tons of new individual and social vitality came into play. The leaders and their followers overlooked personal hardships and general suffering. Only achievements were registered.

#### THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN

There were and are many achievements. The four years of the Five-Year Plan have witnessed truly remarkable developments. The concentration of the whole nation's efforts on one central purpose is comparable only to that of belligerent Germany, France, and England—with a difference, however, which makes Russia's experience unique: Russia is working with war-time intensity on the positive task of building the physical and social molds of a new life. The face of the country is being changed literally beyond recognition. This is true of Moscow, with hundreds of streets and squares paved, with thousands of new electric lights, with new suburbs, new buildings, and a cordon of new factories on its outskirts, and it is true of smaller and less important cities. New towns have sprung out of the steppe, the wilderness, and the desert—not just a few towns, but at least fifty of them with populations of from 50,000 to 250,000—all in the last four years, each constructed around an enterprise for the development of some natural resource. Hundreds of new district power stations and a handful of "giants" like Dnieperstroï are gradually putting reality into Lenin's formula: "Electricity plus soviets equals socialism." Roadless Russia of the mujik's cart has today highways and 65,000 automobiles and trucks, as compared with 18,000 in 1927. Railroads are being electrified; numerous steam railroads are being built; the Moscow subway is under construction; two new pipe-lines facilitate Caucasian oil exports; the digging of the Moscow-Volga canal has been started; a network of civil airlines covers the country; whole territories have been reclaimed from desert and tundra. The Soviet Union now engages in the large-scale manufacture of an endless variety of articles which Russia never before produced—tractors, combines, high-grade steels, synthetic rubber, ball bearings, high-power Diesel motors, 50,000-kilowatt turbines, telephone-exchange equipment, electrical mining machinery,

aeroplanes, automobiles, lorries, bicycles, electric-welding equipment, and several hundred types of new machines. Despite the vast number of newly built factories requiring equipment, Russia imported only 14.7 per cent of her machinery needs in 1931, compared with 58.6 per cent in 1913. Economic independence, in other words, keeps pace with industrial construction. According to the German Institut für Konjunktur-Forschung, industrial production in the U. S. S. R. in 1931 was 301.7 per cent of the industrial production in the same area in 1913.

For the first time Russia is mining aluminum, magnesium, apatite, iodine, potash, and many other valuable minerals. Lazy, feudal Russia is likewise being shaken into life. The guiding landmark on the Soviet countryside is no longer the dome of a rich church towering over the ugly mud-thatched peasant huts clustered in its shadow, but the grain elevator and the silo. Collectives are building piggeries, barns, and houses. Electricity is penetrating the illiterate village, and radio and newspaper have conquered it. Workers are learning to operate the world's most modern machines; peasant boys make and use agricultural machinery bigger and more complicated than ever America has seen; and Russian children, in cities as well as in villages, begin to recognize, as American children do, the various makes of automobiles, tractors, and trucks. Russia is becoming "machine-minded." Russia is passing quickly from the age of wood into an age of iron, steel, concrete, and motors.

All this upbuilding is an impressive, exciting phenomenon. But what of the cost? Objection to high costs was the essential feature of the program of the right wing led by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsy. They wanted to repay the promissory note. Stalin feels that repayment now would leave the state without the means of continuing its grandiose schemes. The moderates reply, "We can wait." The paradox of it all is that the opposition from the right has increased costs. To combat Rykov, the Communist Party accentuated its struggle with the engineers and specialists who were his allies. The injustice of indiscriminating repressive measures embittered the technical intelligentsia against the government, and the transfer of thousands of engineers from productive jobs to prison in 1929 and 1930 retarded the Five-Year Plan many months. (The failure to make proper use of foreign specialists is having the same effect today.) The desire, moreover, to disprove the wisdom of the "Go slow" tactics of the right spurred the party on to industrialize at an ever faster rate. The same results followed the discovery and development of unsuspected natural and human reserves through the intensive utilization, for the first time in Russian history, of visible resources.

The right wing objected to the destruction of the kulaks by uneconomic measures. I think it was correct in this stand. For if the *Pravda* can complain today that kulak influence is still potent in the kolhozi, then apparently even the ruthless and sweeping methods applied by Stalin have not eradicated the evil. An evil which affects several million people cannot be cured by wholesale extermination, especially since new kulaks are bred each season by certain Soviet administrative errors and by concrete conditions. On the other hand, the right wing's solicitude for the kulak was part and parcel of its objection to rapid collectivization and, above all, of Bukharin's policy "Enrich yourself." If the peasants had enriched themselves as private cultivators, there would



have developed a large class of kulaks who demanded goods in return for bigger harvests; and since the Soviet Government would not have been in a position to furnish such goods, they would have exerted irresistible pressure on the Bolsheviks to import consumers' goods—an expedient which at that time would have obstructed, if not stopped, industrialization. It would have meant, moreover, the political intrenchment of a landed middle class interested in the desocializing of the Soviet state. The compromises demanded by Rykov, Bukharin, and Tomsy represent an inclined plane down which bolshevism would have rushed to destruction. Stalin won in 1930 because the majority of the party realized this. For the same reason, right-wing tendencies will always be a greater danger to the revolution than radical left policies. Right-wingers inevitably defend the interests of the peasantry, and such an attitude in an overwhelmingly rural nation is a menace. No matter, therefore, what zigzags the exigencies of the moment may induce, the general tendency in Russia is toward the left. Youth mans factories and to an increasing extent dominates many phases of political and social life. It represents a reserve of radicalism which will not soon be exhausted. Youth does not count cost carefully; it can wait for future benefits. It accepts the promise of bolshevism. This circumstance sometimes misleads the leaders into expecting too many sacrifices from the people.

#### THE SHORTAGE OF GOODS

Today's acute shortage of consumers' goods is the inevitable consequence of the huge capital investment involved in the Five-Year Plan. The difficulties experienced in buying food and clothing mar the perspective of superficial or unphilosophical foreign observers more than they do that of most Soviet citizens, who, when they can pause in the mad course of Soviet life and think, readily distinguish between temporary hardships resulting from buoyant growth and permanent, fundamental gains. The Five-Year Plan is neither the end of Soviet construction nor an end in itself. If it has not improved the lot of the common man or at least created the possibility of rapid future improvement, it has failed. This, and not cold percentages, is the true measure of its success. "Two million workers' families," the *Pravda* says today, "received new apartments during the last six years." Here is one solid cultural achievement based on economic progress. There are others. But the real benefits of the first Five-Year Plan must become apparent in the second, when the state will divert energy and funds from capital investment to the gratification of the popular desire for a better life. I think the present low level of supplies is already compelling the government to make a quicker shift of emphasis from heavy to light industry than it had contemplated. The result must be a rapid rise in living standards. The Five-Year Plan has given the Bolsheviks a much wider base for economic maneuvering and much bigger reserves. New plants and new workers, despite their inefficiency, will very soon pay more dividends in the form of consumers' goods. Moscow, which the Communists wish to convert into a "city beautiful," is already feeling the effect of increased national wealth on its communal economy. Other cities are changing too. Villages have been doing so much building that Kaganovich recently urged calling a halt because such activity was diverting too much labor and material from farming. I feel as if

this were the beginning of the end of a long Soviet winter which has lasted several years. Now the earth commences to smell of spring.

Apart from material improvements, the revolution has brought many permanent benefits which may vary in quality with economic conditions, but which are rooted in the revolution itself. These include cultural freedom for national minorities; the spread of higher education—1,500,000 students in colleges, universities, and technicums, compared with 563,000 in 1914; universal compulsory elementary education; the advancing elimination of illiteracy; the Latinization of Asiatic alphabets, which has stimulated education and Westernization; the lifting of the veil in Moslem sections of the U. S. S. R.; the participation of the workers in industrial management; the admission of proletarians, peasants, and Jews to universities and important government positions; the suppression of the social influence of an established church which encouraged superstition and ignorance; the spread of newspapers, libraries, and books; huge state subsidies for scientific research; the establishment of courts of simple justice unencumbered by lying lawyers, delays, and heavy expenditure; the introduction of the theater and the museum into the lives of workers; a system of mother and child care which has radically reduced infant mortality; equal rights for women (indeed, women have more rights than men); the creation of a new kind of family through healthy public opinion, sensible marriage and divorce codes, and a chain of day nurseries that is now taking in the villages too; the progress of non-professional sports and physical culture in a country where leisure for the masses once meant drunken brawls; the development of a new type of soldier, enlightened, polite, with broadened social horizon and keen political consciousness in place of the stupid Czarist recruit; a new psychological approach to the criminal, which includes cure through labor, reeducation, and free communal life; the opening of Russia's aristocratic and royal spas and rich villas to hundreds of thousands of workers and peasants who never knew what cure, vacation, and rest meant; the destruction of a class of idle rich which consumed much and produced nothing; the rise of a class of incorruptible leaders and officials who have made the world forget that Russia used to be the symbol of bribery and ministerial venality; the weakening of the private-property sense, its almost total elimination in the new generation, and an increased emphasis on social service rather than personal enrichment; the creation of a social incentive in addition to the ordinary individual incentive in industry and government office; the absence of unemployment; the introduction of the world's most inclusive system of social health, accident, and health insurance; free medical and apothecary service in which the physician does not have to be a business man; economic planning; finally, the territorial integrity of Russia.

It is significant and good that many of these achievements are now so thoroughly accepted that they are no longer placed in the balance against the difficulties of the present. As soon as improved conditions reduce those difficulties, and invest the permanent social and cultural benefits with richer content, the rosy side of the Soviet Revolution will come more fully into view. But the process of industrializing a country and educating a whole nation cannot be short and it must be trying. An individual is impatient; to history, fifteen years are but as one brief afternoon.



# Shock Brigades

Translated by LYDIA NADEJENA and JAMES RORTY

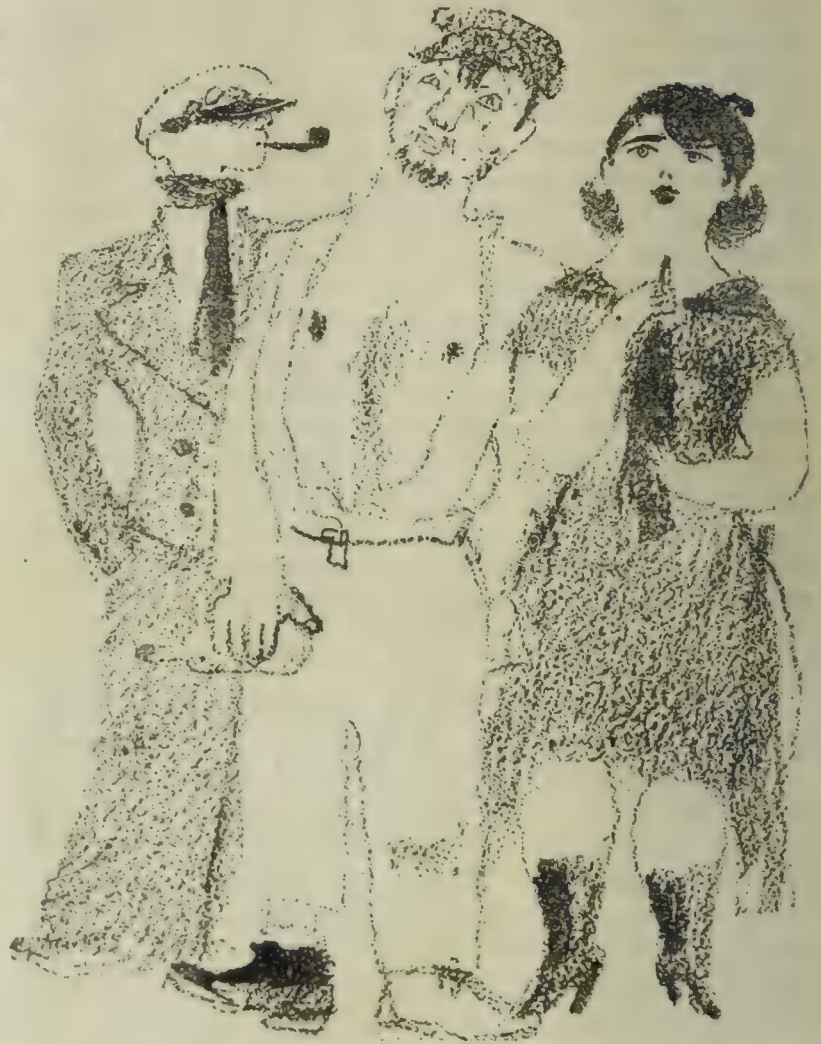
[The verses and drawings on this page and the next are taken from a Russian picture book, "The Contest Board," by S. Marshak, foremost children's poet and head of the Academy of Children's Literature, and V. Lebedev, whose work is internationally known. The book is typical of hundreds published every year by the Soviet Government, most of them remarkable for their simplicity, vigor, and graphic quality. Russia's leading artists and writers contribute to this growing post-revolutionary literature for children.]

## The Puddlers' Guild

Who worked  
best of all?  
Who shirked  
least of all?  
Who promised most, and most fulfilled?  
The Puddlers! The Puddlers!  
It is the Puddlers' Guild!

And so the puddler wins,  
And on his coat he pins  
The airplane badge of speed  
For making things we need.  
The Puddlers! The Puddlers!  
Hurrah for the Puddlers' Guild!

And if you ask me why:  
The airplane is the fastest,  
In war it is the bravest;  
See, where the airplane soars,  
Climbs higher still and roars  
Its challenge to the sky.



## The Slackers' Guild

We have the slacker too—  
I hope he isn't you.  
He always says, "Excuse,"  
He isn't any use.  
He's dirty,  
He's sleepy,  
He yawns, and rubs his eyes—  
He gets the turtle prize.

And when you ask me why  
I hear the workers cry:  
"The turtle is so slow,  
The turtle is so low  
He couldn't  
even fall;  
All he can do  
is crawl  
Within his  
silly shell."







## The Smiths' Guild

Blacksmiths,  
never tire!  
Swing the sledge,  
blow the fire!

Honor to the blacksmith's crew,  
What they promise, that they do.  
Waste and laziness they shun,  
See the prize the smiths have won:  
An engine, a steaming, roaring engine!

And you can guess, it won't be hard  
The reason for the smiths' award:  
The engine's powerful and proud,  
He pants and puffs and whistles loud,  
He eats the miles up, dong-ding-dong,  
And drags a train of cars along.



## The Repair Guild

What guild  
next we sing?  
Who made  
the hammers ring?  
Repair men! Repair men!  
To them a prize we bring.

They heaved and pried and bent  
With speed and yet with care,  
Until the factory sent  
A prize for them to wear—  
A shining motor car.

And if you ask me why  
A motor car, I'll try  
To tell you: on the ground  
Nothing so fast is found.  
His cylinders purr,  
His wheels are a blur,  
He tops the hills with scorn,  
And sounds his conquering horn.



## All—a Shock Brigade

The founder's one,  
The smith is two,  
The painter, carpenter, and you,  
The turner's lathe, the trapper's gun  
This whole big land's  
a shock brigade,  
We're workers all  
in one big guild  
Keeping the pace  
that all have willed.



# Soviet Women

By LYDIA NADEJENA

WHOEVER has trusted himself to the tides of Russian realities knows what an intense experience it is. One finds oneself engulfed in the rushing stream of life, carried along by the moving wall of masses toward a vision that asserts itself as a reality, to which millions of lives are devoted with deepest emotional intensity. Women make up almost half of that mass of humanity which is struggling to bring about a rationally planned civilization and a new humane culture. I saw the Soviet woman in the whirl of the day performing a double task: adjusting herself to a completely changed material world and to a new mental attitude; struggling with the inherited material culture based on private ownership and with the material of her own psychological make-up. I saw that the revolution meant for her, perhaps even more than for the man, not only a change of governments or a change of values, but a great spiritual upheaval that rocked her entire world.

My very first contacts with women in the new Russia made me realize how tremendous a factor in their lives these revolutionary years had been. Entering the Soviet Union through the back door, I was not met by the swarming world that greets the traveler who goes directly to Moscow. I arrived in Odessa in the winter. Odessa was quiet. It was very cold; the port was frozen, people were bundled up. My two American friends and I were the only passengers besides a Soviet diplomat on the freighter that brought us from Istanbul. A young Russian woman met the boat. As we knew no one in the city, she politely volunteered to take us around. Passing through the central streets she sadly remarked: "The city is not quite over the years of destruction, of civil war and famine. At that time all these blocks were 'sighing blocks'; from nearly every house came moans, and in the evening all was quiet."

"I remember," she continued rather monotonously, "I once saw a woman sitting on the ground with her hand stretched out. She was begging silently. I had no change with me; later on I got some, and when I came back I found her on the same spot with her hand stretched out in the same way. I came closer to her. She needed no help; she was dead."

I asked her whether she had always lived in Odessa. No, she had come from the Ukraine to go to college in Odessa when the revolution broke out. Then she went to the front as a Red Army soldier for two years, never taking off her uniform. We were silent. I looked at her; she had an oval face and soft brown eyes, and she wore her modest clothing in a feminine fashion. As if catching my thoughts, she said: "I have two children, girls. In those years I had one, and I did not see her for almost three years." "Such years they were," she added, as if trying to make me understand.

It is not only the woman who is aware of the change of her status. The man in Soviet Russia realizes it also. In Novorossiisk we hired an *izvoztchik* to take us to the bank; his price was one ruble. I asked him why he charged so much, and he replied that his horse was hungry and oats

were very expensive. On the way, hearing us repeat the word "ruble," he decided that we were still discussing his price; he burst out indignantly about the horse and the oats and his coachman's uniform that was falling to pieces. When I asked him why he had not told his wife to mend the uniform, he turned suddenly, gave me a piercing look, turned back, whipped his horse in rage, and said: "No! I have no wife. God had mercy on me."

He whipped his horse again. "Who wants a wife nowadays? Nowadays one not only cannot teach a woman, but before you have time to look around, she'll be the first one to slap you." He was not one to tie himself up with a woman of today.

The woman of today, however, has also something to say about getting tied up. In fact, she has very much to say. We were going by train from the Caucasus to Kiev. In my compartment were two young women. The train was swiftly rolling along the rails; it was warm and light in the compartment. A basket stood on the floor, and every now and then a cork shot up from a big bottle filled with tomato catsup. Between the poppings of the cork (which one of the girls replaced each time with amazing calmness and patience) we discussed times, conditions, education, genetics, marriage. One of the girls was a former servant, now a college student in Kiev. The students' quarters are in the ancient Michailovsky monastery. "Come when you are in Kiev and see how we live," she said. "Of course, not everything is ideal; the revolution was like the crest of a big wave. It seemed to us at the beginning that we could reach the sky, that from illiteracy we could reach in one leap the height of knowledge, that we could study, bear children, and build a new civilization all at the same time. The world was open to us. Everything seemed possible. What was the result? Every student got married and had children, and now there is such a noise in the students' home that it is very hard to study."

The cork jumped out again, and red foam ran down the sides of the bottle. "Oh, aunts have such notions. I wish she had not given me that catsup. Well, we learn from experience." The cork was screwed on again, and the girl continued:

"Yes, we learn from experience. The government is right when it says 'Marry if you want, but get a room for yourself.' If three girls live in one room and one of them marries, the new couple needs the room and the two girl comrades have to crowd in with the others. Obviously, that's inconvenient. Well, we are organizing a nursery at the end of the hall; we will take turns in taking care of the children in the evening so that the rest of us can study."

The other girl, slender and very delicate looking, agreed that it was a good plan, and that in time everything would be taken care of in a proper way. As to marriage, she thought it ought to be encouraged because "the new state needs new citizens, free from prejudices." She was a Crimean and was teaching Russian in a Tartar school. In her opinion most of the prejudices were racial and religious. As a remedy against them she strongly recommended intermar-



riage between people of different races and faiths because it would create a healthy race and a "real brotherhood of nations." Especially did she believe in mixed marriages between Russian Slavs and Russian Jews. "The latter," she said, "do not drink, make good and devoted husbands, love children—all of which works as a stabilizing factor in family life. And besides, the Jews have good minds, a thing which even the Czar's government could not take away from them. In the Czar's regime they were the under-dogs and grew anemic and nervous. All this is gone, and now through marriage of Jews with healthy Russians and Ukrainians ■ marvelous young generation would grow up."

In Leningrad I became interested in the work that is carried on to bring about ■ union (*smychka*) between town and village. In one of the offices working toward that end I met Marussia, a young, alert, beautiful woman. She looked very efficient and charming; I am sure she could get a job in ■ good American office. She was busy on the telephone giving instructions as to what implements should or should not be taken to the villages by the shock brigades, what literature should be distributed among the peasants and agricultural workers, encouraging those who needed help and advice in the struggle against inefficiency and laxity, or greeting enthusiastically those shock brigades returning triumphantly from the various agricultural sectors. It was some time before she was able to greet me.

I suddenly noticed how frail she was. Her coworker came over to her desk and begged her to have lunch before going to a meeting. The reply was: "Nichevo! Here is ■ comrade waiting, and I have had no chance to talk to her." She gave me some information and told me of a meeting of shock brigades that I could attend if I wanted to. On the suggestion of her coworker she agreed to show me the dining-room. She left for a moment, and two comrades, a man and a woman, spoke about her health with concern. There was ■ striking suggestion of family ties between these workers.

Marussia came back and while she was putting on her jacket she asked me how comrades in America lived, how long I had been in Soviet Russia. On the steps she suddenly paused, smiled apologetically, and said: "What a shame, not old yet and failing in health." "You must attend to it," said I. "Oh, but there is no time to fuss about it now; now we have the sowing campaign. I'll do it in July; I'll go to the Caucasus, I'll go to the watering-places. But not now; just now is the sowing season."

At lunch she told me of her first love during the first year of the revolution. The revolutionary tides carried her to Tiflis, separating her from him for ■ whole year. She thought of him all the time; she dreamed about him, and then finally he came. But a revolutionary year is like twenty other years. "In the perspective of that long year I saw it was but a mirage. The roads of our lives were running apart. Love-making meant so much to him. And somehow, I felt the emptiness that would follow when the thrill was gone. Well, he was no life-mate for me."

"But, Marussia, that does not sound very modern."

She became very earnest. "No, I don't agree. I think," said Marussia, "that a revolutionist, a Communist, ■ Soviet person thinks just that way of life as a whole. We think in terms of structure; such is the testament of Lenin." She really was grave now, this frail young woman. She paused for a while and added: "Not all old words and con-

cepts are bad. And only those of our leaders who did not waste themselves on infatuations were really great and creative. Revolution and sex-madness are not the same. Sex-madness fills the life of those who have nothing or very little to offer to life. Ah, life! Isn't it marvelous!" Her face glowed. Bidding me goodbye, Marussia smiled gently and said: "How big and small the world is; here from two worlds apart we come together and part friends. Who knows whether we shall meet again. Give my regards to those to whom the Soviet Union is dear."

Some of my unforgettable experiences with Soviet women I had on the famous state farm, the "Giant." I went there because I wished to see the hitherto uncultivated steppe, where nothing but tulips and feather-grass grew before. I wanted to see that vast, mechanized Soviet farm, portent of a new day in agricultural economy. When I arrived I saw thousands of working men and women. Women everywhere. Women instructors, office workers, mechanics, and tractor-drivers. One evening ■ group of girls gathered about the house occupied by Sovkino, the Soviet film company. Someone remarked that tractor-driving was not good for ■ woman's health. A tall, broad-chested woman with bronze skin and flaxen hair jumped up:

"What? What do you mean? What did we fight for? There is nothing ■ woman cannot do!"

"Natasha, calm down."

"You calm down! What did we shed our blood for?"

Natasha was ■ tractor-driver and had won a contest as the best caretaker of her machine. Natasha believed that she single-handed could harness the steppe. To her it was the victory of the revolution for which she had fought.

At the Giant were village girls with no family or home to go back to, no traditions left or apparently needed; and many boys, and open fields. One day I sat down to rest near the warehouse with a group of working girls. They told me they had all come to the farm together, and when I asked them whether they had families with them, they looked at me strangely and said gravely: "No, we are here alone. We stick together."

"And by the time summer is over, you'll all be married?" I asked jokingly.

"No, thanks!"

"Does it mean that there will be Soviet convents?"

"No, not at all! Men go in herds, and so will we. That's what girls ought to do; stick to each other and go in herds."

Then one of them turned to me and fixing her kerchief said: "What good is marriage to ■ woman? One does not know where the other one comes from. And when the work is all finished and they all start out to all four corners of the earth, what are you then? A wife, or what?" She shrugged her shoulders and added in a slightly hoarse voice: "And you may be heavy with a child by that time; and the man may be assigned to the devil's backyard. So what are you going to do?"

One of the listeners remarked thoughtfully: "Yes, then you'll have new work to do: to trail the man through the entire land to collect alimony." The remark was greeted by a chorus of laughter.

I liked to listen to the conversations of the women workers on the state farm. Some of them were good Soviet workers, but the old village superstitions and beliefs remained



deeply rooted in them. One of the girls said she liked the life in the commune for many reasons, and especially because she got rid of the nightmares she had in the village, when all the forest devils would come night after night to her house trying to pull her away in her sleep. Then she added: "It is because the priest and the witch are always at odds in our village." Another girl said all that was nonsense and a hold-over from the past, and that she had not heard of anyone being really bothered by devils and water-spirits since the revolution.

Of the many obscure heroines of Soviet Russia I have given here just a few examples lightly traced. Russian women plunged into communism and industrialism almost directly from a feudal civilization, skipping the long stage of gradual development between. During this brief period of fifteen years they have had little time to pause, to study, to evaluate; they have had to learn from their own experience, which has been wide and varied, in a world completely different from the one which even their parents knew.

Today on fair terms of equality with men, the women of Soviet Russia participate fully in every activity. During the past five years over 3,000,000 women have entered governmental and industrial occupations in Soviet Russia. During the present year 323,000 women will become party mem-

bers; 1,500,000 girls will be added to the Komsomols; 300,000 women will become members of the Soviets, the executive and controlling committees; 500,000 more women will be engaged in different governmental departments; over 4,000,000 will be in unions, while many thousands will enter the ranks of teachers, doctors, agricultural specialists, and engineers.

The Soviet Government grants large funds for the material and cultural needs of women. For the protection of mothers and children alone 500,000,000 rubles have been spent in the last three years. For playgrounds and kindergartens 200,000,000 rubles were spent in 1931; 1,400,000 nursery beds were placed in collective farms, and 5,000,000 peasant children were accepted in nurseries and playgrounds.

By these means the revolution has smashed the wall of centuries-old inertia. Clashes of religious, moral, and social concepts are painful and confusing. The mind of the Soviet woman works hard, groping for an understanding and a readjustment. The catastrophic speed with which the world is changing hastens her thought. She makes a desperate effort to break through the thick shell of ancient custom and superstition, to be worthy of the responsible role of a creator in life that is now offered her for the first time in history.

## Proletarian Music

By ASHLEY PETTIS

**I**N the building of the museum section of the State Publishing Society in Moscow is a huge sign epitomizing the attitude of the Soviet Government toward music. It reads: "Let us improve the quality of musical production, which is an instrument for the organization of the masses in social construction." After studying the methods adopted by the state to further this ideal, I am convinced that the new proletarian music of Soviet Russia is the most significant and complete expression of the Communist order. The people, through factory and workers' units, are being trained not only for hearing and appreciating both old and new music, but especially for participating in the performance of new works, both those of recognized composers and of students of composition endeavoring to reflect the spirit of the times. The part played by musical "collectives" both among workers and in the Red Army is a vital factor in imbuing the masses with the conception of music as an integral part of their lives—a conception which is unique in the development of the art. These collectives, of which there are a great many throughout Russia, carry on a large variety of musical activities under the direction of trained musicians.

In the collective, the director is constantly on the alert to discover new and genuine talent for the experimental classes for workers which are run in connection with the schools of music. And those workers who give sufficient promise in the experimental classes are permitted eventually to devote all their time and energy to the study of music under expert guidance, at the expense of the Soviet state. At the present time some three hundred workers have qualified for entrance into the regular courses of the High School of Music in Moscow.

A most interesting development in the collectives is the growth of public forums for the discussion of new musical works. Since the audiences who take part in these forums are comprised of workers as well as trained musicians, all aspects of new compositions are considered: those qualified to do so analyze and discuss the technical side of the works; the workers provide the sociological point of view in discussing the spirit of the work in relation to the world in which they live. I witnessed in Moscow the first performance and discussion of a new proletarian work, a scene from Davidenko's opera "1919." The singers were selected from various workers' units, and the audience, which packed a hall in the High School of Music, was composed primarily of workers, with a mixture of students from the music schools, representatives of the press, critics, musicians, and others. The intense interest of those present was written on their faces. The discussion followed the first performance, after which the work was repeated in order to clarify points which had been debated. Incidentally, the publication of new works and their presentation in the opera houses and concert halls is not undertaken until these compositions have received favorable consideration in open discussion.

The nationalistic Russian school, before the rule of communism, sought mainly in Russian folklore the legendary elements for its musical-dramatic creations. The old Russian folk music, which influenced certain works of Moussorgsky and Borodin, and the ancient peasant life of Russia, to whose beliefs, ceremonies, and prejudices the revolution brought death and substitution, have no direct influence on the work of modern Russian composers, who have sought to eliminate all those melodic and harmonic influences of the earlier folk-



lore. At the same time they abjure, above all, the "foreign" and "bourgeois" traits of European and Russian composers who have striven for brilliancy and imposing effects. They are attempting in their new proletarian songs and words to deal with the realities of life in a workers' state and to develop a new Russian school of music free of all bourgeois and pseudo-Russian influences.

In the teaching of music, the social influences which affected the technique as well as the spirit of the masters are considered. In the study of Bach, not only the more obvious spiritual qualities of his writing, but the character of his counterpoint as it was influenced and developed in a period of religious reformation, is studied profoundly. The technical and spiritual aspects of music of all periods are, from the Marxian point of view, interdependent. The young composer of the new order is vigorously criticized by his instructors and his colleagues to the end that all "anachronistic" qualities shall be eliminated from his work. Needless to say, the composer who has developed since the revolution, and who has been influenced by the new ways of life, more readily attains this ideal than the older composers whose early education, musical and otherwise, was obtained under the old regime. In considering both the "genuineness" of the work of the embryo composer and his technical proficiency, a new musical mind is being developed. It is easy, even for the layman, to understand that reactionary influences and musical references to the works of older masters and other periods are easily recognized in the creations of the new school of composers. All "bourgeois" tendencies are condemned.

The development of intelligent musical audiences is undertaken not only in connection with the various factory and workers' units but also by means of radio programs of both old and new music. Explanatory lectures, along Marxian lines, are given in connection with all radio programs of music by competent musicians and critics trained for this particular purpose in the government music schools. Only non-technical language is permitted in the analysis of music over the radio. Music of a popular nature, which is vulgar

in character and considered to be unrelated to the actualities and aspirations of Soviet life, is treated as pseudo-music of no real value. The writing of jazz, while not banned, is discouraged. The government musical publications also play a large part in the education of the masses. There are several of these with enormous circulations. As in broadcasting, only non-technical language is used in the music journals. The Soviet Government not only provides instruction for performers, critics, and composers in its many splendid and highly organized music schools; it also sees that competent and gifted musicians have relief from economic problems during creative periods, that their completed works are adequately performed and their new compositions are published.

A musical education in Soviet Russia is of twelve years' duration, and is divided into three courses of four years each. Children who qualify enter the preparatory course in the technicum between seven and eight years of age. The first and second courses are taken in the technicum; the third in the high school of music. A splendid example of technicum, of which there are five in Moscow, is the school which was formerly the famous Gnessin Conservatory of Music. It was founded by the Gnessin family thirty-eight years ago and is still under the supervision of two of the Gnessin sisters, one of whom, Helene, was the favorite pupil of Arensky. The children are required to study academic subjects other than music; and their musical education embraces solfeggio, instrumental specialization, and choral and instrumental ensembles—these last have particular significance under communism. Gretchaninov, a distinguished music-master under the old regime, has written new choral works for the children of the Gnessin school.

The high schools of music not only carry on the work begun in the technicum, but specialize in experimental classes for workers, where those of mature years who show musical aptitude are given an opportunity to test their musical potentialities. Those of particular talent are assured a thorough technical training and eventual entry into the musical profession. A most interesting innovation in technical training, in the high school of music, is the simultaneous teaching of harmony, counterpoint, orchestration, and composition. In the final stages of instruction an intensive study of orchestration is made, and the characteristic orchestral writing of the greatest masters is analyzed phrase by phrase. The sociological aspects of all these works are considered, and the Marxian analysis is applied. This point of view has been developed and excellently stated by Tchemodonov, the distinguished critic, in his book, "The History of Music in Connection with the History of Social Life."

The ramifications of musical development are so numerous that the ability of Soviet Russia to absorb its technically proficient musicians seems to be almost unlimited. Widespread musical activity has created a great demand for trained musicians as radio announcers—they receive special training for this work—instructors in collectives, organizers and leaders of instrumental and choral ensembles in connection with workers' units; and there is plenty of opportunity for proletarian composers and for performers in the programs required for the vast number of opera houses and concert halls throughout the Soviet Union.

The special encouragement given proletarian musicians to compose popular songs has resulted in the production of a great number, which are prepared for publication



Drawing by Gropper



by the Soviet of Proletarian Composers under the leadership of Davidenko and Bialy. Copies of these songs are issued in pamphlet and sheet-music form, and have an enormous circulation, at nominal cost, among the masses. These popular works in small form are, from the Communist point of view, not to be considered artistically inferior to the works of composers in larger forms, such as the symphony and opera. On seemingly good authority I had been informed that all the proletarian songs were march tunes. Upon examining my collection, I find that while songs in march time predominate, there is a great diversity in the character of the rhythm and the musical content, as well as in the words. The scores are rich in bold melodies, and are frequently of extraordinary harmonic richness. The words of the peoples' songs give a graphic idea of their spirit. If they are historical in character, as is frequently the case, they have to do with the struggle to attain the new freedom or with some event of the present social order, such as the death of Lenin. The tragic grief of the people at the time of the death of Lenin is magnificently expressed in a dirge by the proletarian composer Shechter, with words by Asejew. Other popular and typical songs are "Proletarian Countries Unite!" by Bialy, "Hooligan's Song," which pokes fun at young hoodlums, "Work Is an Honor" (after Stalin's words), "March of the Shock Brigadiers," which begins "Work is a glory and fame for us," and many others of diverse character too numerous to mention here.

The work of composers in large forms has, until very recently, been frankly experimental, and the period since the revolution may be considered transitional so far as these composers are concerned. With the advent of certain works for full orchestra and chorus, such as the "October" of Shostakovich and the opera "1919" of Davidenko, a new epoch in music in Russia may be considered to have been inaugurated. Especially the latter composition, in its glorification of collective labor and in its preservation of the proletarian character of peasant songs, may be considered as a fulfilment of the new tendencies in the music of Soviet Russia.

Among the works in the larger musical forms which have been experimental in character along new lines are "North Wind," by Knipper, in which non-musical declamation and conversation are employed; "Raid," by Potozky, a pupil of Moussorgsky and Tschaikovsky; a ballet, "Red Poppy," by Gliere, reflecting the revolutionary spirit; another ballet, "The Football Player," by Oransky; a concerto by Vasilenko for balalaika and orchestra; a "Symphonic Monument," entitled "1915-1917," by Gnassin; and "Music of the Machines," for full orchestra, by Mossolow.

The homage accorded Lenin in the cultural development of the Soviet people is richly deserved. His principle that the worker should have an outlet for his energies, thoughts, and emotions along some line other than his daily work has paved the way for the birth, development, and recognition of the proletarian composer.

## The Final Test of the League

By ROBERT DELL

*Geneva, October 28*

THE thirteenth ordinary Assembly of the League of Nations was unusually short and more than usually barren. It would have been still shorter but for the prolonged squabble between the great Powers over the partition of the spoils, that is, of the principal posts in the secretariat. That is the sort of question that really interests the governments of the world and calls forth all their energies.

The Assembly could not, of course, deal with the two great problems of the moment, disarmament and Manchuria, which are reserved, respectively, to the Disarmament Conference and to a special Assembly which will meet after the Council has considered the Lytton report. The session of the Council for that purpose has been fixed for November 21. It will be preceded by a meeting of the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference. Herriot hopes that it will be possible to present the new French plan to the bureau by about November 10. Nobody yet knows even what the main lines of the plan will be, but the fact that it is disliked by the French General Staff is encouraging. Although the fact has been denied, the conflict between the General Staff and the Cabinet has been acute, and General Weygand, the commander-in-chief, has tried to intimidate Herriot by threatening to resign.

The League of Nations has reached a critical moment in its history and the discussions that will begin next month will decide its future. The Disarmament Conference has ar-

rived at a stage at which further shilly-shallying is impossible and decisions will have to be made. The German ultimatum, dubious as its motives were, has at least brought the other Powers up sharp and forced them to face the problem. It is normally impossible—and the French recognize it—for the other signatories of the Treaty of Versailles to resist the rearmament of Germany any longer unless they disarm themselves. And the rearmament of Germany would be a disaster. It is because Herriot has at last understood this that his attitude has changed for the better. He is in a difficult position with Germany menacing on one side and England holding back on the other, and if he has the courage to give a bold lead, it will be greatly to his credit.

The policy of the British government, if it has one, continues to be wrapped in obscurity. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon are prolific in fine words and sterile in acts. MacDonald appealed to a deputation of ecclesiastics headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury on October 20 to help his government to do "the broad, just, fundamental, and eternal thing," but gave no indication in his speech of any reductions in British armaments that he and his colleagues were prepared to make. The Archbishop, who had suggested in his speech that disarmament was an affair not of words and resolutions but of soldiers and engines of war, would probably have been more gratified by something temporal, such as an undertaking to abolish tanks, for instance, than by a promise of excursions into eternity. The only initiative yet taken by MacDonald has been an unfortunate one—the



proposal of a four-Power conference on the German claim to equality of status. That proposal has caused uneasiness all over the Continent and with reason. MacDonald's favorite method of arriving at decisions on international problems by secret conclaves between the four great Western Powers is a menace to the rights and liberties of other countries. It has become clear that MacDonald hates and fears the publicity of Geneva and aims at dispossessing the League of Nations, at any rate so far as European questions are concerned, in favor of a new Holy Alliance. Hence the hostility of the present British government to the Commission for European Union, on which, although it is an organ of the League, all European countries, whether members of the League or not, including Russia, are represented. It is a strange irony that the man who was one of the founders, with the late E. D. Morel, of the Union of Democratic Control, should have become so fervent a practitioner of the methods of secret diplomacy.

Apart from the objection on general grounds to secret negotiations restricted to a few great Powers, any negotiations with Germany will be futile, if not dangerous, unless and until the other Powers agree on a disarmament plan. Sir John Simon said in the House of Commons on October 24 that one of the reasons why the British government desired a four-Power conference was that it wanted the matter cleared up and that no rearming should take place in the meantime—that is, presumably, before the end of the Disarmament Conference. The matter is already clear enough. The German government has declared that it proposes to rearm unless the other Powers disarm; so the only question is whether and how far the other Powers are prepared to disarm. To ask for an assurance from Germany that she will not begin rearming during the Disarmament Conference is to imply that she may, in certain circumstances, begin rearming when the conference is over. There is no need to be in any hurry to get Germany back to the Disarmament Conference. German armaments are limited already and nobody proposes to reduce them. What the other Powers have to do is to discuss the reduction and limitation of their own armaments, and they can do that quite as well, if not better, without Germany. MacDonald's proposal has simply wasted time and caused further delay.

The question of Manchuria is not only as vitally important to the peace of the world as that of disarmament but is closely bound up with it. On the solution of the one depends to a great extent the solution of the other. If Japan is allowed to defy the League of Nations and the whole world, what security will there be for anybody? If Japan can violate with impunity the Treaty of Versailles (of which the Covenant of the League of Nations is part), the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact, why should not Germany violate the Treaties of Locarno, by which she undertook never to try to alter any of her existing frontiers by force, and seize the Polish Corridor, if and when she is strong enough to do so? Still more, why should she not violate the Treaty of Versailles and rearm? For whereas Germany signed the Treaties of Locarno of her own free will, she signed the Treaty of Versailles under protest, because she had to.

There can be no doubt that the weakness of the League of Nations in the matter of the Sino-Japanese conflict has encouraged the German militarists to adopt their present arro-

gant attitude. They now believe that, whatever they may choose to do, they have nothing to fear from the League of Nations. And how can the French reasonably be expected to disarm, if the Covenant of the League becomes a dead letter? It is because Paris has at last recognized what a bad precedent acquiescence in Japanese aggression would be, that the French attitude on the Manchurian question has changed.

Moreover, Japan is at present the greatest obstacle to any effective reduction of armaments. The two worst delegations at the Disarmament Conference have been the British and Japanese delegations, and the British delegation has used Japanese obstruction as an excuse for its own. Last July when Simon was maneuvering at Geneva against the acceptance of the Hoover plan by the conference as a basis of discussion, one of the chief arguments that he used to the other delegations was that Japan would never accept it. Japan will never voluntarily accept any disarmament convention of any value. Strong pressure from the rest of the world will be necessary to force her to agree to any substantial reduction of her armaments. Whether that pressure succeeds will depend on the way in which the question of Manchuria is dealt with. If the Japanese are allowed to have their own way in Manchuria, they will conclude with reason that they can safely be uncompromising in the matter of disarmament.

As the author of the remarkable letter *Behind the Cables*, in *The Nation* of October 19, said, and as the Japanese delegation at Geneva has said, the British government is now the only friend left to Japan. In one respect, and one only, I think that the author of that article was probably mistaken, namely, in attributing too much importance to Sir John Simon's influence on British policy. Simon is merely an advocate doing his best for a shady client. Somebody here said the other day that he had got too many people convicted to have any convictions, and the general impression at Geneva is that he would defend any other policy with equal ardor. He simply speaks from a brief supplied by the British Foreign Office or the Admiralty, as the case may be, and certain persons who have come into close contact with him in the Disarmament Conference tell me that their impression is that he would have been prepared to go much farther in the direction of disarmament than he was allowed to go.

Whatever policy Sir John Simon had to defend, his methods would be equally objectionable, but I do not think that he is an obstacle to a change in British policy on the Manchurian question. The chief obstacle is always the Foreign Office, but so far as the Cabinet is concerned, MacDonald has certainly had as much responsibility as Simon, if not more. In a private conversation with a diplomat MacDonald actually gave as a reason for the British refusal to consent to action against Japan the fact that Articles XV and XVI of the Covenant, if applied in Asia, would have to be applied also in Europe! That is to say, MacDonald as Prime Minister of Great Britain refuses to fulfil his obligations under the Covenant in the case of the Sino-Japanese conflict because he is unwilling to fulfil them in any case. I hope your contributor is right in thinking that MacDonald's attitude has been modified; if he is, I do not think that Sir John Simon could or would prevent a change in British policy. If MacDonald really wants a change, he will have his way.



# Happy Ending

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, November 12*

AS a humble member of the radio audience I listened with some amazement to the tearful benediction which my good friend, Walter Lippmann, pronounced over Herbert Hoover on election night. Between sobs he seemed to be assuring the great man that he had been torn asunder merely because the country believed that a Democratic President would get along better with a Democratic Congress. It seemed to me that my distinguished colleague erred on the side of restraint. It is true that Mr. Hoover's constant nagging and sniping at Congress have not been helpful, but there were other reasons for getting rid of him as rapidly as possible, and I suspect that some of them affected the result. For example, it is not likely that the farmers forgot how Hoover buncoed them four years ago with his elaborate and mysterious allusions to a perfected plan which would end all their cares—and which, it developed later, did not exist. It is possible that organized labor and the Negroes remembered the "master political stroke" whereby Hoover sought to place Parker, the yellow-dog-injunction and Jim Crow judge, on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Some consumers of electricity may have recalled that he vetoed the Muscle Shoals bill, put a power lobbyist at the head of the Republican National Committee, and packed the Federal Power Commission with friends of the power trust. There is not room here to call the roll, because it is too long, but Mr. Hoover's ignominious and incredible dodging on the subject of prohibition certainly cost him millions of votes, and among the 13,000,000 unemployed in this country there doubtless were some who remembered that for two long and bitter years every proposal for federal relief to the starving was opposed and denounced by him as a "dole." And last but not least, perhaps there were a few who recalled how he permitted religious prejudices to be exploited in his behalf four years earlier. Expressions of sympathy for Mr. Hoover are heard in certain quarters. There was a time when I might have wept for him, but, unfortunately, all my tears were exhausted on the evening of July 28 by the gas with which Mr. Hoover's infantry deluged the ragged men, women, and children who had come to the capital to petition their government for relief.

MAKING all allowances for disappointment and disillusionment, the fact remains that on November 8 the electorate did the best job it has done in my lifetime—and I am no spring chicken. The circumstance that the voters had to be starved into the exercise of common sense does not alter the result. Complete disaster may yet overtake the country, but at least there is room for hope. Reelection of Hoover, in my solemn opinion, would have made disaster inevitable. He has shown almost no comprehension of the causes of the depression. Confronted with the most profound and complicated phenomenon of twentieth-century industrialism, he sought to repel it with the ballyhoo of

gold-mine prospectus of the late nineties. To the incalculable and appalling factors of physical and spiritual misery and deterioration, he seemed almost insensible. Quite as depressing, from the standpoint of an intimate observer, was his choice of associates. It is almost a mystery how he managed to find such men. My knowledge of Governor Roosevelt is deficient, but even if one accepts as true every statement made by his enemies, it is still impossible to believe that he could surround himself with such characters as Doak, Hyde, Hurley, Wilbur, Brown, Mitchell, Huston, Lucas, and Sanders. In the recent campaign the Governor demonstrated that he was a remarkable politician and a thoroughly practical one, but reports seem to agree that his olfactory centers have not been completely anaesthetized. It appears that in the closing days he was alarmingly receptive to the advances of Newton Baker, Owen D. Young, Barney Baruch, John Davis, and John Raskob. I should like to believe the Republican accusation that his Administration will be dominated by Norris, Johnson, La Follette, Cutting, and Wheeler, but that is too good to be true. Nevertheless, from what I hear about the Governor, there are certain practices and certain types of people for which he simply will not stand. Perhaps you will appreciate the desperation of the present situation when I say this alone promises tremendous improvement.

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BUT the result of the Presidential election is far from being all of the picture, or, in my humble opinion, the most significant part of it. The effect on Congress (the really important branch of the federal government) will be so astounding that it must be regarded as an answer to prayer. I can discover only two major grounds for complaint—out of a possible 467. The defeat of La Guardia in New York, of course, is a very serious blow to the House and a definite loss to the country. However, I suspect he will soon return. The reelection in Massachusetts of Representative Treadway, one of the most offensive demagogues who ever befouled the atmosphere of the House chamber, is disappointing. Otherwise, the results are so good as to be almost incredible. The Old Guard has been annihilated. Watson, Moses, Bingham, Smoot, and Jones are all gone. If the nation were not in a critical condition, one could afford to be sentimental about Moses and Watson. Both were excellent drinking companions; both were superb story-tellers. Outside of their appointees (and in the case of Smoot these were numerous) I know of absolutely no one who will lament the departure of those two self-righteous men, Smoot and Jones. Even the fabled industry of Smoot was a myth. I know a dozen men in the Senate, including his colleague, King, who work much harder than the Mormon elder. It will be interesting and instructive to observe whether he returns to Utah to look out for his religious and beet-sugar interests or whether he remains in Washington piously to superintend the extensive real estate which he has acquired at odd times during the thirty



years he has been serving his country and his Mormon God. On the House side, it is a pleasure to note the apparent defeat of the slippery Will Wood, of Indiana. Next to Treadway he is the most blatant and objectionable member of the House.

THE governorships have run true to the same satisfying form. In Massachusetts the admirable Ely has been reelected. Connecticut has returned its picturesque old man, Wilbur Cross, for another term. Once more Illinois has repulsed the unspeakable Len Small and his still more unspeakable associate, "Big Bill" Thompson, and elected a very decent Jew, Henry Horner. It is a pleasure to note that Wisconsin has done the proper and logical thing in disposing of Walter Kohler, the big bathroom and uplift man, who upset Governor Phil La Follette in the primary. The new Governor will be Mayor Schmedeman, of Madison. It also disposed effectively of that sophomoric demagogue, John B. Chapple, who sought to be Senator. Even more impressive and satisfactory was the way in which Minnesota reelected its Farmer-Labor Governor, Floyd Olsen.

THE crowning irony of the entire campaign was the failure of President Hoover or any of his supporters to mention the two most commendable acts of his Administration—the appointment of Owen Roberts and of Benjamin Cardozo to the United States Supreme Court. Here were two things of which any President might justly be proud. Why were they not mentioned? For the simple reason that both appointments were thrust down Mr. Hoover's reluctant throat. He turned to Mr. Roberts only after the Senate had rejected Parker, and he turned to Mr. Cardozo only after hearing the naked and profane threats of Senator Borah. That is the best the Great White Feather did for us—and those are the reasons.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter has not been in Soviet Russia for several years, but what he remembers most vividly about his only visit to that diverting country is the charming informality with which official business is conducted. He might illustrate what he means by describing, for example, the way in which a high dignitary in the Foreign Office ransacked various desks in various offices looking for a letter addressed to a person no more important than the Drifter himself, and how the dignitary finally fell back upon that prerevolutionary phrase "Come again next week." But more illuminating still is the series of incidents which are ticketed in the Drifter's mind as The Story of Louis Fischer's Pants.

IT all began when *The Nation's* correspondent suggested that a pair of trousers purchased in Berlin would make an acceptable present, but the first scene takes place in the dimly lighted interior of the customs office in the border town. The inspector, with that intuition characteristic of

his kind, plunges his hand deep into the trunk and grasps the trousers. He holds them to the light; he gazes with horror; and he exclaims accusingly, "They're new!" The Drifter confesses, and in answer to a question admits that he possesses not only the trousers he is wearing but one pair besides. That settles the matter. "Then you won't need these. I'll give you a receipt and you can get them when you go out." The Drifter walks sadly on to Russian soil and he is hailed by a red soldier with an unmistakable East Side accent: "Hey, Buddy, got a Lucky? Thanks. Well, don't take any wooden nickels."

IN act two the crestfallen Drifter confesses to Mr. Fischer the fact that the latter's trousers are many *versts* away. "Never mind," he replies, "I'm going out before you are and will get them. All we have to do is go to the Foreign Office and have your receipt transferred to me." New to Russian methods, the Drifter is amazed. America is a democracy, but he would hardly call upon Secretary Stimson in an effort to recover an expropriated pair of pants. Nevertheless, the gentleman in the Foreign Office is sympathetic and charming. "It will take time," he says. It does take time—a great deal of it. But the Drifter sees the vast machinery of the world's first proletarian republic set in motion. And the most interesting thing about the whole drama is the fact that it has a happy ending. Some months later Mr. Fischer returns to Moscow after a visit to Berlin and he is wearing the pants—to which the Foreign Office itself has granted him a title.

LIFE, thought the Drifter, is hard in Moscow. Life is also surrounded with a good deal of red tape. But it is supportable because it is also human. The Foreign Office may take time, but it does consider it ultimately important that a pair of pants should get upon the shanks which need them. If the United States were equally interested in the same thing, it would not be in the midst of its present depression. We have plenty of pants and plenty of legs which could use them to great advantage. But neither the gentlemen in the State Department nor anyone else seems really interested in getting them together.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Youth and the New Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just spent four weeks in Moscow seeing people from morning until evening, Communists and non-Communists, high state officials and ordinary people. I can certify that despite all difficulties—the food situation is very acute this year—there is a set determination among all to carry on and not to lose sight of the final purpose, the creation of the Socialist commonwealth. In contrast to Europe and America, here it is youth which leads; it is men and women between the ages of twenty and thirty who are managing and running the industries. It really takes the combined enthusiasm and conviction of youth to carry on in the face of such great



difficulties. One must be in Russia and close to things and men, and know Russian, to understand how deep the roots of the new life have already gone; to realize, as I do after years of previous residence in both the old and the new Russia, that no outside power or any other force will break this new Russia.

A few general words: Construction is going on everywhere, beginning near the border on the outskirts of Minsk and continuing all along our route. In places like Nijni-Novgorod several universities, technical schools, and professional schools are running full blast. Everybody tells you that there are complete and adequate facilities for learning, and that the people really use them to the fullest extent. It is all extraordinarily impressive.

*On the Volga, October 1*

S. TRONE

## Desperate Need

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are appealing to you in a most desperate emergency. The mother of Ozie Powell, one of the seven Scottsboro boys, called the Scottsboro Defense late last night from Atlanta. She told us her baby had just died, a two-year-old boy. There was no money to bury him. Her ten-year-old girl was desperately sick—she feared the girl was going to die, too. There was no money for a doctor, or medicine. There was little food in the house. She had run about town frantically hunting help.

"You must help us," she said. "It looks like you are the only friends we have on earth. You must help us."

I will not tell you what you must do—I only tell you that this minute, as you read this letter, there is in Atlanta, in a two-room shack, a woman who has had heaped upon her misery and more suffering than any human being must be allowed to bear. Contributions should be sent to the Prisoners' Relief Fund, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

*New York, November 4*

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

## Literature and the Class War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article on Literature and the "Class War" in *The Nation* for October 19 Henry Hazlitt discusses what he calls the nouveau-Marxists as a group, but not as individuals. He was doubtless moved thus to omit names by a creditable desire not to seem to be indulging in personalities. But whatever his motives, the effect is to mislead those readers who have not followed for themselves the work of the Marxist critics.

I should like to ask Mr. Hazlitt who of the "nouveau-Marxists" (1) "will not trouble to weigh on their merits any of the specific objections offered by any" of their critics; (2) have suggested that bourgeois critics have less free will than proletarian critics; (3) have denied that Marx read non-proletarian literature or supposed that he had proletarian literature to read; (4) have asserted that a work of art was necessarily admirable because it was proletarian; (5) have sought "to dismiss practically all existing culture" either "by the mere process of labeling it 'bourgeois'" or by any other process; (6) have used proletarian and Communist "as if they were synonyms"; (7) have "become infinitely boring" by stating that "Emerson was bourgeois, Poe bourgeois, Mark Twain bourgeois, Proust bourgeois, Thomas Mann bourgeois." I shall not be satisfied if Mr. Hazlitt finds one or two scattered examples of these fallacies. His article purports to be a description of "nouveau-

Marxism" as a whole, and to justify it he ought to be able to show that at least 50 per cent of the "nouveau-Marxists" are guilty of at least 50 per cent of these faults in at least 50 per cent of their work.

There are points in Mr. Hazlitt's article that are worthy of discussion—and if space permitted I should proceed to discuss them—but he scores the majority of his points by attributing to his opponents beliefs that they simply do not hold. That the application of Marxist principles to literary problems is, as at present practiced in America, far from satisfactory, one can scarcely deny. The non-Marxists, however, will do little to remedy the situation by attacking imaginary weaknesses. The ostentatious demolition of a man of straw may or may not impress uninformed bystanders, but it obviously contributes little to the progress of critical thought.

*Troy, N. Y., October 20*

GRANVILLE HICKS

[Mr. Hicks's apparent belief that it is invalid to describe the tacit assumptions of a literary movement without elaborate documentation in each case, and his further apparent belief that that documentation is to be judged by quantitative and statistical standards, are novel to me. Moreover, as he is careful to assure us in advance that he will not be satisfied by "one or two scattered examples," it would seem rather futile for me to offer them. I nowhere asserted that the most dubious assumptions of the nouveau-Marxists are always stated by them explicitly; many of them have been merely implicit. But one of the points I was making was that it was merely necessary to state some of these lurking assumptions explicitly and baldly for their absurdity to become clear. If some of the writers previously guilty of any of these assumptions now recognize that absurdity, that is progress.—HENRY HAZLITT]

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# Books, Drama, Films

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

Has the Jew spent his farthing? the weed  
frolicked his seed? the cloud dispersed his rain,  
never to know his bellyful again?  
is the soul bankrupt? the mind emptied? the mouth  
dried up of speech? no words to come? no thought  
yet undelivered in all this world of thought?  
Why there are bricks and stones, and therefore walls;  
sand, and therefore mortar; there is space,  
still uncircumferenced by demons' wings,  
or angels' either; and to sum the world—

but who will sum the world? what god will add  
digit to digit, sandgrain to sandgrain,  
amuse himself, on the last wall of knowledge,  
laugh there, be boisterous, sum all things up  
in one vast thunderclap of synthesis—  
speak his own sentence, and be dead?

Beloved, there is time,  
between this morning's instant and that wall,  
for such infinitudes of delight and grief,  
such patient addings and subtractions, such  
new sentences, each wider than the last,  
new knowledges, new visions and revisions,  
that we ourselves are like that god; each moment  
is the last wall from which our laughter rings;  
the world summed up; and then a new world found,  
vaster and richer; a new synthesis,  
under the sandgrain, and above the star.  
Come, let us read the book, look up each word,  
say dark or bright, be frightened, pick our way  
through the fierce multitude of thoughts and things—  
from god to chaos, from chaos to god again—  
in the unending glossary of the world.  
Was that a bell that struck? a moment gone?  
a voice that spoke, a bird that flew?  
They were the shadows of a speech to come.

## Red Fears in White Hearts

*Red Economics.* By Walter Duranty, W. H. Chamberlin, H. R. Knickerbocker, and Others. Edited by Gerhard Dobbert. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.

*Red Russia.* By Theodor Seibert. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Century Company. \$3.

**O**PPONENTS of the Soviet regime will not derive comfort from either of these two books, though most of the contributors to the first are frankly critical of sovietism and the author of the second is altogether inimical to it.

"Red Economics" is the result of the combined effort of fifteen newspapermen, practical economists, and technicians who know the Russian situation either from direct experience in dealing with some of its aspects or from years of close study. Jointly they endeavor to produce a cumulative picture of

the concrete results of the Russian Revolution in the perspective of the eventful fifteen years since sovietism ascended to undivided power and control. Mr. Duranty, in the introduction to the volume, succeeds in throwing into bold relief the inner sequence of the three major stages of the revolution's development—militant communism, the NEP period, and the Five-Year Plan. The others shed much light on the mechanics of the interplay of forces within the Soviet Union.

The council of expert opinion is divided as to the actual state of affairs. "Planned economy," says W. H. Chamberlin, "has proved its vitality and workability and has given the Soviet Union a powerful push toward the goals set by the Communists." Hans Jonas substantially agrees with Chamberlin: "The Soviet economy, with its unified control, represents a firmly knit organism when compared with capitalist economy." But Heinrich Pöppelmann sees danger in the rise of an all-powerful machine. "The Soviet ship," he says, "has run foul of the greatest system of bureaucracy ever erected. . . . There is enormous shortage in Russia of creative engineers. . . . Production figures do not necessarily mean plus values: they may be the eloquent expression of wasted human and material energy." He raises the all-important issue of quantity versus quality under the pressure of the Five-Year Plan.

Recent discussions have stressed the scarcity of natural resources in the Soviet Union and the difficulty of their effective exploitation and distribution. Nikolaus Basseches holds that "the U. S. S. R. is rich in natural resources. It contains within its territory all the factors required for the building up of its industrial life. But the natural resources are distributed over a vast area, and despite its 162,000,000 inhabitants, the Soviet Union is a thinly peopled area. It will have to develop tremendous resources of power and of human labor before the Communists will be able to solve the problems they have set themselves." So it is a matter of time, of training, of learning. But have the Soviet men actually made headway? Can we reliably judge their tangible accomplishments? Arthur W. Just, in the chapter Economic Information and the Press, maintains that "it is quite possible for a critical observer to get an idea of the state of Soviet economics that will approximate very closely to the truth. . . . The actual position can be envisaged in its broad outlines and any failure of expert opinion to agree on its predictions is solely attributable to differences in political outlook." Perhaps it is that "difference of political outlook" which suggests Otto Auhagen's severe statement: "In contrast to the slow encumbered progress of agriculture during the period of the NEP, the Stalin policy of socialization has spread the shadow of distress over town and countryside." Perhaps this is the truth. Yet it would not necessarily point to political disaster. That the Soviet Government is very sensitive to voices from below and that it never goes beyond the breaking-point are matters of established fact.

The actualities in housing, transportation, foreign technical assistance, state finance, money, credit, and banking present complex, even tormenting problems, yet not insoluble ones. Malcolm Campbell is in a position to say: "Money, credit, and banking in the Soviet Union are developing in the direction of socialism, just as is the entire economic life"; and Dr. Dobbert, editor of the volume, draws the conclusion that, "as a means for the attainment of that ultimate objective toward which Soviet Russia is striving, its financial system has proved its effectiveness in every way, and despite certain defects, it is capable of achieving big things." The picture is of a slow, steep climb, but advances seem to outdistance retreats.

Theodor Seibert's "Red Russia" is a book of another order. It is a more exciting book. The writers of "Red Economics" have no moral quarrel with sovietism. Theodor Seibert



is set dead against it. The "Red Economics" writers seek to outline the basis upon which their respective bourgeois empires might do a profitable business with bolshevism. Mr. Seibert rejects the role of an "honest broker" in a deal between two fundamentally divergent civilizations. He would erect a *cordon sanitaire* between bolshevism and the Western order, which he considers as the mortal enemy of the former; but since this is impossible, he sees only one solution—to fight bolshevism. His wrath is directed, however, not specifically against Russia. To him bolshevism is coterminous with socialism. Unlike the European Socialists, he views sovietism and the dictatorship not as a perversion of socialism but as "really in the line of orthodox socialism." The latter, Mr. Seibert holds, "is only conceivable in a community developed along the lines and stamped with the characteristics of an army. It is not by chance that Bolshevik phraseology bristles with military terms, such as commanding points, recruiting, mobilization, vanguard, outpost, front, light cavalry, shock-troops, etc." This peculiar position enables Mr. Seibert to render a fairly accurate account of what he saw in Russia. He is free of the Socialist partisans' inhibitions which prevent them from seeing the material achievements. To the anti-Socialist Mr. Seibert, successful bolshevism is even worse than unsuccessful bolshevism. He consequently admits that while "Russia has not grown happier, it has advanced. . . . In a decade educational work was effected for which in quiet times generations might have been needed. . . . The country has been shaken out of the old rut. . . . The social and political endeavors of the regime . . . have aroused needs and wishes which, having once come into being, will persist. . . . The permeation of the whole of the national life with Bolshevik propaganda has activated the contemporary Russian and made him keen of hearing." Mr. Seibert fights the "moral depravity" of socialism.

The indictment of Soviet social practice in "Red Russia" is impressive. Sovietism is blamed for the development of a deadening bureaucracy, of a censorship that is grotesquely stupid, of a dictatorship which is so brutal and reckless that it defeats the larger aims for which it was temporarily established, and which Mr. Seibert detests. The instances cited by Mr. Seibert may be very real. Literature, the theater, scientific activity, and the arts have been stepped upon hard by the authority of the dictatorship. It may not be untrue that Stalin ordered a historical revolutionary play, "The Conspiracy of the Equals," off the stage because in one place the leading character, Babeuf, says to General Bonaparte: "I don't like the expression in your eyes, General!"—something that Trotzky once said to Stalin. It is an established fact that the history of the Russian Revolution has actually been rewritten in order to eliminate the record of Trotzky's leading role in it and instead to magnify Stalin's secondary achievements in it. Yet all this fails to arouse fear of the eventual fate of the revolution. The logic of the struggle for leadership would alone be sufficient to dispel such fear. Surely a dictatorship cannot thrive on mass privations, and once the scarcity of needful commodities is passed, the desire for an expanded life will compel cultural freedom. Mr. Seibert himself does not deny the honest concern of bolshevism with the well-being of the people. The self-preservation of bolshevism postulates the eventual abolition of the dictatorship.

It is regrettable that a futile idea has taken possession of Mr. Seibert, for otherwise he has approached his study of Russia in a workman-like fashion. In an honest manner he went after his facts. He tells his story well and he comes close to the mainsprings of things, but his approach is lopsided; he comes to view history as a personal offense and he overlooks forces making for epochal changes. His futile *idée-fixe* is that he can salvage the ancient embarrased order of individualism. "The only will that can save Europe from the red jack-o'-lantern, from the red specter in the East, is embodied in the plain and venerable watchword: 'Ich Dien,'" Mr. Seibert proclaims.

"The political alternative to socialism is the promotion of social welfare, the control of the morbid outgrowths of capitalism, and the protection of those who are economically weaker." How closely akin to our own homespun rotarian commandment of service! Socialism, we are told, is bad: it oppresses individual freedom. But capitalism is bad too, Mr. Seibert admits. It breeds poverty in the midst of plenty. What, then, are we to do? Fight socialism and restore paternalistic capitalism. "Der Berg hat ein Mäuschen geboren." J. B. S. HARDMAN

## Common Sense About Stagecraft

*The Stage Is Set.* By Lee Simonson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.

A GREAT many bad books are written about the theater and the worst of them are usually devoted to stage setting. The topic seems to attract the *artiste manqué* who perversely elects to envelop this very practical subject in an atmosphere composed largely of formless yearnings, and to write about it in a vocabulary more appropriate to interior decoration, Christian Science, or Yogi than to a craft as dependent as architecture itself upon concrete conditions. Hence the great, almost unique value of the present volume by a man who not only has contributed to the American stage some of the very finest of its settings, but also combines a broad knowledge of the history and the theory of his art with sound common sense.

Mr. Simonson, to be sure, is excited and voluble, vehement and hard-hitting. He lays about him with a disconcerting vigor, and he attacks the pretensions of some of his contemporaries with a frankness which would give to his book a success of scandal even if it were not destined also to success of a different kind. But for all the jauntiness of his self-confidence he carries conviction, and when, for example, he devotes a chapter to analyzing the actual accomplishment of Gordon Craig, he cites enough facts to confirm very fully the opinion of many who have long suspected that this high priest of the Ineffable school can be reduced to not much more than a collection of very Orphic sayings and a series of apocalyptic sketches which neither he nor anybody else knows how to translate into actual stage settings. Nor is Mr. Simonson any less successful when he turns the cruel light of fact and logic upon other cults and makes merry with the solemn manifestos which have alternately banished playwright, actor, and scenery from the Theater of the Future and, alternately also, proclaimed that the drama could be reborn only in an outdoor amphitheater, pseudo-Elizabethan inn yard, a three-ring circus, or a rococo ballroom. At one time or another the followers of Craig and his kind have proposed to dispense with everything except the audience, but the audience is the only thing which, in practice, they ever really succeed in doing away with.

Mr. Simonson's book covers a very wide field, and includes among other things what is practically a history of stage methods from the days of the Greeks down to the present. It makes no claim to original research, but it marshals facts from many sources, and the reader finds himself now contemplating the noisy multitude which rioted when Euripides displeased it, now endeavoring to get some idea of what the production of a medieval miracle play was like by reading such an excerpt as the following from a recently discovered account and prompt book of "The Mystery of the Passion" as performed at Mons in 1501:

To Brouillon and his companion for various kinds of birds delivered by him this day for the aforesaid Creation and also for the Ark of Noah, 12s.

For live fishes for the aforesaid Creation: 16s.



Remind those who work the secrets of the thunder barrels to do what is assigned them by following their instruction slips and let them not forget to stop when God says: Cease and let tranquillity reign.

Nevertheless, all the abundant and often picturesque detail is subservient to the establishment of a thesis which may be summarized in four points. First, there never was any such thing as a Pure Theater to which the worshipers came reverently to be inspired by the sacred mystery of art. Second, production has always been as elaborate as circumstances would permit, and spectacular realism has always been popular. Third, the real evolution of stage settings is to be traced from the piecemeal realism of classical and medieval times when the producer relied upon concrete properties, machines, and the like, through the Renaissance discovery of the effectiveness of the backdrop painted in perspective, to, finally, the more modern method which employs three dimensions to provide both a picture and a space upon which acting can take place. Fourth, this modern method is the result of the increasing emphasis upon play production, which stresses the coordination of declamation, movement, background, and other elements, instead of leaving everything except the spoken word to individual caprice.

Some of Mr. Simonson's best pages are devoted to the development of this last section of his thesis, and his description of the work of a contemporary producer will be very illuminating to those for whom such things are largely a mystery. At no point, however, does he fall into the error of supposing that either the stage designer or any other theatrical worker is more than an interpreter, or that he can do more than realize the potentialities of the script upon which he is working. He makes effective fun of those who imagine a theater of the future without imagining the plays to be performed in it. He shows convincingly how the playwright has always set the problem which the designer solved. But he has also very specific ideas of how this designer should operate within his own province, and is particularly brilliant in illustrating by concrete example how certain productions utilized a particular kind of setting to provoke in the audience that attitude toward the events of a play which was necessary if the events were to be properly comprehended. Mr. Simonson's modesty is no false modesty. He has a sufficiently high conception of the function of his profession. But he has also a very clear idea of what that function is, and he concludes his book with some wise remarks:

In the modern theater, as in every other, the beginning is in the word. . . . As designers we cannot perform the functions of dramatic poets, but once they enter the theater we are their indispensable collaborators. We cannot call them forth. It is they who must summon us. Meanwhile we wait and work.

"The Stage Is Set" should find two classes of readers. In the first place, it is perhaps the best and the best-written popular account of the history of theatrical production. In the second place, it states very clearly the working principles of a successful modern designer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Soviet Satire

*The Little Golden Calf.* By Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

IF Westbrook Pegler and P. G. Wodehouse should collaborate in writing a "Little Golden Elephant," about a trip from Washington to Hollywood and return, I do not believe it would be half as funny as this yarn by two hearty Moscow youngsters, which has been translated into gay, colloquial English by Malamuth. The book is said to be a satire in the Gogol tradition, but before it is that it is a first-rate picaresque

tale. Ostap Bender, the rogue who operated in "Twelve Chairs," has his head full of a far better scheme than a mere search for treasure; this time he is out to acquire a fortune, not by work—because neither work nor working capital puts surplus cash in the individual pocket in the Soviet Republic—but by blackmailing a secret hoarder who has made a NEP fortune in underground ways. The account of Ostap's operations, of the confreres he assembles, and of the little good the fortune nets him makes a first-rate story for those who never saw a red soldier and never hope to see one.

For those who have, here is a treat indeed. For the initiated, the book describes certain aspects of life in the Soviet Union so circumstantially and at the same time with such comic exaggeration that its reading induces one chuckle after another.

"The Little Golden Calf," by the way, has never been published in Moscow, which—for the initiated—is understandable enough. The earnest young female in charge of children's books at the Gosisdats who gave out the interview last year that only animal stories about animal husbandry were wanted—no more Aesop, no more mere nature loving—probably has her counterpart on the fiction commission. Well, this novel is about her and her kind, and will probably help to destroy her in the end, for it is the sort of book that seeps through underground channels and is likely to appear next year to brighten Soviet bookstores. That the book was written at all is an extraordinarily cheerful sign.

Lunacharsky contributes an introduction to the book explaining its worth. He regrets, and surely his tongue is in his cheek and his nose twitching with laughter, that in these earnest times Ostap Bender is not shown up for what he is, that the toiling masses are not reassured and their heroic efforts celebrated. He thinks in that case it would have been a better book. On the contrary, it is just because such obvious things are left implicit that the book has a flavor to roll on one's tongue.

ERNESTINE EVANS

## Shorter Notices

*Diana Stair.* By Floyd Dell. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

In taking for his heroine a woman of genius and for his setting the Boston intelligentsia of the 1840's, Floyd Dell creates two difficulties in the way of making his novel convincing. Diana Stair's claim to genius rests on the writing of a poem of which we glimpse only a few lines, in which such words as "lust" and "spasm" are said to make their very first appearance in American poetry. While it seems plausible that Diana was, for her times, a daring literary innovator, the evidence is hardly sufficient to warrant her claim to genius. Granting even that she was a genius, she fares no better, because the presence of genius is not enough to create a character. In fact, with the infinite license of thought and action that Floyd Dell permits her, she ends by becoming a meaningless cipher. Successively she is the inspired Abolitionist orator, the daring free-lover, the fearless leader of the striking mill girls, the literary lioness of two continents. But in all these adventures she gives us no sense of her own reality. She functions merely as a catalytic agent, to bring out the spirit and detail of her times. As an abstract conception of genius, moreover, she is a peculiarly American brand—apparently daring and unconventional, but with a heart always in the right place and an aptitude for acquiring the rewards of this world. As for his second difficulty, the historical setting of his novel, Floyd Dell capitulates to it no less thoroughly. There is a purely adventitious reality to these characters of another time and place. When they take off their clothes and swine naked, or go out on petting parties, or argue the communism of their day, they seem merely like



amusing anachronisms. The whole novel, indeed (more than six hundred pages), can hardly stand on its intrinsic value. Undoubtedly, however, it is Floyd Dell's parable of the American intellectual. Psychogenetically, it is his attempt to create an aristocratic pedigree for the radical trend of today by showing that radical thinking has been a preoccupation of the best minds in the best of Boston families since the 1840's. By taking causes that have about them the saving odor of humanitarianism and the additional advantage of being dead issues, he has attempted to take the curse off the present tendency to go to the left. He has written an apology for those who are afraid of being on only one side of the fence at a time.

*Life of Mendel.* By Hugo Iltis. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. W. W. Norton and Company. \$5.

This life of Mendel is actually the life of Mendelism. The author has chosen to tell a simple, straightforward story based on such documentary evidence as exists rather than to go into semi-fictional or psychological by-paths. The result is a competent, scholarly study of the important work of a great man. The book reminds those of us who may have forgotten the fact, that great scientific work may be done outside the walls of universities and super-endowed institutes.

*George Gershwin's Song Book.* Illustrated by Alajálov. Simon and Schuster. \$5.

Eighteen of Gershwin's hits, ranging from "Swanee," which brought him fame and fortune thirteen years ago, to "Who Cares," from that trenchant political pasquinade, "Of Thee I Sing," are here collected, together with special arrangements of their refrains. There is a pertinent introduction by the composer, with hints on the technique of playing these challenges to expert pianists; and Samuel Kootz contributes a sketch of the artist. At the end there is an excellent bibliography of Gershwin's published music, as well as a list of all available recordings by the various phonograph companies and manufacturers of rolls for mechanical pianos. Alajálov's drawings, in color, one for each song, are delightful caricatures, often tipped with most appropriate commentative malice. Gershwin's variations on his well-known themes are especially felicitous in "Liza," "Sweet and Low Down," "Fascinating Rhythm," "The Man I Love," and "I Got Rhythm." The design and execution of the book make it easily one of the finest recent examples of musical typography.

*English Painting from the Seventh Century to the Present Day.*

By Charles Johnson. The Dial Press. \$5.

Mr. Johnson's history of English painting is quite what one might expect from a lecturer at the National Gallery. His material is efficiently organized, his taste conservative, and his judgment concerning the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century exact and convincing. One is struck by the poverty of English painting from Turner to the present day—a fact that is illustrated by the space Mr. Johnson is forced to give the Pre-Raphaelites and the seriousness with which he restates their aesthetic intentions. Perhaps the Pre-Raphaelites are the best examples we can find of the "literary" and social influences that have strictly limited English painting for the past hundred years, an influence more sterile, more deadening, than the heavy symbolism that attached itself to the German schools during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Johnson's commentary on contemporary schools is again all that one might expect from a well-trained academician; he is by no means unreasonable; he is even tolerant, but he obviously lacks confidence and sympathy in expressing his opinions. The entire book, however, contains much valuable information and should serve as a supplementary text in college libraries.

## Louisa Alcott and Children's Books

LOUISA ALCOTT, the centenary of whose birth occurs this month, has influenced the world of children's books more profoundly than is realized even by her admirers, and certainly more than is admitted by her detractors. Thomas Beer, in "The Mauve Decade," refers to her as "Duty's child," turning that characterization originally given her by her father into a twentieth-century accusation; Thomas Wentworth Higginson condemns her because, from a literary point of view, she never duplicated the success of "Little Women"; Gamaliel Bradford pities her because she did not want to write children's books indefinitely and her great initial success left her no other choice. As he remarks, "Few get the glory they want, but there is probably a peculiar bitterness in getting the glory you don't want." These critics are echoed in one way or another by some of the more sophisticated children of our own day, who find Louisa Alcott's conscience, her prudery, and what she herself once referred to, probably in a moment of impatience, as her "moral pap for the young," not to their taste. But her overwhelming popularity with successive generations of children and with the great majority of children of today continues to induce the tribute of imitation from other writers of books for young people. Although no author has her combination of qualities, yet individually those qualities are represented, especially this year, in the books upon which the accolade of children's approval is likely to fall.

What are these qualities, and which of the season's books exemplify them? Louisa Alcott's outstanding characteristics, it seems to me, are, first, an eager awareness of the world about her; second, courage and cheerfulness; third, a real story-telling sense; fourth, a passionate love for very little children; fifth, a delight in that much-discredited institution, home life. One cannot, naturally, classify all the important children's books of 1932 under these five headings, yet it is surprising how many fall naturally into one or another of these groupings.

### I. BOOKS WHICH FOSTER AWARENESS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

#### For Boys and Girls from Eight to Sixteen

Van Loon's Geography. Hendrik van Loon. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

Picture Map Geography of the World. Vernon Quinn. Picture Maps by Paul Spencer Johst. Stokes. \$2.50.

Berta and Elmer Hader's Picture Book of the States. Harper. \$3.

These United States and How They Came to Be. Gertrude Hartman. Macmillan. \$5.

The Rise of Rome. Gordon King. Illustr. Gustav Jensen. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50.

Christopher Columbus. Edna Potter. Oxford University. \$2. Discovering Christopher Columbus. Charlotte Brewster Jordan. Macmillan. \$3.

The Ugly Duckling. Hans Christian Andersen. Isabel Proudfoot. McBride. \$2.25.

First Ladies. Stories of Our Presidents' Wives. Kathleen Prindiville. Macmillan. \$2.

Young Lafayette. Jeanette Eaton. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

Pollwiggles' Progress. Wilfred S. Bronson. Macmillan. \$2.

Out of Doors. A Guide to Nature. Paul B. Mann and George T. Hastings. \$2.

How to See Plants. Eric Fitch Daglish. Morrow. \$1.

Beasts of the Tar Pits. W. W. Robinson. Macmillan. \$1.75.

And That's Why. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt, Brace. \$1.85.



Modern Mercuries. The Story of Communication. Lloyd George and James Gilman. McBride. \$3.  
 The Story of Money. Mary Duncan Carter. Farrar and Rinehart. \$1.  
 Black on White. The Story of Books. M. Ilin. Lippincott. \$1.50.  
 What Time Is It? The Story of Clocks. M. Ilin. Lippincott. \$1.50.  
 Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. Compton. 15 vols., buckram. \$62.50.

## II. BOOKS OF COURAGE

### For Girls from Twelve to Sixteen

The Railroad to Freedom. Hildegard Hoyt Swift. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.  
 Remember and Forget. Julia Davis Adams. Dutton. \$2.  
 The Road to Carolina. Marjorie Hill Allee. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.  
 Gray Caps. Rose B. Knox. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.  
 The Young Ravenels. Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75.  
 Hepatica Hawks. Rachel Field. Macmillan. \$1.75.  
 Suzanne of Belgium. Suzanne Silvercruys Farnum and Marion Clyde McCarroll. Dutton. \$2.50.  
 Katrinka Grows Up. Helen Eggleston Haskell. Dutton. \$2.  
 Debby Barnes, Trader. Constance Lindsay Skinner. Macmillan. \$2.  
 Ranch and Ring. Florence Crannell Means. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

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SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

## Drama Two Camilles

SOME years ago Ethel Barrymore played "Camille" with high seriousness and a complete disregard of those irreverent persons who objected that she did not seem to be wasting away with either tuberculosis or anything else. Since that time, I believe, there have been no revivals of the lugubrious old masterpiece until the present moment, when it oddly so happens that two Armand Duvals are discovering their great love and two Marguerite Gautiers are making the supreme sacrifice. Lillian Gish (at the Morosco Theater) arrived first, in the production which Robert Edmond Jones had designed for a Western festival; Eva Le Gallienne followed close after at her own Civic Repertory Theater, and between them they are at least affording an opportunity which the conditions of our stage seldom permit—the opportunity, that is to say, of comparing two radically different interpretations of the same play.

To Miss Gish and her company "Camille" is a faded flower, or rather some bibelot of grandmother's day which they have found in the attic and are now contemplating with a wistful smile. Incidentally, they have cut the text so drastically that they have reduced some of the scenes to little more than tableaux, and in the process they have removed a good deal of the sentimental moralizing which may be old-fashioned today but which originally gave the play its point. In exchange, however, they have given us a highly stylized performance in which the "period" becomes all important and the characters bow to one another with a solemn majesty that seems at moments about to crystallize into a minuet. Miss Gish, to whom everyone else is rigorously subordinated, floats through the scenes surrounded by an atmosphere of nearly inhuman delicacy. She is not for one moment the reckless courtesan who cannot possibly live on less than a hundred thousand francs a year no matter who supplies the sum; she is always the snow-white lamb whom fate has perversely miscast and who is predestined from the first to sacrifice herself upon the altar of a pure love. She is the embodiment of a legend, not a human being, and, indeed, the whole production seems designed to be wistfully elegiac rather than genuinely dramatic.

The music box which tinkles during a part of the first act gives the clue to the spirit of the whole. Even the gaiety of the first scene is invested with the melancholy of all distant laughter, and the intention seems to be less to re-create Dumas than to extract from his outmoded drama a little of the perfume of the past. In reality the society which he pictured was a brutal society. It was as cruel as respectability always is toward the servants of those pleasant sins which it permits itself to enjoy, and it was about this cruelty that Dumas wrote. But Mr. Jones has fixed his attention upon the quaint grace of its for-



gotten manners and turned the story of the girl who was not allowed to be decent into a melancholy idyll concerned chiefly with the charm of old, forgotten, far-off things. The author of what was once a serious, almost a "problem," play might object if he were here to see it, but there is no doubt that the present version achieves what it sets out to achieve. Miss Gish is charming, and the production as a whole does produce a single unified impression of wistful melancholy.

Miss Le Gallienne, on the other hand, takes the play with entire seriousness. To her it is a drama of real people and real passions, to be played very much as its author wrote it. The central character is not a figure of distant legend but a woman caught tragically in a web of circumstance. The dinner of the first act is genuinely rowdy, not decorously picturesque. The milliner next door is a red-headed cocotte gradually evolving into a bawd, not a pleasant little figure out of a gallant engraving. And Camille herself is not half fairy-tale princess but a woman of varying moods, now cynically rebellious, now despairingly passionate. She is not, like Miss Gish, led gently to the inevitable slaughter; she fights every inch of the way, and as a result her play is credible in a fashion in which the Jones production neither is nor tries to be.

Which of the two one prefers will depend largely upon one's taste, or rather, perhaps, upon whether or not one can accept the text of "Camille" as still valid and convincing drama. Certainly the production at the Morosco is by far the more finished of the two, but at its best the production at the Civic Repertory is decidedly the more moving. At their worst the one creaks, the other seems thin and anemic. We may take our choice or, better still, see both. The experience is not unenstructive.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Films

### "Kameradschaft"

IN Germany G. W. Pabst is regarded as one of the shining lights of the film world, a director who can always be relied upon to produce a masterpiece. I cannot claim familiarity with the entire body of Pabst's work, but the few silent films of his that I have seen and the two more recent talkies, "Western Front, 1918," and "The Beggars' Opera," have not seemed to me to justify the claims made for them. My pleasure, therefore, is all the greater when I find in "Kameradschaft" (Europa) an example of Pabst's work that inspires genuine respect for his abilities as a director, and that unquestionably stands out as one of those rare events upon the screen—a sincere, psychologically convincing, and powerful presentation of a vital theme.

It is possible to see the main distinction of "Kameradschaft" in its tempered yet eloquent appeal to the workers of France and Germany—and by implication to those of all other countries—to join hands in the defense of their common interests as a class. From this point of view the story which the film tells, of German miners forcing their way across the border to assist in the rescue of their French comrades trapped in a coal mine by a disastrous fire, is an excellent parable glorifying the spirit of comradeship which rises triumphant over national prejudices and official obstacles. Admirable, however, as this parable is, both in its message and in the restraint with which it is stated, I do not think that the didactic intent of "Kameradschaft" is the source of the film's strength. What impressed me most was the extraordinary sense of reality conveyed by the film's consistent avoidance of specious dramatics. There was something particularly convincing in its plain, straightforward handling of its material, in the fine delicacy of its characterization, which went hand in hand with perfect naturalness of acting, in its sen-

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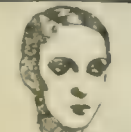
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sitive appreciation of emotional values, and finally in the abundant and illuminating detail with which it set before our eyes the full significance of such a mine disaster. Many scenes in the film etched themselves on my memory, but one of them is particularly haunting—the image of a young woman trudging with a child behind a truck taking her husband and other German volunteers to the scene of the disaster.

One blemish, though a small one, breaks the uniform excellence of "Kameradschaft." While Pabst is sternly realistic throughout most of the film, he inexplicably deserts the ground of observable facts to picture, in one of the episodes, the inner thoughts of a character. This is an unwarranted change of style and it strikes a jarring note. Aside from this, the film is a notable contribution to the art of the screen.

"I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (Strand) cannot compare with "Kameradschaft" in subtlety of treatment, but among Hollywood pictures it stands out as a conscientious piece of work which deals adequately, if not excitingly, with an important problem of American life. The film is based on the life story of one Robert Burns, who was condemned for a minor offense to serve in a chain gang in Georgia, succeeded in escaping, rose by honest work to the position of editor and publisher of a magazine in Chicago, was rearrested after seven years of freedom, and in spite of promises of pardon, was sent to complete his sentence in the chain gang, from which he at last again escaped. The film exposes with telling effect the brutal cruelty of the chain-gang system and should help to awaken the public conscience to the disgrace of its existence in a civilized country.

It was interesting to see the screen version of "Once in a Lifetime" (Roxy), which two years or so ago made history on the stage. It may have taken courage to broadcast to the world this satire of Hollywood, but the result need not disturb the sleep of the amiable Mr. Carl Laemmle. As a satire the film misses fire. On the stage its buffoonery seemed wilfully fantastic, but real enough because it made no pretense to being anything but extravaganzas. On the screen the fantasy assumes an exaggeratedly realistic form, and immediately becomes incredible as a story. Still, even regarded as a farce, the picture is good entertainment.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1932

No. 3517

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**J**APANESE ARROGANCE apparently knows no bounds. On the eve of the special session of the League Council called to consider the Lytton report on Japanese aggression in Manchuria, Japan again shows that it means to let neither reason nor justice enter into any settlement of the Manchurian question. Its delegation at Geneva has issued a lengthy statement denying all the charges made by the Lytton report and denouncing as impracticable or impossible every suggestion for an adjustment which was advanced by the League's commission of inquiry. Intervention is once more excused on the ground of self-defense, the statement asserting that the "chaotic conditions" in China made military action unavoidable. Japan forgets that the Nine-Power Treaty, to which it is a party, was specifically designed to prevent any of the Powers from taking selfish advantage of those unstable conditions. This pledge Japan deliberately violated. The Japanese statement declares that the military offensive which began at Mukden on September 18, 1931, did not exceed "the limitation of the right of self-defense." The Lytton report clearly shows that the Japanese army went far beyond the limits of legitimate self-defense, and even challenges the validity of the excuse put forward for the army's initial action at Mukden. Lastly, the Japanese statement contends that Manchukuo is in fact an independent state and came into being through the spontaneous efforts of the Chinese residents of Manchuria. The truth seems to have no meaning whatever for Japan.

**T**HE JAPANESE CASE may have some merit which a free and conscientious discussion might bring out, but by their intransigent attitude and by the very violence of their sweeping and unsubstantiated assertions, which leave little room for calm or judicious argument, the Japanese have gravely injured their position. If they really believed that their interests in Manchuria were endangered fifteen months ago, why did they not, under the implied obligations of the Nine-Power Treaty, ask the other signatory Powers to discuss the question with them, instead of taking precipitate action on their own initiative? If Manchukuo is actually independent, why did Japan hasten to "recognize" that independence before the League had had time to complete its study of the question? If Japan is as sincerely interested in the future of Manchuria as it declares it is, why can it not sit down quietly and frankly with the other Powers and discuss Manchuria's future on the basis of the Lytton Commission's recommendations, instead of imperiously sweeping aside those recommendations as having no value? The issue, of course, has less to do with the quarrel between Japan and China over Manchuria than it has to do with the necessity of upholding the Kellogg Pact and other treaties. A simple controversy between two countries could probably be adjusted without great difficulty. But in the present controversy, as Lord Lytton so ably pointed out in his radio address before the meeting of the League Council, our international peace machinery itself is at stake. Thus the Council must not only settle the local quarrel, but must do so in such a way as to preserve confidence in the existing peace treaties. That confidence will be destroyed if the settlement reached does not take into account Japan's open and arrogant violation of the treaties.

**A**S WE GO TO PRESS President von Hindenburg is still in negotiation with Adolf Hitler as to whether the latter will join in a coalition Cabinet with the necessary Reichstag support; and Hitler and Hugenberg are also conferring as to whether they can join forces in such a government. There is, of course, a strong school of thought in Germany which believes that Hitler should be put into the government, first, to head off a dictatorship and, second, to see whether he can or cannot be tamed so as to work well in harness. Many of those who favor this are not friends but enemies of Hitler, who hope that he will speedily demonstrate his inability to work with others and his own shallow charlatanism. But that means that Germany will pay for an experiment which ought never to be tried. With the country's situation still as desperate as it is, there is no time for experimenting with a man who is committed to wholesale bloodletting if he seizes power, who heads an insolent and dangerous private army of 400,000 paid men. For the moment, however, the alternatives seem to be either another dissolution of the Reichstag and still another election with no prospect of much parliamentary change, or the appointment by Hindenburg of another and still more dictatorial government than that of Papen. The decision will presumably be made before this issue of *The Nation* reaches its read-



ers. Whatever the difficulties of the situation, there should be no compromise with Hitler. His becoming the Chancellor could only be a catastrophe for democratic Germany.

**A**MONG THE REASSURING SIGNS that the philosophy of rugged individualism is breaking down under the pressure of events is the serious public interest in social insurance. In Missouri the proposal for an old-age-pension constitutional amendment was carried in the last election by a vote of four to one. This appears to be the first time in the history of the United States that a referendum on old-age pensions has been successful. The last referendum, voted on nine years ago in Ohio, was defeated by a majority of two to one. In Ohio a system of State unemployment insurance has been recommended in a report submitted to Governor White by the committee he appointed after provision was made for it by the General Assembly. The scheme provides that half of the worker's weekly wage is to be paid to him, if unemployed, over a maximum of sixteen weeks in any year after a waiting period of three weeks. In no case is the benefit to exceed \$15 a week. While the fund for payments is to be placed in the custody of the State Treasurer, the State Treasury is to make no contribution of its own. Payments into the fund would amount to 3 per cent of all pay rolls, of which employers would contribute 2 per cent and workers 1 per cent. One great advantage of such a scheme is that it cannot be argued that the burden is falling on the general taxpayer, or that the legislature is yielding to pressure for doling out the taxpayers' money. The recommendations will be submitted to the Ohio General Assembly when it convenes in January. Finally, and most importantly, the American Federation of Labor has at last abandoned its traditional opposition to any form of compulsory unemployment insurance. Its executive council now recommends state insurance supported by contributions amounting to at least 3 per cent of the total pay roll, to be paid entirely by employers.

**I**NTERNATIONAL COOPERATION seemed to have reached an unexpected but highly desirable goal when it was announced in Paris the other day that France and Germany had agreed to organize a "consortium for the construction of public works throughout Europe." One of the first undertakings of the consortium, according to the announcement, would be "a program of electrification of railways in several countries, such as Poland, Rumania, Iraq, and Portugal." The cost of this program "has been set at 17,000,000,000 francs," or about \$666,400,000. Bond issues to finance the electrification program and other projects would be floated in London, Paris, and Berlin. The avowed objects of the scheme would be to reduce unemployment and to promote international economic cooperation generally. This is an excellent plan in many ways, and we hope that in the not-too-distant future something like it will be possible of achievement. For the time being, however, it is faced with numerous tangible obstacles. First of all, where and how is the necessary capital to be obtained? Europe is in a bad way financially. The governments cannot finance this ambitious plan, and we doubt very much that the ordinary financial markets can absorb any considerable part of the enormous bond issues upon which the success of the scheme depends. Finally, the announcement appears to have been not only premature but rather tactless, coming as it did upon the

heels of the European plea for a further moratorium and a reconsideration of the war-debt agreements. If Europe is so poor, opponents of debt reduction may well ask, how can it afford even to think of making the huge expenditures contemplated in the consortium scheme?

**T**HE COURSE regarding the war debts which President Hoover vaguely advocated during the campaign and in his letter of November 12 to Governor Roosevelt—that we should be "receptive to proposals from our debtors of tangible compensation in other forms than direct payment, in expansion of markets for the products of our labor and our farms"—represents, next to a flat refusal to reconsider the debts, perhaps the worst course we could take. For what, reduced to plain English, would such a policy mean? It would mean that we would offer to cancel or reduce the war debts in return for lower tariffs on American products in Europe, while we would keep our own tariff wall just as high as it is. In short, this is a plan to begin all over again the policies that have brought about the present impasse—to sell more goods to Europe and to refuse to buy any in return—to sell, that is, more goods to Europe on credit, to compel Europe again to pile up a huge debt to us, which it will not be able to pay, so that we shall again be obliged to cancel, which we will do in return for permission to give away more goods to Europe—and so, ad infinitum. What hope is there for economic sanity when such Alice in Wonderland policies are supported by our "practical" leaders?

**M**OST CONSERVATIVE COMMENTATORS looked upon the defeat of the Progressive candidates in the Wisconsin primaries last September as "a turn to the right." It was anything but that. Those who saw in the events of September the destruction, or at least the beginning of the disintegration, of the power of the La Follettes must have been greatly disappointed by the events of November. Every one of the candidates on the State ticket who was endorsed by the Progressives was elected. These included not only the Democrats, but also Theodore Dammann, Progressive Republican candidate for Secretary of State. Dammann, the only Progressive Republican victor in the primaries, was also the only Republican candidate for State office to survive the Democratic landslide on election day. Virtually all the conservative Republican candidates received fewer votes in November than they did in September, clearly indicating that the Progressive voters followed their leaders in abandoning traditional party lines. The Wisconsin voters also elected a Democratic Governor whose public-utility program is as liberal and enlightened as that of the Progressives. And they approved the proposed amendment to the State constitution which is intended to help municipalities to set themselves up in the power business. Plainly the La Follettes have not lost their hold upon their followers, and certainly there is no proof that the people of Wisconsin have abandoned the habit of independent thinking and progressive action which has distinguished them for decades.

**T**HE CAUSE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT in New York City has been tremendously advanced by the action of Mayor McKee in deliberately breaking with Tammany Hall and calling upon all good citizens to join in the



fight to rescue the city from that sinister and corrupt organization. Coming as this does on top of fresh pressure by the bankers, who frankly and correctly say that they will not advance further sums to the city until the Tammany government gives evidence of a genuine and far-reaching effort to reduce expenses and cut down the budget, it will undoubtedly lead the reform forces to begin immediate preparations for the campaign for the mayoralty which will come next summer. They will be aided unintentionally by the new Mayor, O'Brien, who takes office for one year on January first, for his utterances during the campaign have already made him a laughing-stock in the city. There has also been refreshing frankness on the part of leading Republicans like Nicholas Murray Butler and Charles H. Tuttle, who have said that the local Republican organization must be reformed and reorganized if anybody is to have any respect whatever for it and for its alleged anti-Tammany campaigns. Samuel Seabury put it correctly several weeks ago when he declared that there was no moral difference between the two organizations, the Democratic and the Republican. This, as our readers are aware, is what *The Nation* has been saying for many years past. But while we welcome the many evidences that Mayor McKee may be able to lead a very substantial revolt against Tammany, of a character to compel the immediate support of the President-elect and the new Governor, if not of Alfred E. Smith, we do not overlook the fact that there can be no genuine conquest of Tammany Hall until a radical reorganization of the city government is advocated and put into effect. No halfway measures will do, and no mere temporary outburst of civic anger will succeed, for the city will once more slip into the clutches of Tammany Hall when the indignation has spent itself.

**T**HE NATION ADDS ITS PROTEST to that of the American Civil Liberties Union and eleven distinguished Americans who have written to the Georgia Prison Commission to demand an explanation of the degrading and inhuman practices found in Georgia prisons and prison camps by John L. Spivak and described in his recent book "Georgia Nigger." Mr. Spivak has published documents and photographs to support his charges. He discovered convicts suspended in stocks by wrists and ankles; convicts "put in barrels"; convicts trussed up and "restricted of movement"—one photograph shows a boy with a pick handle thrust between his bound wrists and ankles; convicts subjected to "stretching," a torture which involves pulling the victim's arms apart as far as possible by ropes attached to his handcuffs and lashed to posts; convicts shackled and suffering from "shackle poison" caused by the irons riveted around the ankles working into the flesh; convicts in iron collars, chained to their bunks. Beatings, unexplained deaths, men forced to work while ill, men denied medical care—such practices and more are included in this record of medieval torture. The letter to the State commissioners asks whether they regard these brutalities as legal and, if not, whether they are prepared to stop them. It hints, too, at the possibility of federal court action against the State of Georgia for violation of the constitutional guaranty against "cruel and unusual punishments." We trust that the attitude of the State officials is not represented by the comment of one of its prison commissioners quoted by Mr. Spivak. "Georgia," he said, "does not feel that the State owes anything to the convict."

## A Plea for Selfishness

**C**ONFRONTED by the most critical decision that American statesmanship has been called upon to make in foreign affairs since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, our officials have betrayed so shocking a lack of responsibility in their utterances that it seems almost utopian to discuss the wisest action that the United States might take in the circumstances. Our politicians have decided unanimously that it is almost treasonable to breathe the word cancelation. They are nearly as shocked by the word reduction. Only one or two of them have had the courage to talk even of revision, and the majority seem to have set their faces against the slightest reconsideration. In such an atmosphere all those who recognize the gravity of the situation are almost compelled to devote themselves to efforts to head off the most disastrous possible course—that of refusing, after the express plea of two great world Powers, even to reexamine their capacity to pay or any factor bearing on the means of transferring payments.

Such a refusal would be the most ostrich-like policy that even the United States has ever followed in foreign affairs. It would be an implicit admission of the justice of the French and British request combined with a determination not to grant it. By failing even to revive the World War Debt Commission, Congress would be saying, in effect, that we could not trust a responsible body of our own experts not to recognize the necessity for a cut in debt payments—for all the Congressmen who have so far publicly opposed the revival of the World War Debt Commission have done so, not on the ground that this would be a supererogatory and merely time-consuming courtesy, but that it would be "an initial step toward cancelation or reduction." This is a way of saying that any body of American experts that actually examined the case would be morally obliged to recommend reductions; therefore it is better not to look into it. A creditor who adjusts the debts of his debtors on the basis of capacity to pay, and on that basis grants some of them much more favorable terms than others, but who, when conditions have radically changed, bluntly refuses to reexamine the capacity to pay of any of them, puts himself in an untenable position in the eyes of the world.

There was a time, in the discussion of the war-debt problem, when it seemed possible to appeal to American generosity. Responsible observers will now consider themselves highly fortunate if they can successfully appeal to American selfishness. Even the most cold-blooded banker does not refuse to examine his debtor's capacity to pay. He does not shout at his debtor, as so many Congressmen are now shouting: "Pay or repudiate—all or nothing!" He is not primarily anxious to humiliate his debtor, to call him a welcher, to pick a fight with him, to cut off any possible future friendly relations with him. He is primarily anxious that his debtor be kept going, so that that debtor will be both able and willing to repay him as much as he can. This would be the attitude of our Congressmen if they were thinking merely of our self-interest; but the utterances of many of them make it clear that they are actuated to an astonishing extent by pure malice and hatred, no matter how costly those sadistic emotions may be to us.



# Shall Americans Starve?

THIS is, after all, the greatest issue which confronts the United States this winter. We have given, and shall continue to give, a great deal of space to the problem of the debts due us by foreign nations because we believe that in the solution of that problem lies not only one road to the economic rehabilitation of the world, but one method of escape from a future war. But vital as such questions are to the welfare and happiness of the American people and to their standing in the eyes of the world, today the all-important issue before every American is: Shall Americans, through no fault of their own, starve in the sight of plenty?

This question we have put before, and upon it we shall harp week by week until there is relief, or no longer any need therefor. In August last, in a leading editorial, we asked: "Is It to Be Mass Murder, Mr. Hoover?" Since that time the situation has in no wise improved so far as the unemployed are concerned. Nearly four precious months have elapsed and the winter is now upon us with everybody admitting that private relief cannot possibly raise the amounts needed to care for the army of the unemployed and its dependents, who cannot be less than 20,000,000 people—one-sixth of our entire population. According to the *Christian Century*, one of the largest parades ever seen in Chicago was held two weeks ago, by the ragged, the hungry, and the starving, in their pitiful but unheard appeal to their bankrupt city for relief. Day by day they not only sink lower and lower physically because of malnutrition, but they become more hopeless, more unfitted for work, less able again to take their places in an industrial society. And what is happening in Chicago is being duplicated all over the country. In Albany, for example, a ten-year-old child collapsed in school and actually died of starvation, while a brother could only just be saved. There is hardly a public-school teacher in our large cities who is not faced with the horrible task of trying to instruct minds in half-starved bodies. Every hour makes us wonder how human beings can endure as passively and as heroically as do our 12,000,000 unemployed. Every day makes us more fearful that their patience will snap, and that there will be bloodshed upon the streets of our American cities.

Some of the actual conditions now existing are set forth elsewhere in this issue by Mauritz Hallgren of the staff of *The Nation*. It is a temperate article, conservatively written, but it states the facts—facts which cry out to high heaven. Yet ever since Mr. Hoover plunged into the election campaign, there has been no evidence that he has been the least bit concerned with what is going on, save that he repeated during his campaign speeches his statement that "we have a solid backlog of assurance that there need be no hunger or cold in the United States"—a statement unfounded at the time he made it and much farther from the truth at this hour. The debt issue, on which the President has asked the President-elect to confer with him, is obviously pressing in view of the notes from the Allies and the approaching session of Congress. But what we should like to read is that the President and his successor will also meet to discuss how

relief may be guaranteed, how a real "backlog of assurance" that there shall be no hunger may be given to the country. Meanwhile, there is only the assurance that multitudes will suffer and many may starve. The reasons for this Mr. Hallgren sets forth clearly, and there can be no gainsaying his facts. Billions of dollars will be called for to care decently for those who are without food, shelter, or work. The very magnitude of the problem is such that it can be handled neither by local charities nor by our cities, many of which are either bankrupt or nearly bankrupt, nor even by the States.

As we said last August, the Congressional appropriation of \$300,000,000 which was Mr. Hoover's excuse for saying there would be no cold or hunger this winter is a mere drop in the bucket. Chicago's one hope is the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. New York, if Tammany is not frightened into sanity, will soon be on the same road, and unable to pay the salaries of its employees. Philadelphia has again failed to pay. To expect that this can go on indefinitely is preposterous. It will only make matters worse to charge that every hunger march is Communist-inspired, or to call out the troops to shoot down the starving. It is not surprising that some of the appeals that are being made in New York to those persons who still have private means urge the giving of aid as "a matter of safety." Of course it is a matter of safety, not only for law and order, but for the State itself.

We trust that the Progressives in Congress, enormously strengthened as they are by the recent landslide, will lose no time in introducing bills that will demand the necessary sums and make it possible to get those sums through to the actual sufferers in the shortest possible time. We believe that the country will rise to their support. Mr. Hoover certainly cannot claim that his policy toward the unemployed or anybody else was sustained by the electorate. We believe that a whole army of social workers could be marshaled in Washington to testify to the absolute need of federal aid on a wholesale scale. Besides which, there may be a formidable hunger march upon the capital.

We hope that no one at this point will bring up the question of how the sums necessary are to be raised. We are still far below the peak of the debt reached during the World War, and money can be had in very great amounts in the form of loans from the public. A Victory Depression Loan, or an Anti-Starvation Loan, would be subscribed many times over. Is not the Treasury getting temporary loans today at the smallest cost on record? We have pointed out before that if the war had continued another six months or a year there would have been no difficulty whatever in raising as many additional billions to kill Germans as the government thought necessary. No one who recalls those years, or those loan campaigns, will admit for a moment that in 1918 we were even in sight of the end of our resources. The emergency today is far greater, infinitely more worth while, infinitely more appealing, for the objects are not mass murder and the support of a stupid and futile war, but the rescue of American men, women, and children from a horrible and unnecessary death.



## Another Herriot Plan

**A** FEW weeks ago Premier Herriot of France declared he would soon present a new plan for disarmament. He described the plan in some detail. The proposals he offered were not ideal, but they included a number of points which *The Nation* could and did indorse. Now the French Foreign Office has published the program in complete detail and we are thoroughly disillusioned, for the original Herriot program is so hedged about with conditions and new suggestions as to make it quite a different scheme from that which we had believed the French Premier was advancing. The formal memorandum shifts the emphasis from disarmament to the old French demand for security. In short, it is simply another bold attempt on the part of France to extend its political control over continental Europe. Small wonder that the Germans, who looked with undisguised favor on the earlier conception of the French plan, should now so bitterly denounce the entire scheme.

The published plan does propose to abolish the professional armies of Europe by putting the standing forces on a short-term conscript basis, and to strip these defensive forces of their offensive weapons, particularly their long-range artillery and heavy tanks, which might "facilitate an attack on permanent fortifications." The air forces likewise are to be placed on a defensive basis by being deprived of their bombing equipment. With these proposals we cannot quarrel, but the plan does not stop there. It also provides for an international army under the control of the League. Each of the contracting parties, under this scheme, would "place permanently at the disposal of the League of Nations as a contingent for joint action a small number of specialized units consisting of troops serving a relatively long term and provided with the powerful materials prohibited for the national armies." Can there be any doubt that such a powerful offensive military force, if not directed with the utmost impartiality, would soon dominate Europe? There are a thousand objections to the creation of an international army, but the most serious is found in the Herriot plan itself.

At present a unanimous vote by the Council is required before the League can apply sanctions or take other action against belligerent Powers which violate the Covenant. This stringent requirement has long been regarded as the principal obstacle to effective intervention by the League in time of threatened war. Certainly it would be next to impossible to obtain unanimity if the larger Powers or the members of the Council were on opposing sides in any controversy. France now proposes to overcome this difficulty by having the Council reach its decisions "by a majority vote." At first blush this may seem the sensible thing to do, but when we perceive that the majority in the Council would thereby be given control of the League army, we realize what a dangerous change this would be. Nor can it have escaped anyone's attention that France and its satellites now dominate the League and therefore, under the Herriot scheme, would have virtual command of the international army. History records no bid for power more audacious than that implied in the French "disarmament" program.

The Herriot plan proposes, at least by inference, the extension of the Locarno agreements to Eastern Europe.

Boundary problems in that part of the Continent, especially those involving Germany and Poland, appear almost insoluble. Nevertheless, until the eastern frontiers are made as stable as those of Western Europe, there will be constant friction and possibility of war. The Herriot plan also proposes a consultative pact. Of the four conditions laid down by the French memorandum, the United States could probably accept the first and last. The United States could agree in advance that a breach of the Kellogg Pact "is a matter of interest to all the Powers and shall be regarded as a breach of the obligations assumed toward each one of them"; and there can be no question that it is prepared to join with the other Powers in declaring "their determination not to recognize any de facto situation brought about in consequence of the violation of an international undertaking," for that is the very heart of the Stimson doctrine. But it is doubtful whether the United States would agree in advance to "concert together" with the other Powers in deciding upon the action to be taken against a nation violating the peace treaties. Nor does it seem likely that Washington would bind itself beforehand to join in an economic or financial embargo against an aggressor. Premier Herriot's memorandum declares that without acceptance of these points his entire plan "would be impracticable." If he persists in this, it is probable that Washington's almost inevitable rejection of the consultative pact will mean the end of this ambitious scheme.

## The Mills of the Gods

**A** THIRD Indian Round Table Conference is now in private session in London. There were 96 delegates in all at the first Round Table and 108 at the second. At the third meeting there are only 43. Of these, 10 are representatives of British parliamentary parties and 33 are appointees of the Indian Government. Of the Indian appointees 11 are from the states and 22 from British India. In making its choices the Government has apparently favored the Moslems, choosing, from all India, 10 Moslem appointees to 18 Hindus, whereas in the total population there are 77,000,000 Moslems and 238,000,000 Hindus.

The familiar Sapru and Jayakar are present, but Sastri has been dropped. The opposition of the Sikhs in British India is so strong that the Government had to get its one Sikh appointee from Patiala State. There is one appointee for women, a Moslem, and one for labor. The appointee for Nawanagar State is an Englishman, Rushbrook Williams, who presumably will keep the other Indian state appointees in line. There is one Indian industrialist, Sir Purshottamdas Thakurdas, but he has been repudiated by the two important Indian business organizations and has publicly stated that he is going only as an individual. There is no appointee for Burma. A dispatch from London dated November 15 reports that contrary to all British expectations the Burmese, by popular ballot, have voted to remain an integral part of India. That makes trouble for the Government. It must either rearrange all its plans for the new government of India, or try to force separate government on the Burmese. There are no representatives of the Indian National Congress, which is admitted to be the strongest and best-organized political party in India.



These changes are a partial indication of the unrepresentative character of the Indian group at the conference and of the extent of the decline of British prestige and influence in India during the last eleven months. The London *Times* correspondent in Bombay reported that when the Indian appointees sailed, most of them said "that they were merely being invited to sign on the dotted line a scheme which was already cut and dried, imposing provincial autonomy without hope of any concessions at the center." Their suspicions seem fully verified by the editorials, articles, and speeches reported in the British press of the past nine months and by the reactionary proceedings of the recent conference of the Conservative Party at Blackpool. In a speech at London on November 2 Lord Winterton, one of the British members of the conference, made it clear that the new British constitution for India is nearly completed. He boasted that the opponents of the Government in Parliament would be unable to alter it, so certainly the Indian members of the present conference cannot do so either.

The future of India is not going to be determined by this conference or by Parliament, but by events and forces in India itself. The cruelly repressive ordinances are being forced through the provincial and central legislatures and made into permanent statutes, thus insuring a steadily increasing resentment against the Government. The Viceroy has recently refused to permit Shaukat Ali to see Gandhi in jail in order to work out a friendly agreement between Moslems and Hindus. The Government mobilized the pro-British communalist Moslem leaders to block this growing reconciliation movement, which seems to have resulted from a general softening of the hearts of all Indians because of Gandhi's fast. As a result of the Viceroy's refusal the Khilafat group of Moslems shows signs of resistance to the Government. *Sar Faraz*, the bi-weekly organ of the All-India Shia Conference, has announced that the Shia sect of Indian Moslems, numbering 20,000,000, favors joint electorates. It is reported that on October 12 the standing committee of the Shia Conference passed a resolution urging the Government to release Gandhi immediately and unconditionally so that he might help to bring about a settlement of the communal question. Representative Shias, in opposition to the communalist Moslem leaders, took part in the recent conference at Lucknow which tried to reach a settlement with Hindu leaders.

The British "dual policy" in India—repression coupled with constitutional reform—has failed for two reasons. First, Gandhi's methods have helped to make Indians fearless and self-reliant, thereby eliminating the only basis on which the policy might have worked. Second, the policy in action has had the wrong emphasis. The repression has been swift and very harsh; while the reforms have been so slow that none of them have yet appeared, and the probability that their promised substance will materialize steadily dwindles as the months drag on. In all likelihood next year will be the testing time, as the new constitution is scheduled to be finished then and the Government will not dare to delay longer. Meanwhile, behind the façade of British "law and order," Indians of all parties, communities, and classes are steadily becoming more unified, and the intangible forces of opposition to the Government are steadily mounting. The new constitution will not satisfy any but a dwindling band of Indian loyalists.

## Brave New World

SEVERAL years ago one Karl Blossfeldt, a modest professor of sculpture in Berlin, created something of an international sensation by publishing a volume of magnificent photographs entitled "Urformen der Kunst." His subjects were simply the stems, leaves, flowers, and fruits of common plants, but when these subjects were photographed against a plain background and then enlarged from two or three to ten or twelve diameters they revealed a startling beauty of a wholly unexpected kind. Here was a brave new world indeed—one which had never really been seen before until reproduced upon the enlarged scale suitable to the human eye, and one which, strangest of all, seemed peculiarly "modern" in feeling. Seen as his camera saw it, the beauty of these lowly organisms of familiar fields was beauty of the very same formal, abstract kind which much of modern sculpture and modern painting had been seeking to reveal.

Both those who saw this first volume and those who did not should take a look at the newly published Second Series, and, if possible, pay a visit to the Weyhe Galleries on Lexington Avenue in New York, where some of the original photographs are spread upon the walls. Again the subjects are only flowers, twigs, and seed pods, but again the effect is of a new and really majestic world. Ordinarily one thinks of the delicacy of plant life. "Flower pieces" are associated with charm, fragility, and sentiment. But these are the last qualities suggested by one of Dr. Blossfeldt's photographs, which recall the formal carving of the Egyptians. One is struck less by the decorative effect than by the perfection of the structure. Once the flower, the fruit, or the stem has been sufficiently enlarged, one perceives it, not as fancifully elaborate, but as strongly built. Its elements, however delicate they may seem to the human eye, are designed to bear weight and to resist stress. No modern architect could reveal so cleverly or impressively the structural function of his pillars and beams. This stamen crowned with an anther might be built of steel. This stem, ribbed for strength, supports a crushing load. Broken by hand from the plant, it seems weak; photographed ten times its natural size, one might easily mistake it for a column of basalt salvaged from the ruins of some ancient temple.

The German title of Professor Blossfeldt's first volume suggests the theory that the inspiration of the first artists came directly from nature, but in the short preface to the second he wisely refuses to draw any easy conclusions. It would, indeed, be rash to maintain that the human architect drew his inspiration from natural forms even when he seems to imitate them. He may have rediscovered independently these discoveries of nature just as he invented the lever many millenniums after nature had begun to use it in the skeletons of her creatures. But in addition to furnishing pure delight, Dr. Blossfeldt's photographs do raise some interesting aesthetic questions. How purely "natural" does nature remain when so reproduced? When the photographer immortalizes one of nature's aspects and then isolates it within the framework of a photograph, has he not already performed two of the fundamental operations by which the artist transforms his material?

\* "Art Forms in Nature." Second Series. By Karl Blossfeldt. New York: E. Weyhe. \$10.50.



# Billions for Relief

By MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

THE darkest winter in many years, perhaps in the country's history, is in prospect for the jobless workers of America. There has been of late no appreciable reduction in the number of persons unemployed, even if we take at their face value the most optimistic of the recent official statements purporting to show an upward trend in business. Compared with last year, the number of unemployed has increased at least 20 per cent. Even more discouraging is the proportionately greater increase in the number of destitute persons in the country. Many of the jobless, when first thrown out of work and for some time afterward, had homes to mortgage or sell, insurance to borrow against, or furniture to dispose of in return for food; today few have anything left to fall back upon. Last winter a large part of the relief burden was carried by "the poor helping the poor." Today most of the relatives and neighbors of the jobless are themselves approaching destitution. At best they have only enough for their own requirements. Evidence of this is piling up daily in the headquarters of the social agencies and relief committees throughout the country.

In a majority of the industrial communities the need will be more than doubled this winter as compared with last year, and it must be remembered that the money available for relief last winter was not nearly enough to provide adequately for the bulk of the destitute unemployed. Social workers were virtually unanimous in declaring that the relief extended in a majority of cases was merely sufficient to prevent actual hunger, and even then numerous cases of death from starvation or kindred causes found their way into the public records. Last winter financial assistance came primarily from private sources and local governments. Since then we have passed through a disastrous year, the worst of the three years of depression, with the result that many municipalities are bankrupt and many individuals who usually give to their local charities can no longer do so. The greater share of the burden must be carried by other agencies whose financial position is relatively stronger, that is, by the federal government and some of the State governments.

Precisely how many persons are out of work? And how many are destitute? The government cannot reply, for it lacks the machinery with which to determine the exact extent of the unemployment and consequent distress. Even the Department of Labor must depend upon a private agency, the American Federation of Labor, for its estimates of the total number of persons out of work. In his campaign speeches President Hoover mentioned 10,000,000 as the number of unemployed. The Communist Party contends that the total is nearer 16,000,000. Using as a basis for computation the statistics covering unemployment in its own ranks, the American Federation of Labor estimates that there are at present 11,000,000 men and women out of work in the United States. This estimate is probably conservative, for organized labor is usually much better protected than are the unorganized workers. President Green has predicted that there will be 13,000,000 jobless in the country by January. The Department of Commerce has reported, although on very flimsy

evidence it must be admitted, that 1,000,000 new jobs have been created in the last few months. If we take William Green's estimate, and subtract from it the 1,000,000 new jobs which the Department of Commerce believes it has discovered, we find that there will be at least 12,000,000 persons unemployed this winter. The true figure will doubtless be somewhat higher.

How many of the jobless and their dependents are or will be in actual want? This is another question which cannot be answered accurately. Some of the unemployed still have resources of their own or have relatives and friends supporting them, and are not eligible for relief according to the strict rules being applied by virtually all social agencies and emergency committees. Assistance is now being extended almost exclusively to bona fide paupers. If all the unemployed and their dependents were in want, we should probably have to feed from 48,000,000 to 60,000,000 mouths. However, my observations in many parts of the country last winter and spring indicated that at that time there were five persons in need for every three persons out of work; and the records of many social agencies support this finding. This winter the ratio of destitute to unemployed will be much greater. But on the basis of a five to three ratio we find that there will be approximately 20,000,000 persons who must be helped. Provision must be made not only to tide that number over the winter months, but to help them for a year or longer. Although unemployment may decrease in the next twelve months, the cumulative effect of the distress upon those who will still have no jobs—the exhaustion of their individual resources, the piling up of their debts, and other factors—makes it morally certain that destitution will continue to increase at a rate that will at least offset any benefits that may be derived from reemployment.

— How much money will be required to feed, clothe, and shelter these 20,000,000 unfortunate Americans? Perhaps \$100 a year per destitute person will prove sufficient. This is at the rate of \$8.33 a month, or 28 cents a day, which surely holds forth no promise of luxuries for the unemployed. I doubt very much that the independent spirit of the American workingman will be broken down by this sum, especially as out of this amount must come not only food, clothing, and shelter, but also fuel, medical attention, recreation, and the administrative expenses of distributing relief. Of course the jobless can get along on less. I have seen them living on the ragged edge of starvation in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, at a time when no relief whatever was forthcoming. In Williamson County, Illinois, I have seen them trying to keep alive on \$1.50 a week for each family of five, a sum which amounts to 4 cents a day for each person. I have seen them happy to get as much as 6 cents' worth of food a day in the municipal bread line in Toledo. On the other hand, the Charity Organization Society of New York once estimated that the average metropolitan family of five must have \$25 a week to keep itself at the "bare subsistence" level. This is at the rate of 71 cents a day per person. It is difficult to believe that any destitute American can for very long maintain



himself as a healthy and potentially useful citizen on less than 28 cents a day. Many experienced social workers believe that he ought to have from \$300 to \$500 a year, if there is not to be serious and perhaps permanent injury to our social organization. Indeed, these authorities hold that a grave injury has already been done through our neglect of the unemployed in the last two or three years. In any case, not less than \$2,000,000,000 will be needed to care for our 20,000,000 destitute during the next twelve months. That is an irreducible minimum. It is based on the most conservative estimates of the number of unemployed and their actual need.

Where is this money to come from? Certainly not from private charity alone. The idea that the private agencies could cope with the problem was abandoned two years ago. Last winter, according to various estimates by statisticians and social workers, these agencies were carrying between 20 and 35 per cent of the load. In May, 1931, the private charitable organizations in Chicago provided for more than half of the needy families who were receiving help in that community—and it is important to note that many hundreds of destitute families in Chicago were getting no help at all at that time. In May, 1932, the private agencies had all but dropped out of the picture, 95 per cent of the relief work in that month being financed by the public treasury. There is a tendency on the part of the private agencies, moreover, to return to other problems which have been neglected of late, but which have greatly increased in importance because of the depression. These include hospitalization, visiting-nurse services, child welfare, prevention of crime, and "provision against the misuse of the immensely increased leisure time." The private charities feel that if this work is to be kept up they must turn the unemployment-relief work over to others. Even if the various emergency committees now soliciting funds from private contributors succeed in raising as much money as they did last year for unemployment relief, which seems unlikely, these private funds will be proportionately smaller than they were a year ago, because the need has so greatly increased. We shall presume, however, that the emergency committees and similar private bodies can and will provide 20 per cent of the \$2,000,000,000 that is needed.

The remaining \$1,600,000,000 must come from the local or State governments or from the federal government. It is clear that the municipalities are not today in a position to help. A few cities and counties can take care of their own, but the larger industrial communities, including Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Chicago, are unable to do so. Though New York City is facing another financial crisis, there is some hope that \$21,000,000 for relief will be appropriated out of its municipal funds. Philadelphia has again had to withhold the pay of its employees. Chicago's destitute since July 27 have been fed and sheltered out of funds provided by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Chicago's case is no doubt extreme. If all the other industrial centers where unemployment is heavy were in the same plight, the federal government would have to take over the entire relief burden. The outlook in New York City is somewhat less gloomy, for there some hope still exists that help may be obtained from private sources and from the local and State government.

According to a recent police census, there are more

than 900,000 persons out of work in New York City—William Hodson, director of the Welfare Council, puts the total at well over 1,000,000. On the basis of five destitute for every three unemployed, there are approximately 1,500,000 who need help. To care for these people at the rate of \$100 per destitute person per year, the sum of \$150,000,000 would be needed in 1933. According to their present estimates the private charities will spend about \$15,000,000 on unemployment relief during the coming year. This depends, of course, upon their ability to raise the necessary additional funds, for they have not now enough money to keep going at the present rate for another twelve months. The Gibson emergency committee hopes to raise an additional \$15,000,000. Thus approximately 20 per cent of the total amount needed for the city may possibly be obtained from private sources.

The State has decided to allocate to New York City one-half of the \$30,000,000 to be derived from the sale of a special bond issue which was approved by the voters on November 8. The municipal government hopes to be able to appropriate \$21,000,000. Thus the State and city will, if present plans work out, contribute approximately 24 per cent of the amount required for relief. Compared with other industrial centers, New York City is relatively well off. Nevertheless, it seems likely that New York will do no more than meet 44 per cent of the need of its citizens, and it is essential to keep in mind that not all of the \$66,000,000 which private charity and the municipal and State governments may contribute is by any means assured. However, the other 56 per cent must be obtained somewhere, and there is no other agency to which to turn except the federal government.

If we base our estimates on the Chicago situation, the federal government will have to shoulder almost the entire cost of unemployment relief. If we base them on New York, the federal government will have to bear 56 per cent of the cost, or, in other words, appropriate about \$1,120,000,000 for relief. Obviously there is no way to determine precisely how much Washington must contribute, for constitutional requirements, statutory limitations, bonding powers, financial resources, and the proportion of destitution vary considerably from State to State and from municipality to municipality, and all these factors govern the sums that can be made available locally for relief.

The need is great and immediate. It is no longer a question of who, by moral or legal right, ought to be called upon to support the unemployed. The question today is simply this: Who is financially able to extend promptly and with some degree of adequacy the relief that is desperately needed? There is little doubt that the private charities and local governments will do what they can, for they are much closer to the people who are suffering than are the State legislatures and Congress. But these local agencies have not the means or the credit standing to carry on the relief work even on the inadequate scale reached last winter. The credit position of some of the States is still excellent; that of the federal government is the best in the country. While a few of the States can help to a much greater extent than they have been doing, none is in a position to act so quickly and effectively as Washington. From every angle it is clear that it is the federal government's imperative duty to take over the larger share of the national relief problem.



# The Democratic Revolution

By ORVILLE WELSH

**I**T was more than an election—it was a revolution. For the first time since before the Civil War the Democratic Party has become the majority party in the nation. Not only is Franklin D. Roosevelt the first Democratic President in three-quarters of a century to have an actual majority of the popular vote, but the 1932 elections left the Republicans with undisputed sway in only one State—Vermont. Maine already had elected a Democratic Governor and two Democratic Congressmen. New Hampshire elected a Democratic Senator, Ex-Governor Fred H. Brown, to displace the veteran George H. Moses. Connecticut reelected the Democrat, Governor Cross, put Augustine Lonergan in the Senate in place of Hiram Bingham, and elected a Democratic State senate. Connecticut's rotten-borough constitution, under which small towns have equal representation in the assembly with large cities, insured Republican retention of the lower house of the legislature. Delaware elected a Democratic Congressman, the State's only representative in the House. Pennsylvania, the very citadel of the G. O. P., elected eleven Democratic Congressmen and many Democratic State legislators—a rare sight at Harrisburg. The Mellon machine was unable to carry even Pittsburgh and Allegheny County for Hoover.

The new House of Representatives in Washington is Democratic by nearly three to one, and for the first time in history the Northern and Western Democratic Congressmen outnumber those from the South, thus laying the specter of Southern domination in Congress. In the Senate the Democrats are so solidly entrenched that Democratic control seems assured until 1937 or 1939. Of the forty-eight State Governors, thirty-eight now are Democrats, one is Farmer-Labor, and only nine are Republican. In all the huge area west of the Alleghenies combined with that south of the Mason and Dixon line, there are only four States in which the Republicans will have two United States Senators after March 4. These are Oregon, where Senator Steiwer was reelected; North Dakota, where Senator Nye, a Progressive, was reelected; Nebraska, where Senator Norris campaigned for Roosevelt; and Michigan, where no Senate election was held.

It is useless for the Republicans to console themselves with the fact that the party suffered a similar crushing defeat in 1912, only to recapture the Presidency by 7,000,000 votes eight years later. The Republican-Progressive split was obviously the reason for the 1912 defeat. Nor can they point to Al Smith's defeat by 6,000,000 votes in forty States in 1928. Smith's vote represented a tremendous increase over any previously cast for a Democrat; the trouble was that it was concentrated in States which the Democrats in that year had no chance of carrying. But the election returns of 1930 and 1932 show that it was far from wasted.

All signs indicate that, barring a split in the Democratic ranks, the Republicans will be the minority party for a long time. And the greatest danger to the party is still ahead. For seventy-five years the Republicans have dominated the Northern and Eastern States through rotten-borough provisions in the State constitutions which have in-

sured their control of the legislatures regardless of the election of Democratic Governors. This has been the case particularly in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Illinois. In New York Governor Roosevelt was reelected in 1930 by a plurality of 725,000, yet the Democrats were unable to win either house of the legislature, despite the fact that the total Democratic vote for assemblymen and senators far exceeded the Republican. It is no wonder that Governor Moore in New Jersey is unable to make headway with a reorganization program when the State senate is overwhelmingly Republican by virtue of the present apportionment, which gives each of the twenty-one counties one senator and only one. Hudson and Essex counties, containing nearly half of New Jersey's population, are outvoted nineteen to two in the State senate.

But now the day of retribution has come. So great was the landslide of November 8 that in many Republican States the Democrats carried one or both houses of the legislature in spite of gerrymandering constitutions. An outstanding example is Illinois. The constitution of Illinois provides that there shall be a reapportionment of the legislature every ten years after the federal census. For thirty years this mandate has been contemptuously disregarded by the Republican legislature. For the first time the Democrats are today in full control at Springfield, with Governor-elect Henry Horner of Chicago supported by a legislature Democratic in both branches. Reapportionment will be one of the first tasks of the new administration. At present Cook County, which comprises Chicago, with more than half the State's population has only a third of the representation in either house of the legislature. Judge Horner has declared himself in favor of action to give Chicago proportional representation in the assembly but to fix its representation in the senate permanently at a point below that which would give the city control of that body. He would be unlikely, however, to veto a Democratic bill assuring the new majority party proportional representation in both houses.

The Democratic Governor and legislature of Illinois will also have the opportunity to rearrange the State's Congressional districts to include the two Representatives now elected at large. At present there is a great disproportion in population between Democratic urban and Republican rural districts. Under the recent United States Supreme Court decision, discussed in *The Nation* of November 9, there is nothing to prevent the Democratic legislature from redistricting Illinois to give the advantage to the Democratic urban districts; in fact, if they chose, they could confine all of downstate Republican Illinois within one great Congressional district.

In Michigan the Republican legislature passed—and the Republican Governor Brucker signed—a Congressional reapportionment law frankly embodying the attitude that a voter in the politically doubtful city of Detroit is not entitled to the same voice in Congress as a farmer. This was merely extending a principle long applied in legislative apportioning. With a Democratic administration Wayne County is now in



a position to make reprisals. In Ohio, during a long succession of Democratic Governors, the Republicans always have retained control of the legislature through the constitutional provision giving one member of the lower house to each small county regardless of population. The Democrats have now won the governorship and apparently both houses of the legislature. It is obvious that the majority will take steps to remedy the present disproportion; and the fact that two Congressmen are now elected at large will provide an additional impetus to action.

The situation in New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island is hopeless, although all three will have Democratic Governors. In each State the Republicans have permanent control of one branch of the legislature through rotten boroughs. Perhaps the most extreme example of these is in Rhode Island, where two fishing villages can outvote Providence in the senate. On November 8 the Democrats carried the Rhode Island assembly and the Connecticut senate, but lost the New Jersey assembly.

In New York State the Republicans have long sown the wind and they are likely to reap the whirlwind. Secure behind constitutional provisions giving them undisputed control of the assembly, and generally of the senate also, the Republican bosses of the State have blocked progressive legislation more or less successfully for twenty years, despite the efforts of such liberal Democratic Governors as Smith and Roosevelt. This winter, however, the Democrats will control the senate by one vote, and the Republicans will have a bare working majority in the assembly. Reapportionment of the assembly and senate districts has been long delayed, owing to the inability of Democratic Governors and Republi-

can legislatures to reach any agreement. The Republican bills have always contained gerrymanders designed to make certain districts in New York City safe for their party. Now two additional Congressmen are involved, those elected at large on November 8. The Democrats, in control of the governorship and the senate and lacking only two or three votes in the assembly, are in a position to push through their own reapportionment bill.

But the New York Republicans are confronted with an even more serious menace—a State constitutional amendment to eliminate rotten-borough representation altogether and thus abolish Republican legislative rule at Albany for years to come, perhaps permanently. Such an amendment must pass the legislature twice before being voted on by the people, who would almost certainly approve it. It would of course have easy sledding in the senate, and might pass the assembly with the votes of two or three Republicans from city districts. If successful, it would change the whole course of New York political history, and encourage New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island to attempt similar reforms. The Republicans will fight such an amendment tooth and nail because the very future of the party depends on it. Years ago in Connecticut a Republican was elected Governor on a pledge to carry out this reform, but could do nothing. Boss J. Henry Roraback readily admitted that the State was ruled by a minority, but this, he said, would be of importance only if it could be shown that the minority had ruled unwisely. He himself was convinced that the minority had ruled wisely; therefore, no change was needed. Undoubtedly the argument against an amendment in New York will follow this historic precedent.

## Some War-Debt Misconceptions

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THESE can be little doubt that the resolution adopted by Congress a year ago, in which it opposed cancellation or reduction of the European war debts, represents the opinion of the rank and file of voters throughout the country. The average American is generous enough, but he does not see any good reason why he should tighten his belt any farther in these hard times in order to foot Europe's bill for a war that was distinctly its own making. His views are simple and logical, but there is probably no other political question in which the facts have been so completely obscured by prejudice and misrepresentation. Among the many misstatements which one hears made by people who are ordinarily well-informed, the following five are particularly misleading in their implications:

1. *There is no connection between the war debts and reparations.* Theoretically and legally this is true, but it is a quibble which completely ignores the realities of the situation. Both sets of obligations are the outgrowth of "the war to end war," and from that time until the present the two have been intimately connected in the political arena. As far back as 1919 the claims of the Allied nations for reparation were strongly influenced by the necessity of meeting the war debts. The Dawes Plan and the Young Plan were both drawn up with the American debt payments in mind,

while appended to the latter was a protocol, signed by all except the United States, providing for a reduction of German reparations in case of adjustment of payments to the United States. More significant, of course, is the actual financial connection. War-debt payments have been made out of the receipts from reparations, while reparation payments in turn have been made possible by large investments of American capital in Germany. No responsible economist has ever suggested that it could be otherwise, given the commercial barriers which have been erected everywhere against payment in goods and services.

Finally, whether we like it or not, the Lausanne agreement has made the abolition of reparation payments dependent upon our action in regard to the debts. We may refuse to accept the responsibility if we like, but there is nothing to be gained by pretending that Germany will be unaffected by our decision.

2. *The United States has already canceled a large portion of the debts.* The question of what proportion of the debts has already been canceled is largely a matter of definition. From one point of view there has been no cancellation. According to the funding agreements, the principal is to be paid in full with interest. Moreover, since payments are distributed over sixty-two years, the debtors are obliged to pay,



including interest, ■ total of \$22,200,000,000, or more than twice the amount originally advanced by the United States. However, this again is merely a quibble. In some of the debt-funding agreements the rate of interest charged was so low that one is justified in asserting that ■ certain portion of the debts *have* been canceled. Over a period of time the collection of a large sum of money at a low rate of interest may be equivalent to the collection of ■ much smaller sum at a higher rate of interest. The amount of "cancelation" depends, of course, upon what one considers a fair rate of interest. Unfortunately, there is no hard and fast rule which can be applied at this point. Interest rates are determined by conditions on the international money market and vary by a considerable amount from month to month and year to year.

When the loans were first advanced, the interest was fixed at 5 per cent, but in the debt-funding agreements back interest was reduced to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent on part of the debt and to 3 per cent on the remainder. Secretary Mellon on separate occasions defended each of these as ■ fair rate of interest. It should be noted, however, that the highest rate of interest paid by the United States upon its indebtedness during recent years has been  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, while the most recent long-term issue, floated in September, 1931, bore 3 per cent. On the former basis, the present (capital) value of the debts of the fifteen nations which have concluded funding agreements would be \$6,800,000,000, which is over 68 per cent of the money advanced. The futility of placing too much stress on such ■ figure may be seen, however, when one considers the effect of a slight change in the basis for computation. If we take 3 per cent as a fair rate of interest, the present (capital) value of the obligations ■ fixed by the funding agreements would be \$9,200,000,000, or approximately 91 per cent of the amount advanced; and, what is more to the point, on this basis nine out of fifteen of our debtors have been overcharged.

3. *The United States has already forgiven the war debts and is only seeking to collect the advances made after the Armistice.* This statement is in a sense merely a variant of the one just dealt with, but introduces another common misconception, namely, the size of the post-Armistice loans. Let us glance at the facts. Of the \$10,300,000,000 advanced to the Allies during and immediately after the war, over \$7,000,000,000 was loaned before November 11, 1918, and only \$3,250,000,000 after that date, while the funded war debts have a nominal value of \$11,500,000,000, and ■ present (capital) value, depending on the interest rate used, of from \$6,000,000,000 to \$9,000,000,000. Moreover, a considerable portion of the post-Armistice loans represents sums advanced to nations which were formed after the war, to enable them to take over surplus stocks of American war materials or, in some cases, to finance the purchase of urgently needed relief supplies. In the case of the former Allies, the chief purpose of the loans was the protection of American manufacturers against the sudden loss of European orders which had previously been contracted. Like practically all the funds advanced by the war loans, the money was spent in the United States to purchase American goods at highly inflated prices, producing one of the highest peaks of "prosperity" ever known in this country.

While it is true that, taken as a whole, the value of the war debts is fully twice that of the post-Armistice loans, it

must be remembered that there are wide differences in the debt settlements with the various countries. Yet even with Italy, the country most leniently treated, the present value of the debt settlement on ■ 3 per cent basis is greater than the amount advanced after the close of the war. France also escaped lightly, but its debt is slightly greater than the post-Armistice advances, even when discounted on a 5 per cent basis.

4. *Europe's ability to pay in full is demonstrated by the fact that the increase in its annual expenditure for armament since 1914 is greater than the total amount of its debt payments.* It is true that practically without exception appropriations for defense have risen since the war, although in no country so much as in the United States. But it is one thing for France and Italy to build a battleship, and a very different thing for one of these countries to obtain the foreign exchange to make payments to the United States. Battleships may be built merely by levying taxes upon the population at large. War-debt payments not only require increased taxation, but also necessitate the transfer of equivalent value to the creditor nation. If the United States were willing to accept paper francs or lira, the problem would be comparatively simple, but in actuality the transfer of value can only be made in one of four ways—by increased exports of commodities, services, gold, or securities. Since the last of these methods only defers the problem and since the amount of "free" gold is limited, this means, in the final analysis, that the debtor must either reduce imports or increase exports of commodities and services.

An increase of exports is only efficacious, however, in case the creditor country is willing to receive payments in increased imports of commodities or services. This was the basis of England's historic free-trade policy. The anachronistic commercial policy of the United States, on the other hand, has consciously sought to limit receipt of such payments by (1) maintaining a high tariff; (2) seeking the expansion of exports; (3) restricting immigration; and (4) subsidizing an uneconomical merchant marine. The day of reckoning was postponed, however, as long as the United States continued to expand its foreign loans. When this means of balancing international payment was suddenly curtailed early in 1929, debtor nations were forced to adopt the only remaining recourse—a reduction in imports—with disastrous repercussions on world trade and on the contents of our pocket-books.

This does not mean that there is no basis for linking armaments with war debts. In making any final adjustment of the debts the United States might insist upon guaranties that any sums saved the European Powers should not be diverted to battleships and tanks.

5. *The cancelation or reduction of the war debts would greatly increase the burden of the American taxpayer.* There is perhaps more confusion on this point than on any other. While it can scarcely be denied that the cancelation of the debts would throw the cost of interest and amortization payments upon the American Treasury, this burden, with the transfer problem eliminated, would be less than is ordinarily believed. If the payments due in the present fiscal year were to be apportioned equally among the people of the United States, each individual's share would be only \$2.20. While this might seem a fairly large amount to several millions of households during these trying times, it should be



remembered that we are already spending nearly \$6 per capita on armaments and somewhat more than that amount on veterans' relief each year. Moreover, the direct loss of revenue resulting from the suspension of debt payments might easily be more than offset by the increase in revenue which would result from improved economic conditions if the debts were to be permanently written off. It is of more than passing significance, for example, that the decline in customs receipts during the past two years, despite the Hawley-Smoot tariff, has been \$498,000,000, which is \$16,000,000 more than the scheduled debt payments during this period. Moreover, as Sir Walter Layton pointed out recently, the annual loss in the national income of the United States resulting from the depression is far in excess of the capitalized value of the war debts due from all the European Powers.

One must also be on guard against error in the other di-

rection. While there can be little question that a final revision of reparations and war debts is essential to world recovery, it would be folly to assume that there will be a return of prosperity as soon as these problems are permanently disposed of. Revision of the debts is only one step on the path toward economic reconstruction. Likewise it would be a mistake to assume that a solution can be achieved solely on the basis of economic considerations. From the beginning the debts have been more in the field of the politician than of the economist. It is no longer possible, however, to allow an issue of such importance to be determined by the whims of popular prejudice. If our democratic institutions are worth half as much as our leaders profess them to be, there should be a determined attempt to bring the facts before the people so that this important question may be decided on its merits.

## Ferment in the Railroad Unions

By H. M. DOUTY

**T**HERE are rather definite indications that this depression marks the end of an era in the history of American trade unionism. The labor movement will never be quite the same again. Against the obstinate and bitter fact of the increasing insecurity of the wage-earner in a highly mechanized, unregulated economy, a narrow labor philosophy formulated in the eighties loses its validity and its appeal. New tactics and a new philosophy for a great social movement are not produced overnight; these things take time. But there are signs of change. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor, responding to pressure from below, has abandoned its historic opposition to unemployment insurance. And when William Green, president of the A. F. of L., suggested before the convention of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor last September that independent political action on the part of labor might become necessary, he was defying a forty-year-old tradition.

The purpose of this article is to examine some of the signs of ferment in an important group of unions. By and large, the twenty-one standard railroad labor organizations represent the most powerful union group in the country. Of the major industries only that of building is more thoroughly organized. Through their various journals and their national weekly, *Labor*, the railroad unions exert wide influence on the formation of labor opinion. It follows, therefore, that their behavior should have marked importance for those interested in the dynamics of the labor movement in the United States.

The current depression has been deeply felt by the railroad workers. Even before the depression the unions were confronted by a growing unemployment problem. In 1929, when railway freight reached a record volume, the reports of the Class I carriers and of fifteen switching and terminal companies to the Interstate Commerce Commission showed an average for the year of 192,000 fewer workers than for 1923. Since 1929 the trend of employment has taken a precipitous downward course. For the month ending August 15, 1932, the Class I carriers employed 996,319 workers, a decline of 763,234, or 54 per cent, from the corresponding

period in 1929. Many thousands more are working only part time.

On February 1, 1932, a general wage cut of 10 per cent for railroad employees went into effect. This was a bitter blow to the unions. D. B. Robertson, until recently chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association, had said a few months before that "the idea of a wage reduction cannot be tolerated." The cut came, however, along with various explanatory remarks to a rank and file that had been told time and again that wage reductions deepened the depression and made economic recovery more remote. The cut was accepted only after protracted negotiations, and because of the general feeling that it was inevitable under present conditions.

The unions comforted themselves at the time with the thought that the reduction was limited to a period of one year, and that the railroad executives had promised to use the proceeds to provide more employment. More employment was not forthcoming. And it now seems that the wage reduction is to be extended. On October 14, after a series of conferences with a committee representing railroad management, the members of the Railway Labor Executives' Association reversed their previous stand, and agreed to ask their respective unions for power to negotiate on the matter of the extension of the cut. At this writing the exact reasons for this reversal are not clear, but three factors suggest an explanation: (1) the possibility of a larger reduction through proceedings under the Railroad Labor Act of 1926; (2) the desire to preserve basic wage rates by limiting the duration of the reduction; and (3) the chance of obtaining concessions from management.

This hasty survey should show that the problems facing the railroad workers are immediate and pressing. Wages have been reduced; almost half the total number of workers within the industry are without jobs; many of those who have work are not employed full time. Unlike the workers in steel, textiles, mining, and most of our other great industries, the railroad workers have powerful unions. They are able to formulate collective programs and exert collective



pressure. What measures are they taking to meet the present emergency, and what general significance do these measures have?

The unions have taken a number of noteworthy steps during the past year or two. These steps, in the main, have been dictated by the crisis, although some have a more general origin. In addition, there are certain changes in attitude among the unions which deserve notice.

1. There are twenty-one standard unions within the railroad industry. These unions, representing different crafts, must deal to some extent with different problems. There have been in the past many instances of the separatism and jealousy associated with the craft structure. The action of the transportation brotherhoods in remaining at work during the great shopmen's strike of 1922, for example, is notorious. In recent years, however, an increasing measure of cooperation between the various unions has been apparent, a cooperation exercised through the agency of the Railway Labor Executives' Association. The wage negotiations of last year, writes one railroad labor editor, showed that for the first time in the history of railway labor organizations "the twenty-one standard unions were united upon a national policy involving wages."

2. This united action extends to other matters. Over a period of two years the representatives of the unions have been working out a program of employment stabilization. Although in a sense this program is of interest only to the railroads, its effect, if it can be forced through, will be felt throughout industry. The program includes measures designed to protect the interests of the workers in railroad consolidations, to assure employment to an average work force, and the like. Undoubtedly the chief item, however, is embodied in the Pittman-Crosser six-hour-day bill, introduced in the last session of Congress. The Interstate Commerce Commission has concluded hearings on the proposal and will report its findings to Congress on December 15 of this year. The issue may perhaps play a part in the impending wage negotiations between the unions and the carriers. The unions will unquestionably push the measure. It represents a clear and simple way to relieve partially the terrible burden of railroad unemployment, and it is, moreover, in direct line with the traditional program of American labor.

3. In March of 1932 a federal retirement insurance bill for railroad employees, sponsored by the railroad unions, was introduced in Congress. The measure provides that the cost of this insurance shall be carried jointly by the railroads and the men, and it gives an annuity equal to 2 per cent of the average annual earnings of each employee, upon completion of thirty years' service or upon reaching the age of sixty-five, multiplied by the number of years he has devoted to the service. Phil E. Ziegler, editor of the *Railway Clerk*, writes that "the retirement insurance bill is the first plank in the union program of security for the men and women who devote their lives to the transportation industry—a program which embodies also unemployment insurance, dismissal wage, and [federal] workmen's compensation." (A bill providing federal workmen's compensation was introduced late in the last session of Congress.) The old-age pension measure, if it is enacted into law, will represent a highly significant piece of social legislation. The emphasis upon legislative action and the content of these legislative demands should be noted.

4. Even more indicative of the ferment in the ranks of railroad labor is the bill which was drawn up by the Railway Labor Executives' Association and introduced in Congress by Senator Costigan and Representative La Guardia. This bill would create a corporation, the United States Exchange Corporation, with an initial capital of \$500,000,000 provided by Congress and a total revolving fund of credits and capital of \$3,000,000,000. Instead of lending money to starving banks and railroads, this corporation would make loans to the unemployed. Credit to the extent of \$300 for unemployed persons would be issued, with an additional \$100 for each of two dependents. Each unemployed worker taking advantage of the fund would sign a note promising to repay the loan within ten years at a very low rate of interest. This is the plan in bare outline. Its purpose, says Donald Richberg, attorney for the unions, is to place credit "behind purchasing power instead of behind productive power." At a meeting in Cleveland on August 23 and 24, the railroad union heads decided to push the measure in the coming session of Congress. The plan for this United States Exchange Corporation indicates that the railroad unions are trying to exercise some general labor leadership in the present crisis.

5. A rather remarkable manifesto was issued by the Railway Labor Executives' Association at the Cleveland meeting referred to above. The statement called for temporary government control of all railroads, industry, and public utilities. "We advocate a civil mobilization, under civil authority," the statement reads, "to organize our resources for national defense against the destructiveness of present uncontrolled economic forces. . . . It is time to decide that we must use the vast resources of this nation primarily and directly to promote the welfare of the working masses of the nation." The association stated that it called neither for a dictatorship nor for permanent socialization of the industries of the nation.

6. Within the individual unions one finds varying signs of change. In many of the journals, for instance, one discovers a sharper and more militant tone than would have been discernible three or four years ago. But the union which has adopted the most comprehensive and progressive program is the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. At its convention in 1931, the brotherhood called for unemployment and other forms of social insurance, a labor party, nationalization of the railroads and federation of all railroad unions, and other equally forward-looking measures.

Taken together, these activities of the railroad unions are significant, not because the program outlined here is well rounded as a whole or well conceived in all its details, but because something fresh is stirring. The depression has underscored the tragic folly of permitting "uncontrolled economic forces" to dominate our lives. The railroad unions, which are among the strongest units of our pitifully weak labor movement, seem to be breaking the chains which have bound them to an outmoded view of labor progress. The promise is held out of a more fundamental and realistic approach by the union to the problems of our age. "Like all other industries," writes the editor of one railroad labor journal, "the railroads are the victims of economic forces which grow out of the profit system—forces which the owners of industry have neither the wisdom nor the desire to control—and once these forces are let loose they engulf all, the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant."



# Spinoza: 1632-1932

By BENJAMIN GINZBURG

"TO say the proper thing about Spinoza," wrote Anatole France shortly before his death, "one must recapture the accents of Lucretius when he talks of Epicurus. Spinoza is one of the great heroes of humanity. He has taken away from men the vain fear and the vain hope of being immortal, by making them feel and know that they are eternal." Within the limits of a brief characterization, this statement goes to the heart of Spinoza's historic achievement. Spinoza is, indeed, the great hero of modern thought who showed men how to free themselves from the incubus of a divided conscience by turning the conventional rivalry of religion and science into an opportunity and a challenge for the affirmative, joyful rededication of human values. With bold and direct strokes which still leave the spiritually timid gasping for breath, he swept away the whole structure of the supernatural, recalled the true inwardness of morality and religion, and so joined it with the ideal quest of scientific truth that ethics and science became two phases of a unified and clarified philosophy of life—a philosophy truly worthy of the maturity of human powers.

For this great task Spinoza was singularly equipped both by personal genius and by the historical circumstances of his life and education. Baruch Spinoza came of the stock of "Marrano" Jews, who, in order to escape the wrath of the inquisition in Spain and Portugal, had been forced for more than a century to dissimulate their inherited Judaism under the mask of Catholic observances. Arrived in the free air of Amsterdam, they undertook at once to relearn the ritual and dogmas of their old faith, a task which did not, however, proceed altogether without incident. The tragedy of the Marrano, Uriel da Costa, who had actually held office in the Catholic church and who in his attempts to relearn the ways of Judaism was twice excommunicated by the Jews for heresy, shows how unsettled was the Jewish tradition in the Marrano community of Amsterdam. The shaken character of the tradition explains the bitterness of the community in resorting to excommunication against the youthful Spinoza, heralded by the rabbis as their most brilliant rabbinical student and as "a light of Israel"; but it also helps to explain the still more extraordinary fact, of how Spinoza in the unfolding of his education could so thoroughly have mastered Jewish doctrine and yet have escaped the spiritual astigmatism which every sectarian religion tends to impose. Quite apart from his contact with modern science and philosophy, which imparted method and clarification to his thought, Spinoza represents a unique religious phenomenon, an attempt to see the meaning of religion in its universal essence, free from the distortions of nationalistic creeds and free from the symbols of imagination and myth: this phenomenon is explained—in so far as social circumstances can at all explain the expressions of individual genius—by the peculiar conditions of the Amsterdam Jewish community.

When he was excommunicated by the synagogue, Spinoza declared that the act would not make him do anything but what he had previously determined. Indeed, he spent the rest of his short life in living out as remarkable an epic

as any that the annals of philosophy have produced. Socrates at the close of his life died for the truth. But here was a solitary and penniless consumptive philosopher, shunned by the Jews as a black sheep and by the Christians as a Jew and an "atheist," quietly plying a handiwork for a living and living for the truth! It would be easy to develop a myth around Spinoza's person and make him the founder of a new cult, were not all this a betrayal of his fundamental message. It is permissible, however, to call attention to the manner in which the quiet drama of his life found expression in his philosophic work and conspired to make it reach heights which it otherwise would not have attained. Any gifted professor might conceivably have written Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." But only one so placed as Spinoza by the whole context of his life and intimate personality could have undertaken and carried to completion so stupendous a work as the "Ethics"—"demonstrated in the geometric manner." It is a work truly *sui generis*, attempting as it does to bring together into mathematical rigor and clarity the whole encyclopedia of human thought—metaphysics, physical science, biology, psychology, political and social theory, and finally moral and religious philosophy—all in so far as they bear upon the problem of the practical orientation of one's life and spirit.

We say "attempting to bring into mathematical rigor and clarity," for it has been the misfortune of Spinoza to attract idolatrous followers who take his mathematical form of exposition far more seriously than it deserves and who regard his work as a final bible of philosophy, to be studied with the same mysticism of the letter with which all bibles are studied. In truth, however, not only has Spinoza's mathematical method many grave disadvantages as a formal vehicle of exposition, but it serves also to solidify into a single structure what it is the function of any critical appreciation to break up into two component parts—namely, the fundamental intuition, or enduring message, and the framework of ephemeral historical ideas in which the message is set. A French thinker has ably remarked in this connection that Spinoza's philosophy "is perhaps the sole example of a religious doctrine which remains unshaken after the collapse of the entire metaphysical scaffolding which incases it."

The fundamental moral and religious intuition of Spinoza turns on the fact that what is accomplished by the state with its apparatus of rewards and punishments, and by institutional religion with its apparatus of the supernatural, is a process of the self-education of the human spirit. Most men, says Spinoza, look upon the law as a command from the outside and obey it only to escape punishment or in the hope of gaining a reward. The wise man, however, sees it as an internal necessity of human nature, and obeys it spontaneously and with joy as being in a certain sense his own command. He also sees that in the case of the common man the process of obedience by fear and hope reflects a slow and grudging acceptance of that which he some day will recognize as an internally necessary law.

Now when we pass from the law to the sanctions



of morality and religion, which especially for the carnal man must promise everlasting celestial rewards and punishments in return for any serious restraints on his worldly pleasures, there, too, Spinoza feels that the movement of supernatural thought, with its series of contracts with hypostasized external gods, really represents a semi-conscious, imaginative process of spiritual self-legislation and education toward generosity. The philosopher, instead of stopping at the stage of conventional religion, where a personal god promises rewards and punishments beyond the grave as a quid pro quo for a moral life in this world, seizes by direct intuition the rhythm and goal of the whole process of religious thought, as the mathematician seizes the law and limit of a mathematical series when enough individual terms are given. There is no external god; there is no life after death; there are no supernatural rewards: God is within us, and virtue is its own reward in the new and more perfect life, the life of eternity it opens to us.

This does not mean that man is his own god or makes his own god, as our contemporary "religious humanists" would like to maintain. Such a proposition would mean falling back upon that biological anthropocentrism, upon that chaotic picture of the universe in terms of individual bodies and self-contained appetites, which even the religious imagination learns gradually to surpass. No; once we have learned, however formally and however partially, to ascend to the level of spiritual activity, we must find ultimate reality not in man and in what is given to the senses, but in the principle of completed being involved in the dialectical unfolding of human experience, in the being which is both in and beyond us but never outside us—in God, "without whom nothing can be, nor be conceived."

Such is Spinoza's much-abused pantheism. Its practical consequence is to make possible a mellow humanism and a mellow naturalism in ethics through emphasizing the immanence of spirituality and idealism in the natural context, where conventional religion, misled by the clumsiness of its imaginative reasoning, substitutes two transcendent worlds, the world of body and the world of spirit. For Spinoza the whole visible world emanates, at different degrees of being and perfection, from the essence of God. Human bodily existence is also in a sense divine, but it is only in the contrast between concrete organic life and the higher but more abstract mental functions that the problem of the progress of being arises, and it is in that locus, through the free legislative powers of the higher faculties, that the problem must be solved. Ethics is not a negation of living, but is a progress to a more abundant life.

With such a conception of ethics and religion, Spinoza's philosophy not only had nothing to fear from science but actually sharpened itself by contact with scientific experience. The side of science that struck Spinoza was the side that had formerly struck Plato, namely, the drive for ideal intelligibility characteristic especially of mathematics but in a larger sense dominating scientific work in general. It is this ideal drive which makes science akin to the other value functions of the human spirit, such as ethics, aesthetics, and religion. So parallel is the rhythm between these activities that Spinoza, whenever he is thinking in ethical terms, has the habit of choosing his illustrations, for the sake of their precision, from mathematics. To illustrate the pure movement of ethical spirituality which absorbs itself selflessly in its

object, he uses the example of the mathematician, to whom the relations of simple numbers are given in a flash without the mediation of deductive reasoning.

But what about the concept of blind, static matter on which modern physical science has erected such a cold and cheerless conception of the universe? On this point the definitive answer of Spinoza was never given in his works, and it doubtless needed the reflective criticism of a Kant before the answer could be made completely clear. For Kant it was who, coming after the full crystallization of modern scientific method, first showed that physical science does not and cannot give the final laws of the universe, but represents a progressive application of rational hypothesis to the phenomena as presented in human sense-experience—in other words, that the laws of science in regard to sense-experience are analogous to the moral commands which man imposes upon and adapts to the organization of his desires. This answer is, however, implicit in Spinoza's conception of intellectual truth and of ultimate reality. The truth that the system of science expresses is a partial and abstract intellectual effort applied to a reality which is in itself a partial manifestation of an ultimate principle. The system of science is both objectively and subjectively a revelation of God and God's laws, but precisely because it is partial it cannot be exhaustive and exclusive: the being of God supports other values and other quests equally with science.

It is perhaps here, in the insistence of Spinoza that we should be able to move from science to ethics and from ethics to science as from truth to truth, that lies the greatest application of Spinoza's philosophy to the problems of today. In the present turmoil of Western civilization it has become increasingly obvious that there is something wrong with our frenzied cultivation of physical science and technology. But instead of realizing that there is nothing wrong with science and technology in themselves, nay, that they provide for the first time in history the possibilities of a clarified philosophy and a rational economic organization of society, many are raising voices of revolt against science and the "machine age" and would lead us back to medievalism and to the so-called "spiritualism" of the East. As if a true and balanced spiritualism could long maintain itself without a science to clarify the mind and machines to feed the body!

At the other extreme are those who, in their concentration upon an immediate social program, are ready to conceive of society and man as so much inanimate material to be molded by a mechanico-technical experiment. They forget that there would be no need and no reason to make that experiment if man were merely passive clay; and that the very aspiration for reform presupposes the freedom of the spirit as the ultimate aim of all progress and as the source of idealism and intelligence which makes that progress possible.

Given the complex nature of man, which makes him a biological organism with exclusive appetites, a mind capable of science and ideals, and withal a unity of body and mind, it is only by distinguishing and consciously harmonizing the various orders of human existence and the various functions of his mental outlook that he can hope to make intelligent progress and not be wrecked by the very wealth and abundance of his talents. In searching for the way to that progress we may still utilize those marvelous philosophic lenses which the solitary Spinoza ground at The Hague well-nigh three centuries ago.



# Is It Fun to Be Hungry?

By JESSIE R. McALLISTER

I THINK it was a Texas newspaperman who wrote an editorial entitled I Like the Depression which has been widely quoted in the press. This man—evidently in better than average circumstances, one of the well-to-do in his city before the depression—has tried very hard to make a silken purse of philosophy from a sow's ear of utter and appalling misery. He says he really and truly likes the depression. He says he wants no more prosperity. He says he has had more fun since the depression started than ever before in his life.

Is he hungry? Is he alone? Is he cut off from all the associations he knew? Is he completely out of the line of business he was trained for? Have his children seen first one comfort and then another pass from their daily life? Has the bank, where for years he deposited that weekly pay check, closed its doors? Apparently not. He still holds the same position on a newspaper that he has held for years. He still lives in the same house, sees the same friends, moves in the same old familiar circles. And he is having more fun than ever before in his life.

Is it fun to be hungry? Is it fun to lose your home, your furniture, your pictures and books and dishes? Is it fun to begrudge every cent spent for things one cannot eat and learn that cleanliness is not next to godliness but a luxury reserved in these days only for the folks with jobs?

This man who likes the depression says he has found out what it means to have real friends. We, too, have friends. Even without our material possessions, without any outward semblance of prosperity, we still have friends. They are those faithful ones who see us, talk with us, write to us, believe in us, cheer us, even help us a little unless they are themselves in need of help. He has time now, he says, for his friends. We have time, too. We are rich in time. There are always twenty-four hours in the day. We sleep from six to eight hours, if the restless tossing which fills our nights can be called sleep. We fill in another eight hours with something—anything. If we are women, we sew, we cook, we clean, we talk. If we are men, we smoke and talk. Somehow we while away the hours we formerly lavished, like drunken spendthrifts, on work. The other eight hours of the long, long day are those normally assigned to play. But real play demands a care-free mind. How can we play when we do not work? Read, you say? Oh yes, gladly, if we could afford a newspaper. Magazines? We cannot even have a nickel weekly, much less any of the monthlies we used to buy. Nowadays we filch magazines from rubbish cans. Mussed, dirty, old, they fill those long, monotonous evening hours. Books are beyond our reach.

The man from Texas says he has time now to visit his friends. We don't do any visiting. No one welcomes two adults and three small children, not even to spend a few hours. Week-end trips or vacations are not for us. Our relatives write to us. They seem to remember us, but they extend no invitations for visits. Poor things, they probably fear we might forget to go home again. We entertained freely in the old days. Now all the people we know are

too uncertain about the contents of their own larder to share it with us or anyone like us.

Our newspaperman says that he has made new friends. We, too, have met new people. The friendly splendid woman who operates the local charity office knows us. She is our friend. We need none better. But she has met us at our worst. She never saw us prosperous, successful, unworried. She never saw me with my hair waved, in a becoming dress, with a nice hat; and that rankles in my mind.

Best of all, this man who says he likes the depression tells us he has found out what it means to eat common everyday food. Caviar and hummingbirds' tongues! Does his table these days boast of soup, vegetables, fruits, milk, as well as flesh and fowl? Ours certainly does not. If we have soup we have no meat. If we have vegetables we have no fruit. If we have meat we have nothing else. Common food! How I wish we could be sure of common food, three times every day as far into the future as our minds can travel! Has he ever been given a grocery order, on one certain store, for ten dollars' worth of food with the instruction that that was all he could have for thirty long days? Has he ever tried to obtain with that sum food enough to nourish two adults and three growing children?

And he says he is beginning to love his neighbor. He becomes facetious and casually mentions his neighbor's good-looking wife. At least he has not lost his sense of humor. Our attraction for our neighbor, either her husband or his wife, has become somewhat dimmed by these last nightmare years. Even our attraction for each other has changed. Sexual feeling dies when a man and a woman are hungry, when they watch their children grow thin and pale.

He says his wife has dropped her clubs and he no longer plays golf on Sunday. He says he has not bought a suit of clothes in two years. He says that when he is dressed up these days, he feels dressed up. We agree with him there. It's a great treat for me to put on my two-year-old blue chiffon dress, the only real frock I have left. It still looks modern. And my husband is a new man when he dons the gray suit we have saved from the wreck. But it's our daily appearance that worries us. A pair of shears, much needlework, constant cutting down and patching keep us covered at least. I have not entered the doors of a department store since last Christmas. Shoes are our greatest clothing problem. The children go barefoot, even to school. But our grown-up feet cannot stand that hardship; we have worn shoes for too many years. My poor arches ache in the run-down shoes which are all I have. My husband limps around with one heel gone and soles almost through.

Perhaps the man from Texas would not like the depression so much if it had placed him where it has us. Down, down, down, to a point where we have a roof over our heads only through the kindness of an individual; food on our table only through the generosity of a city and a county; the clothes on our backs only through the pity of friends and acquaintances; while we—two able-bodied, educated, ambitious American citizens, sit idle, doing nothing.



# Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

Paris, October 30

**I**T is too, too funny that Herriot, the Big Brother of the Boche, thought that he was going to put one over on his General Staff, the boss of which is that extremely adept soldier-politician and Bolshevik-killer, General Weygand. Herriot, who let the Germans off reparations, really

**HERRIOT AND THE GENERAL STAFF** wanted to do something—a little—about disarmament, and thus go down in history as the only Frenchman who ever forgot that he was a Frenchman.

One of the vainest and most emotional men of recent times, Herriot's ego has lately been almost comparable with Ramsay MacDonald's. It took some hard work by Weygand to put him straight. The General Staff, which is the most powerful body in France next to the Banque de France, far more powerful than the Cabinet, began to work on him by sending a general of division commanding the area of Lyons, Herriot's home town, around to him at odd hours of day and night, each time with new and horrifying details of an alleged plan whereby the Italian attack on France, when it came, allied with the German, would center on Lyons first of all, blowing Lyons up in smoke, gas, and ashes before M. Herriot could even get out of bed. Also, Weygand is said to have threatened to resign rather than let Herriot present his original disarmament plan. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader who has supported Herriot so far in the Chamber, cried holy murder, but it was no use. Weygand could not possibly be allowed to quit. And the revised French plan which the deputies approved is something to make the mind reel.

The French have a perfectly good case. One might sketch it as follows: They think that the policy of conciliation, as represented by the Locarno treaties, the evacuation of the Rhine, and the later musings of M. Aristide Briand, has completely failed, as indeed it has. They also think, and

**NO MORE LOCARNO** are possibly right in so thinking, that a rearmed Germany will lead to war. This makes a dreadful dilemma. What to do? The new Herriot

plan, one more item in the perennial struggle to get some sort of compromise between disarmament and security, is complex and rather unreal; if it fails, as it probably will, the French are likely to withdraw from the dilemma altogether and simply recede to a take-it-or-leave-it policy. France will not disarm one breath without ample international guaranties. All France has done for five years is give things up and it will not give up anything more. Give the Germans reparations and they demand rearmament. Give them rearmament and they will demand the Corridor. Very well, let the whole mess drop, play safe, and revert frankly to pre-war notions of balance of power.

Unilateral denunciation of treaties, think the French, is getting to be just a bit of a bore. Suppose Spain should suddenly decide to demand Cuba back from the United States! The French have submitted to a permanent numerical inferiority in one branch of warfare, that is, by accepting the 1:75 naval ratio vis-a-vis America and Britain. Why

cannot the Germans accept a similar proportionate inferiority? Are the Germans to get back all they lost simply by asking for it? If they object to the Treaty of Versailles, why did they sign it in the first place? What was the use of winning the war anyway? The really terrible part of all this is that it represents the spirit-will of a nation ethnically desperate. France has to face the worst problem in the world, that of adjusting itself to what eventually must be permanent inferiority to Germany.

There is a good deal of talk these days about "sample weapons," and I gather that the next German move toward rearmament, if and when it comes, will be the inclusion in the budget of appropriations for *one* tank, *one* machine-gun, and *one* fighting airplane. This idea was suggested to Hitler some time ago by an American correspondent in Berlin, and to Von Bülow, the permanent head of the Foreign Office, by a British busybody-publicist. It is a clever way to force a showdown but from the point of view of general diplomatic morality very, very shady.

François-Poncet, the very competent French ambassador in Berlin, is adding his meed of distressing news: the word is going around that he will presently give up his embassy. It is said in Paris, but I am not in a position just now to vouch for it, that he has been received the past few times in an utterly empty room, devoid of even one chair, and that as he stood, Schleicher in full uniform and all the glory of clanking saber and soft-gold epaulettes came in with Neurath and watched, silently, as Neurath handed the French ambassador the documents he had been summoned to receive. Neurath, of course, is the Foreign Minister. Schleicher had no business there. But Schleicher is the boss.

Herriot's visit to Spain was a scramble for an ally. For years the General Staff has wanted an agreement with Madrid for transport of French troops from North Africa across Spain in the event of a Mediterranean blockade, and for neutralization of the Balearics, or even their occupation by the French, if a Franco-Italian war should come. Spain was flattered by Herriot's visit, and there was a good deal of talk on these topics but, so far as I am aware, no actual written agreement. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that for the first time the Balearics are to be fortified.

The unpleasant business of cold cash is impeding the preliminary negotiations for a very important international conference, I hear from Geneva. The World Economic Conference, to the intense discomfiture of the League, is to be held in London. But it is to be held under League auspices and, horrible to relate, with the League paying the bill, that is, the extra expenses caused by moving the secretariat and its files and dossiers from Geneva. Usually the inviting country in a case like this goes fifty-fifty on expenses. This the British have so far refused to do. The difference will cost the League about \$150,000, and the League doesn't like it a little bit. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald needs all the gold at home in these violent, gloomy days.



## In the Driftway

**T**HROUGH the simple, and inexcusable, mistake of writing castor oil when he meant cod-liver oil, the Drifter has discovered two new classifications among his readers—young mothers and the Children's Bureau. The young mother who springs to the defense of cod-liver oil is philosophical and reminiscent, and a little double-edged as well. She writes:

DEAR DRIFTER: Other times other customs. But along with other young mothers I protest that we feed infants not castor oil daily but cod-liver oil. It is true, however, that cod-liver oil is not generally considered more palatable than castor oil. Still, I always thought a "pleasant taste" was subjective and lay in our own attitude rather than in some objective pleasantness of the thing itself. I recall that my own reaction to cod-liver oil when I first had it as a child of nine was largely influenced by hearing my mother tell all listeners that the poor child had to take cod-liver oil.

The current determination to administer cod-liver oil with a smile is of course humorous because of the inward shuddering of the smiling mother. But at least it gives the child a chance to like it if he wants to. My own one-year-old accepts his with as much pleasure as his stewed fruit. Whether this lack of discrimination will be corrected when he is of an age to understand the comments of observing adults I cannot say. I can only say I envy him his ability to find pleasure in something that present medical opinion makes it convenient to like.

MARJORIE OLSON JOHNSON

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ON behalf of the Children's Bureau, Mrs. Elisabeth Shirley Enochs writes the following protest against the Drifter's careless words:

DEAR DRIFTER: I am glad to set your mind at rest about the matter of administering castor oil to infants. The reference to our bulletin, "Infant Care," in *The Nation* of October 26 lies before me. But the instructions regarding the mother's facial expression were not for castor oil but cod-liver oil, which should be given throughout the first two years of the child's life. Most babies accept it and grow to like it as they do other foods. In fact, cod-liver oil is considered such an indispensable food that it is being specially recommended for children during this period of depression, as you will see from the inclosed leaflet, "Emergency Food Relief and Child Health."

I do hope your readers will not be left with the impression that the Children's Bureau advocates daily doses of castor oil for babies!

The Drifter takes his medicine with a pleasant face. Moreover, he has read the leaflet carefully, and he hopes his readers will have copies of it sent to all the relief agencies they know about. He would recommend sending it to poor mothers as well, but he is afraid that the \$7.50 to \$10 which is set down in it as the minimum weekly cost of an adequate diet, exclusive of cod-liver oil, for a family of five might seem like a cruel joke to the thousands who are living on half that sum or less. It would be better, on the whole, to send it to every member of Congress.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Making the Tariff "Effective"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of September 28 you make the statement (anent Mr. Roosevelt's vague proposals for assisting the farmer): "How any tariff on agricultural products which we export on net balance can possibly be made effective we are not told." Surely *The Nation* knows quite well that in many parts of the world tariffs are made effective under such conditions. One notable instance is the butter industry in Australia, where the local price is held at about 6 cents a pound, plus exchange bounty, above the London price, despite the fact that over one-third of the output is exported. (In the 1931-32 season over half the total production was sent abroad.) Farmers, manufacturers, and distributors entered into a voluntary agreement from January 1, 1926, to pay a levy on all butter produced, the proceeds to be applied in payment of a bounty on export. The tariff on New Zealand butter—shades of Ottawa!—had to be raised to 12 cents a pound to make the arrangement watertight. Of course the scheme will break down if the export proportion increases very considerably, but in seven years it has put millions into the pockets of farmers, mortgagees, cooperatives, and private traders, as those consumers know whose incomes are not adjusted—except perhaps downward—in accordance with cost-of-living indexes.

W. MILLAR SMITH

Auckland, New Zealand, October 24

[In cases of the type cited by Mr. Smith it is of course the export bounty, not the tariff, that is "effective."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Manchuria's Foreign Trade

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article Japan Defies the World, in *The Nation* of October 19, there were certain generalizations which do not tally with the actual facts. The article refers to the drop in Manchuria's foreign trade. While the trade statistics of Manchuria as a whole are not available up to the present, the following official figures for traffic through the port of Dairen, where more than half of the Manchurian foreign trade is handled, may be significant:

	(Silver)
Imports: 1932 from March to August, total....	\$97,000,000
1931 from March to August, total....	50,700,000
<hr/>	
Increase from March to August, total.	\$46,300,000
Exports: 1932 from March to August, total....	\$143,900,000
1931 from March to August, total....	103,200,000
<hr/>	
Increase from March to August, total.	\$40,700,000

The total increase in the Dairen commerce between March and August of this year compared with the corresponding period of last year is \$87,000,000 (silver). Several nations, notably Great Britain, increased their trade with Manchuria. Increases went to those countries which increased their purchases of Manchurian exports, and also to countries which went off the gold standard.

The violent fluctuation of Manchurian currencies is not-



ing new. Indeed, one of the many grievances of native residents of Manchuria and of Japanese against the former war-lord regime has been the circulation of an almost unlimited amount of irredeemable paper money of varying denominations based on various standards. The new Manchukuo regime has already redeemed through the Central Bank \$40,000,000 worth of odd notes and will have redeemed all within two years. A single standard has been established and currency is issued only through the Central Bank of Manchukuo. Under the old regime individual banks were privileged to issue currency at random. The money is based on the silver yuan of 23.91 grams of pure silver.

New York, November 10

T. SCOTT MIYAKAWA

## The Closing of the Bauhaus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "At any rate the Nazis appear to be displaying a sound instinct," says Douglas Haskell in his article on the closing of the Bauhaus in your issue of October 19. With this statement anyone genuinely interested in architecture *per se* should heartily agree. If architectural education is of any importance at all, is there any reason for the continued existence of a so-called school of architecture devoted to the cult of the ugly? The simple-minded Nazis are patriotic if nothing else and no doubt view with alarm the prospect of the havoc which might be wrought in their picturesque towns and villages by widespread construction of such buildings as are likely to be produced by the graduates of the Bauhaus. "The superior art of perfect proportion" of the new school as displayed in their buildings is no more art than that a child might display in knocking a board off the side of a goods box to make a continuous window along the side. "The absolutely competent grasp of functions" is illustrated by the occasional use of a toothpick column to support projecting concrete floors or slabs; sometimes a corner or a whole end of the second story overhangs the wall below by a seemingly impossible distance, apparently for no other reason than to puzzle people who are ignorant of the wonders that can be accomplished by the use of expensively designed reinforced concrete.

According to Mr. Haskell, "the technique or manner it [the Bauhaus] has helped to foster is one that appeals, paradoxically, to those mutual opponents, the leaders of the massed workingmen and the aristocrats of wealth. For the pudgy-fudgy middle class . . . it can have little appeal." While the aristocrats of great wealth of the eighteenth century were building their Blenheimes, the middle classes were building houses that are still distinguished for their good taste and general excellence of design. And many people, remembering Leonardo, Rembrandt, Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Einstein, and some others, are not convinced that the squeezing out of the middle class would contribute to the advancement of civilization.

Washington, November 10

B. C. FLOURNOY

## Help Prevent War!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Because you printed Romain Rolland's presidential address at the Amsterdam meeting of the World Congress Against War, the American committee for this congress asks the courtesy of your columns to tell readers of *The Nation* what this movement is doing. The August conference was attended by over 2,000 delegates from 29 countries, all representing a wide variety of political, social, and religious outlook but united in an enthusiastic determination to oppose the impending world massacre.

The thirty-two delegates from America included Sherwood Anderson, Henry W. L. Dana, Elisabeth Gilman, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Scott Nearing, as well as workers from transport and metal industries and ex-servicemen. A permanent international committee, of which Henri Barbusse is secretary, was set up with headquarters in Paris. A manifesto was issued containing an analysis of the international war situation and a pledge of unity and unrelenting struggle, in all countries simultaneously, against the imperialist war now preparing.

The American committee plans to publish the manifesto and general report of the congress; to route speakers and organizers to principal cities; to create a network of local committees affiliated with hundreds of special committees of trade unionists, veterans' organizations, literary groups, women's organizations, physicians' groups, etc. The immediate need is to print the manifesto and report, and distribute them widely. For this funds are required. That the necessary sum may be raised, friends are asked to send checks payable to A. A. Heller, treasurer, American Committee for the World Congress Against War, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Brooklyn, November 1

HENRY NEUMANN

## In Spite of the Straw Ballots

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Knowing that you will be interested, I am writing to explain why Pennsylvania was in the Hoover column, despite the straw ballots.

Those who answered the various postcard polls did not have to pay a poll tax. Those who went on election day to cast their vote were disfranchised if they had not paid a poll tax within two years. Now the truth seems to be that possibly 300,000 voters in Pennsylvania had been impoverished by Coolidge-Hoover policies to a point where they were unable to pay their tax. So they could not vote. If similar legislation could have been enacted in other States, no doubt Hoover would have been triumphantly reelected by those who still have money and think it "might have been worse."

Pittsburgh, November 14

GEORGE SEIBEL

## Contributors to This Issue

JESSIE R. McALLISTER was in business with her husband until the depression compelled them to give it up.

She is now trying to make a living by free-lance writing.

ORVILLE WELSH is on the staff of the *New York News*.

MAXWELL S. STEWART, author of "The Inter-Allied Debt: An Analysis," is an economist on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

H. M. DOUTY was formerly a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and at present is a regular contributor to their journal, the *Railway Clerk*.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG is the author of "The Adventure of Science."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is coauthor of "Mary Baker Eddy."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN is the author of "The Three Jameses."

KENNETH BURKE is the author of "Counterstatement."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English literature at Loyola University, is one of the editors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.



# Books, Music, Drama

## Shadows of Leaf

By RUTH LECHLITNER

Shadows of leaf, black bough and stone,  
Ghost-cousins to the friendly dust,  
With long and lacing fingers bind  
More firmly than the strength of bone  
The shape of beauty to the mind.

Prisoned by flesh, we cannot think  
How song curves naked from the throat  
Of sharp wind blowing; how the bright  
And crescent lips of flowers drink  
The warm blood in the veins of light.

Rarely beyond the actual flame,  
Beneath the surface pools of form  
Dare the bound senses blindly leap,  
Nor call by any other name  
The Dream that patterns half our sleep.

## Our Superstitious Education

*Education and the Modern World.* By Bertrand Russell.  
W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.50.

SINCE the appearance of Mr. Russell's "Education and the Good Life" five years have passed. In those years Mr. Russell has been conducting an experimental school, and applying the courageous theories in that volume. This experience, one would suppose, would cause him to alter some of his previous opinions. He has doubtless done so; but it is difficult to say exactly where that alteration has taken place. Conservatives would like to be told that experience has compelled him to recede from his extreme position on liberty for the child and complete access to sexual knowledge. His opinions regarding the latter are, however, more decided and outspoken, if anything, than in the earlier volume. On the question of freedom in general, Mr. Russell does, it is true, point to certain necessary limitations, some of which were no doubt suggested by his experience as a teacher. The teacher or parent must insist on a certain minimum of personal cleanliness, on punctuality, honesty, and even on the importance of routine. The last is necessary if only to save the child from nervous exhaustion. "Adventurousness and courage are highly desirable qualities, but they are most easily developed against a background of fundamental security." Disciplinary should extract as much comfort from these concessions as they can; they are unlikely to derive much from passages like the following:

There should be no enforced respect for grown-ups, who should allow themselves to be called fools whenever children wish to call them so. We cannot prevent our children from thinking us fools by merely forbidding them to utter their thoughts; in fact, they are more likely to think ill of us if they dare not say so. Children should not be forbidden to swear—not because it is desirable that they should swear, but because it is desirable that they should think it does not matter whether they do or not, since this is a true proposition.

While the present work is essentially a restatement not only of Mr. Russell's views on education but incidentally of his

broader social philosophy, it is never a mere repetition. Mr. Russell has too rich a mind for that. It is not merely that he is able to state his views with an apparently inexhaustible aphoristic freshness; he is constantly examining new phases of a subject and developing unexpected implications.

He opens the present volume by discussing the problem of whether education should train good individuals or good citizens. His own opinion is that the antithesis is not a false one—that there is, for example, such a thing as the good of the individual as distinct from a little fraction of the good of the community. A certain amount of training in citizenship is necessary for social cohesion and cooperation, but such training is not free from grave dangers: "Citizens as conceived by governments are persons who admire the status quo and are prepared to exert themselves for its preservation." If training in citizenship is in any way shortsighted, therefore, it will stunt the individual in order to make him a convenient tool of government.

In succeeding chapters Mr. Russell goes on to discuss education in relation to heredity, the herd, religion, sex, patriotism, class feeling, communism, and propaganda. His final summary is hardly reassuring:

At present the various factors we have been considering all tend towards social disaster. Religion encourages stupidity, and an insufficient sense of reality; sex education frequently produces nervous disorders, and where it fails to do so overtly, too often plants discords in the unconscious which make happiness in adult life impossible; nationalism as taught in schools implies that the most important duty of young men is homicide; class feeling promotes acquiescence in economic injustice; and competition promotes ruthlessness in the social struggle. Can it be wondered at that a world in which the forces of the state are devoted to producing in the young insanity, stupidity, readiness for homicide, economic injustice, and ruthlessness—can it be wondered at, I say, that such a world is not a happy one?

But this passage is far from reflecting the tone of the book as a whole. Mr. Russell has for the most part abandoned the Miltonic eloquence that he put into "A Free Man's Worship" nearly thirty years ago; his prose now is distinguished by a dry, cool irony, and one of his deadliest weapons is understatement. He describes our present institutions and opinions usually with the aloof detachment of an anthropologist describing the habits and superstitions of savages. And by so doing he makes us feel, more keenly, perhaps, than does any other writer of our age, how close we still are to the savage state, how many of our deepest convictions are really superstitions and nothing more. And he produces this effect, not primarily by denouncing these beliefs, but by asking quietly, as he comes to each one, what reason there is for supposing it to be true. It may seem like an innocent habit. It is really the most subversive and devastating of all habits.

HENRY HAZLITT

## Southern Liberalism

*Liberalism in the South.* By Virginius Dabney. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.50.

IN 1925, when the Ku Klux Klan was sweeping the South, it received its first check in North Carolina, where the president of the State university, Harry W. Chase, succeeded in defeating an anti-evolution bill in the legislature. When it was pointed out to him that this might endanger the university's appropriations, he replied: "If this university doesn't stand for anything but appropriations, I, for one, don't care to be con-



nected with it." Since that time the University of North Carolina, then almost unknown, has risen in importance until today it has not only wrested the educational leadership of the South from the University of Virginia, but it is generally recognized, both at home and abroad, as one of the most influential institutions in the whole country. This result has been achieved in large part through the aggressive policy of the University Press, which has set a new standard in educational publications by eschewing the traditional source studies and other banalities dear to academic hearts and allowing the able scholarship of the faculty free play in dealing with living social problems. In its long list of valuable treatises on one or another phase of American culture, none has been more thorough, more stimulating, or more fearless than its most recent, "Liberalism in the South," by Virginius Dabney.

While throughout his book the author keeps close to the theme announced in his title, the largeness of his theme enables him to write what is almost a cultural history of the South. Liberalism he defines in Lord Morley's words as "respect for the dignity and worth of the individual." Thus interpreted, its ramifications extend from politics to economics, religion, education, and art. All these fields are treated by Mr. Dabney with a cool intelligence and absence of sectional feeling which are worthy of the highest praise. It would be impossible to tell from a reading of the book whether its author were a Southerner or a Northerner.

The first half of the volume, dealing with the ante-bellum period, necessarily covers familiar ground. At the outset the figure of Jefferson dominates the entire scene. Thrice he all but prevented the Civil War: first, when he sought to incorporate an attack on the slave trade in the Declaration of Independence; again, when he introduced a bill in the Virginia assembly abolishing slavery in that State; finally, when his program for the Northwest Territory, which would have forbidden slavery in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, was defeated by a single vote. In the field of religious toleration and popular education Jefferson was, of course, equally eminent. Mr. Dabney traces with care the transference of power from Virginia to South Carolina, and the gradual rise of pro-slavery sentiment, which came to a head between 1830 and 1840 largely because of the vituperative tactics of the Abolitionists. Here he is particularly good in further demolishing the waning myth of plantation aristocracy, although he does full justice to the political ability of the small ruling class. The widespread practice of secret miscegenation he regards as of greater moment than the occasional cruelty of the slave-owners, although he shows no disposition to minimize the latter.

In the post-bellum period his story becomes more complicated. Despite the prominence of "unreconstructed" Southerners, the wonder is—considering the horrors of Sherman's march to the sea, of Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah Valley, and, above all, of the Republican military occupation—that the South recovered from sectional hostility as quickly as it did. But the new issues that have arisen have been almost as tormenting. The rise of the poor-white farmers to power in 1890, while in one way a gain for liberalism, was followed by an orgy of lynching, by the election of political demagogues to office, and by the dominance of fundamentalist ecclesiasticism. These conditions still hold: lynchings have become more sadistic; the quality of Southern office-holders has not improved; the anti-Smith vote of 1928 was, as is evident today, not the result of prohibition enthusiasm but of religious intolerance. Economically, Gastonia, Marion, Scottsboro, and Harlan County, Kentucky, tell the same tale of a judiciary under the control of a reactionary capitalism. On the other hand, the growth of liberal newspapers in the South, improvements in education, and the social criticism of the new school of Southern writers enable Mr. Dabney to end his book on a note of hope.

By and large, "Liberalism in the South" is the story of a

long, heroic, and largely unavailing struggle of the enlightened few against the unenlightened many. To the old-fashioned Southerner the book will be infuriating. To those of a more radical political faith than Mr. Dabney's it will seem another proof of the inherent inability of liberalism to understand or control the sources of political power. But he will be a very prejudiced critic, of whatever school, who will deny the great merits of the book in its own field of history.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

## Frank Norris

*Frank Norris.* By Franklin Walker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

**T**HIRTY years after his death Frank Norris has been adjudged worthy of a biography. At least two of his novels give promise of being of importance to American readers for many years to come, and also have an excellent chance of becoming classics—"McTeague" and "The Octopus." When his work was collected in ten sumptuous volumes a few years ago, it was perfectly apparent that it was a pious but futile gesture, for volume after volume had to be filled with pretty sorry stuff and introduced by writers whose good nature triumphed over criticism. Norris was not a writer who pursued a single, undeviating line, and while out of the ruck of stuff he wrote in his few years of production two and possibly three books (the third book is "Vandover and the Brute") strike one today as important, they are imbedded in a mass of what must be called trash.

Franklin Walker is, of course, in the difficult position of a man who must do the best possible by his subject. He is therefore not able to take a thoroughly critical attitude toward Norris's work. To be sure, he is aware of Norris's lapses, but he tries to convince himself and the reader that Norris was pretty much of a piece, whereas the facts clearly show that he was made up of warring elements. There is no way under heaven, except by the use of Procrustean methods, of fitting Norris into any neat formula. Mr. Walker tells us how Norris absorbed certain interests and prejudices from his mother—apparently a charming and forceful woman—which led him as a youngster fairly to drown himself in Froissart and medieval romance. In the light of his important work, this strikes one as an aberration, and certainly Norris was never greatly helped by having gone through such a fever of interest in the distant past. This interest accounts for the absurd and incongruous ending of "McTeague." Contrary to the dogmatic statement of that great dogmatist Ludwig Lewisohn, Norris did not discover Zola in Paris. He did not come to Zola until late in his career at the University of California. And between Froissart and Zola he had attacks of Kipling and Richard Harding Davis. Even after Zola he was capable of writing Davis stuff for the *Wave*, and by mixing Zola and Kipling he wrote some rubbish about the abysmal brute in man, about he-men and she-women, which definitely anticipated the themes Jack London was to exploit much more successfully and with greater justification.

Norris was a charming fellow and seemingly the best-looking writer America has ever produced. Of that Mr. Walker leaves no doubt. But he leaves equally little doubt of the fact that Norris was not a man of intellect; he was rather a man of feelings, of enthusiasms. He dashed off most of his stuff at white heat, the one notable exception being "A Man's Woman," which he would have been well advised to ditch entirely. He even worked all the months necessary to prepare and write "The Octopus" in a fever of enthusiasm. Born in Chicago in 1870, the son of a successful wholesale jeweler and a retired actress, he was taken as a child to California, attended



art school in Paris, the University of California, and Harvard. He saw the Jameson Raid in South Africa and the Spanish War in Cuba. For a while he did miscellaneous journalism in San Francisco, and for a shorter period he worked at the same task in New York. He was a reader for Doubleday, Page for a few years, and at the time of his death, October 25, 1902, he was just tasting success as a writer. He was also, I think (Mr. Walker disagrees), on his way to "respectability," for "The Pit" points in that direction rather than to the production of more books like his best.

Even granting that much interesting material about him was lost in the San Francisco fire, the fact remains that he is not a good subject for straight biographical treatment. Mr. Walker has done his job competently, but it is rather obvious that a better book would have resulted had a cleverer man handled the materials or had a discerning critic combined biography and criticism in equal parts. Under the latter handling not only would Norris's true importance have emerged more clearly, but we should have learned more about the strategically important period in which he lived.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## Belief and Art

*Experience and Art.* By Joseph Wood Krutch. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$2.50.

ONE who has read Mr. Krutch's "The Modern Temper" before reading his newest volume, "Experience and Art," must be struck by an interesting change in the critic's point of view. The earlier book was built around the thesis that poetry is dying because "poetic illusions" are dying. The author held that certain beliefs are inherently "poetic," and that, since we can no longer believe these "poetic" beliefs (as the belief that the world is the center of the universe), the very basis of poetic dignity is destroyed. In contrast with this attitude he now says, in his Introduction to his newest volume: "Whatever man is capable of believing is potential material for literature." And his volume is built around the ramifications deducible from this shift in position. He relates art to life by showing that art utilizes for its effects the same "premises" as people live by, that the artist moves his readers by exploiting the convictions and preferences which influence their conduct in actual life. Hence, the rise of different schools which stress different aspects of "consciousness" can determine "to a far greater extent than is generally realized both how people are going to act and what . . . it is going to feel like to live." And by this schema, it is generally the work of the literary critic to study the processes of literary appeal and to orientate these with reference to other biological or social processes.

Mr. Krutch tends to situate the appeal of a work in its arousing and satisfying of desires: "In Hamlet—as in any great work of art—emotional anticipations are always satisfied and each hunger we are led to feel is immediately fed." Or again: "Each individual work undertakes to satisfy the emotional anticipation which the spectator is encouraged to entertain." Naturally, in keeping with this, he stresses the fact that the artist works in a kind of "syllogistic" medium, for the artist can only lead people to "emotional anticipations" by working on the basis of the things they already believe and the attitudes they already hold. When you count up to nine, ten is "in the air," but you can put it there for your "audience" only because they concur in your way of counting. Similarly, if people strongly believe that a certain act is despicable, the artist can arouse them to indignation by the picture of a "villain" who commits this act. For such reasons, Mr. Krutch decides that drama and poetry achieve importance and power "when they are genuinely

believed—when the structures that they erect receive the support of religion, of patriotism, and of philosophy."

Such a position naturally requires a different statement of the "poet's problem" from that which Mr. Krutch made in "The Modern Temper." Now, instead of saying that poetry is dying because "poetic illusions" are dying, he seems to feel that the possibilities of powerful and comprehensive literature are limited mainly by the fact that society now happens to lack a powerful and comprehensive ideology, or body of convictions, for the poet to work with. We cannot ask literature "to assume unaided a task which the literatures of other times could perform only with the help of philosophy and religion." Magic, religion, and metaphysics, all helped in the past to substantiate structures of convictions which the artist could tap or manipulate to arouse his audience. But such systems have given way to science—and science so far has done more to obliterate the older structures of beliefs than to establish sound new ones.

Yet, as Mr. Krutch wisely says, there are evidences of emergent new beliefs which may be "humanized" by poets of the future (the critic thus tending to adopt what we might call the "attitude of Wordsworth"). "Crowds carry transatlantic fliers in triumph from the field just as crowds are said to have carried Cimabue's Virgin in triumph through the streets of Florence"—which would certainly indicate that the poet of today who wanted to warm his audience's heart by the symbolization of a hero, yet did not like to feel that he was merely relying for his effect upon a "poetic illusion" out of the past, might find available for exploitation a new belief as to the nature of the heroic (mechanical prowess) just as Homer symbolized heroism for the Greeks by his picture of physical strength (Hercules). The example is particularly apt, and suggests, indeed, the genuine emergence of a new belief, when we recall that in Graeco-Roman mythology the god of mechanical ingenuity was lame, and even in Teuton mythology skill of such sort was in the hands of dwarfs.

Mr. Krutch, rightly, I think, questions those schools of literary criticism which would relegate the enjoyment of poetry to a mere "make-believe" corner of the mind. He holds that art bears upon the coordinates of living in general, giving us those emphases in the imaginative sphere which are relevant to "other human interests," to man's "other activities" outside of art. He upholds the notion of our aesthetic interests as integral to our entire lives, ruling out the once fashionable doctrine of the special "aesthetic sense." The fact that poets can write poems on riding to the moon or that Dante can, though building upon beliefs now discredited, impress many readers of today, has led many critics to diagnose wrongly the "make-believe" aspect of art. If Dante's poetry is still effective, it is effective only because the beliefs upon which it is erected are still effective, some being preserved as "echoes" or survivals (as in our vocabulary of "sins"), and some preserved as contrivances acutely adjusted to constants of human thought (as when Dante, looking up, sees above him Beatrice, also looking up—a symbolism permanently effective because people will forever "look up," and this ingenious symbolization of the process of looking-up by the use of two stages instead of one brilliantly brings the process before us). Similarly, if the poet delights us with a poem On Riding to the Moon, he appeals only in so far as he exploits very real and active "convictions" as to the nature of the fearsome, the awesome, the ecstatic, the invigorating, and so forth. A poet is like the man who cried "fire" in a theater: the man's "genius" resided in the fact that the word was so well adjusted to the emotional dispositions, the apprehensions, the "beliefs" of people in that particular situation.

I can indicate here only the "midrib" of Mr. Krutch's argument, which seems to be in many ways sound, though complicated with some survivals more in keeping with his earlier position. I would take issue mainly with his statement, which



seems to me unnecessarily modest, that "it grew simply and informally out of my own experiences with various works of art." Mr. Krutch is a very well-read critic, and I believe his book profits by his discriminating acquaintance with current tendencies in thinking, particularly as regards the problems of literary criticism when viewed from the standpoint of communication, or meaning, the tendency to study art as a reader-writer relationship rather than from the standpoint of mere reader or writer alone.

KENNETH BURKE

## Washington Muckrakers

*High Low Washington.* By 30 32. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

*More Merry-Go-Round.* Anonymous. Liveright. \$3.

*Washington Swindle Sheet.* By William P. Helm. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

IN a sense all three of these books are muckraking volumes. The activities of individual members of the government are examined intelligently, often irreverently. Mr. Helm bases his observations on information obtained exclusively from the public records. The anonymous authors of the other two works go to numerous other sources as well for their abundant data, anecdotes, and comments. Mr. Helm, fortified with unassailable facts and figures, discusses the care-free manner in which many of our Congressmen and other public servants spend other people's money. "High Low Washington" and "More Merry-Go-Round," both of which more or less supplement the original "Washington Merry-Go-Round," discuss virtually everything else that has been going on in the national capital. Of the two, "High Low Washington" is the more erudite and the more cleverly written. It has the polished style one ordinarily finds only in the work of English journalists. "More Merry-Go-Round" presents a fuller picture, is more boisterous, and surely more American in the manner in which it smashes into the Washington scene with resounding, often devastating, blows.

Unlike the early muckrakers, the several authors do not attempt to prove that political immorality can be exclusively attributed to personal or human weakness. They are not afraid to explore the political system, social environment, and economic conditions which influence the average politician as much as do his own ethical standards. Mr. Helm sees nothing especially corrupt or unethical in "government by commission," but he does try to show how expensive and futile some of the Hoover commissions have been. He does not suggest that Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., was not properly mindful of the requirements of public morality when he investigated the Communists a year and a half ago, but he suggests that the money invested in this "grandiose hunt for a menace that didn't exist," which "cost the taxpayers of the United States \$18,210.95 plus the pay of the federal agents detached from their routine tasks to help track the menace down," might better have been spent to feed a few thousand of our unemployed.

The authors of "High Low Washington" can in most entertaining fashion describe the absurd lengths to which many Congressmen will go in order to get themselves reelected, with the result that "very few of the representatives of the people have time to pay much attention to the main courses of the people's destiny," and then in later chapters they can set personalities aside to look at the current period of "frenzied finance" and at the connection between recent events in Washington and the new economic trends in our national life. As if control of the state by big business had not already gone far enough, they do not hesitate to predict an intensification of the struggle by the great economic interests for control of the government

because of the government's increasing authority over finance and the credit structure. A chapter in this book that must not be missed is the one entitled David and Goliath, in which is told the story of the audacious and thus far amazingly successful crusade of a lone publicity agent against the powerful radio trust.

"More Merry-Go-Round" continues the good work begun in the first volume. For the first time—in *Nine Old Men*—those dim figures who sit on the Supreme Court bench are brought down to earth. To virtually all Americans the justices of the Supreme Court have been godlike in their remoteness, if not in their wisdom. "More Merry-Go-Round" enables us to observe them at close range and to understand why human progress is frequently impeded by the decisions of our highest court. *Muscle Men* does the same thing for the numerous members of the Senate who are always quick to guard the status quo against the encroachments of human intelligence and enlightenment. The antics of Ogden Mills and Eugene Meyer, the "wizards of reconstruction," in trying to unscramble the present economic mess without sacrificing any of the interests of their class are likewise described with cutting humor. The same ridicule, based upon hard and undeniable facts, is used to puncture Secretary Hurley's once lofty reputation. It is this ridicule which makes "More Merry-Go-Round" not only amusing but a dangerous book. If the conservatives of America were wise, they would move heaven and earth to have it suppressed.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

## The Northwest Passage

*The Invasion.* By Janet Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE INVASION" would be a distinguished narrative if it offered nothing but its illumination of primitive American idealism. The preoccupation of novelists and poets in the past twenty years with the epic heroism of our national origins has suffered more than it has profited by the enthusiasm of myth-making. In a desire to translate the inchoate material of Indian warfare, agrarian conquest, and political determination into documents of exalted poetic scale, the volition of the subject matter itself—invariably the central factor in any genuine epic conception—has been sacrificed to the arbitrary schematization imposed on it by authors who were too impatient to master the material of their researches. Authentic American criticism will hardly be forced out of the violent but irresolute ambitions of the average fictional historian. The dignified intentions of novelists from Frank Norris to T. S. Stribling seem destined to frustration through their inability to fuse the objective reality of American experience with a sufficiently persuasive or representative symbolism.

"The Invasion," however, exhibits at every turn a profound familiarity with its subject matter. To readers of Miss Lewis's earlier Indian poems, it has been apparent that her researches into Ojibway history were antedated by an intimate personal acquaintance with it. Her novel thus offers none of the aesthetic condescension which artificializes most books of its sort. A faultless detachment operates without prejudice in relation to the two racial elements presented. They are merged by something stronger than the marriage of the educated young Irish trader, John Johnston, to the chieftain Waub-ojeeg's daughter in the Sault Sainte Marie country in 1792. The fusion is more than incidental to the ensuing record of the Johnston family, down to the death of Anna Maria Johnston in 1928. It proceeds from the sympathy which united the rival races in the Northwest wilderness, and which becomes a steady and tangible motivation throughout the record.



Miss Lewis will be compared with Miss Cather, Elizabeth Roberts, and Caroline Gordon in her conscientious approach to historical materials. She deserves the comparison, but in some respects she will suffer by it. Her book lacks the force of created reality. The unobtrusive but powerful dramatic propulsion of "My Antonia" and "The Time of Man" is missing, and even apart from her sacrifice of purely novelistic interest, Miss Lewis flags at several stages, making the reader wish she had violated her integrity to fact by introducing more conspicuous motivating centers to her tale. She has not even gone so far as Miss Gordon, in "Penhally," in centering her narrative in local personalities, but the Johnstons, like the southern Crenfrews and Llewellyns, have a specific representative quality. They are a complete record of their country at the threshold of the Northwest.

As a chronicle "The Invasion" avoids surrounding Indian life with false pathos as firmly as it avoids the traditional Indian animosity of nineteenth-century pioneer fiction. The ordeal of the pioneer is not portrayed with pity or rugged heroics. "The Invasion," though it stands as a history rather than a novel, is an exceptional achievement.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

## Shorter Notices

*Carson the Advocate.* By Edward Marjoribanks. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

For those who are interested in that peculiar product of civilization, the lawyer's mind, this book offers fascinating material. In the early years of the twentieth century Edward Carson and Rufus Isaacs opposed each other in many of the most important suits in England, and Carson was known as the most capable cross-examiner in the British Isles. His object all sublime seemed to be to make a monkey of a man, or worse—in the case of Oscar Wilde, to ruin his life—to gratify an unintelligent sense of abstract justice, and to win his case. It must be said for Carson that he sincerely believed Wilde's effect on the young to be monstrous, and that he tried to gain for him mitigation of punishment. Whatever Wilde's effect on the young, the effect of Carson on the aged and infirm members of the propertied classes seems to emerge from these pages as at least equally deleterious. In addition to its account of some of Carson's leading cases at the bar, the book deals in detail with his activities in the House of Commons as the member for Trinity College, Dublin, and with his activities in the government as the supporter of Arthur James Balfour. It would have been a better book had Edward Marjoribanks lived to complete the second volume, which was to have dealt with Carson's major work, his leadership of the Ulster movement. The book leaves one of progressive tendencies with an admiration for Carson's skill as an advocate and with a contempt for his adherence, at any cost, to the principle of the sanctity of private property. As one reads, one finds oneself becoming critical of Carson and gaining the impression that the author worshiped him.

*What Men Live By.* By Ernest Dimnet. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Having instructed us in the art of thinking, Canon Dimnet of Cambrai now presents a series of lay sermons on the text "Ars artium regimen animarum," which he obligingly translates: "The art of arts is the guidance of the soul." Comparing our moral life to residence in a two-storied house, he advises us how we can contrive to spend more time upstairs in "reading with a purpose" and "studying great issues" than downstairs with the radio. On the ground floor we are oppressed by the petty tyranny of things, while we may commune above stairs with

the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. These metaphysical abstractions, materialized for mortal apperception as science, art, and ethics, are discussed in a manner curiously compounded of complacency and humility, and with a profusion of platitudes. Inasmuch as the book is avowedly addressed to American readers, one wonders what composite type the author has in mind when he remarks on one page, "I don't suppose you ever heard the name of Scaramelli," and on another page assumes that his imaginary interlocutor is familiar with the verbal idiosyncrasies of Mallarmé and Valéry. Of his *obiter dicta* perhaps the most striking is this: "It cannot be doubted that the Empire State Building must have been predestined to stand where it is . . . it appears to be a final and unescapable thought without which there could have been neither completeness nor proportion. Its presence is so visibly god-willed that we never give a thought to its recency."

*The Savage Pilgrimage. A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence.* By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

A word of advice might well be broadcast generally to the friends of Lawrence: don't be in such a hurry with your books on the great man. Middleton Murry seemed to set the tempo with his indecently precipitate and ambiguous book. From Catherine Carswell, whose "Life of Burns" was a distinguished and brilliant biography, one expected something rather fine on Lawrence; but her narrative falls into the same mood of nervous hysteria. Almost every page flutters with controversy, chiefly with Murry, so that the general reader feels he has been let in on a sort of shrill quarrel among intimates over the garments of the dead hero. Where Murry was obsessed with "betrayal," Mrs. Carswell is on the very opposite side, supinely discipular, and will have it that not in a single item was the master other than right and great. Some details are new and hence interesting to the student of Lawrence, but the book as a whole falls curiously flat—unperceptive, unevocative.

*Afternoons in Utopia.* By Stephen Leacock. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.

This volume is the result of the first meeting between Stephen Leacock, the famous American humorist, and Professor Leacock, the eminent Canadian economist. Mr. Leacock's humor, even at its best, has always been fairly rudimentary. Combined with Professor Leacock's conservative social point of view, this rudimentary humor functions as the justification of the more vulgar prejudices and is definitely not funny. There are a few amusing pages of parody on Utopia novels, but when Mr. and Professor Leacock get together on medicine, education, war, sex, and the gold standard, they are quite sour. Indeed, it may be said that few books that have touched on economics have better justified its characterization as the dismal science.

*Marcella.* By Mariano Azuela. Translated by Anita Brenner. Introduction by Waldo Frank. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

There is real violence and vitality in this novel of prerevolutionary Mexico. Superficially it is a melodrama in the familiar tradition of the Latin-American tale of passion, but the eternal triangle and the several murders and betrayals are given a wider, political significance. The central characters—Marcella, Julian, the decadent landowner, and Gertrudis, Marcella's proletarian lover—are portrayed as representatives of their various social classes, and the greatest emphasis is placed on their class characteristics. The pictures of semi-feudal ranch life are clear and convincing. Anita Brenner's translation, employing modern vernacular skilfully and with restraint, is excellent in all respects.



**Nobody Starves.** By Catharine Brody. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

"Nobody Starves" is the saga of Molly and Bill in Automobile Town, or Outside Looking In. There are millions of Mollys and Bills; change the setting and Automobile Town might be any mill town in the United States. In the good days work was easy to come by; you lost one job, you got another. In short, Molly and Bill get married, being under the curious illusion—sometimes known as rugged individualism—that they have a right to live, to love, and to be happy. Pay is high in Automobile Town; that is to say, Molly and Bill are able to afford a colorless, horizonless existence—a little flat, instalment furniture, movies, a radio, maybe some day even a car to provide the thin deception of escape—and at the same time to put a little aside each week in the bank against a rainy day. But the rain that begins as a thin drizzle soon settles into a steady downpour of adversity and eventually becomes a deluge. Unlike Noah, Molly and Bill do not get a tip in advance. They are washed out to sea, their little boat is scuttled and they go down. Miss Brody has written her story of two babes in the industrial woods in a style that nowhere smacks of journalism, in a style that is lucid, sometimes brilliant, always effective. Her novel gets very close to the American worker from the outside, depicts very vividly the background of flying belts and revolving wheels, the "frozen hell of iron, steel, and noise" with which the American worker wrestles. The bitter winds of mental and physical anguish sweep through the book like the harrowing winds forever blowing down the sterile streets of Automobile Town, cold, remorseless, heartbreaking. For people like Molly and Bill the only hope is in revolt.

**The Fortress.** By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

"The Fortress" brings the Herries family well into the Victorian period. It is the next to the last of Mr. Walpole's carefully thought-out series dealing with the intimate history of an English family. As in the previous volume, the energetic Judith Paris dominates the scene, and the scene remains the same forbidding Cumberland. The characters, incidents, and scenery are all recorded in detail and with considerable technical skill. Every episode seems to have been most carefully scrutinized by the author. Yet, with all Mr. Walpole's literary competence there are numerous lengthy passages that are completely dead, never achieving any effect beyond that of so many carefully wrought sentences. The life of the characters is a matter of accumulated momentum from previous volumes rather than of the personality that the author has been able to give them here. The settings which occupy so much of the book seem frequently to be paintings on canvas. Mr. Walpole's skill is not enough to save "The Fortress" from giving the impression that it is an exercise in the technique of the English monumental novel.

**Uncollected Lectures.** By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by Clarence Gohdes. New York: William Edwin Rudge. \$3.

The lectures here brought once more to the light of day were delivered in 1864-65 and in 1869. The texts are based upon fairly full reports printed in contemporary magazines, and contain a good deal of material of which Emerson made no further use. Mr. Gohdes has helpfully inserted footnotes to indicate what material did find its way into well-known Emersonian essays. The outstanding value of this collection is its revelation of how close to the contemporary American outlook Emerson really was. In no other place is it made so clearly apparent that he was a man of his time. Passage after passage might be cited as typical expressions of American optimism about the future greatness of the country, about the pe-

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- DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.
- MADMOISELLE. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.
- MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.
- SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to a radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.
- THE DARK HOURS. New Amsterdam Theater. Reviewed this week.
- THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely re-written by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.
- THE GOOD EARTH. Guild Theater. Conscientious but none too successful effort to make a play out of a successful novel.
- WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. A very popular sermon by Rachel Crothers.



culiar and unique value of American institutions, and about the superlatively high social standards which the country encouraged.

Here is a great middle class, with its schools, newspapers, books, for each, with the privilege of advanced culture if they choose to secure it, made serious by the duties and necessities of self-support, by labor, by the full scope of moral restraint, by the pressure of all the tension and influence of humanity—a condition far more healthy to the intellect and heart than any policy which absolves the man from motive and responsibility, and connection with the race. In this country no one but is related to that middle class. Everyone knows and values that relation. We cleave to it . . .

A more explicit definition of Emerson's own social allegiance could hardly be expected. It but remains to proceed from this point to a discussion of how he sublimated his basic social loyalty into the well-known forms it took—a task which has never yet been thoroughly performed, though many have given hints and helps to the writer who finally essays the task.

*A Passing America.* By Cornelius Weygandt. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

Cornelius Weygandt's nostalgia for the passing of rural America is a genuine contribution to our folk culture. Among many things he celebrates covered bridges, the chestnut trees, Venetian blinds, log houses, wagons, quill pens, country presses, and the teaching of Greek in preparatory schools. Mr. Weygandt is not merely an ardent Pennsylvanian weeping over the departed glory of a civilization that he knew so well as a boy, nor is he influenced by the lavish passion of a Joseph Hergesheimer for old furniture. He can appreciate his past or leave it alone—all this with a kindly sense of humor that we recognize as characteristically American. His book is written in the style of the local historian whose work is now read and patronized by literary New Yorkers who have bought farms in Connecticut; it is made distinctive by observation as keen as that of a trained archaeologist.

## Music

### European Potpourri

Berlin, November 2

IN the course of a flying trip to Europe, during which I have been able to hear only one opera performance each in Paris and Berlin and one orchestra concert in Paris, I have had time only to convince myself that the passage of time does not always wrap the past in perfumed memories. At least, the perfume of Paris opera and orchestra performances that had remained with me during the five years since I last heard them was not a pleasant odor; and the memory of opera in Berlin hardly more than a whiff of the reality.

It will not be surprising, perhaps, that "Die Meistersinger," as given at the Staatsoper, Unter den Linden, with Furtwängler conducting, was a revelation of almost everything opera should be—and outside Berlin, Moscow, Milan, and Vienna, very rarely is. I am not a Furtwänglerite out and out, and I found many things to disagree with in those parts of the opera I really know; but that an entire performance, including orchestra, singers, chorus, scenic direction, stage manager, and audience, could be a unified, purposeful, and consistently moving affair was a fact I had not remembered with anything like the vividness with which I perceived it from this Berlin performance. There are some better singers at the Metropolitan, of course, and better woodwinds here and in Paris; but in Berlin, believe

it or not, they all seem to know why they are there, both musically and dramatically, during every minute of the performance. Does it seem credible that practically every word of every singer was heard?

Doubtless it was fortunate that I heard "Alceste" in Paris before and not after the Berlin "Meistersinger," though the two opera houses stand on such entirely incommensurable footings that comparisons do not suggest themselves. The Paris Opera is run on a small fraction of what the Staatsoper costs, and its home is in a city where opera is one of a thousand attractions—not, as in Berlin, at the very heart of the nation's aesthetic life. I had lurid memories of fantastically bad performances in Paris and went to hear "Alceste" to familiarize myself with the work—not to enjoy the performance. But apparently the Opéra is as unpredictable as the rest of France; for there was little to regret and much to admire in the chorus and orchestra, the soloists were not too inadequate, the mise en scène was no worse than the stock sets at the Metropolitan (it used to be, and doubtless still is for most works, much worse). There is probably a good deal in the explanation I received: "Alceste" (composed by Christoph Willibald von Gluck) is a great monument of French art and as such revered by all participants; it has only recently been restored to the repertory, and this is an added reason why it has so much more life, as a performance, than "Paillasse" or "L'or du Rhin," exotic treasures at best and much too well routinized for their 245th performances to have much interest for anyone. In Paris as in New York the idea of frequent *Neueinstudierungen* of thrice familiar works—with new sets, new stage management, and an entirely fresh scrutiny of the score—such as occur regularly in Berlin (Furtwängler's "Meistersinger" was one) is unknown.

Another pleasant disappointment awaited me in the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, under Cortot, in the Salle Pleyel. The report that there are no good orchestras in Paris (it was certainly true five and six years ago) must allow at least one exception: the Orchestre Symphonique does not seem to me very far inferior to the best orchestras of America and Germany, though both its virtues and its weaknesses are along different lines, of course. While the strings have the same sort of shallow twang that French pianos have, their ensemble is not far behind that of the New York Philharmonic, though not up to the fabulous strings of the Staatsoper. The brasses are not to be compared with ours. But in the woodwinds the Orchestre Symphonique has a treasure that is certainly not approached by any orchestra I have ever heard outside of Paris; and the program, which included a "Concert dans le goût théâtral" by Couperin, exquisitely orchestrated by Cortot, showed them off to full advantage. It is simply not true that our higher salaries have attracted all the best orchestral musicians; an American orchestra would consider itself fortunate to have the solo flute, oboe, clarinet, or bassoon of the Orchestre Symphonique, let alone all four.

The program also included a long-lost cantata of Berlioz, recently unearthed by his biographer, Adolphe Boschot—the cantata with which he made an unsuccessful attempt for the Prix de Rome. With the exception of one or two bits of striking orchestration and a poetic conclusion, it is a naively dull work. Vladimir Horowitz played that incredibly cheap piece, Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto, and some pleasant French pianistic bits (Ravel and Poulenc) with doubtless great, but to me not very interesting, virtuosity, and to applause of the same tumultuous kind that greets him here. And on a Steinway—on such times has the Salle Pleyel fallen!

I have no space left for the hall itself—more remarkable in its way than the Orchestre Symphonique or Mr. Horowitz, since, unlike them, it has no rivals. I can only hope that the architects of Radio City are acquainted with it; it seems everything a concert hall should be.

ARTHUR MENDEL



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**Drama****Passion Play**

**W**HEN, some seven or eight years ago, Don Marquis published his Biblical drama "The Dark Hours," it received high praise from various critics of distinction. Transferred now to the stage of the New Amsterdam Theater in an elaborate production, it seems merely an inoffensive pageant whose virtues are largely negative. The five scenes of the play follow with little variation the Gospel narrative of the last days of Jesus, and one is tempted to say of it only what one usually says of a dramatization: "I've read the book and I liked it better."

Mr. Marquis's treatment is reverent and understanding. He avoids those pitfalls of bathos which are not easily avoided and he is reasonably dramatic. But one expects that a play upon such a theme shall justify itself by some contribution—by some unexpected twist, some novel interpretation, or some shift of emphasis. Mr. Marquis, however, is content to be unimpeachably orthodox, and almost his only novelty consists in bringing Lazarus to the foot of the cross where he can proclaim, "There is no death," for the purpose, apparently, of pleasing the students of Christian Science. There is, of course, no reason why Mr. Marquis should attempt the paradoxical. A stunning tour de force like Anatole France's "Procurator of Judea" is one thing and a Biblical drama is another. But only a poet of very high order should dare to compete directly with the Gospel narrative, and that is exactly what Mr. Marquis does. The scenes which he chooses to develop are, for the most part, exactly the scenes chosen by the authors of the New Testament, and he hardly succeeds in heightening their treatment.

One can only wonder that he did not prefer rather to elaborate those incidents which the Bible leaves to our imagination. After all, the Gospel narrative picks out only a few scenes for presentation. Dozens of events take place "off stage," as it were, and the imagination of even the most orthodox should feel itself free to deal with them. We know already how Judas behaved at Gethsemane, what Pilate said when he washed his hands, and how the three soldiers threw dice for the cloak of Jesus. But what did Pilate think before and after? What did Judas say before he hanged himself? Mr. Marquis, we know, has pondered the story. All its principal personages must be to him people with histories of their own. Why, then, did he not tell us what these histories are, instead of sticking to the events of which we already have an account generally conceded to be something more than competent. Almost any play could be accompanied by a companion play which dealt exclusively with the things which happened during the entr'actes of the first. Such a companion piece to "The Dark Hours" would be more interesting than the drama we now have. The latter is far better than most of the passion plays of stage or screen, but it is essentially an effort of the same class. Parents may safely send their children; the parent themselves will find themselves waiting for something which never happens. In the first act there is a promising beginning made with the character of Judas but the promise is never fulfilled.

"Music in the Air" (Alvin Theater) is the name of the new Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein musical show. Like its predecessor, "The Cat and the Fiddle," it belongs to the polite and romantic tradition of operetta. I am not myself devoted to the genre, but those who are consider this one of the best examples.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1932

No. 3518

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**T**HAT HITLER HAS AGAIN lost the opportunity to head a German coalition Cabinet offered to him by President von Hindenburg is excellent news. His wavering, his vacillation, and his failure to take this chance to become Chancellor must certainly hurt him further with his followers. He has persistently boasted that he was his party, on one occasion saying: "My will is law for the party, and with the possible exception of Russia and Italy there is no political organization anywhere which is so completely answerable to its leader." Yet when confronted by the offer made by Hindenburg this bold dictator, instead of deciding immediately for himself and his party, spent day after day consulting with this associate and that deputy, only to conclude that, after all, the conditions laid down by Hindenburg were too onerous. No Napoleon here—just a confused and weak demagogue in the process of being deflated. He now declares that he will be Chancellor within four months. Perhaps. But he has told his army of their impending victory so often that this need alarm no one. Meanwhile, the indications are that the octogenarian President will now authorize another Presidential Cabinet and Chancellor to

hold on during a "winter vacation." That is not to be welcomed, for it is after all but a dictatorship thinly veiled. None the less, it seems to us much to be preferred to giving the chancellorship to Hitler.

**T**HE TREATY OF NON-AGGRESSION which has just been concluded between France and Soviet Russia constitutes without question a major contribution to the peace of Europe. Russia first proposed the pact in 1928, but the final agreement was delayed until now because of the complexity of the political and diplomatic problems involved. Disputes between the two countries are to be settled only by peaceful means, each signatory agreeing that under no circumstances will it resort to arms against the other either singly or in concert with other Powers. Each country also promises to refrain from all activity designed or tending to promote propaganda against the political or social institutions of the other. The fourth article of the treaty is directed against economic embargoes or blockades such as the Allies resorted to after the 1917 revolution. The treaty represents an important victory for Russia. Similar agreements have been signed with Poland, Finland, Esthonia, and Latvia. It may now definitely be hoped that Rumania will decide to follow France's lead. In that event Russia will have reason to feel genuinely secure on its western frontiers. But the treaty is also of great importance for France. The Communist press can no longer sincerely accuse France of seeking to head a new war of intervention against Soviet Russia. Moreover, whether or not Rumania enters into a similar arrangement with Moscow, France need not now have any real fear of being dragged into a war arising from local disputes between any of its eastern allies and Russia.

**T**HE MILITARISTS OF JAPAN seem determined to drive that country into bankruptcy. They have forced upon the government the largest budget in Japan's history. "Swollen by the extraordinary demands of the army and the navy, chiefly in connection with Manchuria," to quote the Associated Press, the expenditures planned for the next fiscal year total \$447,800,000. But this tells only half the tale. The budget provides for revenues estimated at only \$268,400,000. The prospective deficit will be met, or so the Cabinet hopes, by floating new bond issues. Japan will simply be courting disaster if it insists on increasing its already tremendous national debt. The present low value of the yen shows what immense financial difficulties Japan is facing even without this added burden. Incidentally, the fall of the yen began with the occupation of Manchuria. It is today being quoted at 20 cents, or approximately 40 per cent of its par value. The bankers, business men, and newspapers have been virtually unanimous in warning the militarists against increasing the military items in the budget. The president of the Japan Chamber of Commerce asserted that the present policy was leading the country toward currency inflation and economic collapse. But the army and navy leaders have paid not the slightest heed to these warnings.



ANDREW W. MELLON expressed himself in a Thanksgiving Day speech in London as being thankful that despite the hard times there had been no "violence and upheaval" in this country. He said that the people of the United States had "weathered the storm remarkably well." On the same day several hundred thousand destitute people in New York City also gave thanks, but of another kind. The charitable organizations had made a special effort to see that every needy person in the city was given a holiday meal. On that day at least the destitute unemployed did not have to go hungry. It is true that there has been no great or violent social upheaval in the United States. Nevertheless, there has been considerable violence. Only recently Minneapolis and Cleveland witnessed serious hunger riots on the same day, and similar disturbances have taken place within the last few months in Chicago, St. Louis, and elsewhere. There is perhaps no suggestion of a dramatic upheaval in the increase in malnutrition among school children, but it can hardly be doubted that notwithstanding its lack of dramatic quality this factor constitutes a real menace to our social structure. Since 1930 the number of cases of malnutrition in the New York City schools has increased more than 33 per cent. "We know," said Dr. S. W. Wynne, the Commissioner of Health, "that most, if not all, of the increase in malnutrition since 1929 is due to actual poverty." Hunger riots on the one hand and undernourishment on the other will continue to take their unnecessary toll until adequate relief is provided for the unemployed.

THAT ADMIRABLE PERSON, General Pelham D. Glassford, has announced that henceforth he will devote his brilliant abilities to going to the rescue of the homeless, workless army of boys now wandering over the United States, certain to become a menace to themselves and to peace and order. He estimates their number at no less than one million and it will surely increase if the depression continues. One million? Why, that is exactly the number of those boys who only five or six years ago were running wild in Soviet Russia. Our newspapers were then full of articles about them, asserting that their existence was beyond doubt complete proof of the madness and wickedness and horrible inefficiency of the whole Soviet experiment. Presto, change! Everybody now admits that the wild boys of Russia exist no more. They have been gathered up, and placed in institutions or put to work. Today it is the great and prosperous United States, so vastly superior, as Herbert Hoover has constantly reminded us, to all the rest of the world in the perfection of its capitalist system, which has a million boys roving from town to village to city to hamlet. It is, indeed, a situation to warrant the greatest concern lest this army of uneducated and ill-nourished youth swell the ranks of gangsters and criminals of all kind. General Glassford has found a task worthy of his abilities. We wish him all success in it.

THE FARMERS ARE TRYING by various means to call the attention of the country to their grave plight. The "farm holiday" program having failed, as it was bound to, some are now marching upon Washington to demand that Congress help them. A more arresting picture of their difficulties is presented in the statistical reports now being published by the Department of Agriculture. These show that the total gross income from agriculture fell from

\$11,950,000,000 in 1929 to \$5,240,000,000 in 1932, a decrease of approximately 56 per cent. The reduction in net income was proportionately greater, for the fixed charges the farmer must meet remained virtually unchanged, the only important exception being noted in the rent paid by tenant farmers. Estimates of farm expenditures in 1932 are not yet available, but farm expenses in the period from 1929 to 1931 fell only \$1,810,000,000, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, while gross income decreased \$4,995,000,000 in the same period. After meeting all his operating expenses, including taxes and interest, the average farmer in 1929 had \$847 available to pay for his own hire, to buy new equipment, to cover depreciation charges and the interest on his investment, and to buy clothing and other necessities for himself and his family; in 1931 he had only \$342 available for these purposes. This year the margin will be much smaller.

THOUSANDS OF ALIENS have lately been deported to their native lands only because they have in one way or another expressed their dissatisfaction with existing economic conditions. The courts, as in the case of Nels C. Kjar, a resident of Chicago who was recently sent back to Denmark, have aided the immigration authorities in ridding the country of these "undesirable aliens" by misinterpreting or ignoring the Constitution. In the Kjar case the federal court drew a very neat distinction when it declared that because he is an alien, Kjar "has not the right of revolution against the United States." Presumably that right is reserved for bona fide citizens. Nels Kjar is, of course, a member of the Communist Party, but he was deported primarily because of his activity in urging the unemployed to demand more adequate relief. That this was the real reason is also suggested by the intensive efforts of the immigration authorities in Chicago and elsewhere to obtain the names of all aliens receiving relief. The relief agencies in Illinois cannot legally divulge these names, but State Senator Barbour has promised to help by seeking modification of the law. "I shudder to think," he said, "what will become of us if we have to feed and house all these people for another fall and winter after this one, and if some of them can be taken back to their homelands, the county authorities owe a duty to the taxpayers to see that it is done." Misguided nationalism could go no farther than this.

JUST AS THE CASE was going to trial, the government suit against the members of the great radio-patent combination was settled by the companies' agreeing to a decree being entered, without, however, admitting the truth of the government's allegations, and with the government conceding that the decree would not be considered as proof that the companies had violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This is the most decisive step taken in enforcing the law since the packers' decree in 1920 and the breaking up of the original Standard Oil Company in 1911. This outcome is the more interesting because it was precisely ten years ago that Harry M. Daugherty, then the Attorney-General, gave to this combination a "letter of immunity." Not until Senator Couzens brought about an investigation of the trust by the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee was the Department of Justice moved to act. Set up in 1922, the combination undertook in the spring of 1927 to exact a patent royalty of



7½ per cent of his gross receipts from every radio manufacturer, who in addition was compelled to buy all his tubes from the trust and pay a minimum annual royalty of \$100,000. This meant that a manufacturer with a business of less than \$1,250,000 was automatically debarred from the radio business. To combat this intolerable situation the Radio Protective Association was formed and fought the case through.

HERE IS A SMALL post-election story that seems to us to conceal a rather large charge of political dynamite: Toward the end of October a country school in Connecticut inserted an advertisement for domestic help in the daily newspaper of a nearby industrial town. The school, like other schools, is hard pressed for funds; the wages offered were at depression levels. The newspaper appeared on the streets of the nearby town at five o'clock in the afternoon; and at 5:01 an application for one of the jobs was received over the school telephone. By ten o'clock the same night sixty-five applicants had telephoned, eager to do the work at the wages offered. Several weeks passed. Election day came and went. One or two of the workers hired through the original advertisement proved to be unsatisfactory and the names and addresses of the rejected applicants were dug out of the school files. One by one these unemployed domestic workers were called up and asked if they still wanted work. Every one made the same answer, which was to this effect if not in these exact words: "No, I haven't got another job. Sure I want work. But I won't work for the wages you offered. Not since election. Things are going to be different now and wages are going to go up." The school is still short of funds; it is also short of help and is likely to remain so. For the workers in that particular town are sitting tight waiting for Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party to raise their wages.

WHEN THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS, convicted of assault, were given another chance by the decision of the United States Supreme Court, *The Nation* welcomed the verdict as offering the opportunity of "a new trial under different circumstances from those surrounding the original one, when an atmosphere of hostility and race prejudice made a fair trial impossible." For this position we are attacked by a representative of the International Labor Defense, who asserts in another column of this issue that our statement serves as an "objective aid to the legal lynchers" and that the Supreme Court decision "becomes a set of instructions to the lower courts on how legally to lynch the Scottsboro boys . . . without violating the Constitution." This seems to us violent nonsense. We believe now, as we did when the decision was first announced, that the Supreme Court reversal will act as a check on the lower courts and tend to minimize the effects of mob feeling when the case comes up for retrial. The editorial referred to was written before the grounds for reversal had been published. For this reason we made no mention of the failure of the court to deal with any of the claims put forward in the appeal except the single one of denial of counsel. This evasion by the court of two fundamental points—that the trial was unfair and that qualified Negroes were excluded from the jury—is attacked by Morris L. Ernst in his "Dissenting Opinion" on page 559 of this issue; and we support his objections with-

out, however, accepting his conclusion that as a result the reversal was merely "an empty, meaningless victory." After all, the right to present an adequate defense—to be represented by counsel and to have an opportunity to prepare for trial—is equally fundamental, not a mere technicality, and is for the first time definitely established in our constitutional law by the Supreme Court's decision.

THE COMING RETIREMENT of President Lowell, long expected, marks the end of a service in his office of twenty-three years. If it cannot be said to compare in achievement with that of President Eliot, it will be remembered for Mr. Lowell's commitment of Harvard to the "house" plan and for his magnificent stand for free speech and academic freedom. Many of his mistakes are mitigated by this championship of what is by all odds the most important matter in university life. If one shudders at the horrible superficiality, inefficiency, and falsity of Mr. Lowell's report on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, one must none the less remember with gratitude that he stood by Professor Münsterberg during the insanity of the World War, and later protected Harold Laski from those conservatives and reactionaries who demanded that he be ousted because he sided with the Boston police in their famous strike, which had such a notable and unearned effect upon the career of Calvin Coolidge. To President Lowell the group of liberal professors in the Harvard Law School is also deeply indebted. Other college presidents would have found it hard to be patient if a single professor's presence in a school had lost it the thousands of dollars which Felix Frankfurter's continuance in the Law School cost Harvard during its endowment campaign. While other college heads prated about *Lehrfreiheit* and then, like Nicholas Murray Butler, drove men out in war time who dared to stick by their faiths, President Lowell practiced what he preached.

RARELY DOES A STATE have so modest, so devoted, and so useful a citizen as Massachusetts had for many years in the late Dr. Henry P. Walcott. Twice acting-president of Harvard, of which he was the oldest alumnus at his death, he was for twenty-seven years an able member of its upper governing body, the Fellows; and one of President Eliot's warmest and ablest supporters. But his activities were never restricted to his university, or to the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which, a chairman of its Board of Trustees, he was for a long period the guiding spirit. Beyond that he gave years to the Massachusetts State Board of Health and the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board. Indeed, he was prominent in every movement intended to promote the public health. For fifty years he wrote portions of the annual reports of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. In 1912 he presided over the fifteenth International Congress on Hygiene and Demography, held in Washington. Men of this type are to be found in the United States not in decreasing but increasing numbers—though none finer than Dr. Walcott. The trouble is that their work, being quietly constructive and the reverse of spectacular, rarely finds recognition in print. We have in mind especially the battalions of self-sacrificing scientists in the employ of the federal government who perform most valuable service, sometimes better recognized and understood abroad than at home—often for beggarly pay.



# Know-Nothingism Wins

TO all those who have been hoping for a genuine emergence from the world's economic crisis, the official American reply to the French and British requests for reconsideration of the war debts must come as a profound disappointment. Legalistic and technical considerations have been allowed to triumph over the most serious economic and political realities.

The official notes signed by Secretary Stimson follow closely the statement previously made public by the President, but the latter is the more detailed. In it the President made six numbered "points." The first is that the debts were created with the assumption on both sides that they were "actual loans which would be repaid." This is true; but our debtors have never attempted to deny it. The second is that "the United States Government from the beginning has taken the position that it would deal with each of the debtor governments separately." This raises a question that is in some respects merely technical, for while it is true that the "capacity to pay" of each debtor may be different from that of the others, the capacity of all of them is determined by the same general factors—the world-wide fall of commodity prices, the shrinkage in foreign trade, and the end of German reparations payments.

Mr. Hoover's third point acknowledges that all debt settlements must take into consideration "the capacity to pay of the individual debtor nation." It is a gain to have the President reiterate this. If nothing else were acknowledged we should be obliged to admit that the capacity to pay of our debtors is now on the average less than two-thirds of what it was in the period from 1923 to 1926, when the present settlements were arrived at. But that capacity merely sets an upper limit. Vastly more important than this is the question of world economic stability—the effects of these transfers on both international good-will and international trade. Unfortunately, neither in Mr. Hoover's memorandum nor in the official American notes do these basic considerations receive any notice.

The fourth point in Mr. Hoover's memorandum is that the debts "must be treated as entirely separate from the reparations claims." Mr. Roosevelt, in his statement, puts this even more emphatically when he declares that "the indebtedness of the various European nations to our government has no relation whatsoever to reparations payments made or owed to them." Few statements could be farther from the truth. Whatever may be said regarding the legal or moral relationship of debts and reparations, there can be no question regarding the psychological, the historic, the political, and above all the economic relationship between them. The United States Government itself made a de facto acknowledgment of this relationship in the Hoover moratorium. Psychologically and politically, France can hardly be expected to ratify the Lausanne agreement, reducing German reparations to a comparatively negligible sum, while we refuse to reduce France's indebtedness to us by a penny. Economically, the virtual cessation of German reparations profoundly affects the French and British capacity to pay, partly because it affects their total resources of pay-

ment, but more because it makes it necessary for each of them to create an export surplus which they did not previously have to create.

When Mr. Hoover goes on to assert that any further debt concession "would result in the inevitable transfer of a tax burden from the taxpayers of some other country to the taxpayers in our own without the possibility of any compensating set-off," he entirely ignores the enormous "set-off" that would be sure to come if the debt-and-reparations problem which has weighed upon the world in the last decade were removed. Those who do not think this set-off would be important should recall the instant rise in the markets of the world when the Hoover moratorium was announced, and the astonishing recovery in our own markets after the Lausanne agreement was reached.

Mr. Hoover's fifth point, upon which even greater insistence is laid in the official American reply, is that the debt agreements are "unalterable save by Congressional action." If our debtors were still in doubt upon this point, it might be proper to remind them of it, but the need for Congressional ratification in no way reduces the President's own responsibility. Rather, it increases it. It would be ignominious for a President to attempt to hide behind Congress's skirts in a question of this kind. He, not Congress, is charged with the initiative in foreign affairs. It is his duty to state plainly what action he himself believes our government should take. It is his duty to state this even if he feels that not a single member of Congress will agree with him. Congressional opposition merely increases his obligation to put his recommendations in their most persuasive and urgent form.

In his sixth point, however, Mr. Hoover does state his own views. He is opposed to any postponement of the December 15 payments; he wants "tangible compensation" in the form of "expansion of markets for products of American agriculture and labor" in return for any reduction of debt; and he favors the revival of an agency to examine the subject. In the first we fear he is merely yielding to Congressional opinion. If his second proposal were carried out it would simply create a new debt problem for the future. The third proposal is sound. Mr. Roosevelt believes that such an agency is unnecessary, and that foreign governments may deal with us through diplomatic channels. This overlooks the great complexity of the problems, and the weight that the recommendations of a body of experts would carry with Congress. Mr. Roosevelt is to be praised for his receptive attitude toward debt negotiations, but his reiteration that the responsibility "rests upon those now vested with executive and legislative authority" is not reassuring. That the legal and official responsibility rests with the present Administration we do not need to be told; but as President-elect, Mr. Roosevelt has an inescapable moral responsibility to state with the fullest force and candor his views on what should now be done. Thus far the attitude both of President Hoover and of Governor Roosevelt reveals an evasion of responsibility and of leadership that must arouse the deepest concern.



## Our Lying Press

SOME sensitive Englishmen have been wincing at something besides our attitude on the international debts. Speaking at a luncheon given by the Pilgrims in London, Viscount Hailsham called attention to the fraudulent character of some of the recent news in our sensational press. He cited especially the pictures reprinted from the *New York Daily Mirror* in the *London Daily Express*, one of which represented the recent hunger marchers in London storming Buckingham Palace. Said Lord Hailsham:

These pictures were taken not in 1932, but in 1929; and instead of representing riots and mobs clamoring to be admitted to make protests to their sovereign, they in fact represented the anxiety of thousands of Britishers when the health of a King was endangered whose strongest throne lies in the affections of his subjects.

The *New York Times* dispatch, from which we take the above, adds that "London papers have reflected the indignation of the British public over headlines in American newspapers during demonstrations of the unemployed. One headline from a Chicago newspaper reading 'London Mob Riots at Palace,' was reproduced as a libel on England inasmuch as the demonstrations were confined to Trafalgar Square, three-quarters of a mile away."

Viscount Hailsham has come into contact with one of the prerogatives of a certain portion of our press—the tabloids. Ever since their appearance they have deemed it entirely within their province to print pictures taken at any time, at any place, and to bring them up to date by the simple process of giving them another label. We could give the noble lord endless instances of this procedure. Usually the Bolsheviks are the victims. Thus last summer the readers of a certain tabloid were regaled with a picture showing the massing of great Red Army forces before the Kremlin just before their departure for the Manchurian border to take part in the then coming war with the Japanese. It was a fine picture, quite spirited and impressive. The only thing wrong about it was that it was actually a photograph of a perfectly peaceful May Day parade which took place before the Kremlin some years before there was any thought of trouble between Japan and Russia over Japan's seizure of Manchuria.

The tabloids have not stopped there. The *New York Graphic*, now defunct, prided itself upon its "composite" pictures drawn by its veracious artists after talking with some anonymous person who claimed to have been present on the occasion depicted by them. This was defended as being "practically the truth" and just what the public wanted. Indeed, Lord Hailsham can think it fortunate that the *Daily Mirror* confined itself to moving the "mob" from Trafalgar Square to Buckingham Palace. It was probably owing to a slight lapse of the imagination of editors and artists that there was not also added a picture showing King George and Queen Mary shaking with terror in their bedroom lest they be hauled to a guillotine.

Being ourselves cranks, and journalists with a highly limited audience, we cannot, however, refrain from expressing our own regret and wishing that our apologies might have some influence across the seas. For the matter has become of serious moment. We are unfortunately headed for a

period of most unhappy relationship with Great Britain because of the attitude of Congress and the government in the matter of the international debts. As we have repeatedly pointed out, our refusal to reconsider them, our insistence upon the pound of flesh, is bound to increase American unpopularity abroad to a most uncomfortable extent. As we write, the daily press reports the French newspapers as "raging" at our refusal to discuss the matter. The present developments seem certain to produce a most dangerous tension, all the more regrettable when one considers the eulogies we bestowed upon our French and British allies during the World War. They were our sacred allies never to be parted from us. The blood of our heroes had mingled with the blood of theirs on Flanders fields. Now, when the whole world is in such a desperate economic crisis as to endanger civilization itself, we consider these selfsame allies to be welchers, if not swindlers—people utterly forgetful of the magnitude of the service rendered to them in their hour of distress, when they had not a pound or a franc left in their respective treasuries. Of course that press to which Lord Hailsham, and every decent journalist, objects, will seek to arouse passion on both sides of the ocean—for in England and in France there are unscrupulous journalists as well as in America—at a time when everybody should do his best to preserve sanity and good-will. The more the pity, the greater the humiliation!

## Naughtiness and Art

IN any age most discussion tends to center around certain pet themes. In our own day sex has been so prime a favorite that it has, indeed, very nearly replaced the prospects for rain as the conventional topic of perfunctory conversation. But like every pet theme it begins at last to show signs of wearing out. Arguments—some genuinely important—have been stated so many times that they can no longer be understood. Words have been reiterated until they have lost their meaning, and attitudes have been struck so often that they have degenerated into conventional poses. One longs sometimes either to stop the argument entirely or to begin it again with a fresh start. What is this sex we have been talking so much about?

That stage in the discussion seems to have been reached and passed in the portentous new symposium entitled "Sex in the Arts."\* Every effort, to be sure, has been made to give it a journalistic freshness. "Are we so liberal about sex?" runs the "challenging" streamer across the front of the jacket, and upon the back is printed a series of equally challenging—if monotonously repetitious—statements: "There is a serious blockage between our poetry and its reserve of sexual energy"; "there is . . . practically no such thing as sex in the motion pictures"; "the serious modern drama in its treatment of sex is timid, squeamish, superficial, and conventional"; "in the latest music neither love nor 'feeling through women' predominates"; "Cézanne's nudes are sexless"; and so on. But curiously enough it remains impossible to answer the question: "Are we so liberal about sex?" because no one takes the trouble to define what, precisely, "liberal about sex" means. Hence the whole discussion tends to go round and

\* "Sex in the Arts." Edited by J. F. McDermott and Kendall B. Taft. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.



round without anybody's knowing exactly what the rest are talking about. Should we, perhaps, adopt the formula of Mr. Marquis's almost forgotten heroine and ask ourselves every night before going to bed: Have I been liberal about ~~sex~~ today, or have I failed? Did there exist "a serious blockage" between that poem I wrote and my "reserve of sexual energy"? Was that nude I painted unsatisfactorily sexless? Did "feeling through women" predominate in that concerto? Such helpful self-examinations were doubtless a regular feature of the lives of Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Bach.

Not all the individual papers are as fatuous as the selected quotations might suggest. Morris Ernst, for example, writes an interesting summary of the present state of our obscenity laws, and John Cowper Powys analyzes acutely the attitude toward sex exhibited in the works of Proust, Dreiser, and Joyce. Indeed, some of the individual authors tend to take a position exactly opposite to that which the plan of the book seems at first sight to suggest. Thus, to take one, Ernest Boyd rails against the tendency to lard biography with more or less frankly salacious details, and declares roundly: "The happiest sex life is one that has no history, and biography is neither more nor less concerned with sex than with digestion." But what one misses nearly everywhere is any adequate realization of the fact that the "problem" of sex in art is hardly to be solved in terms so simple as those used in the statements: "There ought to be more of it," or "There ought to be less."

Several of the authors seem vaguely aware of this fact. One or two even go so far as to imply that the "sexlessness" of certain painters and musicians is due exactly to the fact that the direct expression of their sexual impulses was so little inhibited, and that, as a matter of fact, one generally gets in art less and less of the sort of thing the sex boys are clamoring for as one gets more and more of that frank and fearless attitude for which they are also clamoring. But the trouble with the whole symposium is that such reasonably fresh topics are touched upon only incidentally, while a kind of adolescent gabble goes on and on as it has gone on for fifteen years wherever advanced youth got together for the purpose of startling itself.

Many persons would agree that certain ridiculous taboos are still in force today. Some at least would go so far as to maintain that there is a legitimate place for books and pictures whose purpose is frankly erotic. But few with any adequate understanding of either the history or the processes of art actually suppose that the contemporary artist is suffering chiefly from these same taboos, or that contemporary art would flower into a new magnificence if it began to talk even more frequently and frankly about sex. The question is not primarily *how much* it can say, but *what* it can say, and it seems clear enough that the love poems and novels and plays of today do not suffer by comparison with the masterpieces of the past chiefly because their authors dare speak less frankly. Indeed, whatever limitations may still exist so far as language and situation are concerned, the obvious fact is that the works which push as far as these limitations will permit are the very ones in which the authors have said all they have to say when the "daring" word has been defiantly articulated or set up in type. The time has passed when the most crying need is for more frankness. The need today is for thoughts or feelings or situations which are really worth being frank about.

## Universities and Change

UNDER the auspices of New York University a three-day conference was recently held in New York for the purpose of discussing the relation of the modern university to the changing social status, which marked, perhaps, the climax of the career of the Chancellor of the University, Elmer E. Brown. He is now retiring after a long service, during which the university has undergone its full share of the expansion which has marked our prosperous years in almost all our institutions of learning. The conference discussions covered many fields and appeared on the surface to indicate that the university of today recognizes the existence of a changing social order and begins to realize that it must adjust itself to the new conditions now arising—an adjustment which will certainly compel it to scrap a great deal of what it has been teaching heretofore.

When, however, it comes to the question of the actual contributions made at the conference, the only two of genuine importance were made by Englishmen, Sir Arthur Salter, and Sir James Irvine of the University of St. Andrew. American university presidents galore maintained that our universities must not despise anything intellectual, but not one of them had the courage to define what he meant by intellectual, or to draw a sharp line between intellectual activities and other pursuits to which the name cannot be applied. Let us for a moment concede to President Coffman that State universities must be of service to their communities in all activities of an intellectual nature. How far does this help us? Will President Coffman run through the catalogue of the University of Minnesota and tell us which courses and opportunities are intellectual and which are merely practical? Does the student have to be trained to pare potatoes, to wash dishes, to write photo-play scenarios, and to do all the other transient and ridiculous things that serve a menial, or not even a menial, part in human society? Did any university president make a stand for culture, for intelligence, as against the things which induce big business men to give money, and legislatures to vote money, to our so-called higher institutions of learning? Sir Arthur Salter took the bit in his teeth in dealing with economics, whether rightly or wrongly, and Sir James Irvine was clear and unmistakable in discussing the intellectual function. Few others mentioned music or art or philosophy or in fact anything concrete or vital. You cannot start a discussion in America on the details of education or policy for fear of offending someone who may have a dollar to bestow.

In respect to higher education, we are just where we are in respect to political leadership—that is, nowhere. Opportunities have improved through the efforts of individual scholars who have made infinite personal sacrifices during the last twenty-five years, but no Gilman is today in charge of a higher educational institution of learning. There are now vacancies in the presidencies of Harvard, Princeton, New York University, and Toledo University, to mention only a few. Will their trustees look for a Gilman? Yet the opportunity and the need for a forward-looking leader in the field of education are greater than ever, precisely because of the fact that the world is changing and our own economic order dissolving so rapidly.



# The British Parliamentary Crisis

By WILLIAM A. ROBSON

**E**XACTLY a century has elapsed since the passing of the great British Reform Bill of 1832, which was the first step toward the establishment of parliamentary democracy not only in England but anywhere in Europe. A special interest, therefore, attaches to the crisis in parliamentary government which has arisen in England. It is worth recalling that as recently as the end of the World War the Allies were under the impression that in order to make the world safe for democracy little more was necessary beyond persuading or compelling such countries as Germany and Czecho-Slovakia to adopt representative institutions centering round a cabinet responsible to the legislature, with a president more or less on the American model thrown in. We no longer suffer from that dangerous delusion. But many people do not realize that events have moved so fast in recent years that for the purpose of analyzing the institutions of representative government in England the history of the past decade is more significant than that of the past century.

That history may be regarded from two separate aspects. There is, in the first place, the march of events, the changes which have actually taken place in the realm of facts. In the second place, there is the stream of ideas, the changes which have taken place in the realm of thought and opinion. One of the most conspicuous features of the march of events has been the decline in parliamentary control over the process of legislation. The practice of delegating legislative power to executive departments and ministers of the crown has increased enormously with the vast growth in the scope of government that has taken place in recent years. The legislative output of government departments is now several times as large, in terms of the volume of print it occupies, as that of Parliament itself; and it covers every field of activity. So alarming was this manifestation thought to be by a large and influential body of opinion that an official committee was appointed by the Lord Chancellor to consider the matter and to report what safeguards were necessary to secure the constitutional principle of the sovereignty of Parliament. The committee has recently reported. It declares that in modern conditions delegation of the law-making power to executive organs is necessary and inevitable and that there is no ground for uneasiness provided certain safeguards against abuse are put into operation. But although the report may enable citizens to sleep quiet in their beds on the assurance that no act of tyranny or despotism is being perpetrated, the fact remains that the most essential function of a legislative assembly has to no small extent passed from Parliament to the Civil Service.

The decline of parliamentary control has been specially marked in recent months. The Import Duties Act, 1932, which imposes the new general tariff of 10 per cent on all goods with certain specified exceptions, leaves it to the Treasury, after receiving a recommendation from an advisory committee, to exempt further goods of any class or description from liability to the duty. The Treasury may, furthermore, on receiving a recommendation from the committee,

impose a higher rate of duty on luxury articles or commodities which are, or are capable of being, produced in the United Kingdom in adequate quantities. The Abnormal Importations Act, 1931, gave power to the Board of Trade, with the consent of the Treasury, to impose for a period of six months custom duties up to 100 per cent on the value of certain classes of articles which were being imported in abnormal quantities. I do not know of any other country where the vital question of tariff policy has in effect been surrendered by the legislature to the executive. High-water mark was, however, reached by the National Economy Act, 1931, which did not specify the economies to be made, but empowered various ministers to effect them in their own departments, with such arbitrary modification or termination of existing contractual or statutory obligations as they thought fit. This device avoided parliamentary debate or even specific submission to the House of Commons of the proposed reductions.

Changes of far-reaching significance have also taken place in regard to the Cabinet. Mr. MacDonald, when he took office in 1929 as Prime Minister in the minority Labor Government, called upon the House of Commons to transform itself into what he called "a Council of State." This meant in practice that the Government would not resign in the customary manner if defeated on what it considered minor issues. This advice was acted upon to a considerable extent in the ensuing two years; and the Government remained in office even when defeated on its trade-union bill and on its education program—two measures of outstanding importance.

These departures from tradition were, however, nothing compared with the extraordinary development which was announced to an astonished public on January 22, 1932. On that day an official statement revealed that "the Cabinet has had before it the report of the Committee (of the Cabinet) on the Balance of Trade, and after prolonged discussion it has been found impossible to reach a unanimous conclusion on the committee's recommendations." The Cabinet, in order to maintain national unity in the presence of the problems confronting Great Britain and the rest of the world, "has accordingly determined that some modification of usual ministerial practice is required and has decided that ministers who find themselves unable to support the conclusions arrived at by the majority of their colleagues on the subject of import duties and cognate matters are to be at liberty to express their views by speech and vote."

With these pregnant words the National Ministry swept away at one stroke the whole conception of collective responsibility which for more than a century has formed the cornerstone of cabinet government. Again and again in the past members of a Cabinet have disagreed in private with the policy of their colleagues; but resignation or loyal support of the majority decision has been the inflexible rule. The famous remark of Lord Melbourne, when at the end of a long Cabinet discussion he replied to another minister who asked what had been decided, "It doesn't matter what



we say so long as we all say the same thing," summed up briefly the essential principle of solidarity which has for generations been striven for by those who comprised the Cabinet, been relied upon by Parliament, and been expected by the general public. The result of the revolutionary change now introduced—euphemistically described as "an agreement to disagree"—has been that ministers have spoken against the proposals of their colleagues both inside and outside Parliament; they have voted against the most important measures of the Government; and they have promoted candidates at by-elections in opposition to candidates supported by their colleagues. And now at last, with the resignation of Lord Snowden, Sir Herbert Samuel, and other Liberal ministers, the futility of the arrangement has become manifest.

The notion of permitting a man to remain in the Cabinet without being compelled to adhere to a particular policy seems to offer an opportunity of avoiding all the narrowness and prejudice of party government, and of forming and maintaining a ministry of all the talents. But on second thought it is clear that serious disadvantages must follow. At the last general election nothing in the nature of a program was placed before the electorate. Mr. MacDonald asked for a "doctor's mandate," which was explained to mean the free hand accorded to a physician to apply whatever remedies he may deem the patient to require. All the various parties to the coalition claimed to be enthusiastically supporting Mr. MacDonald and the National Government he proposed to form; yet in hundreds of constituencies their rival candidates were in bitter conflict at the polls. There was, indeed, no common program which could possibly find acceptance among so heterogeneous a multitude; and the battle cry of most National candidates was little more than an appeal to "vote for me and not the other fellow."

It is generally agreed that one reason why the English parliamentary system has worked extremely well in the past is because there have existed two great parties, Liberal and Conservative, which were divided on grounds of real principle but which nevertheless accepted the general political and economic institutions of Victorian capitalist democracy sufficiently to make cooperation possible. That situation has undergone a profound change since the war.

In the first place, there have been three main parties; and the simple majority which the two-party system insures has not always been forthcoming. The difficulties of parliamentary government in such circumstances are formidable. Quite apart from being unable to command the passage of legislation, the Government is unable to control even the time-table of the House of Commons.

In recent times the three main parties have been splitting up into a series of fragments. At the last general election the Conservative Party consisted of the mass of the rank and file, made up of the followers of Mr. Baldwin, and a smaller contingent, calling themselves imperial free traders, who follow the directions of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. These ennobled newspaper proprietors initiated the Empire Free Trade crusade, and last year ran candidates at several by-elections in active opposition to official Conservative candidates. The Liberal Party split up into the National Liberals, following Sir John Simon; the Liberal National group, led by Sir Herbert Samuel; and the small

family party headed by Mr. Lloyd George. The Labor Party divided into three portions: the great bulk of the party, which acknowledges the leadership of Arthur Henderson; the twenty or thirty National Laborites who continue to follow Mr. MacDonald; and the members of the Independent Labor Party, which has now completely broken away on the left from the official Labor Party. And then, in addition, there is Sir Oswald Mosley's New Party, which has a clear affinity with fascism. Mosley was in the last Labor Government until he resigned in discontent and formed his own party, which has failed to secure a single seat in the present Parliament despite generous financial support, but which nevertheless imposed serious injury on the Labor Party candidates in a number of doubtful constituencies.

It may be imagined how confusing and perplexing the English voter, accustomed to a simple issue and a straight fight, has found this remarkable array of parties and prophets. The formation of the National Government has thrown an appearance of unity over some of the discordant elements, but the underlying dissension remains. It is interesting to speculate whether the great English parties are disintegrating into a system of irreconcilable groups of the type familiar on the continent of Europe, or whether two vast new parties, Socialist and Capitalist, are in process of formation. No one can answer the question; but the English form of parliamentary government indubitably requires for its effective operation a two-party system.

Even though two great parties should again emerge from the ashes of the existing organizations, it is unlikely that the historic parliamentary process could be maintained if the divergence of outlook between them became too far-reaching. Democracy can only work when the essentials are not in dispute. As the late Lord Balfour once remarked, "While we agree about fundamentals we can afford to bicker about details." Democratic government is known to break down when there are deep religious or national differences within the same political state. The same is possibly true of economic differences. Certainly the gulf in English society between the propertied and the non-propertied interests is not making democracy easier. And to some observers it appears that the gulf is widening. They argue that the wealthier classes were willing to allow Liberal and Labor ministries to govern and to impose direct taxation up to a certain point, but that point appears now to have been reached. The events of last year suggest that any far-reaching proposals toward socialization or government control of industry, the further expansion of the social services on the basis of increased taxation of the wealthy, or even expensive relief works or maintenance schemes for the unemployed, would be checked or threatened by the creation of a financial crisis involving a flight from the pound, pressure on government from the banks, a revolt in the City, a warning of imminent bankruptcy by bill-brokers and so forth, and the entire paraphernalia of disaster attendant upon the occurrence of that mysterious event known as a "lack of confidence."

I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs, the merits or inevitability, of all this. I wish only to point out that it would constitute a tremendous challenge to parliamentary government on the English model. It means that in certain circumstances extra-parliamentary action may be taken with the deliberate object of preventing one of the



parties from carrying out its program. This is quite a new development in the English policy. It sets for the first time a limit to the sovereignty of Parliament. It produces a new kind of "unconstitutionality"—decided, not by duly qualified and appointed judges sitting in open court with the consent of the people, but by a small minority of financial interests, unknown to the nation, whose action will be guided by no principle of law but by their own self-interest.

Many leaders of opinion are desperately anxious to preserve the supremacy of the Government as an essential feature of the English constitution, even if it involves a modification of prevailing party methods. Ramsay MacDonald told the Select Committee on Public Business last year that he regards the doctrine that it is the function of the Opposition to oppose as "a crime against the state." Sir Herbert Samuel has similarly called for what he calls a new Kellogg Pact for "the renunciation of obstruction as an instrument of policy." Bernard Shaw declares that the real demand is for a Government without an Opposition. Our plan, he says, of setting up one row of politicians to do our public work, and simultaneously setting up an opposite row to "hinder them, defeat them, disgrace them, and talk them out, is admirable for reducing barons, cardinals, kings, and, indeed, rulers of all sorts to impotence. . . . Unfortunately it is equally effective in reducing government itself to impotence. That being so, it will have to go."

I have endeavored so far to show that in recent times the dominant principles of the English parliamentary system have to a greater or less degree been contravened or menaced. Parliamentary control over legislation, government by a majority party, the collective responsibility of the Cabinet, the supervision by Parliament of the executive, even the sovereignty of Parliament—every one of these foundations has been shaken by the events of the past decade. The constitutional structure is evidently undergoing a profound modification.

The march of events has been accompanied by a stream of criticism directed at Parliament. The criticism has come from persons of all parties and persuasions, from the right no less than from the left. Mr. Lloyd George, the Father of the House of Commons, said in evidence before the Select Committee on Procedure on Public Business: "There is a growing feeling that Parliament is not coping with its task and not altogether discharging the trust which the nation has reposed in it." It is, he explained in less formal words to a newspaper reporter, like an old windjammer, which was equal to the traffic of a century ago but is unable to cope with a hundredth part of the enormous trade of today. Winston Churchill, now a diehard Conservative, declares that Parliament is on trial; and that if it continues to show itself incapable of offering sincere and effective guidance, it will fall under a far-reaching condemnation. In his view the British parliamentary system is not suited to dealing with economic problems, which, unlike political questions, cannot be solved by will alone but require knowledge and thought. He therefore calls upon Parliament and the Government to create a new instrument to cope with our financial and industrial difficulties in the shape of a non-political body composed of experts in this field, free from party allegiances but chosen in proportion to party groupings by the House of Commons. This body would be subordinate to Parliament—an economic sub-parliament—and its func-

tions would be to supply the legislature with comprehensive and unified advice on matters of economic policy.

Mrs. Sidney Webb (Lady Passfield), for long a prominent Socialist and Labor leader, tells us that there is today "a deepening conviction that our machinery of government is no longer equal to its task"; and that unless the matter can be remedied we may see a dictatorship, either Fascist or Communist. The primary evil, according to Mrs. Webb, is a Cabinet so overloaded with work as to make constructive thinking and decisive action beyond human capacity. The vast increase in the functions of government prevents the Cabinet from being an effective instrument; and this overloading has led to bureaucracy on the one hand and the congestion of business in the House of Commons on the other. The general result of all these evils, Mrs. Webb points out, is that only a fraction of the matters which need attention can be put into the Government's program; and only a small proportion even of the measures so proposed can be actually dealt with in any session. Mrs. Webb proposes a drastic remedy by devolving all the "housekeeping" functions of government, consisting mainly of the social services, to a National Assembly entirely separated from the existing Parliament both as regards its election and also its method of working. Within the National Assembly the cabinet system would be replaced by the committee system of administration which is found everywhere in English local government. This destroys completely the idea of cabinet responsibility and weakens the position of the political parties.

Sir Herbert Samuel, until recently Home Secretary in the National Government, is in general accord with the diagnosis and the remedies proposed by Mrs. Webb. In his long experience of active political life he has found the legislature to give insufficient attention to foreign and imperial policy; and he agrees that the executive is overburdened. Above all, the control by Parliament over national expenditure has fallen into abeyance. The estimates are passed as a matter of course; and he tells us that there is no case within living memory of the House of Commons reducing on its own initiative, and on financial grounds, any estimate presented to it by the Government. He might have added that the Cabinet never considers the estimates of national expenditure as a whole. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is left to settle the estimates of each department with the minister concerned; and the budget is never revealed to the Cabinet except just before budget day.

These criticisms are significant because they come, not from professors of political science or irresponsible critics outside the arena of government, but from statesmen who have had long experience of the practical working of the political machine. The observers and the professors have, of course, a great deal to say on the subject; and they too, it is scarcely necessary to add, are highly dissatisfied with the present state of affairs. There is a remarkable consensus of opinion, among representative leaders of all the great parties, that Parliament is not adequately fulfilling the extended functions which the modern state demands of it; that the Cabinet is overwhelmed with work; that the ascendancy of the executive is creating a tendency toward bureaucracy; that there is inadequate control by the legislature over finance and over imperial and foreign affairs. The various proposals for devolution and delegation of duties would profoundly



modify many of the characteristic features of parliamentary government.

I have endeavored to give a brief account of the main dangers which threaten the British constitution at the present time and which have produced the crisis in parliamentary government. In some such form they menace representative institutions in the majority of democratic countries which have not been overwhelmed by communism or fascism.

If one were to attempt to summarize the defects of representative government—and I here use the term in its widest meaning to include both parliamentary and presidential systems—in terms which would be understood by the man in the street, one might put the matter in this way: Fourteen years have now passed since the conclusion of the greatest and most devastating war in history. Yet the condition of the world is far more serious in 1932 than it was in 1919. An economic depression of appalling dimensions has spread over the whole world and is affecting the welfare of every class in every community. It is generally agreed among the most authoritative economists that the causes are in large measure to be found among such factors as reparations, debt settlements, tariff policies, quotas, and other restrictions on international trade, and the management of currency and credit. When one looks broadly and dispassionately at the action during the past decade of the leading parliaments in regard to these and cognate matters, it is difficult not to feel that there has been a universal failure to achieve wise action. Indeed, representative legislatures and governments appear frequently to have expressed the most reactionary and least enlightened tendencies in the various countries; and their policies have intensified the

economic distress from which the whole world is suffering.

Even apart from economic matters, the parliaments have been backward in interpreting the emotions and desires of the peoples in regard to such a purely political question as disarmament, for which there is clearly an almost universal popular demand. The absence of any serious attempt by the Western countries during the past thirteen years to compose their differences, at bottom scarcely more than lovers' quarrels, in face of the tremendous challenge to the whole fabric of Western society offered by Russia, is one of the most astonishing phenomena of the day. At a time when the most obvious need of the world has been to raise its public or political life to the same plane of international comprehension and cooperation as its private economic life, the parliaments have encouraged the narrowest nationalisms and fanned the flames of distrust. The economic crisis is in this sense a measure of the political crisis among the democratically governed peoples. Representative institutions have, in the years which have elapsed since 1919, shown small capacity for yielding to a tormented world the peace, prosperity, and good-fellowship which it so sorely needs.

No one can foretell what the future holds. But two remarks may be hazarded in conclusion. First, that in the political arena, as in many other spheres, progress is a condition of stability. Second, that that condition is not at present being satisfied. Parliamentary government is therefore at present in a position of definite instability; and unless considerable modification in structure, function, and attitude is introduced, the disequilibrium will become so acute that it will make catastrophic change not merely possible but probable.

## Soviet Progress and Poverty

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Kharkov, Ukrainian Republic*

THE chauffeur who drove me about Kharkov and to neighboring villages, commissars of the Ukrainian Republic, foreign specialists, my chambermaid, and a shoeblack around the corner from the Red Hotel, all asked me the same question: "Have you seen the new Gosprom Square?" Yes, I had seen it. "It is the largest in Europe. The entire work was done in two months." The square is, indeed, bigger than the Place de la Concorde or the Lustgarten, and even greater in extent than the Red Square in Moscow. It measures half a mile in length and about four hundred feet in width. When I visited Kharkov in August a year ago, this area was covered with a few houses, car lines, an irregular mound some ten feet high, and debris. During the summer the earth was cut away, the ground leveled, and a beautifully drained square laid out and paved. A gigantic monument to Lenin or Dzerzhinsky is contemplated for the center of the expanse. The square is really egg-shaped. At one bow end stands the Palace of Industry. Executed in the modern style, with flat surfaces, vast window space, connecting bridges between buildings, sharp angles, and maximum exposure to sunlight, this six-to-fourteen-story structure is the finest in the Soviet Union.

The Palace of Industry houses the trusts and syndicates

of the Ukraine. But the government has borrowed some space in the building, so that now the Council of People's Commissars, the Commissariats of Light and Heavy Industries, and some sections of the Commissariats of Justice and Education live under its broad roof. On one of the long sides of the ellipse the Commissariat of Agriculture is finishing its own home, and next to it a big hotel for tourists is nearing completion. Opposite, the Gosplan will soon have a new skyscraper, and on a neighboring plot ground is being cleared for an eighteen-story structure to accommodate all other governmental branches. At the narrow end of the egg oval, facing the Palace of Industry, is the building of the Central Committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party.

The idea of the square thus becomes clear. On its periphery will be situated the entire official machinery of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic. Any person who knows how life is complicated in Moscow by the fact that even the several parts of a single commissariat may be located in distant wards of the city will realize what it means to have every office of the government within one compact area. A tremendous amount of post-office activity, automobile travel, and, of course, time and energy is saved by concentrating the whole government of this republic with 31,500,000 inhabitants in



three or four neighboring structures all within easy distance of the party headquarters.

The square and its buildings are now a landmark in Kharkov. But they do not bulk large in the volume of construction which the city has witnessed in the last few years. Baedeker put the pre-war population of Kharkov at 248,000. The Soviet census of 1926 gave it 410,000. Early in 1932 it counted 650,000, plus a floating population estimated at 50,000 or more. When I first saw Kharkov in December, 1922, it was a small, ugly mud town. Now it is a metropolis with numerous trolley lines, hundreds of paved streets, bus lines, and above all many new apartment houses, infinitely more, in proportion to the population, than in Moscow or Leningrad. Home building, however, has not kept pace with the growth in population. The city is crowded, like all Soviet cities, for the revolution is the expression of and at the same time the agent for the urbanization of Russia. I visited villages fifty, sixty, and seventy kilometers from Kharkov. I entered innumerable peasant huts. "Where is your mother?" I asked a girl of fifteen who was taking care of her baby brother. "In the fields," she answered. "Where is your father?" "He is working in the city." I got similar replies in many other homes.

I traveled to First Red Army Village, formerly Simonovka. Of its 172 households 54 have surrendered their land in the last three years and taken up residence in Kharkov. Some still retain their homes in the village, where an old grandmother or an elderly brother may live and keep a cow and a few chickens. In the summer the whole family comes back to spend its vacation on the land. Part of Red Army Village is organized as the Red Army Artel. (Red Army, incidentally, does not mean that the members of the collective have more than a sentimental relation to the armed forces of the republic.) This kolhoz contains 100 households and a total of 463 "eaters," or "souls" as they used to be styled in Czarist times. But it has only 68 regular working people, of whom 23 are women. During the last harvest 20 men temporarily returned from Kharkov to help (the reverse side of this medal is a high percentage of fluidity among factory labor), and with the younger folks who join in for special seasonal activity, there were 176 persons to bring in the crop. That was the maximum. The actual labor force is rarely over 100, including children.

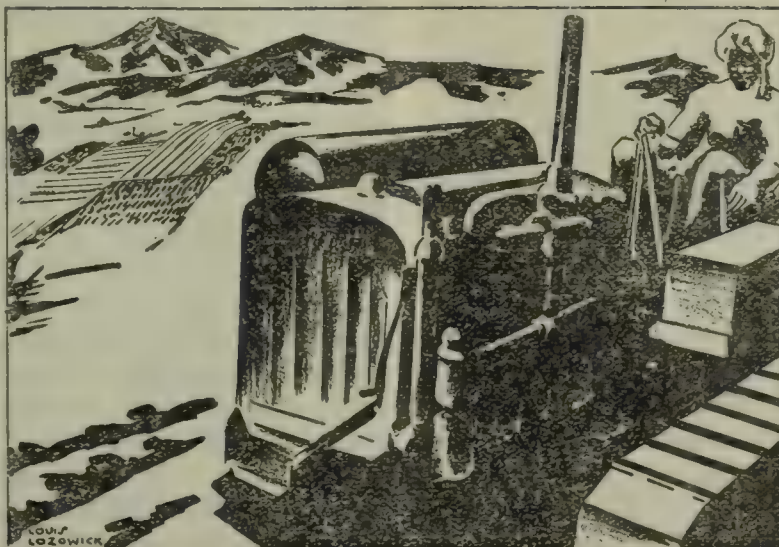
This is a fairly typical instance of the exodus from village to city which has assumed such proportions in the U. S. S. R. that it constitutes a really important historical phenomenon. City life, despite its hardships, is much more comfortable than life on the farm, and the population tends to drift to places where hours are shorter and income more certain. My impression is that Kharkov is better supplied with manufactured goods than Moscow. Its citizens wear better shoes than those in Moscow. The explanation probably lies in the circumstance that since it is the capital of the Soviet

Union's biggest agricultural region, some commodities shipped to it for distribution in collectives to stimulate peasant activity are held up and sold in town. Such things happen in Russia. It is not impossible for an official, say on the Volga, simply to commandeer a train of textiles en route to Kazakstan or Siberia and give it to consumers in his own region. The history of goods in transport is devious and strange, and a shrewd city administrator always has an advantage over the helpless village which is the ultimate destination. The government seeks to cope with this unfortunate situation, and lately the collectives have been receiving more than they used to.

The urban toiler, nevertheless, enjoys a thousand benefits and delights that are denied to the peasant, and now that jobs can be had for the asking (industrial enterprises, in fact, send agents to the countryside to coax peasants into town), the trend of population is in the direction of the large cities. In the Ukraine, for instance, the urban population has risen from 13 per cent of the total in 1921 to 28 per cent at present. This means that some 4,500,000 people out of 31,500,000 have changed their place and mode of life—a fact of tremendous social and cultural significance. The rate of the flow away from the village was accelerated by the Five-Year Plan and the possibilities of employment which it offered, but collectivization drove as many peasants to the cities as industrialization, and in the last year a mistaken policy has swelled the tide. Next winter and all of next year the towns of the Ukraine, and of other regions as well, can look forward to big influxes of Ukrainian peasants in search of food and work. For all is not well in Soviet Ukraine.

Villages near a town like Kharkov normally enjoy greater prosperity than more distant agricultural units. Yet even those I saw within thirty-five miles of the city limits had no meat or sugar. In the Poltava, Vinnitsa, Podolsk, and Kiev regions, conditions are much worse. The winter will be hard. I think there is no starvation anywhere in the Ukraine now—after all, they have just gathered in their harvest—but it was a bad harvest. It was bad because of unfavorable weather; the Ukraine got rain when it needed dry weather and dry weather when it needed rain. That, however, is only part of the explanation. One kolhoz I visited had lost 48 out of 108 horses from lack of fodder, and the remaining animals were weak and emaciated. The collective had no tractor and begged the Assistant Commissar

of Agriculture who was my guide to send one. That was on October 5. The sowing season would end on the fifteenth at the latest, and a tractor for plowing was indispensable. Yet the next day I saw 240 tractors standing on the sidings of the Kharkov tractor plant. They had been standing there for three days because no freight platforms were available. The day I spent at the factory the platforms began to arrive, and two days later when I went back to interview Svistun,





the director of the factory, many tractors had been carried away, but the loss of three days at a crucial time is criminal.

Unfavorable weather and the scarcity of tractors and draft animals do not, however, exhaust the list of evils which have interfered with the agricultural development of the Ukraine and other parts of the Union. One of the chief contributing factors, perhaps the chief factor, is the government's grain-collection policy. In some places the state procures from the peasant, at ridiculously low non-inflation prices, as much as half of his total crop, and for the entire country grain procurements rise as high as 30 per cent per year. The peasant regards the practice of government collections as an exorbitant tax. It kills his incentive to produce a marketable surplus. He neglects his fields. He goes to work in the city. Especially after this trip to the Ukraine I am convinced that the whole system of grain procurements (*khlebo-zagotovka*) must soon disappear. Moscow cannot perpetuate an arrangement which permits official stores to charge a ruble for a small roll when the peasant gets only one ruble eighty kopecks for a whole pood. Before the next spring planting, and preferably during the winter, say in January, some new method will have to be introduced to convince the peasants, collectivized or otherwise, that a large share of the product of their labor will remain with them. I would suggest a return to the fixed grain income tax (*prodnalog*) which the peasants paid in kind until 1923 and in money until about 1926 or 1927. Then procurements made their appearance. They remind one inevitably of the requisitions of the civil-war period. In fact, grain collections rose from 14 per cent of the total crop in 1926-27 to 31 per cent in 1931-32. This was perhaps necessary until collectivization and industrialization got under way. Now the day of procurements is ending. The plenum of the Communist

Central Committee which met at the end of September officially did not discuss agriculture. But it is ridiculous to suppose that Russia's policy-makers met without considering peasant problems. To indicate at the present moment, however, that a change is imminent would interfere with the grain collections now in progress. Collections end on January 15. That date, I feel, ought to close a long chapter of bitter relations between the Bolsheviks and the peasantry.

#### Dnieperstroi

When, despite violent differences of opinion among the highest Bolshevik leaders regarding the advisability thereof, the Soviets started work on Dnieperstroi in 1927, they were, in effect, serving notice on the world that Russia had decided to become a great, modern, industrialized Power. Now the dam is making electric current. It is a great sight. Here, on what was a wind-swept prairie, the Bolsheviks have not merely erected a solid concrete wall 110 feet high to block the angry Dnieper, and not only built the mightiest power station in the world with a maximum

capacity of 810,000 horse power, but they have created a whole city.

On October 10 Dnieperstroi was opened, amid national rejoicing. During the festivities that morning I stood in the rear of the crowd that had gathered around the power plant. A grizzled peasant was admiring the dam, beautiful in its simplicity and force. "Pretty thing," he said. "Now I know where my boots went." A country's shoes, butter, eggs, meat, and health entered into the foundation and superstructure of the dam.

The hydroelectric power station has commenced operation. That, however, is but the first stage. The question now is: When will the dam give back the boots and butter that made it? The station is on the right bank of the Dnieper. On the left bank rises an industrial "combinat," or factory group, which will use its power. This combinat consists of four aluminum factories with a capacity of 250,000 tons a year, a group of metal plants, open-hearth furnaces, blast furnaces, and rolling mills which will produce high-quality steel not now made in the U. S. S. R., and a third unit for coke and chemicals manufacture. There is, in addition, a large city of dwellings, hospitals, clubs, communal restaurants, and so forth. None of the factories, however, are complete. Only a small fraction of the energy of Dnieperstroi, therefore, is being utilized. In fact, the dam itself still requires a considerable amount of work.

But if the dam were quite complete, the situation would be even more aggravating, for then the power house would yield millions of kilowatts which could find no consumer until the left-bank combinat was completed. This is the outstanding difficulty and mistake of the Dnieperstroi project. One part was ready before the other. The loss is considerable. Nor is it confined to the Dnieper enterprise. This sort of disproportion characterizes many giant Soviet construction jobs. In some places, at Magnitogorsk for instance, huge blast furnaces were built, while open-hearth furnaces and rolling mills lagged so far behind that the pig iron could not be converted into the much-needed steel. As a result, the government, to its financial embarrassment, had to import this year over a million tons of steel.

Behind a screen of official verbiage so thick that most observers apparently failed to see through it, this problem was dealt with in the Central Committee's resolutions of October 2. The new orders are for a more even development of the industrial units under construction so that they shall turn out a usable product as early as possible. No new "giants" are to be started. Though the Ukraine is still the Soviet Union's largest industrial center, only three small factories will be erected there in 1933. Not a single new metallurgical plant is contemplated for the Ukraine during the entire second Five-Year Plan. Large factories scarcely started will purposely be neglected if that releases materials, labor, and funds for the quick completion of lesser units which can immediately produce goods. The Ukraine is building five tremendous canning factories. Now, under the new policy, it will concentrate on two of these, finish them with all dispatch, and then tackle the remaining three. Capital investments are to be made effective with the least possible delay. The Kharkov central authorities recently organized a special Inauguration Commission, whose duty it is to push building operations so as to start the commercial operation of sixty-five new factories before the end of 1932.



alized Power. Now the dam is making electric current. It is a great sight. Here, on what was a wind-swept prairie, the Bolsheviks have not merely erected a solid concrete wall 110 feet high to block the angry Dnieper, and not only built the mightiest power station in the world with a maximum



The goal of all these efforts is an increase in the volume of consumers' goods which will weaken inflationary tendencies, create a new labor incentive in city and village, and raise the standard of living. Though the capital investment in all Ukrainian industry will decline in 1933, the investment in light industries which produce commodities for everyday private use will be doubled. A gigantic sum is to be devoted by the Ukrainian government to the construction of homes, baths, and public kitchens—but no clubs. In Kharkov alone

new houses containing 450,000 square meters of floor space will be built next year. The new policy demonstrates the maneuvering possibilities which the Five-Year Plan has given the state. For the moment, however, great progress bearing the undeniable promise of better times still mingles with much poverty. If poverty is diluted by partial improvement, it is also true that the promise begins to wear thin. The Bolsheviks realize this and are attempting to move post-haste into the area of performance.

## Tampa's Reign of Terror

By ANITA BRENNER

ON November 7, 1931, at the Labor Temple in Ybor City, Tampa, an anonymous brick hit the head of Police Officer David Wilson and somebody's bullet met the shoulder of Police Officer J. N. Byrd. For these injuries thirteen men and two women are now serving sentences totaling fifty-three years—chain-gang and county-farm sentences in sweat-box jails, under circumstances of such brutality that one of the prisoners has gone insane. An added half-dozen were thrown into Tampa's jails for a few months apiece; more, for a few days or weeks; uncounted others have been summarily deported, and their families left in want; and hundreds have been cut off from their jobs in Tampa's cigar factories, but are candidates for relief only at the hands of their terrified fellow-workers.

These facts are plainly reported in the Tampa press, but their meaning in human terms is written in the half-healed scars of a few refugees who have come for aid to the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. Historically the date and the place and the fight and the outcome mean that the United States has a Cuba within its borders, where a gesture of law makes crimes of speech and assembly displeasing to racial prejudices and disrespectful of the profits—depression notwithstanding—in five- and fifteen-cent, quarter, and dollar cigars.

Tampa provides American smokers with 65 per cent of their prosperity cigars, those costing fifteen cents and up, and with several hundred million five-cent cigars, more millions since the crash than before. The industry speaks in respectable millions: a \$3,000,000 average internal revenue, a \$50,000,000 annual average products value, \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in wages, besides a few millions of tariff, for most of the tobacco used is imported from Cuba. There are about two hundred factories; forty-five whose annual products are valued at from \$5,000 up. It is partly a seasonal industry, rising before the holidays. Bad times have not affected it crucially—a 10 to 20 per cent drop in gross volume, but a disproportionately greater drop in number of workers employed. This may mean that five-cent cigars, whose volume since 1929 has risen enormously at the cost of ten-cent, fifteen-cent, and quarter cigars, are made much more quickly than the more expensive sort, and require fewer hands. It may not mean that five-cent cigars are less profitable.

The industry centers in Ybor City, a Tampa suburb inhabited by a considerable portion of the city's thirty-odd thousand Latins—Italians, Spaniards, Cubans, Mexicans, and South Americans, with a Negro streak not easily measurable

on account of erased Cuban color lines. From 10,000 to 15,000 persons work in the cigar factories. They earn: men, from \$10 to \$12 weekly, women about \$6, which makes this one of the lowest-paid manufacturing industries in the United States. Workers must serve a two-year apprenticeship and then take half pay for six or eight months. About half of them know little or no English, and therefore get little more than local news in translation, and a great deal of news from home, which means that they share in the politics and the mass-feeling of the country of their origin. In the case of the Cubans, this makes them intensely revolutionary. Hence Machado keeps spies in Ybor City, and doubtless Mussolini does, too.

Organization of a sort has always existed among the cigar workers because news, especially political and labor news, and more specifically local labor news, is transmitted orally in the shop itself by a reader member of a Readers' Cooperative, paid by the workers. This custom brought from Cuba has always annoyed manufacturers because strikes, walkouts, protests, and petitions could be started and carried out very rapidly with each shop acting as a unit; since the workers choose what is to be read, they control the platform. Some attempt at censorship was made but the forum existed none the less, and when in the early part of 1931 the cigar workers began to cohere into a union around a fiery and apparently much-beloved young Mexican named Juan Hidalgo, known as Jim Nine—aged twenty-three—it grew very rapidly and within a few months numbered over 5,000 members. This organization called itself the Tampa Tobacco Workers Industrial Union. It was affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, in turn affiliated with the Red International. As a mass it met in the Ybor City Labor Temple, owned by the workers, but it actually debated and deliberated in the shops, and the *Daily Worker* appeared on the readers' stands. Alarm, vigilantes, secret committees, quiet word to the chief of police and the American Legion. The issues: wages, steadily dropping; conditions, bad; Jim Crowism; unemployment.

In September of last year penniless tourists from colder States began percolating into Florida. Tampa announced that it was going to defend itself, and in one day sentenced thirty-five men charged with vagrancy (twenty-two Negro, thirteen white) to three months on the chain gang. A Negro woman was given a month in the county jail. Sentencing Judge Hendry said: "I realize that among the thirty-six persons now held there are some who are worthy, who are out



of employment and in actual need of food. Others are drifting from city to city with deliberate purpose to pilfer and steal. So far as I am concerned I am unable to segregate one class from another, and therefore will make no distinction here." The *Tampa Tribune* added that this was "the only way to forestall an epidemic of crime . . . they will be fed and clothed and the penalty will not be too severe." Then a chain-ganged vagrant youngster was shot while attempting to escape, and Tampa admitted that there was a relief problem.

To face it a council met and planned: pledges from business to keep workers through the seasonal layoff (December in the cigar factories); public works; propaganda and other measures to keep drifters out; and a relief fund, to be contributed half by business and the other half by the County Commission and the city. Meanwhile the jobless cigar workers were having to help themselves. In October their union stated that hundreds of workers were being discharged, and that when the factories closed for their annual balance they and all the rest would suffer from hunger and want. A Council of Unemployed, raising an emergency winter fund, demanding free rent, gas, and water for the jobless, organized direct resistance to evictions, and three of its leaders were jailed. On November 3 there was a mass-meeting which planned another and bigger protest meeting and parade on the entire issue of unemployment for November 7, the Soviet anniversary. The parade was to march through Tampa's Negro section and with banners and speeches would urge the Negroes to move left. A committee from the Labor Temple headed by one J. E. McDonald asked the Democratic Mayor, Robert E. Lee Chancey, who had been inaugurated two days before, for permission to parade. The Mayor said: "I had no objection to a meeting, but I did to a parade. I told the committee it could not hold such a parade because our Negroes are probably the most peaceable citizens in this county. They are fairly treated, they appreciate what is being done for them, and the very thought of a parade marching through the Negro section in celebration of the Soviet holiday is abhorrent to the minds of the Southern people." He said, however, that he would refer the matter to the council, and left for Georgia to see his sick mother. The committee was to come back the next day at two o'clock, the parade being scheduled for that afternoon.

Acting Mayor Thompson told the committee on the seventh that the council had refused to give permission for a parade. The police were mobilized, riot guns and fire-hose were prepared, and the American Legion was asked to volunteer fifty men. By six o'clock the Labor Temple was jammed, and there was a large overflow on the street in front, but according to the lieutenant in charge there was no line-up for a parade. A detachment of police arrived and attempted to disperse the crowd, telling them there would be no parade; then a cigar worker named Felix Morero "came bouncing out of the building and on to the sidewalk," and according to police witnesses yelled that there were telegrams from the Governor and that there would be a parade. Suppressed, he fought and was hauled off to jail covered with blood, leaving behind him a small free-for-all in which the bullet and the brick mentioned at the beginning of this story struck Officers Byrd and Wilson from somewhere in the crowd.

Reinforcements pushed the people into the Labor Tem-

ple and cleared the street. A boy selling the *Daily Worker* was shoved; he yelled and was arrested; his mother objected and was also arrested, and a passerby named José Campo, by occupation a traveling salesman, came to the aid of the woman and was arrested, too. A detachment wedged its way into the Temple and arrested everybody on the platform and anybody else who protested. One of the speakers, Carlos Lezana, was armed, but his gun had not been fired. A red flag, a poster inscribed "Black and White, Unite and Fight," and other banners and literature were also taken to the police station. Then McDonald was picked up at home. Total number of arrests, seventeen, including two women and two minors, a girl and a boy. The *Tampa Tribune* reported the affair as a "clash between police and Communists." Mayor Chancey blamed outside agitators. County Solicitor Skinner announced that he did not know what charges the State would make against the militant reds, but that whatever the charges, they would be in the jurisdiction of the Criminal Court. Bail was set at \$10,000 each.

In the next two weeks there were four protest strikes and more arrests were made. Manufacturers organized a Secret Committee, and on November 27 the readers' stands in the factories were dismantled, because "all of the trouble has been originating from anarchistic publications poured into the workers. . . . We had agreed to allow . . . the reading of informative articles or educational books . . . but the abuse of this privilege has obliged the manufacturers to retire it immediately." A walkout followed. Next day a seventy-two-hour strike was called involving 10,000 workers. Business in Ybor City shut down for the period of the strike. The strikers insisted that the prisoners and not the readers were the issue. When they returned to work they were met with a lockout, for, as the *New York Times* stated, "the stock for the Christmas trade had already been made and there was no particular rush for more cigars." Neither did the manufacturers, who must certainly have known that a strike would follow their coup, feel themselves obligated any longer to support the relief program of retaining workers through the slack period.

The factory doors were shut for two weeks, during which time there were some rioting, many arrests, and a raid on the union headquarters, police confiscating its files, membership books, and two cigar boxes containing \$750 which had been collected for the defense of the prisoners. The secretary, José Ferras, who had been on the union's pay roll, was deported for vagrancy, and the chief of police announced that the union's membership lists "will possibly be of interest to the federal immigration department, because I am convinced that many aliens are enrolled with the reds and wholesale deportation proceedings may be the outgrowth of the government's investigation."

They were. And two days later Federal Judge Akerman signed an injunction for Jerome Regensberg (Admiral—the Mild Cigar) outlawing the union and restraining "persons named and others" (over a hundred named) from "inciting riotous assemblies in or near the cigar factories or at other places for the purpose of in any way interfering with the free and unmolested conduct of the business of said cigar factories." On December 12 a committee of five appointed by the Mayor announced the conditions upon which the factories reopened: open shop; no reading; no distribution of literature or passing of notes; no speeches; no collections for



any purpose except relief of workers in distress, and only by permission of factory managers for workers known to them.

The fifteen prisoners were tried in January and the two minors were turned over to the Juvenile Court. The list includes Spaniards, South Americans, Cubans, Mexicans, one American (McDonald); two women, aged Francisca Romero Palacios, widow of Mexico's great pioneer labor leader, Ricardo Flores Magón, and her daughter, Carolina Vazquez, mother of a family of young children, the youngest a year old. They range in shades of political opinion and labor activity from Jim Nine, the leader, to José Campo, the passing traveling salesman, including bewildered individuals of the rank and file such as the Spaniard Cesareo Alvarez, who "came to this country at the age of eighteen . . . and has never been arrested before. He used to save \$2 or \$3 a month to maintain himself and his family when old and unemployed . . . lost all his money (\$2,000) when the banks went broke. . . . His wife told him she was starving, his sons are blacklisted, the landlord is going to evict them . . . and he got a fit . . . and instead of medical attention got the sweat-box." He is now in the Chattahoochie State Hospital for the Insane.

They were all tried together for assault with intent to commit murder (Officer Byrd) and simple assault (Officer Wilson) under a venerable Florida statute which provides that all persons on the scene of a riot who do not aid the police are guilty of whatever happens to a policeman. Thus the mere *presence* of the defendants at the Labor Temple on the night of November 7 was ipso facto evidence of guilt, and the trial became an investigation of who was most militant in the union—in other words, the defendants were

tried for communism with much emphasis on the "Black and White, Unite and Fight" theme. Example of cross-examination: "Isn't it true that the International Labor Defense is defending nine Negroes in Alabama who assaulted two white women?"

It was taken for granted that they were all guilty. Seven of the defendants were merely listed, and there was no effort even to prove that they had indeed been present at the fracas. The question was which of them were the most dangerous to cigar interests, and the sentences therefore divided the fifteen into three groups: Jim Nine, Lezana, Bonilla, and McDonald, known leaders, were convicted on the first count (Officer Byrd's shoulder) and were given ten years—chain gang and hard labor; the Spaniard Alvarez and Morero, the only one of the fifteen seen to do any fighting, three years; the rest, including the women, one year, some at the State farm, some in the county jail, some in the chain gang. They appealed their case but the State Supreme Court has not yet, in eleven months, heard the appeal, possibly because the defendants have no money for attorney's fees and their relatives are accused of "racketeering" in the *Tampa Tribune* for trying to collect some. They and their families are of course in extreme want. A cigar worker writes to the International Labor Defense: "We used to give some money to their families but we can't afford to now, but the families are willing to suffer if we can give some to the prisoners. The immigration authorities still visit the houses. They now have headquarters in the Latin section, besides in the post-office building. Every day at least ten people are intimidated. . . . Many are picked up on a moment's notice. They are deported ten and twelve at a time."

## Debts, Beer, and Other Troubles

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, November 26*

TO the list of bloodless battles should be added the fencing match which President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt have just staged over the foreign debt problem. It was a spectacle which excited little enthusiasm among the partisans of either. The only danger lay in the possibility that one of the duelists might injure himself in ducking too fast and too low. Each statesman seemed to labor under the strange delusion that the campaign was still in progress and that something could be gained by putting the other in a hole. The President certainly made a better show of candor, and his formal statement on the subject was one of the best papers he has issued. On the other hand, as might be expected, the Governor displayed a greater comprehension of the political realities involved in the situation. The thing to be remembered about the debt problem is that Congress will make the final decision—and I would stake my winter overcoat against a Hoover campaign button that neither this Congress nor the next will budge one step in the direction of cancelation, reduction, or postponement. To think of a politician voting heavier taxes on his own constituents while he lessens the burdens of foreign taxpayers is to think of a politician bent on suicide. Some of our Congressmen are limited in their knowledge of foreign affairs,

but most of them know full well that the payments which this country receives from its late allies represent a negligible fraction of their respective budgets, and are a drop in the bucket compared to the sums they spend on armaments. So long as that condition remains, Congress will be hard-boiled on the subject of debts. An exception is possible in the case of Great Britain. Opinion here is almost unanimous that the terms of the British settlement are severe, especially as compared with those extended to France and Italy, and there is much sentiment in favor of scaling them down. As for the French, they might as well bay the moon as petition Congress for further concessions. Too many francs have been expended in equipping the armies of Poland and Rumania.

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BEER and shekels will fairly monopolize the attention of the short session soon to open. Two months ago the passage of a beer bill at this session seemed almost impossible; now it seems almost inevitable. Various factors have conspired to reverse the prospect. First, the election; as a result of which those dry Congressmen who survived are flopping over like codfish in a net. Second is the necessity of finding new revenues which will be least obnoxious to those who pay them. Third is the apparent determination of Democratic



leaders in Congress to avoid a special session after the inauguration. This determination is not very creditable to those who harbor it, and will be overruled by the new President if he has the courage of his campaign promises. It goes without saying that Congress will be unable, during the short session, to inaugurate any adequate program for the rehabilitation of agriculture and industry, and if adequate measures are to be taken, a special session is imperative. The clamor for relief will rise as the mercury falls, economists will continue to point to the ruinous retaliations invited by the Hawley-Smoot tariff, and such problems as disarmament and the World Economic Conference will cry to high heaven for the attention of the legislative body. But some of the Democratic politicians can only remember that special sessions usually have turned out to be political poison, that Mr. Hoover's troubles started with one, and that perhaps self-preservation is the better part of statesmanship. A terrific propaganda is being waged in behalf of the adoption of a general sales tax at the short session, and the signs are ominous. Some of the Democrats who fought the good fight against it at the last session have flopped and others are standing first on one foot and then on the other. All the influence that William R. Hearst possesses with the new Administration will be exerted in behalf of a sales tax, and he will be powerfully abetted by all the other fat cats desiring to shift the tax burden from their own thick purses to the market baskets of the poor. La Guardia and Norris will have trouble stopping them this time.

DEFEAT has its compensations, and the retiring Republicans will reap some of them on March 4. When Mr. Hoover embarks for London or Palo Alto, when Jim Watson starts back to his native cow pastures, when Elder Smoot turns his face toward the Utah beet fields, and George Moses buys a ticket for Nashua, each can treat himself to a luxurious chuckle, because each will see a Democratic Administration confronted by the largest and most voracious horde of office-seekers and plum-pickers ever assembled under one flag. The abnormal amount of unemployment, coupled with the circumstance that the Democrats have been out of power for twelve years, has produced a condition from which many a heartburn will ensue. A perspiring Democratic member of the House told me the other day, as he toiled through a stack of letters two feet high, that nine out of every ten contained an application for work and that he sorely wished that Hoover had been reelected. The scramble to get aboard has many aspects. Witness, for example, the painful editorial contortions of the Washington *Evening Star*, owned by the Noyes clan. During the campaign no party organ hit Roosevelt and Garner below the belt oftener than did the *Star*. Moreover, the news reports of the Associated Press, of which Frank Noyes is president, became so prejudiced in Hoover's favor that a formal complaint was filed with the directors by Judge Bingham, publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. But in addition to its smug self-righteousness, the Noyes tribe is celebrated for another trait—its passionate desire to be on good terms with the "ins." So now on every hand the *Star* is finding grounds to be optimistic about the incoming Administration. I solemnly predict that long before the nice little boys are firing Roman candles at their grandmothers on July fourth next, President Roosevelt will have no

warmer defender than the *Star*. I also predict that White House dinner invitations will go out as usual. And since I have mentioned a local condition, let me add that there is one thing which President Roosevelt should do for this city: he should persuade General Glassford to resume charge of the police department long enough to smash the "Washington police ring" through which the present Administration operated to get Glassford out of office.

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WHAT is to become of the Republican Party? Is it to be reorganized by the same individuals who led it to disaster, or will new leaders appear? One thing largely responsible for the present sad state of the party is the fact that control has resided in the standpat faction while nearly all the brains have been in the insurgent branch. This should mean that reorganization will be intrusted to such men as Senators Norris, Cutting, and La Follette, but such a thing is unlikely for the simple reason that the real force behind the party has been the financial interests which used it to control the government. Some observers have suggested that Ogden Mills is the logical Republican candidate for 1936. I do not believe that Mills will ever make it. He has much ability within a limited field, but his supercilious manner and his plutocratic background are against him. He owns too many houses and boats, too many race horses. We are told here that his speeches lost votes for Hoover virtually everywhere he appeared. He has no conception of how the ordinary man thinks. But his greatest handicap will be the Hoover curse. Regardless of what group or faction gains control of the party machinery, it is a certainty that the first task will be to weed out everything which might remind the voters of Hoover. Some of the smart lads are saying that the man to watch is the Honorable Jim Wadsworth, Representative-elect from New York. His willingness to return as a Congressman after having been Senator made a good impression. Of course, it is not outside the realm of possibility that before another Presidential year arrives our economic system will have crashed, and that we shall have been compelled to junk the politicians and turn for leadership to those who really know what it is all about.

## The Lion House

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Roused from their lethargy, the lions roared  
And the crowd surged, half hypnotized with dread,  
Against the paling for its due reward—  
To watch the sleek-flanked lions being fed.  
Spilling the dirty water in their pans,  
They snarled and fought and tore at the red meat,  
Ransomed from their imprisonment by man's  
Compassion for the jungle in defeat.

What shall it profit us who yet go free?  
Here, even here, there is no lack of food.  
Such is the privilege of captivity :  
The torpors of repletion. . . . Still I stood  
Searching the eyes of those who came to see  
This thing called hunger, who had found it good.



## Dissenting Opinion\*

### Scottsboro

I AM happy that the Scottsboro boys are not to hang. But I am shocked at the Supreme Court's decision. It saved lives, but at terrible cost. The court was devious and, it seems to me, cunningly uncourageous.

Three points were raised in the appeal: (1) there was not a fair, impartial, and deliberate trial; (2) the boys were denied the right of counsel; and (3) qualified Negroes were systematically excluded from the jury. Points one and three had deep social significance. The court disregarded them, not by a declaration of opinion on the facts or the law, but by the telltale and too light phrase: "The only one of the assignments which we shall consider is the second in respect of the denial of counsel."

The dissenting judges, with some justification, accepted this evasion of the majority. Dissenting Justice Butler wrote: "The court, putting aside—they are utterly without merit—all other claims that the constitutional rights of petitioners were infringed, grounds its opinion and judgment upon a single assertion of fact."

Where were Brandeis, Cardozo, and Stone when this dissent was read in chambers? "Without merit" was too strong to be disregarded. Other black boys are being tried every day by lily-white juries.

Their silence on the real issues leaves the record in horrid shape. And the one issue decided has little importance. Our liberal justices were out-traded. Mr. Justice Sutherland did a good job. The only point decided—and the court limited the decision on purpose, I suppose—was the following:

"Where a defendant is unable to employ counsel and is incapable adequately of making his own defense because of ignorance, feeble-mindedness, illiteracy, or the like, it is the duty of the court to assign counsel."

It is an empty and meaningless victory. What if little Wems is now assigned a half-hearted advocate who will saunter through a new trial before a white jury while mobs outside sing anthems and shout for hangings? The majority decision declares: "Attorneys are officers of the court and are bound to render service when required by such appointment." (*Italics mine.*) (See Cooley, "Constitutional Limitations.") But what kind of service do bound men supply? Page the lawyers of the Scottsboro bar and require one of them to appear for the defense at the new trial. That would hardly help Wems. Let it be said to the credit of Southern barristers that they cannot be forced to defend earnestly causes they do not favor.

I have no sympathy for the Southern bar's prejudice against constitutional trials for Negroes. But it is probable that in the long run the bar and justice will be better served by lawyers who flout the Supreme Court's quotations from Cooley on constitutional law than by those who accept with submerged conscience either side of any cause.

MORRIS L. ERNST

\*Under this head Morris L. Ernst will contribute frequent comments on current issues and events.—EDITOR THE NATION.

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter has decided that Something Ought to Be Done to suppress the smile promoters. For the smile which is the shy and quiet daughter of Old Man Laughter is too precious ■ human possession to be made odious by being vulgarized and commercialized. The smile promoters have been at work until it has become hard to find a face in a magazine or street-car advertisement which is anything but a row of teeth between a pair of parted lips. But this autumn the propaganda reached new proportions in the elections and in the launching of a National Smile Contest. The political campaign was made sad not more by the flapdoodle that was talked than by the fact that no candidate for anything from President to pound master was pictured in the newspapers except with his face distorted in a hilarious grin. The photographers just wouldn't press their bulbs until their victim took the pose of a laughing jackass. Even Prexy Hoover had to capitulate toward the last and show a sickly smirk. The Drifter found relief in those days by turning to the sporting pages, where football gladiators were still portrayed with visages upon which was written ■ hymn of hate the like of which no doughboy ever bore over the top.

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THE National Smile Contest was organized apparently in the interest of portrait photographers. Prizes to the number of 173 were offered as bait. "Maybe you have one of the 173 best smiles in the U. S. A.," read the advertisement of one studio. "Have a smiling picture taken—it will automatically enrol you in the National Smile Contest." A photograph of a young lady with a mouth like a tooth-paste advertisement bore the slogan: "What this country needs is a *Smile!*" What this country needs, retorted the Drifter, though he fears nobody heard him, is something to smile about.

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THE Drifter doesn't know just when the cult of the smile began. A good deal of sentimental fiddle-faddle has been talked about it ever since he can remember, such as (he quotes from memory):

It's easy enough to be pleasant

When life goes along like ■ song,

But the man worth while is the man who can smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

But modern propaganda is based on the discovery that a smile is a *commercial asset*. With that, our morals makers undertook to "sell" smiling to the American public as something which would help one to "get on." Perhaps the first expression of this was the telephone advice: "The voice with the smile wins." Thus the smirk promoters were at work long before the national depression began, but the present concavity of industry has quickened their efforts.

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A SMILE was used for propaganda purposes in New York City many years ago without either cant or vulgarity by a philanthropic organization. A small boy afflicted with tuberculosis so that he had been strapped immovable



with his back against a board managed, nevertheless, to smile into a camera's mouth so engagingly that his picture, with the caption "Smiling Joe," was widely used in appealing for funds. "Smiling Joe" must have been the best money-getter the society ever had. Nor is the Drifter forgetful of the way in which a brave sentiment of Beaumarchais has been made known to thousands of Frenchmen by its incorporation in the title device of the *Paris Figaro*: "I make haste to laugh at everything in order that I shall not have to weep over it." But all that is far removed from modern American smiles-promotion.

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WHEN the Drifter assumes the dictatorship of the nit-witariat—it won't be long now—he will order the demobilization of all "No Smoking" signs, replacing them with placards reading: "Smiling Positively Prohibited. This Means You." Now smile that off!

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The Scottsboro Decision

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We should like to point out that your editorial on the Scottsboro decision, in your issue of November 16, is misleading. You state, without qualification, that "they [the Scottsboro boys] are to have a new trial under different circumstances from those surrounding the original one, when an atmosphere of hostility and race prejudice made a fair trial impossible."

It seems certainly an objective aid to the legal lynchers to make such a statement in the face of the announcement by Judge A. E. Hawkins, who presided over the original lynch-trials, that he would set the retrials in his own court for its next term, March, 1933, and that he would feel now more than ever called upon to demand military accompaniment to the trial; in the face of the fact that the prosecutor has announced that he will fight the change of venue which the International Labor Defense has announced that it will seek; in the face of the fact that the trial must be held in Alabama, where the white ruling class will certainly do its best to arouse mob antagonism to the Scottsboro boys in whatever county the trial is held.

Such a statement also ignores the class and national character of the case. The Scottsboro verdicts do not constitute an isolated case, but are typical of Southern and capitalist "justice." The Scottsboro case, like all cases of oppression, persecution, framing, legal and ordinary lynching in the South, is part of a deliberate campaign of national oppression of the Negro people and enforcement of slavery conditions in the South through terrorization of the Negro masses—part of the capitalist offensive against Negro and white workers, to prevent their growing unity in the class struggle.

The Scottsboro decision of the United States Supreme Court bases itself solely on a technicality. The only point sustained is that the Scottsboro boys were not permitted to obtain counsel. The contention that the court was merely an instrument of Southern lynch justice, the contention that the lynch-mob rule of Scottsboro, organized as it was by the white Southern landowning class and comprising within its organization the court itself, predetermined the lynch verdicts, was swept aside by the Supreme Court in its decision as of no material weight.

In this manner the Supreme Court decision becomes a set

of instructions to the lower courts on how legally to lynch the Scottsboro boys, and other victims of class and national oppression, without violating the Constitution. By its dismissal of the contentions of the defense that a fair trial was impossible in Scottsboro and that it was illegal to exclude Negroes from the jury, it virtually tells the Scottsboro court, to which it returns the cases, that it can get away with murder so long as it observes the technical forms of court procedure.

The International Labor Defense not only intends to fight these cases, point by point and step by step, back to the United States Supreme Court if necessary; it also proposes to intensify the mass pressure against the lynch verdicts throughout the world. Without this intensification of mass pressure, which has forced the new trial, the case cannot be won.

You will understand, then, that such a misleading statement as that contained in your editorial becomes extremely harmful to the defense of the Scottsboro boys.

New York, November 15

LOUIS COLMAN,  
Director, Publicity Department,  
International Labor Defense

## Pairing Votes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As chairman of the National Socialist Campaign Committee, I have been shown a letter which appeared in your publication signed by Professor Paul Douglas, chairman of the Thomas for President Committee, in which Professor Douglas suggested that those wanting to vote for either Hoover or Roosevelt should pair their votes and vote for Thomas.

Lest there be some misunderstanding, I desire to state that the idea expressed by Professor Douglas was advanced without the knowledge or sanction of the Socialist Party, and that the party sought votes solely for the principles of socialism to which its candidates were committed. I shall therefore appreciate your courtesy in publishing this letter.

Milwaukee, November 15

DANIEL W. HOAN,  
Chairman, Socialist National Campaign Committee

[The plan suggested by Paul Douglas in *The Nation* for November 2 is not quite accurately described by Mayor Hoan in the letter printed above. Mr. Douglas suggested that those "who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should help elect Hoover" should pair their votes with others "who would like to vote for Thomas but who are afraid to do so lest they should elect Roosevelt." Thus paired, they could vote for Thomas without fear of the immediate effect.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Styles for the Unemployed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter signed "Good-for-Nothing," in *The Nation* of November 2, reminds me of a personal experience. Walking through a crowded park in a hard-hit industrial city, I was startled to hear my companion, a religious woman of good intentions, say: "I wouldn't give anything to *that* man; he is too ragged and unkempt. Anybody can keep clean and neat." Farther along our path she ejaculated: "Well, I wouldn't give anything to *that* man; he is too well dressed! A man with a fresh shirt and a tie can't be hard up."

Some periodical—*The Nation*, perhaps—ought to give us a weekly page of correct styles for the unemployed.

Oxford, Ohio, November 21

FRANCES G. RICHARD



## Suffering in the Mine Fields

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of *The Nation* may wish to aid in alleviating the present intense suffering in the mine fields of southwestern Ohio, especially since the relief requested is administered under labor auspices. The picture down here is a sorry one. I have recently visited numerous industrial communities in the Middle West where unemployed citizens' leagues are functioning. In none of them have I witnessed such distress as exists in Belmont County. The Belmont County Relief Council, which has enrolled 6,400 unemployed in its ranks, is fighting to get money from the State for relief. In the meantime, it has taken over the operation of three coal mines, furnishing coal to all the unemployed in Meade township.

It has also set up a community tailor shop, and is remaking old clothes for the unemployed. This appeal is for such discarded clothing, which can be sent to William R. Truax, chairman, Belmont County Relief Council, Shadyside, Ohio.

Shadyside, Ohio, November 18 LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

## Ergot and Ether

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In our article *Bad Drugs and the Law*, which appeared in *The Nation* for October 19, we omitted for lack of space any discussion of the unprofessional position of the American Medical Association in the ergot-ether controversy and the ensuing hearings before a Senate committee. Instead of demanding the punishment of manufacturers of impure and illegal drugs and the removal of officials who had condoned illegal practices, the association put its full force behind a program of ridicule and denunciation intended to discredit every critic of the drug manufacturers, who help support the association by continuous, large-scale advertising in its periodicals.

Apparently the association's campaign on behalf of the drug manufacturers is still being continued. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* says editorially in its issue of October 29:

Under the title *Bad Drugs and the Law*, Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink in *The Nation* for October 19 consider three subjects—ergot, ether, and prescriptions. The article on ergot opens with this statement: "For an extra profit of half a cent, American drug manufacturers have helped dig the graves of thousands of women dead of hemorrhage in childbirth."

Possibly—but not probably—more fantastic falsehoods have appeared in reputable magazines than the one just quoted. . . .

The editorial intimates that the charges made in the article were based on the careless acceptance of "preposterous and fantastic publicity." May we point out that the facts used and the conclusions reached in the article were based, not on publicity, but on a painstaking study both of the medical and pharmacological testimony against the manufacturers and of the evasive defense offered by the manufacturers and their supporters?

The editorial adds valuable evidence to that already available that the association is willing to jeopardize the public welfare by condoning the use of deteriorated ether falling below standards which the American Medical Association itself helped to establish. It implies that illegally sub-standard ether is quite harmless. From the point of view of a patient about to undergo a major operation, this is a dangerous assumption and one that a medical editor has no right to make. Witness, for example,

the following from the *New York Times* of October 21: "Post-operative pneumonia probably results from the use of ether that has deteriorated, it was indicated yesterday in a paper by Dr. Walter L. Mendenhall, of the Boston University School of Medicine, at the Congress of Anaesthetists in session at the Hotel McAlpin."

Until the amount of impurity that can be tolerated in ether is definitely determined and rigorously limited in manufacture and official control, a consumer cannot be blamed if he objects to taking the personal risk involved in finding out whether ether below the legal standard is safe or not.

ARTHUR KALLET

F. J. SCHLINK

New York, November 21

## Keen Disappointment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. La Guardia's defeat for reelection caused me keen disappointment. Congress has lost a strong, lively, energetic figure, and the people have lost a fearless fighter.

For the sake of many poor American citizens it is to be hoped that Mr. La Guardia's return to private life will be a short happy period of invigoration for a justified and honorable return to office.

Oakdale, Conn., November 11

ALICE G. CONNOLLY

## Mutual Aid

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We think your readers will be interested to learn of the League for Mutual Aid. This little-known organization aids its members in getting jobs and lends money without interest. An office with a competent secretary is maintained as a clearing-house for jobs. A revolving loan fund has been built up from returnable deposits and contributions from members. Loans are made without interest upon indorsements of members and friends. During the past year 250 jobs were filled and \$13,500 was loaned. All this was done by a small organization of 600 members, operating on dues of \$5 a year.

The emergency now upon us calls for extension of our work and vastly greater activity. Increased membership in the league is essential to our program of usefulness. We invite any of your readers who are interested to join with us, to report jobs they hear of, to avail themselves of our services, and to cooperate in all possible ways. The League for Mutual Aid is at Room 2004, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, November 15

ELLEN A. KENNAN

## Charles B. Stover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An association has been formed to conserve the memory of the late Charles B. Stover, one of the founders of the University Settlement and a pioneer in the field of outdoor recreation. It is proposed, provided there is sufficient material, to publish a volume commemorative of his life and activities.

To this end, it is requested of all those among his late friends and associates who find themselves in possession of any letters or other documents relating to him and to his public work to send copies of these to the undersigned, in care of University Settlement, 184 Eldridge Street, New York.

New York, November 16

J. K. PAULDING



## —THE SEASON'S BEST BIOGRAPHY—

**Paul De Kruif's****MEN AGAINST DEATH**

"The most exciting book he has yet written."—*N. Y. Times*.  
 "De Kruif has a splendid gift for making these stories exciting and human."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. \$3.50

**Carl Sandburg's****MARY LINCOLN  
WIFE AND WIDOW**

The moving, human story of Lincoln's wife, told by the author of *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*. With many hitherto unpublished letters written by Mrs. Lincoln. \$3.00

**Lincoln Steffens'****AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

Compared by scores of critics to *The Education of Henry Adams*, this is the inside story of modern America. \$3.75

**John T. Flynn's****GOD'S GOLD  
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER**

"One of the ablest biographies ever written in this country."  
 —*Harry Elmer Barnes*. \$3.50

**Catherine Carswell's****SAVAGE PILGRIMAGE  
D. H. LAWRENCE**

"For the first time we see Lawrence himself . . . A very able portrait."—*New Statesman and Nation*. \$2.75

**Elswyth Thane's****THE TUDOR WENCH**

Queen Elizabeth's life ■ ■ girl. "More fascinating than most novels . . . supported by more research than many biographies."—*San Francisco Chronicle*. \$3.50

**Edward Dahlberg****FROM FLUSHING  
TO CALVARY**

"An original and remarkable work; it accomplishes the probably unprecedented feat of extracting poetry, as well as pathos and humor, from the Brooklyn suburbs."—*Edmund Wilson*. \$2.50

**John L. Spivak****GEORGIA HIGGER**

A novel exposing the chain gang slavery and agrarian slavery prevalent in the South. "Realistic as Hemingway is realistic."—*Ella Winter Steffens*. \$2.50

**Janet Lewis****THE INVASION**

"The best novel on the American theme I have read."—*Bookman*. \$2.50

**Margaret Irwin's****ROYAL FLUSH**

"The most distinguished and entertaining historical novel of the year."—*Bookman*. \$2.50

**Virginia Woolf**  
**THE SECOND**  
**COMMON READER**

"One should pounce on it as one pounced on Stevenson's *Familiar Studies* or *Virginibus Pueribus* . . . She is as nearly perfect as Heaven grants it the critic to be."  
 —*N. Y. Times*. \$3.00

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**SELECTED ESSAYS**

"For Americans, T. S. Eliot is the most potent personality of his generation, perhaps of his day."—*Bookman*. \$3.50

## **SHERMAN · Fighting Prophet**

**By Lloyd Lewis**

This life of General William T. Sherman fills ■ great empty space in the shelves of American biography. One of the most vividly interesting Americans of the last century, he was so symbolic of his time and generation that this, the first real biography of him, is ■ fascinating permanent record of western frontier civilization. "It is a book ■ rich in anecdote and adventure, in personality and character, in dramatic contrast, in humor and tragedy, that it is difficult to write of it without an enthusiasm which may be mistaken for mere blurbing."  
 —*Henry Seidel Canby*. DECEMBER BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION. \$3.50

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383 MADISON AVE.

NEW YORK



# Holiday Book Section

## Willa Cather: The Past Recaptured

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

DATES tell us that Willa Cather is the contemporary of Dreiser, Anderson, and Lewis. She received her first official recognition in 1922 when the Pulitzer Prize was awarded to "One of Ours." And it was about this time that the ascendancy of what is now the older generation of living novelists became a historical fact. Yet from this entire group Willa Cather has always stood somewhat apart. Their interests, their attitudes, were not hers. Her calm pulse did not throb in time with the hurried beat of the rebellious decade. The great post-war revolt against philistine values agitated her but mildly. The sex manifesto of Anderson and his followers apparently never reached her ears. In her thirteen books there is hardly a trace of the crusade against respectability waged by Mencken, Lewis, and Masters. Though deeply American in tradition and outlook, she has no report to make to us on the America of her time.

Let us commit no easy or ungenerous errors in the attempt to account for this. I am sure there is in her no conscious desire, stemming from fear or defeat, to evade the salencies of her own period. Nor is Willa Cather, perhaps the least cynical of our important writers, impelled by any Cabellian disdain for the current scene. Yet it remains indisputable that—except in the case of "One of Ours," to which we shall revert—she has detached herself from contemporary interests. Though she has stirred her readers' hearts, she has never changed their minds. And that is essentially what most of her compeers have done.

Frequently a writer's influence can be gauged by the rapidity with which his followers popularize his ideas and ingest them into their daily conduct. Thus the critical attitude of Lewis begot the Babbitt-baiter. The amusing snobbery of Cabell produced the college-boy aesthete and fantasist. Today we find the Hemingway pose reflected in the monosyllabic conversation of young journalists, or perhaps even in the iron-visaged small fry of Mr. Steig's inimitable drawings. But there have been no Catherians. We have read and admired her, but drawn nothing from her to make part of our own conduct. Whatever her influence may have been, it has not been "educational."

To understand this detachment, and particularly to understand the reasons for its recent intensification, we must grasp the basis of her mental outlook. Though its roots lie in the Nebraska prairies, it is Vergilian in its grace, its aversion to confusion and violence, its piety, its ancestor-worship, its moral idealism, its gentle stoicism, its feeling for the past, and its sense, touching rather than tragic, of the tears which lie in mortal things. There are lines of hers whose grave, simple sentiment and purity of rhythm actually echo the cadences of the more reflective passages of the Aeneid.

For *Ántonia* and for me, this had been the road of Destiny; had taken us to those early accidents of fortune which predetermined for us all that we can ever be. Now I understood that the same road was to bring us together again. Whatever we had missed, we possessed together the precious, the incommunicable past.

These sentences were composed in 1917. At that date Willa Cather's mind was already formed.

Of all conceivable temperaments the Vergilian is perhaps the least suited to portray an epoch like ours, darkly colored with brutal struggle and mass disaster. Only once has Miss Cather attempted an interpretation of a living issue. We need not be surprised that it was foredoomed to failure. Several of her books, notably "The Professor's House" and "My Mortal Enemy," merely miss their effect; only one is today quite intolerable. "One of Ours" is intolerable because, while its subject matter is large, its point of view is petty, or at best unsophisticated. This novel deals with two very serious things: the frustration of American youth and the war. To these tragic and many-rooted problems, calling for the sternest and most masculine analysis, Miss Cather brought a gentle Vergilian heart. She yearned over her silly, sulky boy, Claude Wheeler, striving to extract from the dull lead of his career the silver of tragic beauty. Today Claude merely annoys us; there is no other way of putting it.

The crucial test was Miss Cather's treatment of the war. She put her limitations on record in her eulogy of Claude: "He died believing his own country better than it is, and France better than any country can ever be. *And those were beautiful beliefs to die with.*" (Italics mine.) This note of regretful acceptance of an imperialistic carnage that left a mountain of bones on a hundred European battlefields implied in Miss Cather a simple inability to see her own time realistically. Even the Pulitzer Prize Committee must have known this to be true. It awarded the annual prize to "One of Ours" as the novel which "best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American manners and manhood." Miss Cather, perhaps unconsciously realizing that her talents were not adapted to a convincing interpretation of contemporary life, abandoned the field. She has not since returned to it, for "The Professor's House" is only in fact, not in spirit, a post-war novel.

"One of Ours" may be viewed as the only book Willa Cather ever wrote in accordance with a literary fashion. This revolt-from-the-village novel has acquired prestige from the authority of her name, but actually it is no better than similar books by Floyd Dell, Duncan Aikman, and others even less memorable. It were best forgotten, for it is by far different work that its author will live.

To classify the novels of Willa Cather is to make clear her remoteness from the problems which engaged most of

\* The third of a series of articles by Mr. Fadiman on American novelists.—EDITOR THE NATION.



her contemporaries. First there are the novels dealing with the Western pioneers of foreign birth or ancestry, and with the generation which directly followed them. Her finest works ("O Pioneers!," the first half of "The Song of the Lark," "My Ántonia," "A Lost Lady," and "Obscure Destinies") fall roughly into this class. Then there are those less successful novelettes, influenced by Edith Wharton and Henry James: "Alexander's Bridge," some of the stories in "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "The Professor's House," and "My Mortal Enemy." Possibly in reaction to the earthy simplicities of her Western novels, these treat isolated emotional conflicts in the lives of the well-bred. Finally, we come to the two recent novels—legends would be more correct—of outright withdrawal into a kind of dream history.

These three interests bound the field of her artistic activity. Reflect upon them and it becomes clear why, in satisfying them, Willa Cather has been led farther and farther away from contemporary life, deeper and deeper into the past. There is a way of treating the past so that it links with the present and illuminates our own lives. The novels of Evelyn Scott, for example, dynamic and forward-looking, have this power. Miss Cather's mind is basically static and retrospective, rich in images of fixed contours. Her evocation of the past can be beautiful and moving, and even at its most ethereal can transport us to a world of pleasant reverie. But few will affirm that it bears any relationship to our present-day conception of history.

One recalls at once Miss Cather's West, which she has made so wholly real that many have taken it to be wholly true. It is a West filtered through a very special and selective temperament. It is not false; it is merely partial. She decks her scene with a narrow range of good people—stoical, warm-hearted peasants, Christian souls like Alexandra and Ántonia and the mild, likable Ray Kennedy. Her business men are always gentlemen. Railroading is romantic—and it was romantic, no doubt, except that it was also other things. Although her finest book tells the story of a servant-girl, she prefers ordinarily to place her characters in comfortable middle-class surroundings. Thus "O Pioneers!" is not about pioneers at all, except for the first fifty (and best) pages. It deals with the second generation of prosperous farmers far removed from the sweat and toil and heartache which went into the conquest of the soil. In general, Willa Cather sees her West through a lovely haze, abstracting those qualities in people and even in landscape which lend themselves to her special idealistic bias.

Those who have studied the winning of the West in its less picturesque and Rooseveltian aspects may find little interest in Miss Cather's treatment. On the other hand, if one accepts her very special point of view, it cannot be denied that "The Song of the Lark" and "My Ántonia" are as moving today as when they were first published. No one has better commemorated the virtues of the Bohemian and Scandinavian immigrants whose enterprise and heroism won an empire. These books are safe for many years. Can one name another modern American novel whose emotional quality is so true, so warm, so human as that of "My Ántonia"?

Such books as these spring from their author's admiration for the quality of moral courage. But it is usually—and here too Miss Cather is at variance with her contemporaries—a moral courage acting in harmony with convention. It

never takes up arms against the social order. The idealism which was so full and fruitful in "My Ántonia" shows its weaker side in a kind of reserve which of late has come perilously close to gentility. In part this may be due to Miss Cather's religious faith. Her allegiance limits the moral problems she may face and imposes upon her an attitude of submission. Catholicism lies quite openly at the heart of her last two novels. They are books from which the very idea of moral conflict is excluded. Not that there is any deliberate falsification of life in them—naturally, one does not expect moral struggle to enter very intimately into the lives of archbishops and fourteen-year-old girls—but they reveal a growing tendency to select from the great array of human emotions those which do not call up conflicts that are difficult to resolve. If this tendency is indulged, Miss Cather's remarkable and precious talents may end in a cul-de-sac; and we shall have to fortify ourselves against works of piety dressed up as novels.

It is perhaps in her treatment of the relationship between men and women that this emotional caution is most clearly revealed. When in 1915 "The Song of the Lark" was published, the Victorian compromise, at least in intellectual circles, had already broken down. But its hold, probably against the author's own will, was strong in this book, and has grown stronger in her later ones. When Miss Cather tries to project a vigorous male character she is hardly convincing. Fred Ottenburg is a case in point. By an overemphasis on his feats of eating and drinking and his general physical vitality, she tries to compensate for her inability to present him as a complete male. The love relationship between Fred and Thea is faded and unreal, though the opposite effect is intended. To tell the truth, the unspoken, non-sexual, half-unconscious love between Thea and Dr. Archie is, in comparison, warmly and vividly portrayed. Relationships of this order, loves from which the body is barred, are common in Miss Cather's writings: Jim Burden and Ántonia, Dr. Archie and Thea, Captain and Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Forrester and Neil come readily to mind.

In "The Song of the Lark," Harsanyi, referring to Thea, says: "Her secret? It is every artist's secret . . . passion. It is an open secret, and perfectly safe. Like heroism, it is inimitable in cheap materials." Miss Cather's conception of passion is broad. It includes passion for one's work, one's children, one's friends, one's land, one's memories, and for beautiful objects and experiences. But it does not extend, except formally, to sex. There is something very oblique, sparse, over-delicate about her infrequent treatments of even the slightest sexual irregularity. This is not so true of her early work—"O Pioneers!" for example—but it has become increasingly evident. Her most recent stories are constructed so that such matters will not naturally intrude. The love affair in "Shadows on the Rock" has no more substance to it than a fairy-tale romance. Though Miss Cather cannot be accused of prudery, there is unquestionably in her a strong vein of puritan reticence. In a book like "My Ántonia" this may be transformed into an artistic virtue. But it can also too easily degenerate, as "Shadows on the Rock" shows, into mere sweetness and twilight.

The characteristic quality of Willa Cather's mind, however, is not its puritanism or its idealism, but something deeper in which these are rooted. She is preeminently an artist dominated by her sense of the past, seeking constantly,



through widely differing symbolisms, to recapture her childhood and youth. A sort of reverence for her own early years goes hand in hand with her Vergilian ancestor-worship; and out of this has flowered her finest work. "My Ántonia" is one long gesture of remembrance. The most remarkable parts of "The Song of the Lark" describe Thea's childhood, especially her friendships with Spanish Johnny and Ray Kennedy. Once Thea reaches Chicago, she becomes the heroine of a novel. The more she triumphs as a mature artist, the less interesting she becomes as a personality. Only at the very end, when she returns to her childhood home to sing in church, the book suddenly breaks once more into beauty and reality. "A Lost Lady," too, owes much of its quiet emotional power to this same Vergilian quality of reminiscence. All her books are filled with throw-backs of the memory. Give one of her characters half a chance and he will begin to recall his youth. Pierre Charron in "Shadows on the Rock" says: "You see, there are all those early memories; one cannot get another set; one has but those."

Although this preoccupation with the past bore fruit in two beautiful and significant novels, it has also been responsible for Miss Cather's continuous diminution of vitality since "A Lost Lady." For while it is the fountain of her inspiration, it may also function as a chain limiting her freedom of movement. The greatest novelists, such as Proust, draw simultaneously from both worlds, that of the remembered past and that of the fully realized present. The purely retrospective artist is faced with a simple difficulty—his material begins to lack significance unless it is constantly renewed by contact and comparison with the life about him. Soon he may find himself telling the same story over and over again. This Miss Cather has not done, though she has frequently repeated characters. But once she had fully exploited her early Western recollections, there were only two courses open. She could go forward into the present—or she could retreat even farther, call history to her aid, break contact with contemporary minds, and evoke rather than create. She has taken the latter path, one hopes not irrevocably.

Somewhere Miss Cather speaks of "the world of the mind, which for most of us is the only world." It is a perilous phrase. That world of the mind can be a small or large one, depending upon the depth and frequency of its meetings with other minds. It may be a closed world or an open world. Of recent years Willa Cather has been pensively drawing the shades and fastening the shutters. It is quite true that her prose, considered solely as an instrument, has gained in precision and a certain minor poetry of phrase; but it has lost, many feel, some of the fresh morning vigor and warmth of her earlier work. In sheer power of invention the last two novels are inferior to her earlier ones. They have fewer characters, no changes of scene, no richness. "The Song of the Lark" is too long, but one has an admiring sense that it could easily have been longer, that the author had all she could do to keep a rein on her imaginative faculty. But in "Death Comes for the Archbishop" and "Shadows on the Rock" there is something precious, over-calculated. The effects are somehow parsimonious. Life is gently set in a sanctuary and viewed through a stained-glass window. They are, indeed, hardly novels at all, as we understand the word, but reworked legends, acceptable additions to the lives of the saints.

No one may dictate an artist's subject matter or his

point of view. His own feeling for what is vital and important, his own sensitiveness to the forces which move his fellow human beings will point the road for him. There is a very real danger that Miss Cather may, quite simply, lose contact with life. Her hypertrophied sense of the past may permanently transport her to regions where minor works of art may be created, but major ones never. And this is a sad thing to contemplate, for the author of "My Ántonia" and "The Song of the Lark" was not a minor writer, but a major one. These books will remain classic in our literature and stir the imagination of Americans when her archbishops and her shadows have long vanished from memory.

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

The picture world, that falls apart, and leaves  
a snowflake on the hand, a splinter of ice,  
a hillside, a red leaf

the picture world,  
that lost and broken child's book, whence we keep  
one picture, torn and soiled, the faded colors  
precious because dimmed, clear because faded,  
near because lost, whole because torn

the picture world that is ourselves, speaking  
of yesterday and yesterday and yesterday,  
the huge world promised in the bud of May,  
the leaf, the stone, the rain, the cloud  
the house of secret warmth where sleep was sweetest  
the face most loved, the hand most clung to—

must we go back to this and have this always  
remember what was lost or what was torn  
replace the missing with a better dream  
built from the broken fabric of our wills—  
thus to admit our present is our past  
and in one picture find unaltered heaven—

or, shall we be angelic, close brave wings,  
fall through the fathomless, feel the cold void,  
and sound the darkness of the newly known?—  
—To face the terror in this rain that comes  
across the drowned world to the drowning window;  
be ignorant of rain, the unknown rain;  
unknown and wild as the world was to god  
when first he opened eyes—ah surely this  
were nobler answer than the glib speech of habit,  
the well-worn words and ready phrase, that build  
comfortable walls against the wilderness:  
seeing, to know the terror of seeing: being,  
to know the terror of being: knowing, to know  
the dreadfulness of knowledge:

Come, let us drown in rain,  
cry out and drown in this wild single drop,  
sound the pure terror on whistling wings, and find  
in death itself the retrospective joy  
held like a picture-book in a drowned hand.



## Books

### A Modern Diogenes

*Sketches in Criticism.* By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

THESE are fifty essays in this book; they deal, ostensibly, with fifty themes, and yet they are, at bottom, always on the same theme, the theme with which Mr. Brooks's name has been associated since the appearance of "The Wine of the Puritans" more than two decades ago. That theme is the poverty of American culture; and whether Mr. Brooks's ostensible topic is Mark Twain, Henry James, Henry Adams, Bierce, Huneker, Upton Sinclair, or some more abstract topic, that is what he is always talking about: the poverty of American culture—the examples of it, the causes of it, and its possible cures.

Must not Mr. Brooks, then, always harping on the same note, be a tiresome writer? On the contrary, it seemed to me, reading these essays, that he was the most fascinating and readable of all our critics. So much controversy has circled around his central thesis, and the question of the justice of his judgments of individuals, that he has received considerably less attention than he deserves as a literary craftsman. He begins nearly every essay with some arresting sentence; he comes to immediate grips with his theme. More important than this minor excellence is Mr. Brooks's gift for crushingly apt characterization. What more telling short description could there be of Henry Adams than this: "He went through the world with the air of a deposed emperor, not quite knowing who had deposed him, or from what"? Who has better described those recent magazines "devoted to the propagation of secret writings—these curious efforts to communicate and at the same time obstruct communication, to court a public that is generally despised, to express and yet refrain from expressing, to substitute a cipher for a language"? And who has more accurately put his finger on the weakness of the whole movement that these magazines reflect—"a sterile aestheticism that substitutes the means of art for the end"?

If Mr. Brooks is a one-ideaed man, then he is one-ideaed in a very special sense—in the sense that Taine was, or Ruskin, or Matthew Arnold. It is not that he has only one idea, but that he has one central idea, which orients and unifies all his work, and gives it its influence and its force. He comes nearer than any other of our critics to exercising the function in present-day America that Arnold did in Victorian England. Throughout his work there runs a brave and passionate earnestness. Is the picture that he gives us of our literary life too gloomy, too pessimistic, as is so often charged? Is he, even if right in his facts and individual judgments, wrong in his emphasis? Are his portraits unfair because—if of nothing else—of some bilious principle of selection? Perhaps it is true that anyone who knew nothing of American literature but what he learned from Mr. Brooks's criticism would have an unjust notion of it. But no one is likely to be in that position. We will always have an oversupply of critics who can tell us the virtues of American literature, not to speak of the army who are constantly reading into it virtues that it never had. What we desperately need are gadflies, even sour-faced and insufferable fellows, if we can get no other kind—and Mr. Brooks is far from that—who will keep reminding us of its defects. Mr. Brooks differs from his more complacent colleagues by the simple fact that he will be satisfied with nothing less than greatness. Most of us, when we cannot get what we like, learn to like what we get; but Mr. Brooks will not content himself with

the second-rate, and above all he will not begin to tell himself that the second-rate is the first-rate. Hence, with endless curiosity and patience, he examines one example after another of the diverted, the stunted, the blighted American literary career; he traces its causes in the dominance of money-making and industrialism, in our traditions of rootlessness, of "self-expression," of spontaneity, of false individualism, in the refusal of our writers humbly to subject themselves to masters and to undergo the discipline of a long and effortful apprenticeship before setting up as masters or even as journeymen on their own account. And while Mr. Brooks always sees the individual in his social context (none of our critics does this more consistently), and always recognizes the power of the economic forces that play upon him, he is never a mere fatalist or economic determinist; he is constantly insisting that the individual has the choice between timidity and courage, between prudence and creation. Not the least part of the force of his work comes from his insistence on this personal responsibility.

These essays bear no dates, and there is no prefatory note. A few of them, like the essay on Max Eastman, Science and Revolution, are obviously new; one or two—the essays on Upton Sinclair and Ambrose Bierce—appeared in "Emerson and Others" five years ago, though they seem to have been slightly revised; most of the others, perhaps, are from the files of the old *Freeman*. But none of them date, and the latest have the same tonic quality as the oldest.

HENRY HAZLITT

## John D.

*God's Gold. The Story of John D. Rockefeller and His Times.* By John T. Flynn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

THE praise bestowed on Mr. Flynn's life of the elder Rockefeller is rather puzzling in view of the book's many faults—the wretchedness of its style, the immaturity of its biographical technique, and the inconsistencies and weakness of its fundamental point of view. The life of Rockefeller is not one that has to be recounted in great detail. To the last generation "John D." was a household sobriquet. Two books, Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth" and Ida Tarbell's equally famous history of the Standard Oil Trust, rehearsed the story of the means used by Rockefeller and his lieutenants in building their gigantic oil monopoly—the system of secret railroad rebates and drawbacks, of widespread espionage and intimidation of competitors, of competition by bogus independents, of the wholesale corruption of judges, legislators, and other public officials. Rockefeller became the most hated man in the country, although other industrialists pursued not dissimilar methods. Not even his incongruous piety explains his vilification, for most of the industrialists of his time were regular churchgoers. Doubtless popular fury was stimulated by his very silence in the face of attack, by his almost utter indifference to public opinion. It is true that since the advent of Ivy Lee he has attained a certain measure of benignity, but even this has been at a price. The great industrialist has been transformed into the dime-distributing sage of Pocantico Hills.

Mr. Flynn explains that he undertook his life of Rockefeller because the Lloyd and Tarbell volumes were attacks rather than biographies. Of Ida Tarbell's work he says also that it is rather a history of the Standard Oil Trust than a biography of Rockefeller. Mr. Flynn's book is clearly a defense of Rockefeller. If an attack invalidates a biography, then may not a defense? Moreover, Mr. Flynn's book is as much a history of Standard Oil as Miss Tarbell's. It is a "life and times" that has much more in it of the hero's times than of his life; this is, indeed, its greatest virtue. Rockefeller himself, the most silent of men, escapes his present biographer as he did his earlier critics,



and remains that familiar caricature, "John D." Mr. Flynn does not so much project a portrait of Rockefeller as argue about him.

In dealing with the public career of Rockefeller, Mr. Flynn is more successful. The Civil War, which had destroyed the slave-holding aristocracy of the South, had ushered in the "new industrialism." The railroads were opening a vast continent teeming with natural resources, and there were no tariff walls to impede the natural flow of commerce. Neither were there burdensome legal restrictions, nor a cultural tradition to check the new forces of exploitation. Mr. Flynn recognizes the importance of these favorable conditions in the success of Rockefeller, but he insists that he was the leader of the new industrial revolution. He was not merely a strong, unscrupulous man avid for gain, who was favored above most of his contemporaries by fortune. He dreamed a dream of a new industrial empire. In his innermost soul he hated the disorder and waste of competition and resolved to build a new business system. "The man's mind," remarks Mr. Flynn in all seriousness, "craved order as the drunkard's blood craves alcohol"—a proposition that is as dubious in one part as in the other.

It is a more serious question whether Mr. Flynn has not glorified his subject beyond his just due. If most of the contemporary industrialists may be dismissed as mere tyros, it is not so easy to dispose of the claim of Carnegie to be considered the leader of the new industrialism. Steel was made as gigantic an industry as oil, and Carnegie proved himself an even better organizer than Rockefeller. The oil trust was built on a series of alliances among the outstanding oil magnates; and ultimately, when subjected to pressure, it collapsed. Carnegie knew that the only sure road to monopoly was to absorb or destroy his competitors. Even more completely than Rockefeller he controlled every part of the process of production in his industry. At the time of Rockefeller's retirement from Standard Oil, Carnegie was as rich a man. It must be remembered that Rockefeller's really great wealth came to him as a result of his investments after this period. In his second phase he was a mere money man, a type Mr. Flynn affects to despise. Finally, Carnegie was cleverer than Rockefeller in conciliating public opinion. A veritable Saint Andrew, his benefactions were not denounced as "tainted."

Above all, Mr. Flynn's biography is vitiated by its moral apologetics. Of course, he does not defend all Rockefeller's acts. That would be impossible. The point is rather that if Rockefeller is to be regarded as an industrial Napoleon it is idle to judge him by ordinary moral standards. Again, it is even more idle to subject to a process of ethical discrimination the host of industrialists who after the Civil War fastened themselves upon the national economy. They can only be regarded as brigands on a magnificent and awe-inspiring scale. The early attacks upon Rockefeller were made from the ethical viewpoint of the small business man. It is true that Mr. Flynn also argues that Rockefeller served his competitors only as they tried to serve him, without success; but he is not content with regarding as the whole of the ethical question the fact that monopoly is simply the logical end of competition.

On the other hand, Mr. Flynn fails most completely in facing the larger issues of such a career as Rockefeller's. In attempting to explain the variance between his hero's piety and his business methods he argues that he was led astray by Old Testament stories of deception, such as that of Jacob and Esau! He does not plumb the larger import of the bifurcation of religious and business ethics since the Reformation. Rockefeller may not have regarded religion as a useful social opiate, but this is not necessarily disproved by showing that Rockefeller was pious even as a youth. That has nothing to do with the institutional function of religion. Nor is the absence of ulterior motives in Rockefeller's benefactions necessarily proved by

showing that he gave to the Baptist missions from the meager proceeds of his first job. There is not a word on the fundamental question of the justification of private charity.

As a phenomenon Mr. Flynn's book is highly interesting. His attempt to canonize one of the greatest servants of big business marks its new respectability. As a journalist whose primary interest has been business, Mr. Flynn has been worried by some of its excrescences. His previous book, "Graft in Business," was obviously based upon a highly ethical premise. But the ultimate morality of industrial capitalism, as of any system, lies in its ends, not its means. The life of the elder Rockefeller has its justification only in a Nietzschean system of ethics.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

## Lost Frontier

*Earth Horizon. An Autobiography by Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.*

AT intervals in the march of history certain great moments come. The inspiration of the crusades probably provided one of them; the French Revolution another; the recent Russian Revolution a third; and the conquest of the American continent one of the most satisfying. At these moments men and women are called upon to do battle with gigantic forces; their hands, their minds, their muscles, the whole total of their energies must contribute to the magnificent task of making, under certain given circumstances, a civilization. The men and women who went out from Kentucky to Illinois a century ago were participants in this supremely soul-filling task. The women came from gentler homes, many of them from plantations rich with slave labor; they brought with them to the wilderness a half-dozen kitchen utensils, a couple of their best quilts, and their courage. With these tools they made a home while their husbands planted the prairies; they baked, wove, spun, milked, pitched hay, and bore and raised their children, and the fruits of their labors lay about them in abundance when their time came to die.

But for their daughters and sons and for their grandchildren they left—what? The prairies were conquered; the black land lay fresh to the plow; the one-room cabins of the pioneers had been replaced by commodious farmhouses which took on every modern device for lessening labor as soon as it appeared. Families of ten and twelve gave place to families of two or three. And the young men and women of the late nineteenth century, newly sprung from college, actually refused the blessings their grandsires had labored gloriously to create for them. The world, in other words, was conquered and was theirs. But alas, the joy lies not in owning but in getting. And that joy they could not know.

Women with the rushing energy that was Mary Austin's, and with her need to create, since they could not be their pioneering great-grandmothers, turned to the world of the mind for their conquest. They demanded equal rights, prohibition, suffrage, birth control. This was not enough for Mrs. Austin, because she was already of a more triumphant mentality than they. She turned to the world of the spirit, and laid her conquering hands upon it. She has prescience; she sees the dead; she walks with God; she knows the true nature of prayer. Let me be understood. I say these things in all deference. I suspect that Mrs. Austin is a truly great woman. But she is out of her milieu. She should have been born while a world was being made. And then how grandly she would have done her share!

What she has done is to be faithful to her idea of the American pattern, and she has nursed it and fed it devotedly all her life, so that under her ministrations it does seem here



and there to be emerging. She has, in her own words, written of "the totality which is called Nature," given herself "to the quality of experience called Folk, and to the frame of behavior known as Mystical." She has done these things not only in her autobiography but in the whole long list of her books, so that anyone who wishes to know Mary Austin must read them all. But even from the autobiography the pattern she saw for her own life is plain, and that she saw it at all makes the book worth reading, if it were not valuable for other reasons. It is, in fact, part of the saga of America, as that saga will be written at last by many Americans. Here it is written often with more strength than grace, with more truth than clarity. But I have a notion that as a record of the frontier and what remained after the frontier was gone it will seem illuminating for some time to come.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

## The Rossettis at Home

*The Wife of Rossetti.* By Violet Hunt. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.

ALL of us remember Floyd Dell's Bohemia of recent death. We remember the rush of boys and girls to Greenwich Village, an emigration by scores and hundreds from the Pacific West, the Middle West, New England. Of these, we remember the girls especially; they were tall and wore long skirts or draperies of brightly colored batik or calico, and sandals on bare feet. This type was an imperfect memory of life imitating art and was something that resembled a Bohemian tradition. Its origin dates back more than a half century, back to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in Victorian London, back to the sacred inner circle of the group, until at last we see "The Blessed Damsel," "Beata Beatrix," the white throat, fiery hair, Elizabeth Siddal, the wife of Rossetti.

Violet Hunt's book is not biography, or fiction. It is family gossip raised to the level of a fine art, and every word of it is exciting gossip, screaming: "Elizabeth Siddal committed suicide and we know the reasons why." The book sets a headlong, crazy pace, and we are propelled into the very center of the Pre-Raphaelite group, all dead these many years, but now alive, talking, shouting one another down. The flow of talk is turgid, yet swift; one feels that many of the facts are knocked askew, but that the essential truths are being told for the first time. The book is not merely another history of the Pre-Raphaelite movement; it is the movement itself; and Violet Hunt is spokeswoman, telling you all she has overheard to the last murmur.

Restore Charles Dickens's London, the London of "Oliver Twist," and you have the setting for the first scene. The streets are crowded and dark, and the stench of the river is in one's nostrils. Turn corners into Cranbourne Alley and there find a milliner's shop, a haven for young men and old, or anyone at all who has an eye for pretty girls. No doubt Miss Hunt exaggerates the lack of modesty displayed by young milliners. We are to remember that these are the "lower classes," and that a young man with pocket money is king among them. There were four such young men: William Allingham, Walter Deverell, Ford Madox Brown, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the original P. R. B. They were poor, but their poverty was the rather special poverty of poets and artists who came from the middle classes. The girls were to be converted to a sacred cause, the cause of art, and their services paid for by a night's lodging or a warm supper. Some trouble was taken to secure the right model. It was William Allingham, the poet, who saw Elizabeth Siddal first, and at first glance must have remembered "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The next was Walter Deverell, who had a woman's eye for beauty, and was so girlish himself that he could approach women with a superior air of detach-

ment, and even the shyest of girls would have no fear of him. It was he who first captured her and locked her up in his studio. The girl's restraint, her wide-eyed chastity, met the approval of Walter's mother, who footed Walter's expense account. Walter was delighted with his find; but it was not long before his friend Dante Gabriel stepped round to see the marvel, and carried off the prize.

It is clear that Miss Hunt hates Dante Gabriel and enjoys patronizing Elizabeth Siddal—but their story is in her blood; and in the telling the very slang of the period is revived. Elizabeth is a cold "stunner," but the poor dear is quite without education and ill, T. B. of course, ready to die at any moment. And Gabriel is a cad, one of those rascals who would walk off with your Sunday trousers. He had already borrowed Brown's, who, poor man, was forced to walk out of doors with a blanket round his loins. Fortunately, Brown was in the country and no one saw him except his wife and a peasant or two. Meanwhile Miss Siddal was living in Rossetti's flat at 14 Chatham Place, up four floors and overlooking the river. She saw no one. She read, slept, drew, and wrote poetry. Whenever Gabriel appeared she would be ready, would sit twenty-four hours at a stretch, as long or as short a time as he demanded. The sacrifice of her life was complete, yet she remained chaste, withdrawn—it was plain that she was holding out for marriage. It was a long battle, and finally Rossetti capitulated. The habit of sacrifice had grown so strong that the flat at Chatham Place became a prison. She had given so much that Rossetti could not escape her. She was rejected by his family. Christina would have nothing of her.

The yellow fog rolled in from the river. Doctors suggested that Mrs. Rossetti move. Irregular meals, bad food, inarticulate quarrels, illness, drugs—all these were part of daily life at Chatham Place. One could see at a glance that such a household was headed for disaster. Hear Miss Hunt describe the two central figures. First, there is Gabriel, "a man now, grave, bluff, and sensible, watch-chain looped on opulent waistcoat: to look at, Allingham said, something like a prosperous citizen of Genoa"; then his wife, "bitter, thinning, with shrunk bosom and eyes more prominent than ever; together they must exist in that doomed house until her time came."

It was inevitable that Gabriel sought out other women, but these were all variations of the original Siddal model; more buxom, the arms and thighs heavier. Elizabeth's sacrificial madness was approaching a climax. She was much too ill to have children, yet she persisted in the attempt. Each effort drained her; sickness and horror became established as part of the Rossetti routine, and quarrels mounted in a crescendo. Into this last chapter of events little Swinburne entered; it was he who shared the last dinner with the Rossettis at a restaurant. There was the usual quarrel, and after the ride home (Swinburne left behind), voices on the stairway leading to the flat. Suddenly Gabriel came out and a door slammed. Darkness. The next morning, after a frenzied effort to revive the woman, Ford Madox Brown discovered a note hidden in the folds of her dress: "My life is so miserable I wish for no more of it." He put the slip of paper in his pocket. The coroner's jury turned in a verdict of accidental death caused by an overdose of laudanum, and Gabriel, erect, outwardly cool, reserved his show of emotion for a final grand gesture: his book of poems, all in manuscript (and carefully memorized by his friends), was placed with the still body in the coffin.

Violet Hunt has written an extraordinary book; a curiosity, if you will, but one of large implications. All that we need to know of Bohemia lies between its covers; the hysteria, the violent prose (it is possible that Miss Hunt herself has much in common with her characters), the whirlwind of gossip following in the trail of Bohemian activity, are preserved here for future historians.

HORACE GREGORY



## So—?

An "Objectivists' " *Anthology*. Edited by Louis Zukofsky. Publishers: To. \$1.

IN February, 1931, the magazine *Poetry* was given over to a new school of poets, the objectivists. This anthology is a collection of poems of that same school. The definition of the word "objectivists" is to be gathered from the editor's lines:

The melody, the rest are accessory—

... my one voice; my other ...

An objective—rays of the object brought to focus,

An objective—nature as a creator—desire for what is objectively perfect,

Inextricably the direction of historic and contemporary particulars.

The introduction to the anthology, after so defining the school, goes on to state that Ezra Pound is the most important poet of today, that T. S. Eliot and his influence are much to be questioned, that the contributors to this volume "did not get up one morning all over the land and say 'objectivists' between tooth-brushes."

Included are poems by Basil Bunting, Mary Butts, Frances Fletcher, Robert McAlmon, Ezra Pound, Carl Rakosi, Kenneth Rexroth, Charles Reznikoff, William Carlos Williams, Louis Zukofsky, Forrest Anderson, T. S. Eliot (*Marina*, a poem already out in pamphlet form), and a few others. The book closes with the Program for the Objectivists.

The poems by Pound are deliberate and skilful nonsense; those by Williams, very like his usual vein; and Eliot's contribution, of course, is a poem already well known. We are very probably wrong in feeling that the poems of the group as a whole are not very far away from imagist technique; they seem overstrained to include not only the presentation of the material object, but also all the floating images of the subconscious. Frankly, despite the obvious passionate sincerity of the poets, despite some very excellent passages in the longer poems, despite the elaborately obscure introduction, we do not make much of all this, nor quite see what is to be gained by this rather diffuse (despite its program of economy) and certainly very personal and disconnected presentation of the subject matter of poems. We are told, however, that such poems proceed from "desire for what is objectively perfect, inextricably the direction of historic and contemporary particulars."

EDA LOU WALTON

## What Is Art?

*Art and Artist*. By Otto Rank. Translated by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

DR. RANK, one of the best known of practicing psychoanalysts, is convinced that "the new psychology" has so far done little to illuminate the problem of the artist, but after an evidently extensive study of recent literature concerning primitive art, he emerges with some bold theories of his own. Only an anthropologist could profitably undertake to judge the value of the evidence which he deduces from the activity of primitive peoples, but his theories, considered merely as theories, are eminently worth the consideration of all who are interested in the problems of aesthetics. Dr. Rank's ideology is in many respects novel, and, indeed, his whole approach is quite different from any with which the literary critic is familiar, but that very fact makes his speculations all the more interesting when one begins to realize how much of what he has to say

seems to lead by an unfamiliar route to the very conclusions toward which more than one critic has found himself slowly driven.

Since Aristotle's time it has been pretty generally assumed that some imitation of some nature is the starting-point of all art, and that the creative activity of the artist consists in the modification which he introduces into his image of the world outside. Most disputes center about the importance of the extent to which he is true to nature, and most of the dilemmas arise out of the difficulty of explaining just why or how the imitation becomes superior to the thing imitated. But Dr. Rank insists, in effect, that art has only recently come to resemble nature at all, and that the fundamental impulse behind it is not only separate from but actually opposed to the impulse to familiarize oneself with natural objects. Thus he provides us with an unusual approach to the problem which confronts the modern artist, whom he sees as compelled to seek some sort of compromise between the very old impulse to art and that relatively much newer impulse to knowledge from which the most primitive artists were almost wholly free.

As Dr. Rank shows, it has long been recognized that the intention behind the earliest known sculpture was in no sense imitative. The thing which the artist strove to represent was usually some abstract conception of the relation between his soul and the soul of the universe. Arguing from this point, Dr. Rank insists that art is originally concerned with the effort to assert the reality of things not present in the world of nature at all, or, as he puts it, with the effort "to render concrete by pictorial representation that which is thought and is spiritually real." Assuming still further that all the arts spring from the same fundamental need, he sees poetry as well as sculpture arising out of this impulse and hence, like sculpture, originally an expression of ideas rather than, in any sense, a record of observations or events. Carving begins to resemble natural objects and poetry begins to deal with partially realistic events only after knowledge of nature has introduced the possibility of criticizing abstract ideas by comparing them with natural fact, and at that point begins the conflict in the artist, who has hitherto been concerned only with objectifying the abstract ideas common to him and his society.

On the basis of this conception, Dr. Rank proceeds to divide the history of the artist into three periods. In the first, or primitive, period the artist works purely in a more or less fixed tradition of abstraction. In the second, or classical, period he is still in harmony with society, but man has reached the point where his familiarity with nature is sufficient to compel him to seek his idea in nature, and accordingly the task of the artist comes to be the task of creating those idealizations of man and natural objects which combine a recognizable representation of fact with the idea of what that fact ought to be. Finally there is the romantic period—extending from the beginning of the Renaissance to the present day—which is marked by the complete separation of the artist from society and by his effort to set up a private interpretation of the world which is intended to be different from either the world as it is ordinarily seen or the world as it is ordinarily imagined to be.

Speaking of the modern "artist-type" Dr. Rank writes:

Our psychological knowledge of the type begins only with the Renaissance; and there already it denotes—artistically, sociologically, psychologically—something different, which we can only conjecturally assume in the artists of earlier epochs. *Psychologically*, the notion of genius, of which we see the last reflection in our modern artist-type, is the apotheosis of man as a creative personality; the religious ideology being thus transferred to man himself. *Sociologically*, it meant the creation of "genius" as a type, as a culture factor of highest value to the community, since it takes over on earth the role of the divine



hero. *Artistically*, it implies the individual style—which is already free and autonomous in its divine creating power and which is creating new forms out of itself. This artist, liberated from God, himself become God, soon overleaps the collective forms of style and their abstract formulation in aesthetics and constructs new forms of an individual nature, which cannot, therefore, be subsumed under laws.

The concern of this review being largely literary, we may not only leave Dr. Rank's anthropology to anthropologists, but we may also leave to psychologists his discussion of the relation between the neurotic and the modern "artist-type." Nevertheless, it seems highly probable that his theories about the nature of art do correspond to some reality which we are only beginning to understand, and which is destined to play a larger and larger part in all discussions of the aesthetics of literature. Undoubtedly some sort of crisis has been reached in this branch of speculation, and the conventional romantic as well as the conventional naturalistic attitude has been attacked from too many different angles not to be evidently unsatisfactory. All the popular isms—the Marxian, the humanistic, the metaphysical, the psychological, and all the rest—tend to converge at least to the extent that all recognize the inadequacy of both the "storm and stress" theories of the romantic and the comfortable, common-sense theories of the nineteenth century, which assumed that art was going to "advance" continuously by becoming a more and more scientifically detached account of the world of nature. Theorists who agree in nothing else agree in assuming that "art" differs in some radical way from mere "imitation." They agree that it is governed by laws which are somehow its own, and that it achieves values which are distinctly different in kind from those of science or sociology. And when all agree upon the need for some deeper understanding than we have of art as the product of a special activity of the human mind, we may assume that the need is really there. Dr. Rank's book throws something which looks very much like light from an unexpected quarter.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Dynamic Geography

*Van Loon's Geography.* Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

VAN LOON is not the first to rescue geography from the dull and static discipline of less than a generation ago. J. Russell Smith, Isaiah Bowman, and Virgil M. Hillyer have in various ways pioneered before him. But Van Loon invests geography with a new interest and thrill. Nowhere has the interplay of geography and history been made more graphic; nowhere has the relationship of man to his physiographic environment been expressed more vividly; nowhere has the traditional exposition of the configuration of the earth's surface been so ably raised to the fourth dimension by the inclusion of sea bottom, stratosphere, and time's geologic, as well as man-made, transformations.

The style sparkles with simile, epigram, and gentle irony. Cordova is described as "the famous Moorish capital that used to boast of no less than 900 public baths before the Christians captured it and reduced the population from 200,000 to 50,000 and the public baths from 900 to 0." The unique combination of excellent climate, mountain ranges running obligingly in the right direction, navigable rivers, good harbors, fertile soil, and abundance of raw materials, which makes "America the most fortunate of all" lands is admirably set forth. Van Loon writes:

It was practically uninhabited when the white man arrived . . . (only 10,000,000 Indians on the whole continent) and there was therefore no teeming native population to prevent the invaders from doing whatever they

pleased to do or to interfere seriously with the development of the country according to the white man's plans. As a result America has no serious race problem except the unfortunate ones of its own making.

Contrasting the ruthless destruction by some peoples of the resources which nature has been working millions of years to accumulate with the failure of other peoples to utilize their natural resources at all, Van Loon thus concludes his chapter on Denmark, Norway, and Sweden:

There are countries in which Man has submitted to the dictates of Nature until he has become her abject slave, and there are countries where Man has destroyed Nature so completely that he has lost touch with that great living mother who forever must remain the beginning and the end of all things. And finally there are those where Man and Nature have learned to understand and appreciate each other and have agreed to compromise for their mutual benefit. If you want an example of the latter, go north, young man, and visit the three Scandinavian countries.

The volume is filled with fascinating odds and ends of pertinent information. We learn how the first maps were made, why nautical miles are called "knots," the origin of the ship's "log," why the Swiss yodel. The hundred or more illustrations and maps contribute to giving Van Loon's geography its remarkable vividness.

ERNEST GRUENING

## Treachery—and Destiny

*Josephus.* By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

FOR Feuchtwanger's talent no character could be more apt and fertile than Josephus. It is a talent not really interesting in its power to depict merely personal emotions, but illuminating and important when it deals with what we may call the political emotions. In this it is suited to the tradition of the historical novel, the genre which best presents the feelings of people who are motivated chiefly by their allegiance to great ideas or historical forces. Josephus's life was complicated greatly by such motives and Feuchtwanger sets it forth brilliantly.

Save for the erotic incidents, he has had to invent little. The salient events of the novel may be found in Josephus's "Autobiography" and his "History"—his royal and priestly descent, his precocity at the university, his Essene asceticism before he joined the Pharisees, his mission to Rome to free the priests imprisoned by Nero, his political rise in Palestine, his defection from the Jews to the Romans, that strange and complicated treachery. In his autobiography Josephus implies his own complexity pretty clearly, and it was left for Feuchtwanger only to develop the implications. This he does largely in psychological terms, but the contradictions of Josephus's career were not essentially psychological; the fundamental determinants of his actions were the historical forces he so clearly perceived.

His tragedy was that of an essentially good man who must choose between a victorious power he despised and a defeated nation he loved. He lived at a time when men had to adjust their lives to basic political contradictions. National loyalties were dissolving in the inundation of Roman power, and no intelligent Jew who understood the power of Rome could hope for Palestine. The wiser of the rabbis could solve this dilemma of despair by withdrawing from their nation to devote themselves to canonizing the Law. Josephus's rival, the historian Justus, was willing to die with the nation. But Josephus, though he despised the rawness of Rome's power, saw that it was the visible and tangible future, which is hard to reject. It was not personal cowardice but rather a compliance with history that made him,



after he had offered heroic resistance to the Roman legions, trick the intransigent remnant of his men into death and save himself by flattering Vespasian with a prophecy of the imperial purple. The tragedy was that the historically victorious were the brutal and debased.

It is not possible to follow here the further complications of Josephus's career. After a period of humiliation he becomes a favorite of Vespasian. When Titus sets out on a punitive expedition against Jerusalem, Josephus accompanies him to record for posterity the fall of the city. He watches in a torture of misery the awful suffering of his people and the fall of the temple, but he notes it all on the gold tablets Vespasian had given him. With terrible emotions he forces himself to watch the triumph accorded to Titus, sees his former associates led to slavery or execution, and then, when he has recovered from the collapse that follows, sits down to his history, a man whom the contradictions of Rome and Jerusalem, as well as of heroism and treachery, have exhausted.

With none of the vulgarity that usually attaches to "modernization" the book brilliantly illumines antiquity by its assumptions of the motives and forces of today. So much of it is pointed historical analogue that one cannot help looking for apologue as well. None emerges, however, save that which lies implicit in any novel which can represent politics as emotionally and philosophically important.

LIONEL TRILLING

## Marxism in Literature

*The Liberation of American Literature.* By V. F. Calverton. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

V. F. CALVERTON'S "The Liberation of American Literature" has the faults and virtues of its method. Because he has a definite social point to prove—that all American writers have been conditioned by their environment and by their cultural inheritance from a Lollard, shopkeeping England, the latter predominating in early days and throughout the nineteenth century in the East as the "colonial complex," while the open environment generally shaped the literature of the Middle and Far West—Calverton is compelled to select only such elements in various figures as tend to fall within his contours. If this is praiseworthy in Parrington, it is certainly praiseworthy in Calverton; the fact that Calverton says "petty bourgeois" where Parrington said "democrat" does not destroy one and exalt the other. As a matter of fact, the Marxian terminology, which Calverton consistently—too consistently for grace—employs, can be precisely equated with the Jeffersonian icons of Parrington's speech. Alter the phraseology of "The Liberation of American Literature," discount the final chapter as an elaboration of a wish-fulfilment—and you have a book that is as American as "Main Currents in American Thought." The groundwork for Calverton's book was, in fact, laid by Professor Frederick Jackson Turner in his famous paper of 1893 on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." "The Liberation of American Literature" thus falls into line with the work of the post-Brooksian critics—Constance Rourke, Bernard De Voto, Hartley Grattan—all of whom look upon the influence of the frontier as a vitalizing force. Calverton definitely sees the literature of America being transformed by the "frontier force," which swept back from the prairies and the ranges to kill the colonial complex. But the pessimism that was a reflex of increasing industrialism—an industrialism which lifted the upper bourgeoisie (Parrington would call it the plutocracy) into the saddle, and tossed the petty bourgeoisie under the hoofs of the horse—followed the closing of the frontier, and we arrive at Constance Rourke's conclusion: that defeat at last had become a part of the national portion. Calverton interprets

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this defeat as meaning an inevitable proletarian revolution—and the liberation of American life. Whether Parrington would have come to this opinion is conjectural, although we know he sympathized with Daniel De Leon, Eugene V. Debs, and Victor Berger.

I have stressed the parallel between Calverton and Parrington simply because there is a prevalent notion that to be "Marxian" in literary criticism is somehow to be unintelligent, while to be Jeffersonian is an open sesame to the Pulitzer prize for historical writing. Certainly the Marxian approach is a valid approach; we do have three classes in society, and there is no objection to analyzing literature for its class content in terms of these divisions. The Marxian approach yields its own historical insights. In Calverton's hands it leads to an admirable analysis of why the pre-Civil War South, for example, was a Sahara of the Bozart. Calverton is especially good at weighing the impact of such books as "The Religious Backgrounds of American Literature" upon our notions of the whereabouts of American literature; a keen forager among sociological doctrine, he is admirably qualified to give this doctrine its content in terms of literary significance. But that is as far as the method employed in writing such books as "The Liberation of American Literature" and "Main Currents in American Thought" goes.

It is in the matter of individual judgments that the method leads Calverton astray. Determined to find one good proletarian writer in the America of the muckrake period, Calverton fastens upon Jack London. London wrote books, such as "The Iron Heel," designed to make proletarian converts, but this is not enough for Calverton. "Had [London] stopped where most of his contemporaries did, and taken his stand upon an individualistic base . . . in all likelihood he would have been driven into the camp of the pessimists." As a matter of record, London became one of the most completely pessimistic of Americans—and this long after he had joined the Socialist Party. Again, Calverton objects to Sinclair Lewis's "materialistic" conception of Utopia, explained facetiously in a *Nation* piece about Mr. Lorimer and Me. The objection to capitalism, I had always thought, is that it does not provide a "materialistic" Utopia. And when Calverton talks of Hawthorne as being "not American," those who have known the Puritan conscience as a vivid American reality will be aghast at the narrow Calvertonian definition of the term. Similarly with Emerson's verse—which is certainly "American" if Pope's couplets are "English." One wonders what Calverton would have to say of Emily Dickinson's verse, which, by the way, he leaves out of the discussion.

Finally, it must seem that Calverton's desire to see a literature which will be evidence of the growth of revolutionary sentiment leads him to fantastic conclusions, both at the end of his chapter on The Southern Pattern and at the close of the book. In The Southern Pattern Calverton cites DuBose Heyward, Julia Peterkin, and Paul Green to prove certain points—but makes no relevant mention of Faulkner, Elizabeth Roberts, Thomas Wolfe, Erskine Caldwell, Isa Glenn, Ward Greene, or William March, all of whom would seem to constitute "a forward-looking tendency" in Southern literature. At least they show that life in the modern South is pretty terrible—which ought to be "forward-looking" enough for a revolutionist who wants to prove that such is the case under the dispensation of Herbert Hoover. And in the final burst of enthusiasm which constitutes Liberation, the ultimate chapter, Calverton overemphasizes the importance of John Dos Passos, Michael Gold, and Charles Yale Harrison. These are all fine writers in their various ways (I, personally, have a particular relish for Dos Passos), but to emphasize them at the expense of other writers who have "surrendered" to pessimism is to be a bad revolutionist. After all, the "liberation of American literature" implies the liberation to be a pessimist. If one has to base one's hopes for revolution on an optimism that will not be

justified until one's grandchildren have reached their majority, it will not lead to the making of many revolutionists, no matter what the necessary ideology. Calverton should seek to spread pessimism; only when it is much more widely diffused than it is at present, even in a year of depression, will conditions be ripe for radical activity looking toward the world he wants: a world in which the many will not be sacrificed to preserving markets for investment bankers and dividends for the few.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

## Building with Words

*Stories of God.* By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by M. D. Herter Norton and Nora Purtscher-Wydenbruck. W. W. Norton and Company. \$2.

*The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke.* By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by M. D. Herter Norton. W. W. Norton and Company. \$1.50.

ONE can imagine a man who had heard for years of Dante and then at last saw the "Inferno." His first impression would probably be one of surprise that so few and apparently such simple lines had brought forth so much commentary. It is a characteristic of the classics that they say incalculably more than they seem to say. There is a terrific inequality between their significance on paper and their significance in the world of the spirit. This is something that everybody knows. The reason must be that each word, however simple or ordinary it appears, has been placed in such a position that it can bear an unimagined stress; and so, with only a few lines, by a kind of engineering feat, a mighty edifice is built. At any rate, we are accustomed to think that this faculty has passed out of literature with the breakdown of the ancient simplicities. Our modern masterpieces, in general, are longer than the older ones. The word seems to have lost in tensile strength.

How wonderful, then, to read these "Stories of God"! The stamp of our century was as distinct upon Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) as upon Joyce or Proust or Franz Kafka. Yet once again, in these seeming nursery tales, so naive and so sly, which the hasty might mistake for a German equivalent of "Winnie the Pooh," the ancient miracle seems to take place. Almost every word could be understood by a child; quickly we find ourselves at the end of the little parables; and then we realize suddenly that we have been glancing at some of the deepest meanings in life. While we were being charmed by a faultless sensibility we did not observe that a structure, philosophical and theological, was being thrown up before our eyes. True, it was only a glance that we caught and the structure was only an outline, not a solid, buttressed cathedral. Yet one thing we know, that we have witnessed a literary marvel, if not a religious one.

"The Tale of the Love and Death of Cornet Christopher Rilke," which is early in date, tells a ballad-story of the Turkish wars in the form of a delicate prose poem; in quality it is somewhat like the feudal pennon borne by the stripling cornet—an ancestor of the poet's—as he rode so quickly from his love to his death. Both books, though "slender," should increase Rilke's American renown, established two years ago by his prose masterpiece, "The Journal of My Other Self." "Stories of God" is not the weightiest work of the mysterious man who is already being granted a niche in the hall of German poets, but it is one of the finest works of our time. If it fails to appeal to the numerous enemies of "metaphysics," it must surely attract the few friends of literature. Those who do not perceive the little building it erects will at least admire the grace of the writing.

GERALD SYKES



## Land Booms and Crashes

*The Great American Land Bubble.* By A. M. Sakolski. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

FROM the time of the crown grants to companies before the American Revolution to the time of the collapse of Florida land values before the late stock-market crash, wild speculation in land has been a characteristic occupation of the American people. Professor A. M. Sakolski, by his painstaking research and interesting presentation of the material, has made an important contribution to a phase of the development of the country which has previously been hidden in local histories and obscure biographies.

The first great speculators in land were the early colonists, who received it from kings in whose names it had been discovered, and had the dangerous job of wresting it from the Indians by war or by craft. The early land deals, which were participated in by such leading men of the country as George Washington, Patrick Henry, Peter Jefferson, father of Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin, were concerned with the vast unexplored lands which lay west of the established colonies. After the Revolutionary War destroyed the British king's right to assign land, speculation began in earnest. As Professor Sakolski points out, the new American States were free of corporations and joint-stock associations and had no securities with which to gamble except the questionable federal and colonial debts; but land was plentiful.

The new federal government was impoverished and the new State governments were equally so. They gave land in payment of their obligations, and in addition they gave land to their returned soldiers, with the result that trading in land became almost a necessity for those who needed money. Speculators bought up the soldiers' grants in great numbers, and with them as the basis started vast schemes. Fraud went hand in hand with wild speculation, as it has always done, and the following statement concerning the Oliver Phelps purchase near the present site of Charleston, West Virginia, sounds as if it were about the operations of the late Ivar Kreuger: "Speculation of a more crazy type cannot be found. The best of New England capitalists and business men placed hundreds of thousands of dollars in schemes they had never investigated and did not take the trouble to explore."

In the early years of the country's development land was not purchased as a sign of nobility or wealth but merely to resell at once to someone else at a profit; and, with the exception of the Wadsworths of Geneseo, the early landed proprietors speculated with their holdings instead of developing them. It is interesting to note, also, that almost the only landed proprietors who did not die bankrupt or go to debtors' prisons were those who, like the Wadsworths and the Astors, held land and leased it instead of trading in it. In order to sell their lands the owners wrote, or hired writers to write for them, glowing descriptions of the marvelous opportunities offered the trading public. Allowing for the difference in the publicity methods of the eighteenth century and the twentieth, the early travel books by British authors and the descriptive literature of Coral Gables are literary sisters under the calfskin, except that the travel writers frequently offered illuminating comment on morals and manners instead of concentrating on adjectives.

The federal government's decision to distribute the national domain in small allotments for settlement rather than in large grants for speculation caused the collapse of the early post-evolutionary land booms, and meanwhile speculation in commodities and securities had increased in the rapidly developing United States. But land speculation cropped up again in connection with the New York land areas, the Georgia "Yazoo"

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lands, and the Ohio lands. The selection of Washington, D. C., as the national capital was the occasion of great speculative ventures in real estate. The Louisiana Purchase, the Texas independence movement, and other Western developments were the signal for wild land-development schemes, insane trading, and extensive fraud. The panic of 1837 was the result, and land became then almost unsalable. Cautious investors with money, like John Jacob Astor, were able to take advantage of the distress and to profit enormously by forced sales. Professor Sakolski writes: "It took almost a decade for the country to recover from the shock of the 1837 collapse. In the intervening period, convalescence was slow, and land speculators were so much disheartened that it required a new generation to prepare the stage for another boom period."

The development of the railroads and of the new cities which sprang up around them was the occasion for renewed speculation on a large scale. Though land was the bait for the railroad capitalists and was handed out to them freely by the government which they influenced, it is significant that few of the original possessors of grants and plots got rich, for settlement followed more slowly, and they could not afford to wait. Professor Sakolski points out that it would have been difficult to raise capital for the vast railroad projects without land as the bait. The most flagrant and exaggerated land speculation in the history of the United States was the last one, the Florida real-estate boom, and Professor Sakolski's book contains an interesting account of how leading citizens from all parts of the country were deceived by these sentimental dreams of earthly glory with vast dividends.

In Professor Sakolski's book one can trace the ideas and policies of some of our statesmen back to their origin in these statesmen's investments in land. The book thus becomes a valuable contribution to the economic interpretation of American history, of which Dr. Charles A. Beard has been our leading exponent. In addition, it is a picture of America's wasteful enterprise and unique development, shocking to the mind of the engineer, fascinating to the individualist, and a source of moral indignation to the mind of the collectivist.

M. R. WERNER

## A Philosophical Novel

*The Sleepwalkers.* By Hermann Broch. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

THIS extraordinary first novel, which has been highly praised by Thomas Mann, is composed of three parts: The Romantic (1888), The Anarchist (1903), The Realist (1918); each part is larger than the average novel and, in a sense, complete in itself, since it deals mostly with a different set of characters; the whole is doubtless designed to describe an epoch in all its strata. It is an epoch drifting toward chaos and culminating in chaos, and these states are reflected in the trilogy, not alone in the series of images which serve as symbols of the times but in the manner in which these images are presented. No ordinary coherence need be sought here; Herr Broch seems to work on the principle that the "disintegration of values" in life implies the disintegration of the novel too. Perhaps only Spenglerians will want to read every word of this book, though the lover of lyrical prose should find whole sections to his relish; the author is not only a fine stylist, but he is beautifully translated. Indeed, elements of greatness are not to be denied the work, but that it is great as an entity is doubtful.

The first book is the most orderly, the most free of the mystical and philosophical ballast which overweights the second and in particular the third. It is also up to a point the most

derivative. Somewhat simpler than its model, it may be said to bear the same relation to Proust that Edith Wharton's earlier work bears to Henry James. The portraits of Passenow, Joachim, Bertrand, Ruzena, Elizabeth, are superb. Not only do you see them physically in the round, but you are enabled to see them spiritually with the same completeness by the author's portrayal of a series of psychological states, all culminating in great and little explosions of temperament.

The second book deals with the lower strata of German society, but the portraits are not less complete and have their own secret vitality; Martin Esch and Mother Hentjen are not soon to be forgotten. The author, it would seem, desires us to understand them as symbols; the reader will be content to accept them as comprehensible human beings.

The third book is concerned with the war and the effects of the war. Here again, Huguenau, realist, exponent of the "value system," is realized as a living individual and a type; with the others this product of bourgeois rationalism stands lost before the growing emptiness of the world, before that devastating loneliness which makes one think of death. Pages and pages of philosophy, some of it relevant and sound, intersect the narrative and hinder its natural flow. It is a pity that the author did not take a page out of Shaw's book and relegate the philosophical interludes to a preface, which might be skipped or read, according to the inclinations of the individual reader.

JOHN COURNOS

## Shorter Notices

*The Narrow Corner.* By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

After his raid on English literary society W. Somerset Maugham returns to his pirate's den in the East Indies. This latest novel is an old-fashioned melodrama glossed over by smooth craftsmanship that partially conceals its many defects. There is a necessary mystery in a young fugitive from Australia who goes slinking about the islands and turns pale at the end of every chapter. He has a brief love affair with the daughter of a planter, with the result that his friend, to whom the girl was engaged, kills himself. All this, as well as the activities of the minor characters, who are much more credible, is observed by Dr. Saunders, skeptical Englishman, who looks upon life to be amused by it. There is a lot of familiar hocus-pocus about old ruins, mysticism, and the inscrutable East. Maugham organizes this shoddy material in such a way as to get the maximum effect from it. He seems to go through his routine of tricks like a bored and expert magician, growing increasingly contemptuous of his audience at each performance.

*The Pastures of Heaven.* By John Steinbeck. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$2.

Not really a novel, nor yet a book of short stories, this series of connected sketches presents a group of out-of-the-ordinary characters who live in the California valley called the Pastures of Heaven. It is the first flight of a fine writing talent which, while kindlier than that of Faulkner, is yet related to it in its preoccupation with the abnormal. Mr. Steinbeck presents an idiot, two moronic sisters, several chronic failures, and an unfeeling and essentially stupid son who, coming at the end of a line of distinguished men, destroys his father's will to carry on. There is no heartlessness or cruelty in Mr. Steinbeck's view of them; he rather forgives them all their trespasses in excellent analytical narratives, written in a supple prose. His future work should lead to his recognition as an excellent psychological analyst. If he could add social insight to his present equipment he would be a first-rate novelist.



*Before the Curtain Falls.* Anonymous. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.50.

American middle-class life of the past twenty years produced one pattern of experience which has figured so frequently in our literature that it has come to be accepted as representative. The intellectual who went to war under the influence of Wilsonian idealism—or for vague reasons which Wilson formulated into slogans—and who thereafter felt himself detached from society has been written about before. The anonymous author of this novel adds nothing to the picture that Dos Passos, Hemingway, Edmund Wilson, and others have drawn, but his story is of considerable interest. Descendant of distinguished Virginians, Henry Filmer drifted through all sorts of experiences without seeming to reach any definite conclusions about them. He studied codes for the Intelligence Department during the war, but far more emphasis is placed on his riotous living in Paris. While doing relief work in Russia in the early days of the Bolshevik rule, he seems to have seen very little, and the book at this point is far from convincing. Its newspaper-editorial style is particularly exasperating.

*Blessed Spinoza.* By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. \$4.

An adequate story of Spinoza must begin three or four centuries before the philosopher was born. It must begin with the scholastic philosophies—Hebrew, Christian, and Arabian—trace the influence of Bacon, Descartes, and Hobbes, and end by realizing the meaning of Hegel's words: "Spinoza is the chief point of modern philosophy; either Spinozism or no philosophy." Mr. Browne's biography, from this standpoint, is inadequate. Thoroughly bare of any philosophic perspective, it narrates in a nice, readable style the mere facts of Spinoza's existence. Nothing is here of the inner flame that burned in him; only the ashes of his day-to-day doings. Fifteen scattered pages are all that Mr. Browne devotes to the philosophy of a man whose principal works are perhaps even more important in our age than they were the day they were written. Divorce the life of Spinoza from his works, and no 300-page biography is needed. It was Anatole France who epitomized it by writing: "If Napoleon had been as intelligent as Spinoza, he would have lived in an attic and written four books." If France erred in the number of books he accredited to Spinoza, he did no worse than Mr. Browne, who has also erred factually in several places, though he traveled to the Netherlands to uncover the only new word on Spinoza in his entire book: that the house in which Spinoza died was at one time, after the philosopher's death, a bordello!

*The Making of Europe.* By Christopher Dawson. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

This is a history of Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire down to the end of the tenth century. Mr. Dawson believes that historians should emphasize the spiritual unity of Western Europe rather than its nationalistic differences. In his book he shows how this unity was gradually created by a fusion of Graeco-Roman culture, Christian religion, and Germanic vitality. He also devotes considerable attention to the Byzantine and Arabian empires. "The Making of Europe" is so strictly historical to serve the purpose which Mr. Dawson has in mind; he is content to state facts without suggesting implications. For the ordinary reader it is therefore less interesting than the same author's "Progress and Religion," in which he argued that a return to Catholicism was necessary if European civilization was to continue. On the other hand, this is probably the best short history of the Dark Ages that has appeared in English. Mr. Dawson writes with an impartiality very unusual in a Catholic historian, and appears to have studied all the available authorities. The book is too crowded with facts to be easy reading, but the style is admirable.

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## Films Gastronomy

ONE may wish there were more sting, more sarcasm, in Ernst Lubitsch's polished wit, but we must take the man as he is, and with all his limitations Lubitsch seems to be the only director in Hollywood who talks the language of adult people and whose suave and subtle humor betrays a keen if cynical mind. His cynicism has earned him the title of the acknowledged master of "sophisticated" comedy. Yet in the last analysis it is probably the least important element in his make-up as an artist. It shines only by contrast with the primitive earnestness of Main Street. Regarded by itself it suggests no more than the attitude of a good-natured gourmet who enjoys the oddities of the human scene. I have no quarrel with Lubitsch on this score. His intellectual mood has at least the grace of a certain refinement. I am more thrilled, however (if the word "thrilled" can be applied to the titillating sensation produced by his work), by the masterly skill with which he tells his after-dinner stories, the skill of a raconteur who makes his points without raising his voice.

"Trouble in Paradise" (Rivoli) is one of the gossamer creations of Lubitsch's narrative art. The story, it goes without saying, is a trivial anecdote which deals with some adventures of two society crooks. It is unnecessary to relate it in detail, and it would be impossible in this brief notice to describe the innumerable touches of wit and of narrative skill with which it is unfolded. The opening scene gives the key to the treatment of the story. It shows us a man collecting garbage whom we presently discover to be a Venetian garbage man carrying away his spoils in a gondola to the accompaniment of a raucous song. And so, throughout the picture, we see the adroit and impish Lubitsch turn his slightly crooked mirror now to one episode, now to another. It is all thoroughly delightful.

The difference between "Trouble in Paradise" and "The Kid from Spain" (Palace) is the difference between soufflé and spaghetti, but Eddie Cantor's spaghetti can be absorbed with considerable enjoyment, even when too filling and too highly seasoned. The picture, of course, is a star "vehicle." Those who, like myself, enjoy Mr. Cantor playing the part of an innocent will find plenty of broad comedy in his adventures in Mexico culminating in a hilarious bullfight.

Horror, like humor, can also be of two kinds. One hits you in the stomach, the other in the head. I cannot speak with certainty about the former variety, for clutching hands, screeching owls, or butlers made up to look like monsters never cause the slightest spasm in the lower part of my anatomy. But as films of this kind are made by the dozen, there must be enough people who enjoy abdominal horror. "Kongo" (Rialto) comes near to being this type of film, but its voodoo magic, with all its frenzy and human sacrifice, never stirred a hair on my head. On the other hand, in "The Most Dangerous Game" (Paramount) I sensed something like incipient horror, although the film had few of the usual trappings of its genre. In fact, its entire horror was contained in its Wellsian idea—the use of human beings as quarry in big-game hunting. No blood-curdling sensation was added to this by the actual hunt.

"The Conquerors" (Mayfair) is another attempt to picture the rise of modern America on an epic scale. Made by the same company that produced "Cimarron," the film follows the pattern of its predecessor without recapturing the latter's panoramic sweep or dramatic interest. I must also add that it is unbearably vulgar in its entire philosophy of the progress of America.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY



## Drama

### Honest English Hearts

**T**HERE are times when an American and an Englishman seem very much alike, when the commonplaces of Anglo-American dinner parties seem almost true. There are others when hands across the sea are far less convincing, and one of these times is when a really popular English play gets produced over here. The intelligentsia understand one another fairly well, but the intelligentsia do not count for very much after all, and when the People are concerned it is a different story. Your Englishman thinks of us as being crude, and perhaps we are; but the forgotten man in London seems endowed with provincial naivete which would bring a blush of shame to Main Street itself. I tremble lest some Englishman should hear of my awful cheek, but years of experience with the kind of play which England really takes to its heart have driven me to the conclusion that over there your average citizen is unsophisticated to an amazing degree. Straight sentiment, boarding-school farce, and Chatauqua technique suit him to a T. His wholesomeness knows no bounds, and what was good enough for his fathers is good enough for him. Faced with the same play, your average American is vaguely uncomfortable. He may not be any more profound, and he may be no less taken in by current clichés, but he does feel something uncomfortably old-fashioned about your genuine British hit. It reminds him too keenly of class day at the high school when he was a boy.

Consider for example "Autumn Crocus" (Morosco Theater) and "Chrysalis" (Martin Beck Theater)—two run-of-the-mill plays from opposite sides of the water. The former, from England, tries hard to be modern. It is all about a pathetic little school teacher who meets a handsome innkeeper in the Austrian Tyrol and has her moment of belated romance. There are even moments when it is Very Outspoken About Sex. Yet it all seems to have been written for the celibate vicar who appears incidentally. The sentiment is appallingly cute in a spinsterish way, and the comic relief which makes up a good part of the play is so simple-minded that one wonders if it can really have been written in this supposedly decadent age. One of the big moments comes when the heroine replies with an English folksong to one of the *Lieder* sung at a jolly little gathering in the parlor of the inn; but perhaps it is not necessary to go farther than to state that the characters, instead of being given names on the program, are whimsically described as "The Gentleman in the Gay Braces," "The Lady with the Lost Underclothes," and so on. Incidentally the latter lady's unwillingness to specify just which undergarments have been lost is supposed to be screaming, but despite the presence of a very handsome gentleman named Francis Lederer, and despite the fact that Patricia Collinge plays the school teacher exactly as I suppose it was intended to be played, I shall miss my guess if the piece repeats its English success. That is one of the reasons I sometimes doubt how much there is in all this talk about "a common language." Perhaps its only effect is to make us understand one another too well.

As for "Chrysalis," it also is not a first-rate play, though it is often an interesting one, and has its moments of real power. Supposed to show how the character of a debutante was deepened by her experiences when she became involved in an adventure with a budding gangster and his girl, its chief defect is a shallowness of characterization and feeling which leaves it rather sketchy if sometimes exciting melodrama. Nevertheless, my intention was not to contrast an unusual American play with an unusual British one but to suggest how far apart two typical

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products of the two stages can be. And for that purpose "Chrysalis" will do admirably well. In the first place, though it is conventional, its conventions are not so thoroughly stale. The theme, general atmosphere, and technique may be ten years old, but they are not twenty-five. In the second place, it is ambitious; and that I take to be the most significant fact of all. The American playwright rushes in where Englishmen if not angels are these days afraid to tread. He is prone to deal with passions rather than sentiments, and with aspirations rather than regrets. Whether he succeeds or fails, he is striving for strength, and he is determined to deal with contemporary life in its most vigorous, even its most spectacular, aspects. The English dramatist, on the other hand, seems to have lost his nerve. He generally aspires to nothing above sentiment, elegy, common sense, and a minor fidelity to minor happenings. His comedy is whimsical rather than either boisterous or intellectual, his drama underemphasized and almost apologetic. Nor are these differences, I think, merely differences in style, for they probably correspond to some fundamental differences of spirit. The American still has faith in life as a possibly passionate and exciting thing. He still believes that extraordinary events can, do, and ought to happen. He still feels instinctively that the true meaning of life is to be found in such events. But the Englishman no longer really believes in passion and adventure. They make him feel self-conscious, and he is not quite up to them. Drama seems to him hardly possible at all, and when he does undertake to write it he turns to the few things in which he still believes—the minor adventures of a politely restrained aristocracy or of a quite resignedly commonplace middle class.

Incidentally it should be noted that in "Chrysalis" June Walker as the tenement girl contributes a sincerity which gives real life to her part, and that Osgood Perkins as a kindly if cynical uncle proves again what a splendid player he is.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1932

No. 3519

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THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

SENATOR HULL has the distinction of being one of the very few members of Congress with any real understanding of the causes of the present crisis. Quite as important as this, he has the courage to say that the crisis cannot be surmounted by devising irrelevant stimulants, but only by removing the continuing causes. His has been almost the sole voice in Congress steadily and insistently calling for the reduction of tariffs. In his latest statement on the subject he remarks that as the United States led the way toward unprecedentedly high tariffs, it should now "lead in the opposite direction of sanity and sound business recovery." As a first step he urges that a world economic conference recommend a horizontal 10 per cent reduction in the permanent tariffs of all nations, with a liberalizing of exchange and other restrictions. Some such step as this is, of course, of crucial importance, but it will have to be much more drastic than that indicated by Senator Hull. As applied to all ad valorem duties, a general 10 per cent reduction could not be without at least an immediate psychological effect, and it would have, as well, some long-range effect in stimulating trade; but a 10 per cent reduction on specific duties would not begin to meet the situation. One of the most serious elements in the tariff situation is that, even if there had been no world tariff war in recent years, specific duties would have become constantly more obstructive as a result of the collapse of commodity prices. As the increasing obstructiveness of

the tariff has often led to a further fall in prices, the tariff barriers have set up a vicious circle. Thus, to take the example of our greatest single import, sugar, the specific tariff of 1.76 cents a pound in 1928 was the equivalent of an ad valorem tariff of 72 per cent; in May of this year the specific tariff of 2 cents a pound was the equivalent of an ad valorem tariff of 350 per cent.

"AS A MATTER OF FACT," said the *Troy Record* in a recent editorial, "there probably are no hunger marchers in America. The term has been invented and the groups have been brought together by Communist organizers for the specific purpose of making trouble." Could more misleading and dangerous propaganda be conceived? Of course the Communists have been taking partisan advantage of the hunger and misery to be found on every hand in the United States today. But does this mean that there is no distress or starvation? Would the editor of the *Record* have us believe that the destitute are being adequately cared for and so have no reason for joining the hunger marchers? Or should the hungry slink off shamefacedly to die in some quiet corner as did Ignatz Wlosinski? The *Record* can hardly plead ignorance of the Wlosinski case, for it was from its news columns that we obtained the report of this man's death. Wlosinski's body was found in a barn on an estate near Troy, where he had to all appearances crawled in to die. "The victim was emaciated," the *Record's* account said. "His stomach and digestive tract were absolutely empty and had shriveled from disuse. A physician said the man had apparently been on a starvation diet for about three weeks." What a truly frightful picture of the human struggle for existence in this supposedly civilized country! But the fate of Ignatz Wlosinski is by no means exceptional. Similar stories are being recorded almost daily in newspapers, relief-agency reports, and hospital records throughout the country. Why not hunger marches? When will the government provide enough relief to stop this terrible suffering?

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S DECISION to cut out all the usual flummery of the inaugural ceremonies and to restrict the military display to the regulars garrisoned in and about Washington is doubly to be praised. There should not be a single cent wasted when there is such suffering in the land, and it is high time that some headway was made against the growing tendency to make the Presidency as showy and as regal an office as possible. In this respect we count a great deal upon Mrs. Roosevelt. A woman of great ability, admirable common sense, and good taste, she has shown no desire to be other than her simple self and the wife of an American citizen who has been temporarily chosen by his fellow-citizens to serve them in public office. We venture to prophesy that all the business of being the "first lady of the land" will appeal to her not at all, that she will wish to go on with her own useful life, and that she will use all her influence in the direction of cutting down the display and ceremonial at the White House which has developed so under the Coolidges and Hoovers that the President now appears



at ceremonial gatherings in the White House attended by numerous aides and heralded by a trumpeter. Even in private gatherings he is expected to enter and leave the room first and to take his seat before the ladies! The White House has long needed an Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson to bring it back to the exquisite simplicity and good breeding of older days.

ONE NATURALLY HOPES that Franklin D. Roosevelt's attitude toward Soviet Russia will be more liberal than that of Herbert Hoover, although there is nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's record or utterances to indicate precisely what position he will take. He was silent during the campaign on the question of recognition, saying only that he found the question interesting and would study it. Since his election to the Presidency, however, persons upon whose advice he will largely depend in this matter have broadly suggested that Mr. Roosevelt will take positive measures toward improving American relations with Russia. Senator Swanson of Virginia, who will be the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, not only hinted at recognition, but said that the United States would probably negotiate a commercial treaty with the Soviet Union soon after Mr. Roosevelt took office. Senator Walsh of Montana, who has been very close to Mr. Roosevelt, has declared that he will urge prompt and unqualified recognition of the Soviet Government. While the suggestion that the change in administrations in Washington will mean a change in American policy toward Russia has been received somewhat skeptically in Moscow, a "prominent Bolshevik" shortly after the election was quoted by Walter Duranty in a dispatch to the *New York Times* as declaring that his country is prepared to meet Mr. Roosevelt "halfway and in a friendly spirit in any overtures that may tend to improve relations, but the Soviet Union will wait for the United States to take the first step."

PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT contemplates, according to reports from his cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia, a reduction of \$100,000,000 a year in the Navy Department budget. This proposal we indorse most warmly and without reservation, for it is precisely with the army and navy expenditures that the government must begin its economizing. As was to have been expected, the suggestion of the President-elect brought roars of pain and anguish from naval officers and the big-navy clique in Congress. Let Mr. Roosevelt not be disturbed by the bulldozing tactics of the militarists. If they were given the biggest army and fleet in the world, with the costliest and most elaborate equipment, they would still demand more. For example, it is generally agreed that our land forces are large enough to provide whatever defensive strength we may need in the foreseeable future and might, if anything, be reduced, for the sake of efficiency as well as economy. Nevertheless, Major General Douglas MacArthur, the Chief of Staff, has the audacity to ask in his annual report that the size of the army be increased. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion renews our hope that his Administration will not allow the disarmament negotiations at Geneva to collapse for lack of support from the United States. A recent dispatch from Washington frankly declared that the statesmen at Geneva are talking of abandoning the disarmament conference. They would, this dispatch said, write into a treaty all of the agreements that have been reached to date,

leaving the remaining questions to be settled through diplomatic channels. This would be utter stupidity. No agreements of any consequence have yet been reached, so what could possibly be written into the projected treaty?

THE CONTINUED PRESENCE of the entire American fleet in Pacific waters is proving a source of great irritation to the Japanese. The Navy Department has formally explained that the fleet is being kept in the Pacific Ocean solely for reasons of economy. But this explanation does not sit well with the Japanese. The more moderate elements in Japan suspect, and surely not altogether without justification, that the real motive behind the naval maneuvers is to guard against a surprise attack by Japan. This the moderate Japanese resent, for they take it to mean that the United States does not trust their country. The nationalistic press and many outstanding patriots have gone farther and declared that the United States is really preparing for war. That interpretation has no basis in fact, at least in so far as the American public is aware, but it is out of just such fears and suspicions that wars often arise. The tension between the two countries is already so great that we cannot possibly afford to let it increase. It is imperative that the Atlantic fleet be returned to its home station. Only thus can one of the principal causes of the growing ill-will of the Japanese toward America be removed. We doubt very much that any considerable sum is saved by keeping the Atlantic and Pacific fleets together. It is even more questionable that the Japanese would dare attempt a surprise attack upon our western shores, for no fleet can hope to operate successfully at such a great distance from its coaling stations, repair depots, and normal sources of supply.

SO GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER, who has so long been in power behind the arras in German politics, becomes the first military Chancellor of the German Republic. He has made and unmade Cabinets; he has concentrated in himself the too great authority and power of the Reichswehr, with which he has been able to drive ministers from office and play the Warwick; and now he steps out into the open to grasp the power. His selection is certainly far better than would have been that of Hitler, but it probably presages a long period of presidential government beyond the constitution and at times in defiance of it. Von Schleicher is a remarkably able man. Some who have known him all his life think that he has in him not only the possibilities of a ruthless dictator, but even of a Napoleon. He is not as reactionary or as stupid as most of the men whom Von Papen had collected in his Cabinet. Von Schleicher at least knows that things have changed in Germany. For example, he has made friendly advances to the labor unions, into whose councils he has freely gone. In other words, he is distinctly more pliable than the average German reactionary. None the less, his selection is ominous for the republic, especially if it is true that Von Hindenburg is rapidly failing under the strain not only of the office of President, but of the successive parliamentary turmoils, elections, and stalemates. While Von Schleicher was only a staff captain in the World War, he is one of the old military school and has emphatically declared that Germany will rearm, and promptly. Thus do we see again how well it pays to go to war to make a people democratic and establish democracy throughout the world.



PERSIA HAS APPARENTLY DECIDED to throw off the yoke of British economic imperialism. No other interpretation can be placed upon the action of the government at Teheran in suddenly canceling the valuable concession held by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Whether the Persians will succeed is another question. Their country has long been regarded by Great Britain as one of its principal "spheres of influence" in the Middle East. For one thing, Persia stands on the road to India, and so is generally regarded as a part of the British system of inter-imperial communications. Moreover, its extensive oil deposits are highly prized by the British, as much for their strategic value as for their commercial importance. According to a rather frank dispatch from London, "the British have been quick to realize that this is not an ordinary business dispute, but an outburst of Persian nationalism which will not yield easily to ordinary methods of treatment." In other words, Great Britain intends to use whatever pressure it can to cure the Shah's government of its sudden desire for economic independence, perhaps even to the point of resorting to military occupation, if that is deemed necessary. The same dispatch reported that "the Shah's government was on the point of granting a virtual monopoly of the Persian automobile and rubber trades" to American interests "over the heads of British competitors." This plan, if carried through, will sooner or later lead to trouble. It is hard to believe that the British would tolerate an American invasion of one of their spheres of influence. The American companies would do well to stay out of the Persian quarrel.

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS published the protests by the Woman Patriot Corporation against the admission of Dr. Einstein to the United States, on the ground that he was a Communist and thus a danger to the country, the good professor did the only thing that a philosopher could do under the circumstances. He ironically complimented the patriotic ladies by recalling the occasion when mighty Rome was saved by "the cackling of her faithful geese" and insisted that he had never in his life been rebuffed by so many of the "beautiful sex" all at once. Thus he attempted to dispose of both the ladies and the incident in one amiable jest, properly assuming that no serious notice would be taken of the protest. Unfortunately his confidence in the intelligence of United States government officials was misplaced. The protest of the Woman Patriot Corporation had been solemnly forwarded to American consular offices in Europe, and when Dr. Einstein called at the consulate in Berlin for a visa, in anticipation of his visit to America to lecture at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, his visa was held up while he was subjected to a cross-examination on his views about communism, pacifism, and anarchism. Could a great nation possibly devise a more effective method of making a fool of itself in the eyes of the civilized world? Dr. Einstein is not a Communist or an anarchist, but he is a confirmed pacifist. He is also one of the world's greatest scientists and most appealing personalities. He has been the recipient of honors of all sorts from the United States, including a message of congratulation from President Hoover. We hope he will meet this fantastic indignity with his usual tolerance and good humor and will prove his infinite superiority to officious ignoramuses—in office and out—by coming to America and forgiving us our trespasses.

## Al Smith, Statesman

AL SMITH, on December 1, made the most worthwhile and constructive suggestions for a reorganization of the municipal government of the city of New York yet given to the legislative committee of inquiry of which Mr. Seabury is the counsel. It caused his friends greatly to rejoice, because it showed again Mr. Smith's unusual grasp of governmental problems, his honest, constructive thinking, and his clear, straightforward statement of his position without ifs, buts, compromises, or the usual cloud of words in which the average politician conceals his real thoughts. It caused consternation in Tammany Hall, for Mr. Smith, its most distinguished member, deliberately urged the dropping of 100 elective officials, the abolition of the costly and complicated borough system under which the city is subdivided into five autonomous districts, the combination of numerous departments, and the regrouping of others ■ ■ to make enormous savings and to increase efficiency. He even went so far in his treasonable utterances as to urge that the selection of judges be taken out of politics by having them appointed for life—by the governor in the higher courts and by the mayor in the lower. No wonder that Tammany squealed!

Of course, if all the changes which Mr. Smith recommends were to take place, the city of New York would be a different place to live in. There would be far greater concentration of responsibility; the mayor would have greater executive power; and the present Board of Estimate and Apportionment would be transformed into an upper legislative chamber while the Board of Aldermen would be cut down to twenty-three members. Mr. Smith favored the taking over of all the transit lines by the city. He also urged the immediate construction of model housing for the poor by the use of loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, besides making five other specific recommendations for immediate relief. All his suggestions are particularly valuable at this time, when the city is in dire financial jeopardy—at this writing face to face with the possibility that its relief funds will be exhausted on December 7, and uncertain whether it will be able either to pay the vast amount of short-term notes coming due or to meet all the demands of its pay roll for December. Mr. Smith even presented in well-drafted form the three constitutional amendments which would be required to put certain phases of his scheme into effect. If he devotes himself to pushing his plan through he ought to be able to accomplish a great deal.

We do not wish, however, to give the impression that it is our belief that if Mr. Smith accomplishes what he asks there will be a model government in New York. To achieve that there would have to be much greater municipal socialization, and the complete control by the city of those special privileges, such as the sale of franchises, pier privileges, and the like, which are now the greatest source of corruption, both on the part of the men who have the favors to sell and of those who wish to buy them. Proportional representation the city will still need badly, and probably a city manager, too. But Al Smith's proposals would unquestionably put New York on the road to becoming a decently organized and managed municipality, with a judiciary beyond suspicion.



# War Debts and Taxpayers

THE second British note asking for revision of the war-debt settlements is a masterly document. Not since the Armistice has there been an official communication from one great government to another so admirable in tone, style, and cogency. While the note calls attention to all the factors which have gravely reduced Great Britain's capacity to pay the war debt, it raises the discussion far above that immediate and narrow ground. The real question, it emphasizes, is the capacity of the world to endure the economic and financial consequences which the "unnatural transfer" of war-debt payments would involve.

The note begins by reminding the United States that the present unparalleled depression is the culmination of the disorder caused by the war, and that while "the causes of the depression may be manifold, it has been generally recognized that war debts and reparations have been one of the major causes." It follows that "a settlement of these debts, which will relieve world anxieties under this head, is an indispensable condition of a revival of general prosperity." The note goes on to point out that the war loans were made, at bottom, not in the form of money but in the form of goods, and that "if the course of commerce were deflected to the extent required to repay these war-time debts, it would entail a radical alteration in the economy both of debtor and of creditor countries." In the period from 1923 to 1929 the debtor countries appeared to be repaying these loans, but the payment was really rendered possible by the flow of investment capital from the United States to Europe, so that the prosperity of that period "was to a large extent illusory," and the system broke down in 1931. The note next goes on to show that war debts are radically different in nature from debts arising out of the flow of private capital. Private loans are in general used for capital investment which can enable the borrower to "repay them with interest and at the same time become more prosperous," but the war loans were used for destruction: "Like the shells on which they were largely spent, these loans were blown to pieces."

The note next correctly asserts that the question of the debtor's "capacity to pay," even when that phrase is most liberally interpreted, is of secondary importance, and that the question of the intergovernmental debts must be judged by comparison, not with the volume of internal revenue, but with the balance of trade. Yet while the burden of the war debts in terms of goods is twice as great as it was when the debts were contracted, the international trade of the world has fallen to half the value it had only three years ago, and the direct trade between the United States and Great Britain has fallen to one-third its former amount. If the British debt to us is not substantially reduced, Great Britain will be obliged to cut down its purchases from us still further, the sacrifice of its gold reserves will imperil London's position as a world financial center, all the good done at Lausanne will have to be undone, the depression will deepen, and commodity prices will continue to fall, "with disastrous consequences from which no nation would be exempt."

The British note remarks that "the loss which both the United Kingdom and the United States taxpayers would suf-

fer from reconsideration of the war debts cannot be measured in the same scales as the untold loss of wealth and the human misery caused by the present economic crisis." Let us, however, make the attempt to measure them in the same scales and see what result we get. The total income of the American people in 1929 was estimated at \$85,200,000,000. *Bradstreet's* has just estimated that that income in 1932 has shrunk to \$37,500,000,000. This comparison, of course, is based on a comparison of income in terms of dollars. If we allow for the fall of about a third in commodity prices, we may say that our national income in terms of goods at the 1929 price level is about \$56,200,000,000. Here is a national loss of at least \$29,000,000,000 a year. Against this we have to balance a loss of \$280,000,000 a year, or less than one one-hundredth of that sum, if we were to cancel outright the foreign governmental debts owing to our government.

Now let us restate these figures in terms that apply to the individual taxpayer. The per capita national income in 1929 was \$704 a year. In 1932 that per capita income, in terms of dollars, has fallen to \$300; in terms of goods, to approximately \$450. Our federal expenditures in 1933 will come to about \$3,300,000,000, or \$26.40 per capita. If the war debts were demanded—and were paid—this would be reduced by \$2.24. The problem for those who profess to be concerned solely for the American taxpayer, therefore, might be stated something like this: Is it better for that taxpayer to have an income of \$704, and pay \$26.40 of it in taxes, or is it better for him to pay only \$24.16 of his income in taxes, but to have an income of only \$450? Should he lose \$250 of his annual income in order to save \$2 in taxes? Should he lose 35 per cent of his income in order to save  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 1 per cent? It may be objected that such a comparison is grossly unfair, because it assumes that if the war debts were canceled we should immediately return to prosperity. But even if we assume that cancelation or reduction would take us only one-tenth of the way back—and in our opinion, it would surely do much more than that—the gain to the American taxpayer as a result of cancelation or drastic reduction would still be at the rate of more than ten to one. And we must not forget that the slight burden of increased taxes could be equitably distributed, while the loss of income as the result of the world-wide depression is distributed with gross inequity. It has already resulted in practically a total loss of current income for a fourth of our population.

We do not see how Congress can remain blind in the face of such facts as these, or how it can turn a deaf ear to so powerful a document as the British note, or as the French note which reinforces it. If President Hoover were to recommend revision regardless of Congress's attitude, his action would not only show statesmanship; it would be of immense importance in the next few months. Even if Congress should, in spite of all, take the monstrous course of rejecting the President's plea, our relations with Europe would be far less perilous than if his plea had not been made. For Europe would know that a Congress with its eyes closed and its fingers in its ears was not all America, and that there was still hope for reason and sanity.



## A Warning to Doctors

THE report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, which Evans Clark discusses in this issue of *The Nation*, represents a significant warning which the medical profession cannot afford to ignore. Certainly the profession must not take the attitude already adopted by the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. This organ of the medical societies denounces the report as an "incitement to revolution," and declares that it stands in the way of the present "gradual evolution" of medicine in this country. Such a superficial judgment is bound to do harm. A careful study of the committee's recommendations convinces us that they constitute anything but an "incitement to revolution." In fact, the report presents abundant evidence that the "gradual evolution" of which the *Journal* speaks, can only result in still further increasing "the perplexing problem of providing adequate medical care for all persons at costs within their means." Obviously, if it becomes increasingly difficult for most of the people to meet their doctors' bills, the present system must be considered detrimental to the economic interests of the physicians and dentists themselves. There are only two alternatives to this really dangerous tendency—the profession can upon its own initiative reform the present system of medical care, or the state can step in and take over that task.

This is the issue which the committee's report presents squarely and frankly to the medical profession. It is entirely up to the doctors and dentists. If conditions in the medical field are not soon improved, a widespread demand for the socialization of medicine is certain to develop. Then it may be too late to think of the sensible and practical plan which the committee has now put at the disposal of the profession. The plan may not be ideal, but certainly the deficiencies and inequities it may contain can be worked out and got rid of more quickly under the control of the profession than under the control of the state. Under the projected scheme laymen and government officials would be concerned only with financial and similar administrative matters. The doctors would have authority over the personnel of the medical centers and full jurisdiction in all questions of professional and scientific import.

In its editorial the *Journal of the American Medical Association* accuses several members of the committee of having displayed personal bias in preparing the report. If this means that these members have had the courage to act upon their convictions, it is doubtless true. But if it means that they have ignored the facts uncovered in the five years which the committee devoted to its study of the problem, the accusation falls to the ground. The editorial does not charge the doctors of medicine on the committee with prejudice. Yet a majority of them, after participating in the study and thereby acquainting themselves with all the available facts, indorsed the committee's plan. At the very least the medical societies and their spokesmen would be acting wisely and in their own best interests if they were to emulate their representatives on the committee and acquaint themselves with all the facts before passing judgment. Their haste in denouncing the report before they have had a chance really to digest it only betrays their own prejudice.

## Lunacharsky on Art

BOTH here and abroad Communist circles continue to be agitated concerning the attitude which their members ought to take toward literature. Thus in the *New Masses* for November Lunacharsky discusses Marxism and Art, while in the *New York Herald Tribune Books* Louis Fischer writes at length on the dissolution of RAPP (the Association of Proletarian Writers), and predicts a new era in contemporary Russian literature following the disappearance of this extremely doctrinaire organization.

Lunacharsky's article may doubtless be considered as semi-official, and the most interesting thing about it is the way in which it manages to leave a very wide door ajar while appearing at the same time to maintain the most unimpeachable orthodoxy. Art, he says, always involves an ideology and that ideology always grows out of the dominant social realities. For this reason art itself becomes a social force by supplying the banners around which a special class gathers.

Marxism is itself the ideology of a definite class—the proletariat. Marxism is the only ideology which does no violence to reality. This is due to the fact that the proletariat is the class of the future. . . . A Marxist talent distinguishes itself by the fact that the acuteness of its reactions is specifically colored. Such a talent reacts with particular sensitivity to everything which has a direct connection with the great contemporary struggle. . . . A really great Marxist writer carries within himself an enormous arsenal of idealism, a colossal mass of bitterness and contempt for the evil sides of life, a tremendous amount of fighting spirit.

Nothing in all this could fail to please the most orthodox Communist, and, indeed, if it be accepted merely as a description of the working principles of a school of writers, nothing in it need be objected to by any student of literature no matter what his attitude may be toward the ordinary Communist contention that this school is the only one which has a right to exist. But Lunacharsky writes another innocent-sounding paragraph which the Calvinist of communism might well read with alarm:

It is possible to find a decadent work of art a marvelous combination of color, line, or sound; it is possible to find in a degenerate work of art something which is very useful from the technical point of view. Similarly, in a monumental building permeated with the slave-holding spirit of some despot we may find magnificent proportions which are the product not only of despotism but also of the mightiest forms of mass-organization. The Marxist can thus learn something from every work of the past . . .

It is obvious, then, that the Communist need not disregard the decadent works of the past. He may learn from them and he may learn also—it would at least appear—from equally decadent works of the present. But if this principle be granted, then the Communist may range through all literature as freely and joyously as the veriest aesthete if he will only remind himself from time to time that he is doing so for a good Communist purpose. It was exactly thus that the Christian church solved the problem of classical literature, and it was because it did solve it in this way that the church became the preserver of the great pagan classics.



# The Future of the Socialist Party

## Open Letter to Norman Thomas

**D**EAR MR. THOMAS: In common with many of your coworkers you must be astonished at the small percentage of the total vote you received in the recent election. I am certain also that you are not prepared to accept as a satisfactory reason the statement that "liberals and others seeking a change turned to the anticipated immediate relief which the Roosevelt candidacy offered as against the long stretch which socialism involved."

It seems to me that you are now called upon to put in practice one of two alternatives. You will either have to continue in the harness of a dogmatic socialism, under the control of a somewhat obsolete leadership and blind to inevitable changes in party name and construction, or you will have to lead a real third-party movement unencumbered by the handicaps which the Socialist Party labors under today.

In all this there is no reflection on the truths which socialism embodies, or on the many fine men and women who have devoted their lives to this cause. I am merely trying to say that here in the United States, whether we like it or not, we must realize that the word socialism is still frequently confused with an alien philosophy of government which includes everything from atheism to the nationalization of women, and that this misconception is so solidly ingrained in the minds of millions of our people that even you, with your unprecedented audiences and personal magnetism, are unable to rise above it.

You will recall that this was the real issue between yourself and the other party leaders at Milwaukee. For years many of us who have looked upon the two major parties as separate wings of the same bird of prey have argued that there are millions of laborers, farmers, and even small merchants who would rally to a new party if it were sufficiently divorced from socialism as they understand it. The fact that their understanding of socialism was a mistaken one did not help in the last campaign and it will not help in the future.

The orthodox group which dominates the party in this country today is as much blinded to realities as are those who confuse socialism with a breakdown of the American home. They imagine that refusal to yield party control is a manifestation of their true faith. In this respect they are like religious leaders who see religion losing ground because of their refusal to amend outworn and impossible tenets. In truth, the party leaders in this attitude are as dogmatic and fanatical as many religious leaders.

The question is this: Do you wish to secure a Socialist program by any other name, whose benefits will be as real, or do you wish to cling to a name and to a party control which is in the hands of men who simply will not budge and who insist that if they wait long enough the mountain will come to Mohammed? Surely the amazingly small vote you received in this unparalleled economic emergency is the final answer to those who insist that they will not change the name, the appeal, the control, or remove a dot or dash from the platform. Are we to continue to labor for some mythical "pie in the sky" until all misunderstandings have been cleared

away or are we to be realistic enough to know that we have something to sell and that it must be sold from the consumers' (voters') point of view? Or are we to insist that we will not budge or change a single iota and "jest wait and wait"?

You will find millions of followers if you will take the Socialist program, strip it bare of the verbiage it has gathered through the ages, and offer it to the people in language they understand and approve. If this is betrayal, let those who are living in the dead past make the most of it.

GABRIEL HEATTER

## Norman Thomas Replies

**I**T is an encouraging aftermath of a somewhat disappointing vote in the election that the volume of discussion in the press and in personal correspondence concerning the future of the Socialist Party and of myself is as large as it is. I am literally showered with the most contradictory advice, most of it friendly in tone and sincere in interest. Mr. Heatter's open letter is a good statement of the familiar cry for a new name and less dogmatism in Socialist tactics. (He might be surprised to learn how much less of this sort of criticism there is proportionately than in former years.) Probably the most effective use I can make of the space *The Nation* has put at my disposal is not to answer Mr. Heatter in detail but to discuss affirmatively the situation in which not only the Socialist Party but all thoughtful men who are disquieted by the status quo find themselves as the result of the recent anti-Hoover stampede.

The Socialist vote that was counted—and I have a steadily accumulating body of evidence that, as usual, a large part of it was not counted—will be considerably more than three times that of 1928. It was, however, only about half of what conservative observers expected as a result of the size of our meetings—which, by the way, were predominantly working-class—the indications of straw votes, and the general volume of publicity which we received. Walter Lippmann and others have suggested that our failure to maintain in the general election the proportion of ballots which we received in the *Literary Digest* straw vote showed that our strength was primarily among professional and white-collar groups. At first I rather reluctantly accepted that explanation. I have since learned by definite reports from more than one State that as a matter of fact many of those who voted Socialist in the straw ballot switched at the last moment to Roosevelt in a panic fear lest Hoover might win. Such shortsighted panic is not a peculiarity of manual workers. It is a general American political phenomenon, not the less disquieting for that reason to those of us who want to make political action useful in times when revolutionary change is demanded. The American electorate has proved in the last two elections that it is capable of ignoring traditional party allegiance, but it does this as yet only to express its fears or hates. It is incredible that an intelligent electorate with any real faith in the positive values of political action should act so negatively. This deep-seated and disquieting malady



among our people could hardly be reached by a mere change in the Socialist name.

Look at the facts. This is the worst depression in American history. Fear and discontent are almost universal. Certainly they are universal among the masses of workers and farmers. Almost as widespread as the discontent is a cynical disbelief in both of the old parties and in politicians generally. The amount of talk of the probable necessity for violent action in some vague future would amaze the observer who judges America wholly by election returns. On a rainy day shortly before the election Communists in Chicago contributed a larger contingent to a hunger march than the total vote they mustered at the polls in Cook County.

In such a revolutionary situation it was not merely or chiefly the Socialist vote which was smaller than one would expect. The Communist vote increased little over that of 1928. It will probably not exceed 75,000 for the whole country. Mr. Heater would say that is because Communists are stamped more plainly than Socialists with the errors of which he complains. I should say that in part the Communist failure was due to a very stupid type of campaigning which consisted largely in circulating outside and sometimes inside our meetings slanderous attacks on socialism and Socialists, such as the statement: "Norman Thomas believes in lynching." Yet the explanation must go deeper than this. There were all sorts of groups of American radicals and progressives who carefully eschewed the words socialist and socialism. They had programs or panaceas ranging all the way from the League for Independent Political Action's intellectualized version of a watered-down socialism to "Coin" Harvey's latest financial panacea. The times seemed ripe for them. Neither Socialists nor Communists had the strength, even if they had the desire, to keep them out of the political picture. Yet not one of these groups made any impression on the electorate. Father Cox, who began by declaring that the man who voted either old-party ticket this year "deserved sympathy neither from God nor man," ended by delivering whatever strength he had to Governor Roosevelt before election day. The L. I. P. A. indorsed the Socialist ticket for the duration of this campaign, an indorsement which I appreciated but which I found of little effect in any city except Columbus, Ohio, where there was an active and politically useful L. I. P. A. group. It was the only one of significance that I remember in months of campaigning.

Did this collapse of minor parties mean that, as in 1896, their ideas had captured one of the major parties? By no means. Never in a time of depression did the principal candidate of the outs offer so little as Governor Roosevelt. He won. Progressives come very cheap in modern America. All that they wanted to know this year was that Governor Roosevelt was not President Hoover. They put cotton in their ears and blinders on their eyes to keep from knowing his record or his program. He was able with impunity to spend the last two or three weeks of his campaign in a satisfactory demonstration to Wall Street that he was entirely safe. Witness his support by Vincent Astor, Owen D. Young, John J. Raskob, and others. Contrast that with the Bryan record in 1896 to see how far Americans have retrogressed in their political demands in time of crisis.

Against this the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* editorially advances the argument that weak as the Socialist Party is, Socialist measures are always winning because the party, or life

itself, somehow manages to force them on one or both of the old parties. There is much truth in that statement, but these indirect gains of socialism are achieved too partially and too late to be of great service to a people swept on toward the downfall of a social order.

The moral of this story certainly is more than the failure of the Socialist name to appeal to the American people. Indeed, on the positive side, if space permitted, I could quote conversations and letters in support of the statement that this year socialism as socialism commanded new and widespread interest and aroused little of the old antagonism. Voters in Milwaukee, Reading, Bridgeport, and New York are little terrified of a name in voting for municipal candidates. This widespread interest is the first step in the movement toward socialism which is the one hope of America.

Nor is my position weakened by reflection on the La Follette campaign of 1924, which my friends often invite me to consider. That year there was no such overwhelming anger against the party in power as this year, and there was no resentment among farmers and workers against the Democrats, some of it because Smith was not nominated, some because McAdoo lost. In this mood a temporary coalition was worked out which we fondly hoped might result in a labor party. The fact that after polling almost five million votes that coalition fell apart like a rope of sand is of itself proof that under exceptionally favorable circumstances the avoidance of the Socialist philosophy and the Socialist name got a large vote at the price of complete impermanence even of protest, to say nothing of constructive policy. After 1924 the Socialist movement had the courage to keep going. The Progressive movement quit the national field.

This observation leads me to an argument of far greater weight than the size of the vote. Fifty million Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even Americans can be wrong. The failure of the workers of America to respond to socialism does not mean that something less frank and drastic will save us in this hour when the capitalistic era draws near its end. It is our tragedy that at a time when the march of events demanded something much more than the old La Follette or George W. Norris progressivism, the masses of voters stampeded to something infinitely less. Are we therefore to abandon our Socialist philosophy or even our Socialist name, which helps to keep that philosophy and its economic and international implications steadily in mind? Remember that we have not anything like as many years for slow change as it seemed in 1924 that we should have. If we are to escape catastrophe or a fascism which is in itself disaster we must get intelligent and effective action both at home and abroad in a very few years. There are no signs whatever of any such degree of automatic economic recovery as would give capitalism any marked reprieve through a return of prosperity. The situation demands planning. But purpose must precede plan. Neither manual nor white-collar workers can be aroused and united by a mere pragmatic program.

Nothing great has ever been done in history until the demands latent in economic development have found interpretation in a loyalty, a vision, a philosophy to stir the hearts of men. Without the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence thirteen quarreling colonies could never have become a nation. An adequate philosophy is what we need above all else in America, and it is this which socialism offers and progressivism does not. Socialism says definitely: We



can only master the machine age by collective ownership of all natural resources and of the principal means of production and distribution and their operation for use and not profit. We seek a world-wide federation of cooperative commonwealths. On the basis of this philosophy we Socialists have gone farther in working out practical programs than anyone else. It is at once a source of encouragement and discouragement to remember that we stated concretely a program which many ignored but no one seriously challenged on the intellectual side in the whole campaign. I do not believe that the mass of workers will continue to ignore our program. The predestined failure of the Democratic Party with its amazingly incompatible elements North and South, East and West; the certainty that out of Mr. Roosevelt's vaulting ambition and shrewd political sense no adequate statesmanship can be born—witness his stand in the matter of the foreign debts—give us high hope that the interest in socialism already expressed in America may be carried into action.

I do not insist that conversion to the philosophy and program of socialism absolutely requires a party with a Socialist name or that there is no chance for any genuine Socialist movement outside of the present Socialist Party. I do believe that there are more advantages than disadvantages in keeping the Socialist name, and a far better chance to build into great strength a Socialist Party which has emerged from the election with a sound and encouraging organization and spirit in almost every State in the Union, than to build out of nothing but vague longings a more effective Socialist Party under some new name. A mass movement among the farmers and workers, now not even on the horizon, or the failure of the Socialist Party to utilize its present opportunities and to build on the foundations it laid in this campaign and in the years before, might create a situation that now does not exist.

Certainly the Socialist Party is faced with important questions of tactics, organization, and the nature of its appeal to the working class—questions, let me add, not fairly to be understood from Mr. Heatter's letter. We face these questions with confidence, a confidence which would be increased if our sideline critics of the left and of the right would accept our invitation, honestly offered, and come inside our movement to help us build in critical hours. It is not primarily our "dogmatism" which deters them. Usually it is a hidden but powerful class interest. This is true even of sympathetic "liberals." I have reason to suspect that some of our critics who talk glibly about the working masses in America and their failure to understand the truth, or the Socialists' failure to reach them, belong to organizations like the L. I. P. A. because they dislike practical contact with those same working masses, and unconsciously avoid the contacts that the Socialist Party affords.

I do not say this in any spirit of recrimination. The crisis before us is too vast for that. It is a crisis which forces us to face two questions: First, do the philosophy and the program of socialism show us the way out? Second, if so, how can we best organize to make that philosophy and program effective? How shall we arouse the solidarity of a working class which so far has failed to assert that solidarity even in time of crisis? Believing as I do that socialism and only socialism is the hope of the world, I am solely concerned with the second question, and I am very little interested in those who would tell me that we might win greater seeming success at the price of sacrificing the philosophy and program in which alone is hope. On the contrary, the supreme necessity for those of us who would escape dictatorship and catastrophic violence is a new birth of intelligent audacity in the Socialist appeal and the Socialist organization the world over.

NORMAN THOMAS

## How to Budget Doctors' Bills

By EVANS CLARK

AS most of us know from personal experience, the financial aftermath of illness is often worse than the illness itself. Except for the wealthy fraction of the population—negligible in point of numbers—almost every family in the United States has its own story to tell of difficulties with doctors' bills. Many carry almost permanently the burden of debt piled up by a single major illness. As a result we have today a profound undercurrent of public dissatisfaction with medical service. Popular criticism is directed not so much against the science as against the economics of medicine. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the doctors are also dissatisfied. The uncertainty of income plagues the physician as much as the uncertainty of expense has plagued his patients.

Into this ferment of national interest the final report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care has now been plunged. Like a chemical precipitant it has already begun to clear the cloudy waters. While a final solution is far in the future, at least the problem is defined as it never has been before. Incidentally the work of the committee has been a most valuable laboratory test of the way in which economic

research can be focused and applied to the practical uses of man.

Owing largely to the pioneering vision and interest of Dr. Llewellys F. Barker, Michael M. Davis, Edward A. Filene, Walton H. Hamilton, Paul U. Kellogg, Harry H. Moore, Edgar Sydenstricker, and Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was formed five years ago to make a thorough study of the economic aspects of medical care and to formulate constructive suggestions for bringing adequate medical service to the people at a price they can pay. The committee, under the chairmanship of Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, is composed of seventeen physicians drawn from private practice; ten representatives of institutions and special interests, including five physicians; nine representatives of the lay public; six members from the field of public health, including four physicians; and six economists. There can be no question that the committee is the most widely representative and substantial group which has studied the public aspects of medicine in this country. It has been financed, moreover, by the joint efforts of eight leading foundations.



The committee now comes before the public with two principal achievements: first, a statement of facts and, second, a program of action. The statement of facts is composed of twenty-five research reports which give as complete a picture as has been drawn of medical service as it exists in the United States today—personnel, plant, income, expenses, and activities. The facts dispose of at least one public misconception: the reason medical costs are high is not that doctors are overpaid. The average income of the American doctor is only \$5,300 a year, and this figure includes the “high-priced specialist” in the cities. The committee finds that one-third of the physicians live on less than \$2,500 a year.

Medical expenses are high because they come unexpectedly and then, often, in staggering doses. We have no way of budgeting illness as we budget food or clothing. If we had to buy all our clothes for several years at once, we should complain of the tailor's bills; and if we could not fit the time we bought them to the exigencies of our bank account, our resentment would be all the greater. The committee has shown by bare statistics—on which are hung a multitude of individual human tragedies—the uneven and unpredictable burdens of illness. They disclose the fact that almost one-half of the total costs of illness in any one year are borne by about one-tenth of the population. Nor is there any way by which this one-tenth which are so hard-hit can forecast their troubles and prepare for them financially.

The committee's research also indicates that the costs of medical care have not been and cannot be reduced by improved mechanical technique, as can the manufacture of automobiles or shoes or razor blades. The progress of science has, in fact, increased its cost by elaborating the measures and appliances used without decreasing the amount of personal service required. Machines and mechanical power can never displace the doctor as they can the digger of ditches or the layer of bricks.

The facts have led the committee to the two central problems of medical economics: first, the reduction of costs, in the only way they can be reduced—by a more efficient organization of plant and personnel; and, second, the distribution of these costs so that they can be budgeted in advance and paid for in instalments. For each of these problems a large majority of the committee suggests a constructive solution. They advocate “group practice” to eliminate the wastes of the present disorganized individualism among doctors, and “group payment” to render costs both predictable and bearable for their patients. The majority report of the committee suggests that better service can be given at a lower cost by units of doctors—general diagnosticians and major specialists, with dentists and oculists as well—furnishing all-round medical care through jointly owned and operated office and hospital plants. By pooling the overhead and allowing for a more intensive use of X-ray and other laboratory equipment the expense per doctor can be reduced. By combined book- and record-keeping the wastes of duplication may be avoided. By turning over their business affairs to a central management the individual doctors can be relieved of a task which now burdens them and which others are better trained to perform.

The report further suggests that the costs of medical service be distributed among groups of people and over specific periods of time “through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both these methods.”

Most of the majority members of the committee urged that voluntarily “organized groups of consumers unite in paying into a common fund agreed annual sums in weekly or monthly instalments and in arranging with organized groups of medical practitioners to furnish them and their families with virtually complete medical service”—in effect, consumers' cooperatives for the purchase of medical care. Several members of the majority recommended that at least the industrial States should immediately begin to plan for the adoption of compulsory health-insurance legislation. In a distinguished dissenting statement Professor Walton H. Hamilton of Yale criticizes the majority report for not going far enough. “Compulsory health insurance is the very minimum,” he says, “which this committee should have recommended.” Mr. Hamilton would also have the State make membership compulsory in the medical centers proposed by the committee.

As an ultimate aim the majority suggested the formation in the urban areas of “medical-service centers,” including a general hospital, offices of physicians and dentists, and “all the facilities necessary for the practice of modern scientific medicine.” Such a center would offer complete medical and hospital care. “Its physicians would see patients in their homes, at the offices of the center, and in the hospital. . . . Preventive medicine would receive special emphasis. Full use would be made of periodic medical examinations . . . and every effort would be made to discover disease in its early stages and to limit its development.” The service would be paid for by regular fixed fees, as is insurance, for those who could afford to pay. The committee estimates that the costs would amount to between \$20 and \$40 a year per person, exclusive of capital charges, for complete service. For those who could not afford the fee local or State tax funds could be used to make up the difference. In the operation of these centers the committee believes the role of “the family practitioner” could be “prominent and respected.” “Each patient would be primarily under the charge of the family practitioner of his choice.” The specialists of the center would be called in only on more difficult and obscure ailments—as is the case now with the independent family doctor, except that the specialist would be in the same building and the same organization and thus working in closer cooperation with the general practitioner.

The importance and the drastic character of these recommendations are obvious. They point the way to a possible solution of the economic problems of both doctors and patients. The medical staff of such medical centers would be relatively free of the uncertainties of collections and the difficulties of adjusting their fees to their estimates of their patients' incomes. The patients, on the other hand, would know that no matter what illnesses befell them they would be guaranteed good medical care and would never have to pay more than a regular annual fee. And, most important of all, the whole current of economic interest of the medical staff would be directed to keeping their patients well.

Nine members of the committee dissented from these particular recommendations of the majority. All but one are physicians and they include Dr. Olin West, chief executive officer of the American Medical Association. This medical minority—which is a minority of the medical members as well as of the committee as a whole—opposes both group practice and group payment. They believe that groups lead to undesirable “competition” and “underbidding”; that “the



continuous personal relationship of physician and patient would be difficult if not impossible"; that "the evils of contract practice are widespread and pernicious"; and that "the medical-center plan is the adoption by medicine of the technique of big business, that is, mass production," which is "destructive of professional traditions."

On the same day that the committee's findings were made public, copies of an editorial from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* were given to the newspapers of the whole country bitterly attacking the majority report. Its recommendations, the editorial says, "will mean the destruction of private practice"; they "represent exploitation of physicians for the gain of business"; they contain "the pet plans of many of its members sweetly elaborated." "The alignment is clear," continues the editorial, "on the one side the forces representing the great foundations, public-health officialdom, social theory—even socialism and communism—inciting to revolution; on the other the organized medical profession of this country."

This sort of emotional opposition is unfortunate—not so much for the committee's program as for the medical profession. The American people demand adequate medical care at a price they can pay. The committee's suggestions offer a way in which this can be given without sacrifice of control of medical service by the profession. This control is threatened today in two directions—through the rise of industrial medicine and through the possibility of state domina-

tion in some form or other. Large corporations are more and more instituting medical services for their employees which, of necessity, put professional personnel and achievements at the mercy of the business profits and losses. The pressure of a dissatisfied public may also break through the dam of caution and individualism in a wave of legislation sweeping the doctors in large numbers on the pay rolls of city and State governments. As Secretary Wilbur said at the conference at which the committee report was presented: "Something must be done. Either the doctors will do it, or it will be done to them."

The implied strategy of the majority report should not be misunderstood. Through the medical-center proposal the committee has suggested a form of social and professional machinery which, if it worked well in the experimental stages, could, and I believe should, be used as a vehicle for compulsory health insurance and yet leave the final administration of medical service where it belongs—in the hands of the doctors themselves. Further, the medical centers could be used by large corporations under group contracts to serve their employees without the dangers of direct corporate domination. For the doctors to be led by the stale red herrings of "communism" and "revolution" to oppose the only form of reorganization of medical service which offers them a prospect of continued control would seem not only nearsighted but in the face of the uncertain future very close to professional treason.

## Colonel House's Self-Defense

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

**B**REAKING his more or less carefully kept rule not to give interviews to the press in answer to criticisms of his war policies, Colonel House relented sufficiently on his seventy-fifth birthday to offer a few mature reflections on the events of fifteen years ago to a reporter for the *Boston Globe*. His words took the form of a reply to the article entitled *Wilson Was for War* in March, 1916, in *The Nation* of July 27, 1932. Confessing that the President does possess too large powers to make war, Colonel House, nevertheless, found it impossible to discover any semblance of prejudice against Germany in his or Mr. Wilson's war-time attitude. "Some of the best friends I had and have were and are Germans," he solemnly said. But, he admitted, "we were not pacifists to the extent that we thought this country should avoid war in the event that it was to the advantage of the United States to go to war." And so the President and he convinced themselves that it *was* to the advantage of the United States to go to war against this country of their friends.

The fact is that President Wilson's foreign policy was unquestionably an expression on the international plane of desires firmly rooted in the thought of the American people. It was, in essence, an effort to realize the American ideals of peace and disarmament by agreement between the dominant Powers of the world. The expansionist impulses of the great nations were to be directed into socially desirable channels, such as the development of backward areas. This policy, in Wilson's eyes, necessitated the extension of democracy to

the people of the world as the most beneficent and righteous governmental form known to man. During the war it found expression in efforts to arrange peace among the warring Powers. Now it requires no suspicious mind to discern that this program is on the one hand an expression of political "idealism" and on the other a concession to the hardest sort of economic imperialism. This contradiction runs through all of Wilson's ideology, and the impossibility of reconciling these two drives brought Wilson low in the end. It has brought the American progressives low time and again. The squaring of ideals with economic forces is an exercise to which the American mind is but ill-adapted, but until this art is learned we shall have eternally recurring examples of the bankruptcy of our men of principle.

It is this contradiction at the bottom of Wilson's mind that makes the use of the "deadly parallel" technique in handling his recorded words so terribly destructive. He constantly wobbled between a clear-eyed recognition of the fact that the World War was an economic conflict at base, and starry-eyed demands for an idealistic solution of the enigmas it proposed. Colonel House now offers us, fifteen years after the event, an idealistic explanation of his conduct in the affair, but he betrays himself by one little word—"advantage." By uttering that word in an unguarded moment he has reopened the whole question of America's entrance into the conflict.

Was it to our advantage to enter the conflict on the side of the Allies? Any negative answers returned today must be purely hypothetical. One cannot undo past actions. But



one can admit mistakes, revise estimates, and condemn what was demonstrably false reasoning at crucial points in the history of the country. Colonel House's reasoning was of that unreliable order. His chief was also victimized by it, but he had truer perceptions once in a while, and the words in which he recorded them will eternally plague his ghost. Confronted with a situation like the World War, it was right that the foreign policy of the United States should be controlled by considerations of advantage, not only of this country but of the world. It required no superhuman insight to recognize that the war would be a turning-point in world history. The passions it loosed became progressively more vicious as the conflict continued, and its destructiveness of those idealistic drives in human beings to which Wilson so eloquently appealed increased in geometrical ratio to the time it continued. Colonel House plainly recognized that Europe was more "insane" every time he visited it. He had his clear-eyed moments, too. Even so persistently blind a man as Walter Hines Page was appalled when he considered the material destruction the war entailed. Yet all these men—Wilson, House, Page—by some strange chemistry of thought came to believe that the only way to realize their ideals was to exacerbate the very social drives that were at the moment making their realization impossible. They became infected with the very disease they were seeking to eradicate—Page at the very moment the plague broke out, House by 1915, and Wilson, perhaps, last of all. Wilson alone of the three had any of the qualities of a physician. He alone had an idea of the proper treatment. And that treatment did not involve entering the war. Wilson's prescription was memorably phrased; it was viciously derided by those for whom it was prepared; but it stands today as the best definition of America's proper policy toward the World War. Wilson's prescription was to stay out of the war so that the United States might be in a position to use its powers disinterestedly to treat the patient once the delirium had subsided. That was realistic pacificism.

When it was abandoned in February, 1917, for House's cockeyed pacificism of force, we were shoved down the road that led us to our present debacle. It was abandoned at a time when the United States was in a position to force peace. The government was at that moment in control of a weapon which would have given it a whip hand over the Allies and driven them to the peace table—credit. In November, 1916, the Federal Reserve Board warned the bankers against converting any more short-term Allied loans into long-term loans. This gravely threatened Allied finance, and if it had continued in force it would have brought the Allies to something like a standstill. Our leaders had long been overdoing their support of the Allies by their general activities and by such specific missteps as failing firmly to contend for the Declaration of London, a mistake in judgment for which House was largely responsible. When we relinquished our position in this matter, we were tied economically to the Allies' kite. The credit situation was the final chance to escape and it was passed by with truly appalling nonchalance. When we entered the war and the burden of credit was transferred to the United States Treasury, we abandoned our last chance of freedom of action and were swallowed by the monster that spewed forth the Treaty of Versailles. Today we are in bitter opposition to the Allies over the moneys we loaned them.

House now insists that the peace we got was the best one possible to dig out of a miserable situation. He de-

mands that we concede that Germany in 1917 had a chance of gaining as complete a victory as the Allies finally gained with our help, and so of achieving a position in the world equally dominating—something for which there is no warrant in the probabilities. He demands, finally, an admission that we gained, even at a terrible cost, some of the objects for which he and Wilson stood. One need but glance about the world to see the hollowness of this last and most important claim, for only an arrant fool would be so stupidly presumptuous as to assert that the world is today living according to the ideals for which we ostensibly fought. We did not even destroy the Prussian ruling class, for who is in control of Germany today but the old military gang?

The careers of both Wilson and House reveal a fundamental contradiction. Rather waveringly, they demanded that the vicious aspects of national and international capitalism be squashed. In the end they abandoned their principles and went over to the enemy, leaving the world with a suspicion that is growing by leaps and bounds, now that the fruits of the dereliction are so obvious, that there is no use whatever in trying to lop off diseased branches and that the only solution is to uproot the tree altogether. There is ironic justice in the fact that much of the text of Colonel House's interview-reply was printed under an advertisement for "Sold Out to Raymond's," the famous Boston firm which deals in the stocks of bankrupt stores. As one who helped to bankrupt what was potentially as strong and stirring a world outlook (at least when shorn of certain internal contradictions and some excrescences) as it is possible to develop in our system of society, and sold it to the hucksters of hatred and revenge, Colonel House must have smiled wryly at the association.

## Desert Picture

By KENNETH SLADE ALLING

The shade defined on stone,  
The shadow's edge on rock—  
These desert lands have known  
No other clock.

The hurled, hot sand abrades  
The turtle's house of horn  
With patterns which those blades  
Of quartz have worn.

What fluid curve, what angle  
Did dry death join to make  
These sounding coils, this tangle  
Of threatening snake?

All such consummate, hard  
Designs the desert draws:  
The beetle's burning shard,  
The lizard's claws.

Perfection here may range  
By sand and shape of salt,  
And find no facile change,  
No softening fault.



# An Unacademic Academy

By ERNEST BOYD

**A**N Irish Academy of Letters has come into being for the least academic of purposes, to wit, the protection of the intellectual freedom and integrity of Irish literature. Needless to say, this purpose has been ignored or misunderstood by writers who do not realize the dire conditions under which Irish authors labor. Thus, Mr. James Joyce declined the nomination offered him, since it is evident that what Irish indifference to literature plus the Irish censorship can do only remotely concerns a gentleman living in Paris and publishing his works for subscribers to limited editions and coterie magazines. Yet one might have thought that a writer who has suffered so much from the interference of censors, and who has relied so completely upon the support of the intellectuals, would take a less self-centered view of the problem.

In Ireland itself the situation is very different. Political and religious obsessions, coupled with poverty and the general low level of culture resulting from a preposterous and inadequate system of national education, have reduced those Irishmen of letters whose names are universally acclaimed to a position somewhat analogous to that of the radical intelligentsia in czarist Russia. Their czar is the censorship, which frowns upon heresy in every field, and the strength of that czar, like that of the Little Father, lies in the fact that the vast bulk of a peasant population is unmoved by the indignities imposed upon the free play of ideas. Since the Irish literary renaissance produced its interesting and varied flowering of talent during the past forty years, Irish literature has been driven out of Ireland. Irish writers are more and more dependent upon British and American support and criticism, and publishing, save for textbooks and works of piety, has almost ceased to exist.

Save for one quarterly, Seumas O'Sullivan's *Dublin Magazine*, no periodical of any literary or intellectual pretensions edited by laymen exists. *Æ's Irish Statesman* died, despite generous American help, for the simple reason that no group of individuals in Ireland could subsidize it, and the general public either hated it or ignored it. There is not a daily or weekly newspaper in the country above the level of the crudest provincial journalism. At one time Irish publishers could be found to sponsor the work of W. B. Yeats, *Æ*, James Stephens, Padraic Colum, Austin Clarke, T. C. Murray, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine, Brinsley Macnamara, to mention a few of the Academicians of mature age. Now they are all perforce published in England, while the newer writers, Sean O'Casey, Frank O'Connor, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, F. R. Higgins, and Francis Stuart, have all been presented over an English imprint.

Furthermore, the works of the majority of the twenty-five members of the Academy have, at one time or another, been banned from Ireland by the censorship. A list of the prohibitions of this inconceivable organization makes even the Boston Watch and Ward Society seem broad-minded. Since the beginning of this year alone I have noted nearly one hundred banned volumes, by writers as diverse as Louis Bromfield and Heinrich Mann, Casanova and Sir W.

Arbuthnot Lane, Emile Gauvreau and H. G. Wells, Colette and John Dos Passos. I have frequently heard it argued that, in this respect, the Irish Free State is no more prudish or intolerant than Boston or the United States Customs. The truth, however, is that it is infinitely worse, and, moreover, as an isolated island the country can be definitely cut off from all access to whatever the obscurantists of the Board of Censors may decide to exclude.

It is readily seen that a motive somewhat unlike that which has inspired the creation of most academies prompted W. B. Yeats and Bernard Shaw to found the Irish Academy of Letters. And if any further proof of the necessity for their action is needed, it will be found in the attitude of the Irish press, both in Ireland and in this country, toward this new institution. The usual gibes occur monotonously, to the effect that the Academicians are not Irish because they write in English. Mr. de Valera's mouthpiece, the *Irish Press*, discovered that the writers were chosen "more as a result of their success in Britain and America than because of any reflection in their published works of the real Ireland." Opposition to the censorship, the same paper sapiently remarked, is no proof of literary excellence. There are, it appears, "a philosophy of life and conduct and an appreciation of moral values" in Ireland which mark that country off from the rest of this sinful world.

Since his arrival in this country Mr. Yeats has been trying to explain to those who care to listen that the Irish Academy is a weapon of intellectual self-defense, the only weapon available to Irishmen in Ireland today. The country which appealed to the intellectuals of the world for help and sympathy, and which received both, now seems bent upon stifling all manifestations of freedom of thought. As the original letter of invitation expressed it:

There is in Ireland an official censorship, possessing and actively exercising powers of suppression which may at any moment confine an Irish author to the British and American market, and thereby make it impossible for him to live by distinctive Irish literature.

As our votes are counted by dozens instead of thousands, and are therefore negligible, and as no election can ever turn on our grievances, our sole defense lies in the authority of our utterance. This, at least, is by no means negligible, for in Ireland there is still a deep respect for intellectual and poetic quality. In so far as we represent that quality we can count on a consideration beyond all proportion to our numbers, but we cannot exercise our influence unless we have an organ through which we can address the public, or appeal collectively and unanimously to the government.

We must therefore found an Academy of Belles Lettres. Will you give us your name as one of the founder-members?

Paradoxical, like so many Irish phenomena when viewed by the outsider, the Irish Academy is, therefore, an academic body which seeks to enlist and deserves the support of all men of letters who value independence. The Irish Academy of Letters is unacademic. What could be more Irish?



## Dissenting Opinion

### Nudes and the Law

**T**HIS past week has been a tough one for the human body. Three separate governmental arms have reached out to cover it up. In a pleasant little suburban home a movie was taken of the children. The new camera was used for the delight of the parents and the later shock of the children. The negatives were sent to the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester for development. The celluloid snake flowed through the baths, passing from sheer black into gray backgrounds with figures of shining nude bodies of boys and girls. I don't know at just which stage of the process the austere developers of the company rushed into the sanctum of the president to protest. But a letter was mailed to the little suburban home declaring that the great company of Eastman did not dare develop such obscene films. The anxious parents were advised that the Post Office Department of the United States of America had ruled that the mailing of such films was a crime.

A bookdealer on Wall Street, New York City, bought some copies of "Let's Go Naked," published by the highly reputable firm of Brentano's. This is a gay and dignified narrative about the nudist movement. The volume contained a score of photographs. Copies of "Let's Go Naked" were displayed in the store window. A policeman saw the pictures. Behind his broad back crouched John S. Sumner of the Vice Society. Without a warrant the cop seized the books, arrested the bookdealer, and filed a criminal charge for displaying obscene and indecent pictures. No complaint was made against the sale of the book. The judge at the first hearing indicated that he and the attorney for the bookseller and even Mr. Sumner would not be hurt by seeing pictures of the human body; but how about all the children who would be corrupted by such a sight? The case is still open. The bookseller may escape jail merely because school children do not saunter by 79 Wall Street.

An independent movie producer presented to the censor of the State of New York a seven-reel film entitled "This Naked Age," which shows the activities of nudist camps in the Catskills, France, and Germany. The film was taken with delicacy, or rather in such a manner that the genitalia are never seen. Many of the snaps are beautiful. There is considerable display of buttock. To that the censor of the Empire State could not demur. But the women in the swimming and play scenes are equipped with breasts. Down swung the heavy arm of the State of New York. "That picture may not be displayed." Thereupon the National Board of Review, in its campaign against censorship, invited a hundred of the most respectable of New York educators, doctors, ministers, and just plain citizens to a private showing. A vote was taken. It was 100 per cent in favor of the picture. The censor is now in a tough spot. He has, in effect, called these hundred persons indecent, lewd, and lascivious. Moreover, if the case is pressed, he will have to allege that the brown breasts in "Tabu" and "Moana" are not so corrupting and degrading as the white breasts of the American, French, and German maidens.

It was a silly week.

MORRIS L. ERNST

## In the Driftway

**A**MERICAN cooking is suffering from a generation of neglect and dispraise. Yet it cannot be said too dogmatically, too bellicosely, that—if you pick it right—no other cooking in the world is so toothsome, so inspiring, so truly a revelation from on high. Admittedly good American cooking is hard to get. In Europe the best food generally is obtainable in public eating-places. The best American cooking is to be found in private homes, rarely in restaurants. Also the best American cooking survives chiefly in the smaller cities and the country districts, not in the great metropolitan centers. What chance is there for American cooking in our great cities? Generally the immigrant brings a good, sometimes a superlative, cookery from his native land, but in the passion to become naturalized he discards it for what he thinks is American cooking, without having learned in fact either to appreciate or to produce it. In the average restaurant in New York City avowedly presenting American cooking the proprietor is a native of Kiev or Athens, the chef an Italian or a German, the waiter an ex-riding master born of English parents in Buenos Aires. The only American attribute is the placard over the cashier's desk saying "No Checks Cashed."

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**T**O savor American cooking in any adequate way one needs to make a tour of the country, for although there are some nationally known dishes of merit, the ones to rave about are the regional products. The epicures of the country (may their tribe increase!) have been waiting for someone to gather the best of the regional recipes and make them available to all. This has just been done by Sheila Hibben in her "National Cookbook."\* It will now be possible to surprise a household in Louisiana some Saturday night with the molasses-laden fragrance emanating from a platter of baked beans and the savory steam of a Boston brown bread floating upward from the table like pious incense. On the Sabbath Day a good Massachusetts family may be startled—and delighted—by the appearance of a huge bowl of jambalaya, the traditional Sunday-morning breakfast served on Mississippi River steamboats since paddle wheels began to turn.

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**B**ETWEEN the lines of the book is a social history of the United States, of which Mrs. Hibben is aware, although she does not obtrude the fact. "I am not inclined to deprecate the patriotic significance of this collection of recipes," she says, "but patriotism has only been incidental—a by-product, so to speak, of a serious culinary work." As a Southern woman, the author takes a praiseworthy stand in favor of hot bread. The Drifter knows of a Southern gentleman who suffered from indigestion during an entire winter spent in the North. His health was restored immediately upon returning home, and he explained his previous illness on the ground that his stomach "got chilled by so much cold bread."

\* "The National Cookbook." By Sheila Hibben. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.



THE Drifter blesses Mrs. Hibben for including potato soup made with milk (cream of potato restaurants would call it if they served it, but they don't), though for bouillabaisse he prefers the recipe of the historic St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. It calls for the use not just of red snapper but also of redfish. The combination of the two produces a chowder of such delectable bouquet that Thackeray is said to have declared the bouillabaisse of New Orleans superior to that of Marseilles. Mrs. Hibben says lye hominy is still obtainable—with difficulty—in Georgia. As a boy the Drifter ate this ambrosia of the gods (whole kernels of corn boiled in a solution of wood ashes until the hulls come off, and then washed) prepared by the Indians of South Dakota. And South Dakota is the one State in the Union to which Mrs. Hibben attributes no American dish! The "National Cookbook" contains a recipe for sweet-potato pie but none for squash pie, although the sole claim of Boston to the intellectual leadership of the country rests upon its appreciation of squash for pastry as against pumpkin. But such trifling oversights are nothing by comparison with what the book includes. One wishes for a dozen stomachs and a hundred years to try the lot: Hopping John, ole koecks, Pennsylvania Christmas loaf, pigeons in corn meal, barbecued lamb, fresh green-corn cakes *made without flour*—food without end. Oh, boy!

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Help for Brookwood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned urgently appeal to all friends of workers' education to come to the aid of Brookwood Labor College. Brookwood must raise not less than \$10,000 in the next two months if this outstanding educational project is to carry on through this, its twelfth school year.

Food for the mentally and spiritually starved American workers is a necessary in this crisis as food for the physically starved. Appeals are constantly being made for generous contributions to social agencies which are engaged in "character-building" or "faith-restoring" activities. We submit that no activity can be more important than that of a labor college giving to workers themselves the vision of a new world and some comprehension of the means by which it may be achieved.

Since its founding in 1921 Brookwood has made an outstanding contribution. In every section of the country its graduates are giving creditable, in some instances noteworthy, service to labor, progressive, and radical movements—in unions, labor colleges, cooperatives, labor political organizations, unemployed leagues. It has given inspiration and help, has been a rallying center, for other workers' education enterprises, such as summer schools and local labor colleges and classes. The members of its staff have written books and pamphlets which are used throughout the workers' education movement. The need for more such material is keenly felt. Through extension classes and lecture services the school reaches each year thousands of workers who cannot take a residential course.

Brookwood now faces a formidable task in raising the budget required to enable it to keep its doors open for this year. The size of the student body has been reduced. Drastic cuts have been made in the budget. Students and faculty are prepared to make still further cuts to the absolute limit, if the minimum required to keep the enterprise going can but be raised.

For the most part, however, workers and workers' organizations cannot give now, though in the past they have contributed to Brookwood sums aggregating many thousand dollars. We therefore call upon all friends of education, all who believe in the crucial importance of developing an effective and intelligent labor movement in this country, to respond—immediately, enthusiastically, generously—to Brookwood's present appeal for funds. Contributions should be sent to A. J. Muste, Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, N. Y.

JOHN DEWEY, EDWARD C. LINDEMAN,  
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, SINCLAIR  
LEWIS, STUART CHASE, and the other  
members of a sponsoring committee of  
about eighty educators, labor officials,  
editors, authors, and publicists.

New York, November 21

## Social Credit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 2 is an editorial in which you make the statement that "not a single economist in the world, to our knowledge, predicted the present depression—that is, told when it would occur, and how appalling its depth and extent would be." This statement is not correct. There is one economist who predicted the depression thirteen years ago. Not only did he predict the depression but he explained what it was which would make the industrial system collapse in all civilized countries, that is, the fact that purchasing power distributed during one cycle of production is never sufficient to buy the total of that production. He also prescribed a remedy, and if the world is to make a permanent recovery it will have to adopt some plan such as he outlined. This economist is Major C. H. Douglas, and his proposals are known as Social Credit.

As for the reason that economists are not consulted or that their proposals are not adopted, might I point out that in the case of Social Credit a censorship has been applied by the press of all countries. You perhaps know and recognize the forces which were responsible for the suppression in America of Douglas's early writings, culminating in the destruction of the plates of one of his books. Finance and its friends know that there is little to fear from Socialists and Communists, but they recognize a real menace to their supremacy when it appears, and make every attempt to halt the spread of dangerous doctrines.

Toronto, November 5

C. V. KERSLAKE

## Concerning Randolph Bourne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some time I have been engaged in the collection of material for a book about the late Randolph Bourne, critic and publicist. He was a hero to a good many of us whose adolescence coincided with the end of the war, and I should be deeply grateful if readers of *The Nation* who knew him would share their recollections with me.

The point of view with which I approach this study may be gathered from the article, Bourne into Myth, in the October *Bushman*. At the time it was written I was unacquainted with Horace Gregory's poem, *Salvos for Randolph Bourne*, which appeared in *The Nation*. It is the most brilliant single piece about Bourne that I have encountered. Mr. Dos Passos also did nobly by him recently in his "1919."

My address is 48 Spruce Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey.  
Milo, Maine, November 7

DOROTHY TRALL



# Books, Drama, Architecture

## Boy Sowing

By FRANCES FROST

With a windy sigh the mountains have taken storm  
into their hollows, and the furrowed field,  
whereon your sowing falls,  
receives the penetrating verticals  
of rain, as they were seed from a warm heaven  
given in timeless and tempestuous need.

The kernels of the harvest you release  
toward the wet slope, take root in you and seize  
roughly your naked nerves,  
binding you closer to the leafy rust  
of long-inherited and diminished years,  
to earth that comforted your early tears.

Inherently your heart's equivalent  
and last companion of your weary dust,  
the loam awaits your final homecoming:  
your curved lips will be bent  
upon the furrows like a graven wing,  
and all the soft rains of your seeding spent.

## Technique Is Not Enough

*The Twentieth-Century Novel.* By Joseph Warren Beach.  
The Century Company. \$3.50.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Beach brought out a study of Henry James's method and technique which remains the standard treatment of this difficult subject. It is with a great deal of legitimate eagerness, therefore, that one turns to Mr. Beach's new and more ambitious work, in which he attempts to cover the entire field of the contemporary novel. But one has not got much beyond the first sentence of the first paragraph before one realizes the dangers of the narrow limitation that Mr. Beach has placed on himself. His purpose, he announces, is not to offer a general critical survey of the field, but "a study in the evolution of novelistic technique."

This evolution Mr. Beach traces largely in terms of the disappearance of the novelist from the pages of his novel. The earlier novelists, from Fielding to Meredith, were in the habit of injecting their own personalities and views into their works. Many of them actually interrupted the flow of their narratives to present their ideas of philosophy, social reform, or psychology. Opposed to this tendency there developed toward the close of the nineteenth century, largely through French influences, an ideal of impersonal order and selectiveness, an ideal which culminated in what Mr. Beach calls "the well-made novel." Here, however, begins a certain difficulty. For Mr. Beach sometimes refers to "the well-made novel" as if it were a special phenomenon that emerged some time around the year 1885, sometimes with the admission that certain novels written before that date—those of Jane Austen and of Dickens for example—were finely enough put together to deserve the label. As a standard or ideal, therefore, "the well-made novel" becomes something so general, so incompletely defined, so widely fluctuating, that it loses any fixed meaning. ("... all rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels," remarks Lawrence in the recent "Letters." "A

book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults . . . I call characteristics.") Yet it is clear enough why some such standard (which, incidentally, is indicated first as a desirable artistic ideal and then as a frightful bugaboo) is necessary to Mr. Beach, to the academic critic who must at all costs find directions, tendencies, and reactions to round out his scheme. For the second half of this book treats of the reaction against "the well-made novel" on the part of various experimental schools and writers, whose proper classification gives Mr. Beach endless scope for his passion for pasting labels. "Impressionism," "imagism," "post-impressionism," "expressionism," "discontinuity," "contrapuntalism"—these are only a few, so that following Mr. Beach's tour through the novel is very much like having a nightmare of a pharmacist's back room. If the distinctions made between these schools are sometimes bewildering, the effort to squeeze certain writers within their terms is enough to make the reader positively distraught. There is, for example, the case of Joseph Conrad. According to his place in the scheme, Conrad illustrates the process of *deformalization* in modern fiction, the protest against the well-made novel. But when Mr. Beach analyzes certain specific works by Conrad he emphasizes above all else certain elements of form which this author took over from Henry James, surely the grand master of "the well-made novel"!

But distortion and contradiction are only incidental results of the essential mistake of taking a purely technical approach to anything so complex as the novel, of considering its form absolutely distinct from its substance. The inevitable danger of concentrating solely on ingenuities of mechanical technique is of course to become interested in these things for their own sake. But a greater danger, especially for the academic critic, is that such a method leads to an increasing indifference to all values in a work except those which relate specifically to his plan. Like the historical critic, who tends to ignore everything in an author that cannot be explained in terms of his time (so that a third-rate author may often become more important to him than a first-rate one in the same period), the so-called aesthetic critic tends to suspend any final judgments on an author considered as an artist instead of a mere craftsman. Certainly Mr. Beach gives scant attention to final values. The catholicity of his taste in fiction is marvelous: he will mention "Anna Karenina," "Vanity Fair," "Kristin Lavransdatter," and "Manhattan Transfer" all in the same breath! His admiration for Thomas Mann is matched only by his fondness for Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he defends against highbrow critics who prefer "a gloomy outlook and religious unbelief." In fact, Mr. Beach likes anyone who offers him an opportunity to exercise his powers of technical analysis. And the exercise of these powers seems to include a complete exemption from the statement of any ultimate critical values.

Perhaps the best example of all this confusion and evasion is to be seen in the chapter on Lawrence. Here clearly is a novelist whose "technique," since it is always indistinguishable from his material, offers little to the purely technical critic. The result is that after briefly dubbing him an "impressionist" Mr. Beach is forced to fall back on a discussion of Lawrence's subjects and themes. But since such a discussion naturally leads to some judgment of Lawrence as a writer and thinker, and since Mr. Beach patently does not wish to enter the field of such judgments, his embarrassment causes him to make a series of unresolved statements. "Meredith is as notoriously 'sound' as Lawrence is notoriously 'morbid'" (p. 369). "For a large proportion of what is called morbid in him—whether morbid or not—is the regular accompaniment of the relation between any two individuals . . ." (p. 376). "Not content with the



'sublimation' of art, he must also further satisfy his unfulfilled emotional life by taking on him the mantle of a prophet. But we can surely forgive him for making the mistake, if it is a mistake [*sic*], of Wordsworth and Shelley" (p. 380). Very well, then, Mr. Beach "forgives" Lawrence. But where precisely does Mr. Beach stand on the question of Lawrence's value as an artist and thinker? Is he merely unsure, or can it be that he is a little afraid to commit himself?

For a writer so obsessed with form and order in the works of others, Mr. Beach is not very attentive to these virtues in his own book. If its approach prevents it from being valuable as a critical treatment of the field, its cumbersome length makes it inconvenient as a ready guide through the mazes of contemporary narrative technique. This is unfortunate, since one or the other type of study is badly in need of being written at present. But if Mr. Beach's book fails by being too plainly a hastily assembled hodge-podge of uncorrelated analyses, half-formed judgments, and elementary lecture notes, it is not without certain sections of value and interest to the patient reader. The analysis of James's method is as absorbing as when it first appeared; the chapter on Galsworthy is excellent; and the historical résumé of subjectivism is the most complete that has been done. While the book as a whole is a disappointment, both in relation to its subject and to its author, it is a quarry in which some very good things will be found along with the bad.

WILLIAM TROY

## Swinburne and the Moderns

*Swinburne: A Literary Biography.* By Georges Lafourcade. William Morrow and Company. \$4.

SO much that is actually true of Swinburne has a mythical quality that it was inevitable that a new conception of him as a less elfin and more weighty person would be offered. Dr. Lafourcade is an advocate of this view of the poet and he paints the new portrait by a method that, for all his wide and careful scholarship, is not entirely ingenuous. The "elfin" conception of Swinburne has considerable truth; it depends, however, upon detail and incident, and the design of Dr. Lafourcade's book, which does not aim to be definitive, seems to have created exigencies of space which preclude much detail. And when Swinburne's friendships—with Jowett, Whistler, Ada Menken, Rossetti, Meredith, Simeon Solomon, and many others—are given merely in sketchy and incomplete summary, these strangely diverse friends become merely the distinguished "circle" of a famous poet, whereas actually they were people with whom Swinburne had unusual and often fierce contacts. When Dr. Lafourcade glosses over the details of Swinburne's quarrels—he was a volcano of pitiless invective when irritated—we get merely literary controversies, not the important fact of Swinburne's mad irresponsibility of utterance. And when most of the fascinating and well-attested anecdotes are suppressed—Swinburne correcting Jowett's "Plato" while the Master corrected an undergraduate's Greek in the next room and bore meekly the cries of "Another howler, Master!"; or Watts-Dunton first coming on Swinburne dancing naked and red-headed before a mirror—we can only feel that between Swinburne's early life and the hospitalization under Watts-Dunton at Putney there was no essential difference.

This portrait, which is hard to accept and hard to refute because it is so much a matter of implication and selection, is not the result of any prudish desire of Dr. Lafourcade's to whitewash Swinburne. Indeed, he is perhaps the frankest writer on the nature of Swinburne's (not very great) sexual abnormality. But Dr. Lafourcade believes that Swinburne is a highly relevant and modern poet. And since we today take

our literature more solemnly than the Victorians and are less tolerant of romantic irresponsibility, it serves his critical opinion to present a serious rather than an elfin Swinburne.

It is, however, difficult to see how Dr. Lafourcade can maintain this critical opinion. Of the aspects of Swinburne that excited the men of 1867 and made his poetry a "deliverance," as Ernest Rhys called it, very few are still exciting. Of his once startling verse technique some devices have passed anonymously into the tradition of poetry, but it is Kipling who is the chief legatee of the heritage. Of his political ideas and their fervor little remains to move us; the romantic nationalism of Mazzini, which inspired him, was in itself too vague and verbosely poetic to withstand the verbosity of a not very clear poet.

But it is for another aspect of Swinburne that Dr. Lafourcade claims modernity—his kinship with Gide, Proust, Lawrence, Joyce, and Huxley, especially as found in his "Lesbia Brandon," "Love's Cross Currents," "Simeon Solomon's 'Vision of Love,'" and "Poems and Ballads." The list can scarcely be called representative of Swinburne: the first two items are novels, the first unpublished, the second rather brash and trivial; the third is an essay on some pictures; and the fourth is but a small, if important, part of the poetical canon. One supposes, from the tenor of these works, that Dr. Lafourcade finds the connection between Swinburne and the moderns to lie in their common recognition of the cruel and perverse aspects of love. But one has only to quote from the essay on Solomon, "the delicious thirst and subtle ravin of sensual hunger for blood," to see how far Swinburne is from the moderns in his understanding of "evil." For they see it psychologically and related to the entire personality and moral action (and thus are in the tradition of Baudelaire, on whom Swinburne drew), while Swinburne sees it in a fabulous vacuum or in a haze of Black Mass flummery that is quite irrelevant to the modern mind.

LIONEL TRILLING

## Mr. Hillyer Tries Fiction

*Riverhead.* By Robert Hillyer. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN this first novel of his, Mr. Hillyer leaves one in considerable doubt concerning the seriousness of his intentions. Realism wrestles with symbolism to no decision, and there are moments when the bout is positively rowdy. If the book is meant to be a travesty of the confusion in contemporary romanticism, that would explain the otherwise pointless jumble of lyric moods, melodrama, idealism, satire, and plain burlesque. The narrative takes Paul Sharon on a canoe trip to visit his godfather at a riverhead, and brings him back again. Sharon is a poet on the verge of thirty, impractical and vacillating; because of his inability to face any problem squarely he has lost opportunities for advancement and alienated his fiancée, Alix Cogswell. During the voyage upstream he meets Alix, who is now engaged to marry a comically villainous fortune-hunter; encounters the woman whom he believes to be his mother, although she is actually his aunt; becomes acquainted with Charlie and Maizie, whose brows are quite low; and attends a camp-meeting conducted by Blue Jimmy, a howling evangelist. Reaching his destination, he is admonished by his godfather, Mr. Fiat, who tells him that his troubles have been caused by his indecision, provides him with a bundle of blank checks on a mysterious fund analogous to Balzac's *peau de chagrin*, and dismisses him with a blessing. On the return trip Sharon engages in fisticuffs with Blue Jimmy and disgraces him before a sneering crowd, starts Charlie and Maizie on the road to affluence by giving them \$2,000 with which to buy a farm, refuses his aunt's invitation to lead an idle life at fashionable resorts, and carries Alix off.



A technical error in motivation vitiates the moral of the tale. Sharon's regeneration is factitious, inasmuch as his god-father's gift permits a weak will to retreat behind an apparently secure bulwark of independence. This mistake of Mr. Hillyer's also destroys the validity of what might have been a poignant and crucial situation—the final interview between Sharon and his aunt. Each character is a symbol of something nebulous, with the exception of Mr. Fiat, who is patently God the Father, living in retirement from a world in which he has lost interest. The allegory reminds one very faintly of the fantasies of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but it is unfortunately wanting in the grace and charm of its prototypes. Admirers of Mr. Hillyer's poetry will pounce with delight on many an evocative phrase, but they will be frequently puzzled by carelessness in the use of words, by crudities in taste, and by slapstick scenes that would not be out of place in a pulp magazine. Coming from a writer of Mr. Hillyer's prestige, the book is a bewildering performance.

RAY C. B. BROWN

## Anglo-Saxon Conscience

*Hands as Bands.* By C. T. Revere. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. \$2.

JUSTIN SHERRILL has a typical Anglo-Saxon conscience—not strong enough to keep him from doing things but sufficiently strong to keep him from enjoying them. By conscience I mean nothing abstruse—I mean merely his inner appreciation of his acts and emotions on the one hand, and his views and background on the other. Although he has an even and kindly disposition, yet by the use of money and the glamor of his business success he purposefully seduces an innocent girl—that is, a girl who has never before been seduced. He has a comfortable home, attractive children, and a wife devoted, conscientious, simple, and amazingly credulous. He has the confidence of friends and business associates. This isn't enough. He has to get himself into a mess. After he has accomplished his purpose with the girl, and normal biological complications threaten disaster, his love cools. He thinks more of his difficulties than of her sufferings, neglects her, fears exposure and blackmail, contemplates murder and suicide, and then by slow stages and a little money, eases his way out.

Altogether Justin is a low-down, contemptible cad. The only trouble is that he is pretty much like the rest of us. When he has peace, he wants excitement; when he has excitement, he wants peace. He would naturally be condemned by everybody; by the respectable because he is a "libertine," by the others because of his cowardice and inability to take life whole-heartedly. He cannot do so. He is just a normal Anglo-Saxon.

In the ordinary novel one's sympathy would turn to the seduced and deserted sweetheart or to the neglected wife, although she should have known that married men make poor husbands. No doubt the women deserve sympathy. But "*Hands as Bands*" presents the triangle from the viewpoint of the man. One understands his reactions and feels for and with him.

To a rationalist the faults of Sherrill and the others are those of our civilization rather than of the individual. After all, Sherrill worked hard, provided generously for his family, and for the girl while he loved her. In a rational society he might have been honest with everybody and avoided the complications and nervous breakdown that almost drove him to suicide. But our standards are such that to many death seems the only solution of a triangular emotional situation.

C. T. Revere, the author, is a member of a well-known brokerage firm. His manner of writing is straightforward rather than subtle, but he has told an absorbing story from a fresh point of view.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

## Shorter Notices

*The Journal of Arnold Bennett: 1911-1920.* The Viking Press. \$4.

The second volume of Arnold Bennett's journal is as interesting as the first. In it, as in the earlier volume, he keeps a punctilious record of how much he wrote, how much he was paid for writing it, whom he saw of the great and the non-great, and what a writer thinks about. This volume of the journal includes an American visit and the war years, during which Bennett gallantly engaged in suitable propaganda for the Empire. But whatever he was doing, he was always a writer, always a novelist. It might be an excellent idea to make the three volumes of this journal, when the last one appears, required reading for all young persons bitten with the desire to be an author. For here was an author, and a successful one, who made not only fame for himself but fortune; and surely no man ever worked harder or more faithfully at his chosen occupation. Only a brilliantly gifted writer could have made a day-by-day narrative as absorbing as this one is.

*Here Are My Children.* By Mona Goodwyn Williams. The Mohawk Press. \$2.

"*Here Are My Children*" is a deeply felt and eloquently told story of the twisted strands of fate that chain the Kennards to each other and to their separate destinies. As a first novel it has much to commend it. If it fails to be more than an inspired portrait of human suffering, it is because Mona Williams is unable to see her characters and their tortuous problems with the necessary critical detachment. Perhaps it was this emotional partisanship that blinded her to the danger of achieving certain effects through melodrama which could have been more convincingly accomplished through restraint and discriminating understatement. It would certainly have heightened the literary value of her novel if she had resisted the temptation to introduce a *deus ex machina* whenever she was confronted with the necessity for creating a dramatic situation that would throw the "personality-pattern" of her characters into high relief. The destruction of the Kennard dry-goods store by fire is an ineffective and wholly purposeless piece of sensationalism. Papa Kennard's attempted suicide serves no other end than to give Miss Williams an opportunity to describe, as she does so well, the slow disintegration of his will-to-live. Stephen's ride to death over an embankment—coming at a time when there is hardly any excuse for it—strikes a distressingly unguine note.

*Machete.* By Charles Merriam. The Southwest Press. \$2.

A sprightly autobiographical account of an American's experiences on a Tehuantepec sugar plantation where the duties of a medico gradually devolve upon him. Simply and sympathetically written, the book suffers the inevitable comparison with Flandrau's classic of life on a coffee plantation in the same state—Oaxaca. Its first-hand sketches of primitive mores have value as source material on Mexican life.

*As We Are.* By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

The larger part of this sequel to Mr. Benson's "*As We Were*" is concerned with the change in the habits and point of view of the English aristocracy since the end of the last century. Mr. Benson tries not to take sides; he does not hide the stodginess that marked the old sense of responsibility and decorum or, on the other hand, the civilized decency that marks the laxness of the new freedom; but it is evident that his sympathies are in the main with the old. The method of "*As*



"We Are" prevents it from being as good a social document as its predecessor, for the "parable" of the Buryan family, by which Mr. Benson attempts to indicate the tendency of the whole aristocratic class, falls between the stools of generalization and concreteness—it is not quite social history and not quite a novel. One was able to draw conclusions with far greater confidence from the random personal reminiscences of "As We Were." The biographical sketches which help fill out this volume do not approach in insight and charm those of the earlier book, and the chapter on modern literature, though often shrewd, is not very important.

*Criminals and Politicians.* By Denis Tilden Lynch. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

It is a wonder we are all alive and not poorer even than we are. After reading Mr. Lynch's book one shudders at the back fire of a taxi; one trembles at the thought of the rum fleet running in defiance of all international rules, without riding lights, its land radio stations refusing to get off the air even for storm signals; also one marvels that when one sends a shirt to the laundry it ever comes back, and that the racketeers of the rival dry-cleaners have not ruined all one's garments in the course of their squabbles. Mr. Lynch tells in detail how the public pays and pays and why. Of all the cities run by racketeers New York seems to be the worst, with Chicago a close second. A few cities are peacefully and virtuously free from any racketeering of importance, because in those cities policemen, not being dictated to by politicians, are willing to arrest gunmen, and have the assurance that after they do so a corrupt attorney's office will not see that the criminals are released in the name of habeas corpus. Mr. Lynch's book is an interesting handbook of recent corruption.

*Our Obsolete Constitution.* By William Kay Wallace. The John Day Company. \$2.

Mr. Wallace argues that the present Constitution of the United States has become an anachronism. Since he believes that it cannot be adjusted to the needs of modern industrial society by a mere process of piecemeal amendment, he calls for a constitutional convention to draft an entirely new constitution, and lays down the general principles which should be followed if not only political but economic freedom is to be insured to the individual. Mr. Wallace's book is propaganda in a very urgent cause, but this is far, of course, from being the first time that the idea of a new constitution has been broached. It was proposed over a decade ago by William MacDonald in his book "A New Constitution for a New America," and since the advent of the depression has been urged by a number of journalists.

*The French Revolution.* By Pierre Gaxotte. Translated and with an Introduction by Walter Alison Phillips. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

This is an extremely partisan view of the French Revolution; and, in fact, it can have no value to the general public save as an exhibition of the French Monarchist position. The brilliance of the writing and the carefully maintained urbanity of tone lull suspicion during the reading, but on finishing the book one is left with the most preposterous conclusions: that the reign of Louis XIV was an unalloyed golden age; that the enormous debts his extravagance and military adventures rolled up were not the product of his policies; that the opinions of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the encyclopedists proceeded from human perversity and were not a reflection of social and economic conditions; that the French people became revolutionary not because they had grievances but because human masses are essentially corrupt and will exhibit baseness when granted an opportunity; that the ruling classes showed weakness not as the outcome of their ease, economic functionlessness, and ex-

travagance, but because they had become corrupted by philosophy; that the revolutionary leaders were all either ambitious renegades from the upper classes or men of low class and therefore of low character; that France, since the downfall of legitimist monarchy, has become feeble and uncivilized; and that there was more intellectual freedom under the monarchy than there has been under the republic.

*Bloody Years.* By Francis Yeats-Brown. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

The second volume of reminiscence by the Bengal Lancer whose "Lives" was so widely praised and widely read opens up a new field of adventure. Major Yeats-Brown was captured early in the war, while attempting to cut the telegraph line between Constantinople and Bagdad. During his imprisonment he made various attempts to escape, finally succeeding a short time before the Armistice. One is impressed by the fact that the Major seems to have had more money as a prisoner of war than most people have while free. Precisely why the telegraph line should have been cut at a place where it could be promptly repaired is not made clear, and there are several questions of this sort raised by the book but not answered by it. "Bloody Years" is chiefly valuable for what it reveals of the psychology of the English officers, of their attitude toward the war, of their captors, and of the political intrigues of the Balkan countries.

*Martin the Goose Boy.* By Marie Barringer. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

Martin, the tiny wooden goose boy carved by Gustel's grandfather in the Black Forest, is confidant and playfellow of Gustel and Rudy. He is a sort of German Pinocchio, a lovable wooden rascal who proves to be, after all, the savior of the family fortunes. Throughout his story one senses the tick of the cuckoo clock in the making, the living influence of wooden toys and forest animals, the healthful and simple life of the German peasants. The chapter telling how Bimbli the goat, with Martin's help, made Christmas doubly festive for the Kinderheim boys is especially appealing.

## Drama

### Passion in Evening Dress

"FIREBIRD" (Empire Theater) represents the triumph of manner over matter. In a season rich with profound and significant drama one might be inclined to regret the expenditure of so much skill upon material so dubious, but in a year as lean as the present it behooves one to be grateful for what one can get, and to proclaim that "Firebird" stands out by virtue of its suave and polished performance. Its glamor may be glamor of a somewhat easy kind, but it is glamor nevertheless.

The scene is Budapest, where—in fiction at least—the grand manner still reigns. One kisses the hand of a mere acquaintance with an abandon which an Anglo-Saxon could hardly achieve in approaching the object of his grandest grand passion, and from that on one works up to gestures whose eloquence defies description. The merest police commissioner is master of a courtliness which any ordinary ambassador might envy, and life proceeds with a general elegance sure to make even the humblest spectator feel that he has at least a red ribbon across the immaculate bosom of his well-starched shirt. It is a pleasure to be in company so good, a privilege to participate in passions at once so elevated and so chic. One may suspect that



the pleasure is essentially the same as that enjoyed by the devotees of nursemaid literature who revel in the doings of those gold-plated dukes and diamond-incrusted duchesses who haunt the pages of the paper-backs, but if Lajos Zilahy (author of "Firebird") can make us believe what Charlotte M. Braeme cannot, then Zilahy deserves our gratitude. The pleasure is real even if it is a little embarrassing in retrospect.

As the curtain goes up, a very elegant lady is descending the stairs of a very elegant apartment house. Suddenly her way is blocked by an impressive young gentleman sprung up from nowhere. The lady retreats a step, and the gentleman presses forward. Then, with his nose almost touching hers, he loosens the flood of his eloquence. She does not know him but he adores her. Her Excellency is, indeed, a denizen of another world. But love will not be denied, and she must come to his room. Steps are then heard approaching. The young man disappears; His Excellency enters, and life flows smoothly on as though no ripple had disturbed its surface. From this beginning one guesses in a general way what one is in for, and one is not wrong. By Anglo-Saxon standards it is highly improbable, but one is willing to believe that such things happen—in Budapest. And one is all the more ready to believe it in view of the fact that all the parties concerned seem convinced that it is happening to them. Judith Anderson gives a really superb performance as the lady who must hide her emotions; Henry Stephenson is all that one could ask for as His Excellency; and the entire production is a model of shrewdness and suavity. Even the surprise ending really surprised me in spite of the fact that one familiar with the drama as written by, let us say, Henri Bernstein, ought to have guessed it all along.

During the last two or three years no other manager has been so fortunate as Mr. Miller in the matter of producing hits. He seems to have an almost uncanny knack of knowing what his public will want and an equally uncanny skill in creating exactly the atmosphere appropriate to the kind of play he chooses. Under the circumstances one cannot help wishing that he would be a little more adventurous, that he would not confine himself to those plays which can be compendiously described as polite entertainment. It would be a pleasure to see what he could do with a drama in which the surface was not all-important. But if he will not make the effort, then we can only continue to be grateful for the admirable way in which he presents the kind of thing to which he is pleased to devote himself.

The elaborate operetta "The Dubarry" (Cohan Theater) rejoices in the presence of Miss Grace Moore, and it is positively startling to hear quite ordinary light music sung with such full-throated ease. One is accustomed in operetta either to shrieks or whispers, to not hearing very well or to wishing that one did not, but Miss Moore has a voice which has been proved adequate to grand opera, and anyone who would like to hear an operetta sung as he has probably never heard one sung before will find "The Dubarry" worth visiting for that purpose alone. Unfortunately, however, that is about all that one can say in favor of a glittering and costly but wholly undistinguished work. The company is large, the settings are sumptuous, and the costumes brilliant. The book, on the other hand, is about as plodding, as unimaginative, and as vulgar as anything could well be. The romance is directed straight at the heads of those who get their ideas about such things from feature stories in Sunday editions of the yellow press, and the comic relief—probably supplied in this country—is as uninspired as a burlesque show. Miss Moore can hardly be proud of her surroundings.

The Civic Repertory Theater has called my attention to the fact that Miss Le Gallienne's interpretation of "Camille" should not have been spoken of as "following" that of Miss Lillian Gish. "Camille" was played at the Civic Repertory during the season of 1930-31.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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## Architecture

### News from the Field

**W**ISCONSIN. The Wisconsin River meanders through the State, bordered in this part by lazy hills. Highway 11, from Madison (all concrete now), turns sharply to the right and crosses the broad river on its way to Spring Green; but our own route continues ahead. A hill rises in front of us, peculiar in that its brow seems, on the first swift impression, to present a buff-colored ledge unusually geometric. Taliesin—that is what it is, the famous “house on the brow of the hill.” It is listed as a sight in the *Chicago Tribune* tourist guidebooks now. Yet the scene of activity today is farther down the road. Remodeling and construction. This is the Hillside School, transforming itself into a school of architecture, with the future architects themselves—practicing ones, already—helping it along. Some are feeding the power saw, others painting the future theater, others are in the studio up at Taliesin learning to draw the needed “details.”

Almost literally the school is growing up out of the ground. The quarries are on a neighboring farm; the logs that are reduced to boards and nailed in place right under your eyes are from the woodlot on the place. The lime is burned at the quarry. Materials, however they may finally be transformed, are something of which these students will know the nature and origin, as long as they live, by memories in their knuckles and their backs.

Yet the idea is not really “back to nature,” “back to the Middle Ages,” “back to handicraft,” nor back at all. It is full steam ahead. The school will welcome, for example, every new

resource in the way of power tools just as fast as industrialists have the insight to provide it. But students trained as these are will still have their feet on the solid ground. The complexity of the tool will be no object in itself.

Other modern architectural schools have been located in cities; but this one is in the country, and by no accident. Not only is the student surrounded always by organic growth, but the leader is convinced that the sunless concentration of the big city is already doomed—by modern transportation. So the great planning project is one that will draw the city out, along every Route 11, until it finds itself once more a part of the countryside, and every charming house is surrounded by a still more charming garden. Though there are formidable difficulties ahead, chiefly financial, these thirty boys and girls are to be envied. The leader is a great artist, Frank Lloyd Wright.

**CHICAGO.** No red could have expressed more skepticism about our present business structure than is implied in resolutions recently adopted by the board of directors of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. What their conclusions amount to is that the poor must put up with the slums. In their minds apparently all the devices that have yet been evolved for the purpose of better housing are in vain. Not even “limited-dividend, tax-exempt, State-supervised, multi-family housing corporations” constitute a “sound solution to the problem of slum clearance and housing development.” To reach the poorer classes, the projected housing would have to be “practically a total gift from the federal government [in the form of credit].” To cap it off, the mere attempt to create such facilities, with federal credit, “would seriously affect the owners of property, not only by increasing general tax burdens, but by causing vacancies . . .” The only sound form of relief is therefore “private or local-government philanthropy.” So R. F. C. housing loans are positively discouraged.

Let us get the background straight. Those too “poor” to be supplied with decent housing by private business during the last boom period comprised roughly two-thirds of the city population. And those too utterly poor, in the sense of the resolutions, to be thought of even under the most favorable terms to be imagined, comprise perhaps a half of these, or a third of the total. Now besides being poor most of these people are idle and have no hope of improving their income. And *should* some of them be set to work by slum clearance, so the argument goes, this would still further hurt “business” by depressing property values. If business can operate only as the real-estate men’s resolutions picture it, then we must stand in fear of a violent revolution.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1932

No. 3520

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**H**OW COMPLETELY FUTILE a lame-duck session of Congress can be is being demonstrated in Washington today. A deadlock between the discredited man in the White House and the Democrats on Capitol Hill has already developed. The present session seems likely to drag on, until it automatically expires in March, without accomplishing much if anything of consequence. This feeling is reflected in the President's annual message to Congress. Mr. Hoover says little that is new, and that little he puts forward wearily, without conviction. He advocates a reform of the banking system and recommends a manufacturers' sales tax as a source of revenue. No suggestion aroused any enthusiasm in Congress. The Democratic majority in the House is clearly not disposed to accept any of Mr. Hoover's major recommendations, while the Democrats in the Senate have already decided that they will not confirm the appointment by the President of any officials whose terms expire after March 4. It has been intimated that Mr. Hoover, for his part, will veto all legislation of Democratic origin, especially any dealing with unemployment or farm relief, which does not fit in with his notion of rugged American individualism. At the moment it seems as if Congress would do no more than pass the continuing resolutions necessary to extend the life of the current appropriations measures until the new Congress shall have had time to adopt a budget for the coming fiscal year. Happily, this will be our last lame-duck session. The Norris amend-

ment abolishing such sessions has already been ratified by more than twenty States and by the end of January will almost certainly have been approved by the required thirty-six legislatures.

**T**HE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE has been saved again, this time by a five-Power agreement not published in full at this writing. It appears, however, that Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, and Germany have signed a declaration indorsing the principle of "simultaneous equality of status" for Germany and of security for France. One delegate is quoted as saying that "this does not mean the success of disarmament, but does avoid its failure." Precisely. If this had not been put through, the conference in all probability would have collapsed. The present agreement insures the return of Germany to the conference, and constitutes from that point of view a great success for the German offensive begun by the Von Papen Government. It will doubtless encourage the Reich to be more aggressive hereafter in its demands for the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, and especially for the abolition of the Polish Corridor. Meanwhile, we eagerly await the exact text of this agreement in order that we may know just how far the United States has been committed on the question of security to France. The Hoover Government has thus far stood up very straight in refusing to enter into any treaty or obligation which would compel us to come to France's rescue whenever and however that country might decide to engage in war. No agreement signed by Norman Davis should in any way obligate us to be ready to guarantee France's safety. At least, however, Mr. Davis has something to bring home as a result of his months of zealous and patient effort; the credit for the agreement seems to belong to Ramsay MacDonald, who finally put it through.

**T**HE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has again refused to take positive action against Japan for its violation of the peace treaties. The smaller Powers, especially Czechoslovakia, the Irish Free State, Spain, and Sweden, wanted to get down to cases without further delay, but their resolution condemning Japan on the basis of the Lytton Commission's findings was quickly buried in an obscure committee. Instead of acting favorably upon this resolution the League Assembly referred the entire Manchurian question to a special Committee of Nineteen. The new investigating committee is to study the Lytton report and draw up proposals for a settlement of the controversy. This cowardly procedure deceives no one. It simply means additional delay at a most critical time. What can the Committee of Nineteen learn that the Lytton Commission was unable to discover for itself in a year of intensive investigation and study? What proposals for a settlement could the committee agree upon that would differ very materially from the Lytton Commission's recommendations? The League is clearly, and perhaps deliberately, playing into Japan's hands. At least that country alone stands to profit by the League's repeated refusal to face the basic issue. Japan needs time in which to consolidate its



position in Manchuria, and the more time it gains the more difficult will it be to pry the Japanese loose from their unlawful gains or to bring them to book for their brazen violation of the League Covenant, the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact. England and France must bear their full share of the responsibility for these results, for by their inaction they have sabotaged the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact at almost every turn in the Manchurian dispute.

**J**APAN HAS NOW COME FORWARD with a naval-disarmament scheme of its own. While the Japanese plan contemplates what appear to be important reductions in the naval strength of the leading Powers, its real motive is altogether too transparent. A careful reading reveals that the plan, through manipulation of the various categories of naval ships, would give Japan not only all the security it requires in the Far East, but additional offensive power in the Pacific area. In Washington the Japanese proposals were promptly denounced as "fantastic and impossible of acceptance, even as a basis for discussion." In its eagerness to strengthen itself in Asia at the expense of other Powers with interests in that region, Japan imperils the delicate balance of power set up with great care at the Washington Conference for the specific purpose of preserving the peace of the Pacific area. Perhaps, however, Tokio was no more serious in announcing its plan than Washington and London have been in accepting that announcement. It has been suggested that the Japanese brought out their naval scheme at this time to complicate the Manchurian negotiations. To us it appears rather that Japan, encouraged by the League's procrastination in the Manchurian question, has now taken the next logical step in its program of imperialistic expansion.

**D**ENMARK APPEARS to be about the only country in the world that has managed to retain its sanity in the economic storm. It was the first, and still is the only, nation even to consider disarming itself. Now the government at Copenhagen plans to remove many of the restrictions on Danish foreign trade, in refreshing contrast to the attitude of other governments, which are constantly creating new barriers against trade or are adding to the barriers already existing. Under the present system the Danish government controls the flow of imports by requiring importers to take out "currency licenses." The new plan would place at least 35 per cent of the imports in a special group requiring no such licenses. Articles in this group would enter the country without restriction of any kind. The decline in the value of Danish currency will continue to operate as a barrier against American products, but the government proposes to adopt special regulations to facilitate the importation of certain goods from the United States, especially automobiles. The Danish government is proceeding cautiously of course. Only with great difficulty, in the face of the rising tide of economic nationalism elsewhere, could it abolish at once all measures protecting its trade. It is most heartening to find at least one country with courage to move in the right direction.

**G**ERMANY HAS ENDED its Mooney case after Walther Bullerjahn had served more than six years of a fifteen years' sentence in the penitentiary for high treason. In December, 1925, the Supreme Court rejected Bullerjahn's appeal from the decision of the lower court that he had be-

trayed a hidden store of arms to the Inter-Allied Military Commission when in December, 1924, it searched the plant of a company in Berlin in which he was employed as a supervisor. That seemed to end the case, but the League for Human Rights fought on precisely as has the Mooney Committee, and finally succeeded in getting the Supreme Court to hear the case again and reverse its own decision. Bullerjahn was convicted on the testimony of a certain Baron Paul von Gontard, the general director of the company, who declared that information that Bullerjahn had betrayed the hidden arms to the commission was given to him by a certain French lieutenant by the name of Jost. Three times the League for Human Rights appealed to French premiers, asking that Lieutenant Jost be permitted to testify; each time permission was denied. When Baron von Gontard was re-examined in the retrial of the case, according to the *London Daily Mail*, he testified that it was an English officer whose name he could not remember who made the accusation against Bullerjahn. Thus has been won a case which for years has had the sympathy of the liberal German press. Meanwhile, our own Mooney continues in jail.

**M**ACHINE-GUNS WERE USED by a sheriff's posse in evicting a farm family from their home in Wisconsin. Fortunately, no one was injured, although hundreds of shots were fired on both sides. Throughout the Middle West the tension between the farmers and authorities has been growing in recent months as a result of tax and foreclosure sales. In many cases evictions have been prevented only by mass action on the part of the farmers. However, until the Cichon homestead near Elkhorn, Wisconsin, was besieged on December 6 by a host of deputy sheriffs armed with machine-guns, rifles, shotguns, and tear-gas bombs, there had been no actual violence. Max Cichon's property was auctioned off at a foreclosure sale last August, but he refused to allow either the buyer or the authorities to approach his home. He built a barbed-wire entanglement around the buildings and held off unwelcome visitors with a shotgun. The sheriff called upon Cichon to submit peacefully. When he refused to do so, the sheriff ordered deputies to lay down a barrage of machine-gun and rifle fire. The battle lasted twenty minutes. Cichon is now in jail in Elkhorn, and his wife and two children, who were with him in the house, are being cared for in the county hospital. Cichon is not a trouble-maker. He enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors, who only recently elected him justice of the peace of the town of Sugar Creek. That a man of his standing and disposition should go to such lengths in defying the authorities is a clear warning that we may expect further trouble in the agricultural districts unless the farmers are soon helped.

**I**N NEW YORK CITY during the first ten months of 1932 the staggering number of 259,602 summary dispossession proceedings were instituted in the municipal courts of the city. In other words, more than a quarter of a million families, involving surely a million people, have in less than a year been faced with eviction from their homes for failure to pay rent. The figures are almost unbelievable; one shrinks from translating them into terms of human misery. They offer a useful index of the absolute destitution in New York, though undoubtedly they fail to indicate its full extent. Many thousands of families, unable to meet their rent, have



been allowed to remain by decent landlords—or by landlords who despair of finding tenants who can pay. The situation is so acute that the Bronx Tenants Emergency League has written a letter to Governor Roosevelt, citing the figures and urging—"in behalf of more than 60,000 destitute families against whom dispossession proceedings have been instituted this year in the Bronx alone"—several measures to be acted upon by the special session of the New York Legislature now in progress. It asks that the courts be required to grant an unemployed tenant a stay of six months in the execution of a warrant of eviction instead of the present five-day stay. It asks that a landlord initiating dispossession proceedings be required to prove that he has a prospective tenant for the apartment in question and that there are no similar vacancies in the same house. It asks finally that the State and city each appropriate \$20,000,000 for the direct payment of the rent of unemployed persons who, in spite of these restrictions, may be faced with eviction. Certainly some such measures should be taken to meet a housing crisis that is more acute than the situation existing in 1920 when the emergency rent laws were put through. The cause today is different but the suffering is even more widespread and intense.

**T**HE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH of the League of Nations Association has sent us an interesting compilation of the results of a number of referendums held in Massachusetts on the day of the Presidential election to ascertain the feeling of eleven communities as to whether the United States should enter the League of Nations. Of these eleven communities, every one was carried by the League advocates, and 63 per cent of the total vote cast was on the side of the affirmative. It is to be noted, however, that while 63,034 persons voted for the Presidential candidate, only 64 per cent, or 40,510, took the trouble to signify their wishes as to the League. Of these, 25,631 approved, and 14,879 were opposed. This recalls the reversal of the vote of 1926 in Malden, when that town voted 5,763 against our entering the League to 3,239 in favor. Two years ago 6,050 voters favored the League and 5,490 were opposed. While Malden did not vote this year, the change in the other towns would seem to indicate that the majority in favor of the League in Malden would this year have been 7 or 8 per cent higher. These may be only straws, but it is at least gratifying to know that in Massachusetts they are getting into the habit of voting on international questions.

**C**AROLINE STEVENS WITTPENN, who died in Hoboken on December 4, was without doubt the foremost citizen of New Jersey. Indeed, it is questionable whether any single individual in the United States has done more work for social welfare than Mrs. Wittpenn. In her seventy-fourth year, until the time of her death, she was still active in fifty-two social groups, and at one time was associated with no less than ninety social-service organizations. To these she not only gave so generously of her means as to draw heavily upon her capital, but contributed most intelligent and high-minded interest and direction. Merely to list the organizations through which she personally accomplished changes in the social agencies of the State, and bettered the lot of orphans, paupers, the insane, and the criminal, would fill more than a page of *The Nation*. Largely because of her efforts the State Board of Children's Guardians was

appointed and the State Reformatory for first offenders established at Rahway. For many years she was an assistant probation officer of Hudson County, and a member of the Probation Board. Mrs. Wittpenn was twice a member of the American delegation to the International Conference on Crime and Prevention in Switzerland, and twice appointed to the International Prison Commission. Never was there a woman of means who felt more keenly the responsibility that wealth should impose upon those who are advantaged by it to serve the public, not spasmodically, or when the drums are beating, but day by day, year in and year out. It need only be added that this service was enhanced by a rare and charming personality.

**A** GREAT INJUSTICE seems to have been done to the American Consul General in Berlin, George S. Messersmith, in connection with the Einstein case. It now appears that that official was not in Berlin but in Breslau when the incident occurred, and it is asserted that the consulate treated Professor Einstein with all consideration. This raises a clear-cut issue of veracity between the consulate and the press associations and special correspondents in Berlin. We can hardly believe that it was all a mare's nest in view of the direct quotations of indignation attributed to both Professor Einstein and his wife. We are happy, however, to have the Consul General himself cleared, because he has the reputation of being one of the most intelligent and liberal men in the service, to which he has belonged for some nineteen years. The real guilt lies, of course, with a government which is so incredibly stupid and narrow as to compel its consuls to cross-examine applicants for visas on their political and economic views, and with a State Department which forwards to Europe for action any complaint which comes from an unrepresentative and silly organization like the Woman Patriot Corporation. It would certainly not feel a similar obligation to act on protests from liberal or radical organizations in America. The whole procedure is the more indefensible because of its futility. We venture to say that it is keeping out neither anarchists nor Bolsheviks while it is constantly degrading us in the eyes of other nations.

**T**HE AUTHORITIES of Girton College, Cambridge, have announced that a woman student is likely "to wish to talk with a man student" and that "in her social relationships she is to be trusted." Accordingly, from now on, Girton students may visit Cambridge men in their college rooms or in lodgings without chaperones. This revolution has occurred peaceably, without riots or petitions, but it is a revolution none the less. At Oxford things are different. Somerville girls must have chaperones present when young men come to tea, even in the particular room consecrated to tea drinking. They may not motor with a man unprotected; they must receive permission before accepting an invitation to go boating. It is fair to admit that American women's colleges resemble Oxford in this regard more closely than they do Cambridge. Discipline is generally called upon to supplement training and good sense in matters of behavior. There will be many a college president and dean of women, here and in England, who will watch with interest and skepticism the Cambridge experiment in treating college women like mature persons instead of like delicate, and apparently very frail, flowers.



# Taxes or Economies?

IN more than one respect the President's budget message is an unreal document. Though his policies have been repudiated at the polls, Mr. Hoover finds himself compelled to recommend new taxes and new reductions of expenditures to apply not merely to the remainder of his own term but for sixteen months beyond that. Under the circumstances it should hardly cause surprise if Congress fails to pay very careful consideration to his program. It seems more profitable, therefore, instead of taking the President's message as a point of departure, to look at the federal budget problem afresh and in a broader perspective.

In such a perspective the dominating factor is the appalling shrinkage in the income of the American people. That income was estimated in 1929 to be about \$85,200,000,000 a year. It has fallen violently in each year since then, and *Bradstreet's Weekly* estimates that in the current calendar year it will reach only \$37,500,000,000. The American people, in other words, now have only \$44 of income for every \$100 they had before the collapse. A load of federal, State, and local taxation that was burdensome even in the New Era has now become close to intolerable. The real problem is obviously to reduce that tax burden. Yet this problem is receiving dishearteningly little attention, not only in Congress, but outside it. Those who are shouting most loudly that we must balance the budget appear to believe that their demand is equivalent to a demand for heavier tax levies. All realistic comment must recognize, of course, the immensely greater political obstacles in the way of a reduction of expenditures as compared with an increase in taxes. Recognition of these obstacles, however, does not mean that we should timidly abandon our efforts in that direction.

So far our failure as a nation to confront this issue has been complete. The figures speak for themselves. If our federal expenditures had been reduced in proportion to the national income they would now be running at the rate of only 44 per cent of those in 1932. Instead of a reduction of 56 per cent, however, there has been a substantial increase. In the fiscal year ending last June, federal expenditures reached \$5,000,000,000—30 per cent more than in 1929. In the current fiscal year the Treasury Department estimates that such expenditures will reach \$4,269,000,000—still 11 per cent greater than in 1929. For the fiscal year 1934 the Treasury estimate is \$3,975,000,000—\$127,000,000 higher than in 1929.

Even when one has allowed for the fixed charges on the public debt, and for the desirable increase in appropriations for public works, the complete failure of Congress and the Administration to reduce expenditures of the regular departments remains a matter for grave concern. Let us consider, in their order, the three largest items as they appear in the estimates for expenditures in the current fiscal year:

Veterans' Administration .....	\$838,000,000
War Department .....	\$426,000,000
Navy Department .....	\$356,000,000

The expenditures for the army and navy had not been at all reduced in 1932 below those in 1929, despite the fact that one would expect an almost automatic reduction through

the fall in the price of supplies alone. Certainly the personnel of the army and navy could now be reduced through a complete shut-down on new enlistments if nothing else. In the Veterans' Bureau expenditures have greatly increased over the 1929 level, and will be even higher next year. Mr. Hoover has at least had the courage to touch on this subject. He recommends an end to some of the more flagrant payments to veterans, and estimates that this would save \$127,000,000 a year. The National Economy League, however, asserts that \$452,000,000 annually could be saved without any loss to veterans actually disabled in the war.

Anyone who seriously believes that the way to balance the budget is to reduce expenditures as far as possible rather than to increase tax returns must be prepared to accept the consequences of that belief and to state them candidly. Substantial reductions in federal expenditures cannot be made without some reduction in personnel and some cuts in the pay of those who remain employed. Where it is necessary, as it often will be, to drop unneeded employees, those dropped should be put on small unemployment allowances for a definite period or until they have been reemployed. For those retained, rates of pay must be reduced to correspond on the average with reductions in the cost of living. This reduction should preferably be graduated, running from perhaps 5 per cent on the lowest salaries to 20 per cent on the highest. President Hoover's proposal for a reduction of 11 per cent in federal salaries over \$1,000 in addition to the present furlough system may be open to criticism in detail but seems reasonable enough in the result it aims at. The federal employees cannot remain indefinitely a class protected at the expense of every other class. When the income of American farmers has fallen one-third in one year alone, when total wages and salaries, as estimated by the American Federation of Labor, have fallen 47 per cent as compared with 1929, it hardly seems in the interests of social justice that one class—and that one supported by taxes on all the others—should not have its pay reduced at all. It is sometimes objected that such a pay cut would reduce purchasing power and so retard revival. This argument overlooks, first, that purchasing power must be measured in terms of goods and living standards and not in terms of money. To reduce the salaries of a given group no more than living costs have fallen is not to reduce the purchasing power of that group but simply to restore it to what it was. Further, the purchasing power removed from federal employees by such moderate salary reductions is returned to the great body of the taxpayers who have lost more.

On the side of revenues, there is nothing to be said in defense of the President's recommendation of a 2¼ per cent manufacturers' sales tax. The objections to such a tax have already been stated innumerable times. It is tantamount to a 2¼ per cent tax on everyone's income regardless of his income level. It is a tax on many of the necessities of life. It would affect the net income of various manufacturers in unpredictable ways. The need for revenue would be great even if all reasonable reductions in expenditures were made, but there are many alternatives to so dangerous an expedient.



## Repeal Comes First

**W**OULD it be wise to legalize the sale of beer and wine before the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed? We feel that it would not. We believe it would be a serious mistake for Congress to enact the Collier bill or any similar measure, even for the sake of the revenue it might produce, before adequate and conclusive consideration can be given to the liquor problem as a whole. To attack this problem piecemeal, as Congress is doing, will simply add to the difficulty of arriving at a proper solution and may serve in the end to defeat the repeal movement.

Let us suppose that the sale of beer is made lawful before the Eighteenth Amendment is done away with. What will be the most probable consequences of that act? In the first place, it will not have the slightest effect on the evils now existing. Legal beer will lessen very little, if at all, the present demand for hard liquor. The speakeasies we shall still have with us, and the bootleggers and racketeers as well. There can be little doubt that the latter will seek forcibly to invade the lawful beer trade. Indeed, the brewery interests have already informed government officials in Washington that if the sale of beer is legalized, steps must be taken at the same time to protect them from the racketeers. The enactment of the Collier bill would certainly put prohibition reform on trial. If this particular measure should fail to touch any of the present evils, there would be a tendency to discredit the whole movement. This would be especially true if any considerable time elapsed between the legalization of beer and the passage by Congress of a repeal resolution.

Secondly, there is grave danger that the sale of these light beverages will delay outright repeal. Once the demand for beer has been met, the modificationists will have little inclination to continue the fight for thoroughgoing reform. It must be remembered in this connection that while a repeal resolution may be put through Congress, it is by no means certain that thirty-six States can be found to ratify that resolution. The recent vote in Congress indicates pretty clearly that the South and some sections of the Middle West still lean toward prohibition. The ratification campaign will be endangered if the modificationists desert the movement, for they hold the balance of power between the drys and the repealists in many doubtful States, and it takes only thirteen such States to defeat repeal.

Lastly, there is a great deal of hypocrisy in the present agitation for beer of alcoholic content higher than that permitted under the Volstead Act. If the 2.75 per cent beer which the Collier bill promises is not in fact intoxicating, what point would there be in raising the alcoholic content to this percentage? To make the beverage more palatable or more nourishing? That, frankly, is not what the beer-drinkers want. If the 2.75 per cent beer failed to give them the "kick" they are looking for, the Collier reform would have no value for them. It would be a meaningless gesture. If, on the other hand, beer of this alcoholic content is in fact intoxicating, its sale would violate the Constitution so long as the Eighteenth Amendment remained valid. For Congress to legalize the sale of such beer would be nullification pure and simple. What the public wants is not nullification, but outright repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

We are glad that the House of Representatives refused to be steam-rolled into accepting the Democratic repeal plan. The dry minority, though unwittingly of course, acted in the best interests of the repeal movement when it refused to bow to Speaker Garner's demand for hasty action. *The Nation* no less than John Nance Garner wants the prohibition amendment abolished. On May 4, 1932, we said: "We shall continue to fight for rigid control and for the reeducation of the country in the direction of temperance. But for the moment this end must be subordinated to the question of repeal, and so must the question of what system shall take the place of the present rule by bootleggers. . . . The slate must be wiped clean before the new start is made." But the slate may not be wiped clean if Congress acts hastily, without proper consideration or adequate debate. The extremists in the prohibition ranks have not quit fighting by any means. They will seek every possible legal and political loophole through which to defeat repeal. It is imperative, therefore, that the repeal resolution be made legally and politically unassailable. Congress will need more than forty minutes in which to prepare and pass such a resolution.

## Ships and Subsidies

**T**HE annual report of the Postmaster General has the merit of recording squarely certain payments to steamship companies and aircraft lines as subsidies. That is what they are, and that is what they should be understood to be, and not merely over-payments for the carriage of mail. By indirection and, in a sense, misrepresentation a subsidy system has been fastened upon us, whereas again and again a straight-out subsidy proposal has been defeated in the Congress of the United States. Now the Postmaster General reports that in this year of intense crisis the amount of subsidies paid to steamships and aircraft have risen from \$28,218,178 in 1930 to \$42,252,210 in 1932. "In both cases," says Mr. Brown, "the primary object is the development of transportation systems considered by Congress to be vital to the nation's trade and defense, the provision of postal facilities being secondary and incidental." Although the postal deficit for the fiscal year ending June 20, 1932, was the staggering sum of \$152,246,188, largely because of a falling off in postal receipts of \$117,000,000 from the high point of 1930, the Postmaster General makes no recommendation whatever that there should be any limitation or reduction of the government's support of enterprises which could not maintain themselves for a day without government aid. This aid, of course, comes directly out of the taxpayers' pockets, and the present Postmaster General's hands are tied because the department has obligated itself by long-term contracts for ocean-mail transportation under which the government pays subventions to equalize the cost of operating American shipping with costs under foreign flags.

Is this policy ever justifiable? Possibly, when it comes to moderate aid for a new form of transportation like that of the aircraft. As for supporting ships under the American flag merely in order to show the flag in foreign ports, that can only be justified on the ground of American vanity. The plea that it is for defense purposes is hollow if our signature to the Kellogg Pact means anything. Moreover, the sub-



ventions are not based upon a deliberate plan for reinforcing our naval strength, or for troop transportation in war time. Ships are being built for the special purposes of the trades in which they are engaged and not especially for use in another war at some indefinite time in the future. None the less, the argument is again advanced that we should not only continue the existing subventions, but should increase the amounts now paid out by the government in the face of a disappearing income and heavily increased national expenditures. The wind-bag Senator from New York, Mr. Copeland—as opposed to the constructive Senator, Robert F. Wagner—assured the public again the other day that “American independence” depended upon an adequate American fleet. Only an adequate American merchant marine, he declared, will “prevent foreign monopoly and extortion.” It is interesting to note that he accepts an adequate merchant marine “as a public utility operated for the benefit of all the people.” Of course the subsidized ships do not serve the whole people; the subsidies merely guarantee certain profits to the shipowners. Senator Copeland’s hoary old pretense that our prosperity depends upon shipping in American vessels was exploded generations ago. We were highly prosperous for generations, during which time our merchants shipped goods in accordance with the cheapest terms offered by bidders for our foreign trade. Sometimes these were Englishmen, sometimes Germans, sometimes Norwegians, and so on. Nobody claimed then that the American merchant would be better off if he shipped by American ships and then paid additional taxes out of his own pocket to keep those ships at sea.

The Shipping Board is also determined to carry on this policy. It wants still higher mail pay for ships with a speed in excess of 24 knots. It wants the army and navy transport service sold to private interests, the Panama Railroad Steamship Company, also, and would prevent foreign ships from making cruises from American ports without fixed destination. It admits that if it had not been for the government aid ladled out to private interests not many American steamship companies could have survived the depression. Meanwhile the Shipping Board is going out of the operating business, the number of lines still operated for it having been reduced from thirteen to nine. All but 96 of the 2,546 vessels once owned by the government have been sold, scrapped, or otherwise disposed of, or laid up. Those laid up, some 240, are also destined for the scrap heap. Thus is being wound up our tremendous war-time ship construction, which resulted in an outright loss to the taxpayers of billions of dollars to be charged against the winning of the war to end war. Even with all the sales to private operators, and the huge sums granted or lent to them, not only to build ships but to operate them on government account, American-flag lines carry only 34 per cent of the country’s export business. The board, it is needless to say, neglected to add that the continuance of some of these American lines, thanks only to government pap, has had a great deal to do with the demoralization of the Atlantic trade. The weakest company in that trade is the United States Lines, whose flagship, the *Leviathan*, left New York recently with only 178 passengers, in number hardly one-fourth of the crew. But what of it? America must not be subjected to the horrible infamy of again sending its products abroad under other flags than our own—not if there is a taxpayer still left to be assessed.

## Henpecked Immortals

THE Victorian Age believed in nothing more firmly than it believed in “the influence of a good woman.”

Our generation has its doubts and all previous generations had theirs. Indeed, the theory that the female is naturally purer than the male was largely a nineteenth-century invention, and the idea behind the double standard has generally been that the natural depravity of women makes it necessary to hold them more severely in check. Not only do lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds, but lilies are particularly prone to fester. Yet the Victorians held firmly to their original thesis that the lady was made of finer stuff than the male (or aboriginal brute), and there is considerable documentary evidence to support their contention.

Everybody knows how Lady Burton protected the reputation of Sir Richard by burning the manuscript to which he had devoted a considerable portion of his later years. Then, only a short time ago, it was revealed that Mrs. Clemens had stood with a blue pencil at the elbow of Mark Twain, and the discovery caused a good deal of indignation—which we did not share for the reason that we could not imagine how anyone who had become accustomed to Hemingway, Joyce, and Lawrence would be able to see much difference between a censored Twain manuscript and an uncensored one. Now, however, Professor Randall Stewart of Yale announces in the *New York Times* that an examination of the originals of Hawthorne’s notebooks shows that Mrs. Hawthorne edited them so carefully that as a result of her “prudishness or false delicacy” the published version “seriously misrepresents his character and literary genius.”

It seems that certain passages relating to sex were revised or omitted and that another in which he expressed his lack of respect for ministers of religion was also deleted. More or less homely words were often supplanted by more elegant ones, and when Hawthorne permitted himself the mild cynicism of wondering how a very loving pair of honeymooners would behave a year later, that speculation was also thrown out, along with a phrase in which he went so far as to imply that happiness might be a matter of luck. Nor was he allowed even the faintest suggestion of profanity. If he wrote “a devil of a brunette,” his watchful lady changed it to a “mischief of a brunette,” and if he said of another that she was “quick-tempered as the devil,” the phrase became merely “very quick-tempered.”

Poor Hawthorne! Even if he had been left to his own devices he would not have been so very scandalous. The man who returned blushing from a visit to Italy to proclaim that, whatever excuses the ancients may have had, there was no reason why another nude statue should ever be made was a man who could be trusted. Doubtless he cherished his mild cynicisms. Doubtless even his harmless “devils” gave him that pleasure to which every man has a right—the pleasure of feeling that he is a devil of a fellow. But like so many other Victorians, he had committed himself to a belief in the influence of a good woman and he had to pay the penalty. It is pleasant, however, to know that the industry of a professor has given back to Hawthorne his naughty words. May he rest in peace—at last.



# Joseph V. McKee, Reformer?

By EDWARD LEVINSON

WHEN Joseph V. McKee, Mayor of New York, delivered his impassioned plea for a crusade which would bring decent government to the sadly misruled city, his hearers at the annual dinner of the New York State Chamber of Commerce looked upon him as a messiah. Bankers, real-estate operators, business men crowded around the Mayor at the conclusion of his brief speech to voice their vigorous approval. Practically all the newspapers joined in editorial praise of the new crusader. Municipal reformers and fusion advocates, relegated to outer political darkness since the Mitchel administration almost two decades ago, immediately initiated a reform campaign. Leaders of local chambers of commerce, women's clubs, and civic associations joined the movement. A newspaper cartoonist pictured McKee as a knight in shining armor spearing the Tammany dragon. Certain reform groups, however, have held aloof waiting to see in what direction McKee would jump in 1933, and hoping, perhaps, that Al Smith might be willing to carry the spear in the next city election.

The role of reformer is a new one for Joseph V. McKee. Except within the last few months there has been little in his fairly long political career to distinguish him from the general run of New York's Democratic leaders. For a time he held an instructorship in Latin and Greek at Fordham University; this and a brief period as teacher at De Witt Clinton High School preceded his selection by the Bronx Democratic machine as a candidate for the lower house of the State legislature. He spent six years at Albany. His legislative service is best remembered for his attempt to bring down the maximum price of prize-fight tickets from \$25 to \$7. When the infamous ouster of the Socialist assemblymen was proposed, McKee urged that they be tried by the entire lower house rather than by a special committee—this during a period when even conservative Republican leaders with a sense of propriety denounced the entire procedure.

It was Governor Smith who called McKee from his place in the assembly to fill a vacancy on the City Court bench. He was reelected to serve for ten years. In summing up his experiences on the bench, McKee has declared that "being a judge indelibly impressed on my mind that there are always two sides to a question." A highly religious strain, which is noticeable especially in his utterances before student bodies, led him, when he first assumed judicial office, to ask an audience of Tammany leaders and heelers to pray for his success in his new job, and one of the few innovations introduced during his presidency of the Board of Aldermen was to have the meetings opened with prayer. In 1927 and again within recent months McKee took occasion to lash out at rowdy shows and he closed two burlesque houses for a short space of time. On one occasion, when certain movies seemed to him too broad in their handling of the idiosyncrasies of foreign elements in our population, Mr. McKee proposed an ordinance designed to clear New York's screens of all pictures that might offend racial groups.

Like his predecessor, though he is not so adept at the art, Mayor McKee appreciates the value of showmanship. He

has repeatedly lavished rich but equal praise on every foreign-language group in New York City. In authentic Walker fashion he has extended the city's welcome to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lion, to bright little Japanese girls fresh from a young ladies' seminary, and to Sidney Franklin, Brooklyn's matador. To a delegation of school teachers seeking salary increases he once offered the consolation that not in many years had the aldermanic chamber seen "such a good-looking assemblage of women." As for the industrial breakdown, he considers that it has wrought "one of the greatest social revolutions in history. It has brought new ideals . . . men are lifting up their minds and hearts." A major cause of the depression, he feels, has been the excessive taxing of real estate.

McKee's apprenticeship in the Board of Estimate, where he sat for seven years as president of the Board of Aldermen, was a period of close cooperation with Mayor Walker. The ties were loosened only when Walker's star began to fade in the cold light of public exposure. McKee sat in on the proceedings which jammed through the Equitable Bus franchise, of malodorous fame. Only once in Walker's long and determined fight to swing the deal by which it was proposed to net his associates the modest profit of \$19,000,000 in ten years, did McKee waver. When the news leaked out concerning a series of secret conferences at which the Tammany bosses, along with Walker and McKee, had sought to resolve the clashing ambitions of bus promoters and political backers, McKee announced that he would take no further part in secret meetings on the subject. At the same time he made haste to explain that his action implied no criticism of Mayor Walker. In the Board of Estimate he voted with Walker at every turn to hasten the Equitable deal, and McKee and Henry Bruckner, president of the borough of the Bronx, were Walker's sole aids during many months of the protracted siege.

During his first years as aldermanic president, McKee functioned as a sort of prime minister for Mayor Walker. It was McKee's practice then to send Walker an annual letter on the state of the city government. One of the achievements of the Walker administration listed by McKee in his letter of 1927 was his "settlement of the bus awards." And in the face of the Equitable fiasco McKee lent himself again in 1931 to an effort to jam through questionable bus awards in the borough of Queens, turning down a better but politically unsupported offer which would have netted the city an extra income of half a million a year. Exposure of the deal by the City Affairs Committee forced McKee to beat a hasty retreat, with no adequate explanation offered of his change of heart.

Walker could count on McKee's support in other important matters. In 1926 he voted in favor of leasing Piers 84 and 86 in the Hudson River to the United American lines for \$570,000 a year, which he considered "a substantial and adequate return." Three years later the transaction was found to be shot through with corruption. Judge Bernard Vause, now in the Atlanta penitentiary, was found to have



received \$250,000 from the steamship lines with which to facilitate granting of the leases. McKee was a full if silent partner in the salary grab of 1929 which raised Mayor Walker's salary to \$40,000 a year and his own to \$25,000 a year.

Perhaps the best indices to Mayor McKee's social concepts are his views on education and housing. In his budget-slashing campaign, educational items have been his particular targets. "When children are in school after fourteen years of age something has happened to American ideals," he declared at a budget hearing. He fought for complete elimination of the provision by which unemployed men and women have been able to spend their idle time in continuation schools and in vocational study; he wanted school athletic centers closed; he disapproved of expenditures on summer schools and school gardens and for the teaching of international relations in the colleges and universities. He felt that classes now averaging thirty-nine pupils to a teacher might well be enlarged. Raising his hands in horror at the coddling of the school children, McKee wanted to know "where education is going to stop." "All this care is softening the children up. Let them go out at fourteen and earn their education as we did when I was young." His tactics led to hysterical attacks on the entire school system from representatives of the real-estate boards. With McKee's approval they demanded an end to the "racket" by which teachers on sick leave receive compensation.

Demands of the real-estate interests have led him into a completely anti-social position on housing. When the Reconstruction Finance Corporation announced its intention of lending \$6,000,000 to a limited-dividend corporation for the construction of reasonably priced apartments in the Bronx, the real-estate operators of his home borough denounced the plan. McKee listened sympathetically and then attacked the R. F. C. as a meddler. The Bronx, he said, did not need any new apartments; it was a borough without a slum. He went so far as to propose a municipal ordinance which would bar tax exemption to the proposed venture.

There is little excuse for McKee's ignorance of housing conditions in his home borough; and there is no apparent explanation for his opposition to the project except his willingness to serve the real-estate owners who have thousands of empty high-priced apartments on their hands. The figures of the city's Tenement House Department for 1931 reveal that there are 31,332 condemned, old-law apartments in the Bronx and that more than 90 per cent of them are inhabited by families who cannot afford anything better. Clarence A. Stein, former chairman of the State commission on housing and regional planning, has described the great Bronx building boom of 1920 to 1930 as adding immensely to "potential slums." "In the Bronx," said Mr. Stein, "speculative builders continued to cover every inch of ground not devoted to streets or narrow courts with six-story monstrosities where most of the rooms looked out across a six-by-twelve-foot court on whitewashed walls decorated only with hideous fire escapes or on equally sunless streets. Poor ventilation, little or no sunlight, no sign of green, and dangerous streets." This, concluded Mr. Stein, is the housing of the next fifty to a hundred years in the "borough without a slum."

Enough has been related here to reveal the character of Mayor McKee's relations with the Democratic rings which dominate New York City, and also to indicate his shortcom-

ings as a municipal leader devoted to broad social service. Two typical acts of McKee's since he succeeded to Mayor Walker's chair will complete the picture. One of the most audacious of his steps was his discharge of Commissioner of Markets Dwyer when the latter failed on short notice to present a plan for operating the Bronx Terminal Market at a profit to the city. It is difficult, however, to understand why McKee did not speak up earlier, since Judge Seabury has just shown that the market lost \$2,889,570 of the city's money in the years 1929, 1930, and 1931.

Praise of McKee rose high when he delivered a ukase against the expensive limousines of Tammany leaders. He was informed in 1927 that these cars were costing the city \$1,000,000 a year, but then he did not see fit to notice the complaint. As a matter of fact, in his first year as president of the Board of Aldermen, McKee spent more city money on automobiles than his annual salary, then \$15,000. One of his first acts was to have the city buy him a limousine at a cost of \$7,780 and provide a chauffeur at \$2,500 a year. Of course the reigning prince of Tammany, James J. Walker, discarded four old cars which had been good enough for his predecessor and treated himself to four new ones at a total cost of \$26,880. But McKee soon learned. By the end of 1926 two chauffeurs were assigned to his office; by 1929 there were three; in 1930 his office had at its disposal four Cadillacs and a Packard and the use of three chauffeurs costing \$7,380 a year, with incidental expenses of \$4,860.

McKee has a good chance to be elected mayor of New York City next year. In November, though his name was not on the ballot, he received the startling number of 232,501 votes. It is estimated that his final vote would have been four or five hundred thousand had it not been for the difficulties involved in writing in his name. An alliance with the hungry Republican boss, Samuel Koenig, now bereft of all his federal patronage and seeking any deal which will give him a few crumbs, would certainly give him most of the 442,901 votes which went to Mr. Pounds. Edward J. Flynn, Bronx Democratic boss, who is close to President-elect Roosevelt, will do all in his power to win Roosevelt's backing, though his efforts will no doubt meet the counterbalancing influence of James A. Farley, who always prefers a deal to an open fight. But his election would mean little in the way of reform or of meeting the social needs of the city. He might prune the more obviously dishonest sections of the budget. He might bring about the consolidation of county offices, which would save at the most some \$500,000 a year. Appearing before Judge Seabury, he did favor proportional representation but his plan for reorganization was distinctly inferior to the proposals of Al Smith. The chief danger is that he would put through an economy program designed to curtail rather than extend the city's social services. A reform administration headed by Mayor McKee promises nothing to the masses of the city, who would find themselves once more trapped by a leadership which made no pretense of attacking constructively the problems of housing, transit, education, health, and recreation.

Only a program of municipal socialism backed by an organization ready to square the issues between reform and social reconstruction can solve these problems. Already the Socialist campaigns of Norman Thomas and Morris Hillquit, supplemented by the day-by-day fruitful work of the City Affairs Committee, have given us a base on which to build.



The program for such a movement is indicated by the very shortcomings in the present reform program. The reformers' plans for efficiency and economy would certainly be the beginning of such a program—though it would eliminate the false economy which penalizes low-salaried municipal employees and saves money at the expense of education, health, and recreation facilities. Affirmatively, such a program would include a unified, municipally owned subway, elevated, and bus system whose management would be shared by workers, technicians, and representatives of the voters; the development of publicly owned utilities, such as electricity and gas, which would in time, by competition and acquisition, supplant the private utilities; establishment of a municipal milk-distributing agency run for service and not for profit; a public

housing program which would be especially beneficial in meeting the unemployment problem; the shifting of the tax burden to improved real-estate values, whereby the city's principal source of taxation revenue would be derived from an assessment which would expropriate the rental value of land; proportional representation designed to end the unequal distribution of power which now gives Tammany a free hand; and the safeguarding of the ballot, which might be accomplished by drawing election inspectors from Civil Service lists rather than from district clubhouses and by improving the voting-machine so that it would automatically register the final vote and eliminate the practice of making false transcriptions of the vote from the machine to the official return blanks.

## Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

*Rome, November 30*

ITALIAN foreign policy, which has always been based on the sound and mellow policy of getting as much as possible for nothing, seems to have fallen on evil days. The Mussolini program of demanding everything, from African colonies to naval parity with France, meantime offering as quid pro quo nothing but the promise to be a good boy if satisfied, is not, I find in Rome, a very tactful subject for conversation. What happened was that Mussolini himself, discovering two years ago that fleets and armies were expensive, began to shout for conciliation, disarmament, peace. Our friends in Whitehall, the Quai d'Orsay, and the Wilhelmstrasse did not appreciate the ingenuity of this *volte-face*, and—for other reasons also—the Italians were cold-shouldered at the London Danube conference, later at Geneva, and most particularly at Lausanne.

THE PALAZZO Chigi seems to be planning a little revenge. Its present program calls for a Moral Alliance with the United States. Italy, the big brother of America, is going to help defend us from the insidious and underhand attack of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and the other would-be defaulters on the debts which are due December 15. Italy is not going to join the others. Italy is not going to protest. Italy, a moral, upright, and only slightly bankrupt nation, is going to pay. This is an impressive gesture, especially when you consider that Great Britain has to pay \$95,000,000, France \$20,000,000—and Italy the net sum of \$1,245,437.60.

Domestically, things are going smoothly. Anyone who talks of impending civil trouble is 'way off. The process of Fascism continues, as a wise old bird put it, to make Romans out of Italians. Mussolini is at the very height of his health, his career, and his power, and nothing is going to end his regime except his death or, conceivably, a war. You should have seen that tour of his through the north to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Fascismo. I find my liberal principles making me regret a little that it was so impressive, but impressive it certainly was. Within Italy, that is. It got an indifferent press outside, owing to the competition of the German and American elections. The King? Well, the

King was packed off to Eritrea during the ceremonies, and Mussolini's chief speech was deliberately and conspicuously given in Turin, alleged hotbed of alleged royalist reaction. The fact is that the royal family has so deeply compromised itself by allegiance to the regime that if Mussolini ever goes, the dynasty is likely to go too, and quickly.

Italians do not talk much about politics, of course. Most of the conversation I have heard concerns (a) the very great annoyance of the Duce at the failure of the turbines of the Rex on its unhappy maiden voyage, and (b) amusement at the air armada of twenty seaplanes which General Balbo is going to lead next year to, of all places, Chicago. Many highly placed persons, they say, and I do not vouch for this, have a grudge against Balbo, although Balbo, with Faranacci, is by common consent the Fascist heir apparent; and Mussolini continually allows him to risk his neck on all manner of silly flights. If Balbo dies, there is going to be an informal public holiday. The Chicago trip is hazardous, and there may be a crack-up. Who knows?

My friends and spies tell me that a bit of a movement has been started to move the League from Geneva to County Cork. Eamon de Valera has been a stunning success as president of the Council. Besides, the recent massacre of eleven civilians by a Geneva machine-gun company turned

THE IRISH OF IT the stomachs of some of those who were talking about disarmament a few yards away. In Ireland they at least add a romantic touch to assassination. For the Geneva murders there was not even the excuse of graceful performance. Not for many a moon has the League more enjoyed anything than the firm, unctuous, and elegant way in which De Valera squelched the Japanese. He overruled Matsuoka several times, and as I write, it appears that he will be successful in forcing Japan to accept consideration of the Lytton report by the Assembly, not the Council.

Things are moving on schedule internationally, with some optimism and few sensations. No one should have been surprised at the Beggars' Union, that is, the solid front of the Powers (except, at the moment, Italy), asking postponement of their December debt payments. It makes one blink



to read of naive queries in America as to whether this solid front actually exists. Of course it does. It was written, by implication anyway, into the Lausanne report. As for disarmament, the haggling is very wearying, with the fundamental situation little changed. Germany, wanting a bargain, left the disarmament conference. France, to bring her back, put forward the Herriot plan. The Herriot plan offers equal rights, the major German claim, but only if the plan in toto is accepted, and this the Germans cannot possibly do. See below. Thus for another month or more there must be laborious mutual whittling.

The World Economic Conference has succeeded, with great effort, in postponing itself until April or May. The excuse given is that the experts, themselves adjourned to mid-January, must prepare an agenda which the Powers should have ample time to study. MacDonald in London recently protested, calling the experts a menace and saying that the Lausanne conference would still be sitting if the experts alone had been left at work. MacDonald is not well, I hear; certainly he knew nothing of what was going on if he thought the conference could meet by Christmas. It was not only

the experts who caused the delay; no one has the faintest desire to hold the conference until the new American Administration is in office and has given some indication of whether or not it will permit debts to be discussed. As to America's refusal to grant a breathing-spell on December 15, I imagine that M. Edouard Herriot will be its first European victim.

Some people wrote that my piece of six weeks ago, saying that France would shortly seek to reduce German armaments below even their present level, was far-fetched; and a month ago, before its full details were known, I was, I am informed, rude and scurrilous in my description of the Herriot disarmament plan. Well, I ask you to read it.

**HERRIOT'S PLAN** There is some good in it, and one major step forward—the recommendation that the League Council give decisions by majority and not unanimous vote. What else does it give us? This, the French at last go on record as consenting to actual revision of the Treaty of Versailles. For what end? To abolish what army Germany has, the Reichswehr!

## Poison for Profit\*

By F. J. SCHLINK and ARTHUR KALLET

OF all the rank flowers in the garden of rugged American individualism, few have a more vile and pervasive stench than the huge \$350,000,000 patent-medicine blossom. At its best, the patent-medicine industry is guilty only of the economic fraud of selling necessary drugs under meaningless or fantastic names, with absurd claims of special merit, at from five to a thousand times their ordinary price. At its worst, the industry is guilty of murder—through selling medicines containing poisons and through persuading the poor and ignorant to rely upon worthless nostrums for the treatment of diseases as dangerous to the individual and to the race as cancer and tuberculosis and syphilis. Most vicious of all the murderous quacks who prey upon the diseased are those who “cure” cancer. Medical science is practically helpless against cancer in its later stages; but in the earlier stages of the disease a large percentage of cases can be cured. The alternative to early treatment by surgery or radium or X-rays at the hands of competent technologists is a slow, painful death. And it is to such a death that the cancer-cure quacks condemn far too many of the unfortunate dupes who, through ignorance or fear of surgery, become their victims.

What are the penalties for such murder? *No penalties whatever, even when the killing can be proved.* Under the federal Food and Drugs Act, the courts, if they function at all, occasionally impose a small fine if a dangerous nostrum is *mislabelled*; they can do nothing, even though the nostrum kills, if it has no technically false statements on its label.

For example, there was Kopp's Baby's Friend. Between January, 1906, and February, 1907, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported the deaths of nine infants, most of them only a few months old, from dosage with this

“King of Baby Soothers.” An analysis of the nostrum made by the American Medical Association in 1905 showed that it contained a dangerous opiate, morphine sulphate. A shipment of Kopp's Baby's Friend and other Kopp remedies was seized by government inspectors in 1915, a decade later. The government charged that Kopp's Baby's Friend was misbranded, and the company was fined \$25 *and costs*—the costs in such a case may run from \$15 to \$25. After this farce the company was permitted not only to remain in the medicine business but to continue to sell the same deadly poison, provided that it made no false claims on the label—it could still claim anything it thought credible in its advertising—and declared the presence of the opiate, morphine sulphate.

There is a pleasant fiction constantly revived by apologists for advertising: they refer to the old “patent-medicine days,” and imply that dangerous “cures” belong to the past; that the federal Food and Drugs Act came along like a strong, fresh wind and swept them all away. We forget that the act applies only to claims printed on labels or packages and is completely impotent to prevent the sale of injurious quack medicines or to prevent the making of viciously misleading claims in newspaper, magazine, radio, handbill, drug-store-almanac, or mail advertising. Even if labels were universally accurate, the advertising, by its volume, its frequency, its cleverly worded assurances and testimonials, and the good repute of the medium in which it appears, sells the nostrum, and a simple, modest label on the package, by its very reserve, seems to reinforce the position of high integrity so carefully assumed by the shrewder and more dangerous quacks.

How urgent the need is for a thorough overhauling of the whole badly designed and tottering structure for the protection of the public against unsafe medicines and drugs

\* This article is taken from a book, “One Hundred Million Guinea Pigs” (earlier announced as “Poison for Profit”), to be published in January by the Vanguard Press.—EDITOR THE NATION.



can be judged from the death this year of the wealthy E. M. Byers as a result of taking Radithor, a patent medicine containing radium, marketed by William J. A. Bailey, a man with a long record of dangerous quackery. Bailey, an ignorant and unscrupulous charlatan, was not required by any law or agency to prove that his nostrum could be taken by human beings without serious injury, despite the fact that it contained radium, a deadly poison when used indiscriminately; and despite the public knowledge of the recent horrible deaths of women workers who had swallowed small quantities of ■ radium salt used in painting luminous watch-dials.

Food and Drug Administration officials were apathetic in their reaction to the whole matter. If there had been no radium in Radithor, they said, they could have prosecuted Bailey for misbranding, but since it was correctly labeled, they could do nothing. That is, Bailey was safe from prosecution so long as the nostrum, though deadly, was correctly labeled. If his nostrum had been safe and mislabeled, he would have been in danger of a \$25 fine or confiscation of a certain number of bottles of his product. The career of Radithor has now been ended, not by the Food and Drug officials in the interest of public welfare, but by the Federal Trade Commission in the interest of "fair trade." Radithor advertising made false and misleading claims, which was unfair to competitors and took their business away. But note that while Mr. Byers died in 1932, the Department of Agriculture as far back as October, 1929, had reported the presence on the market of a flood of radium preparations and devices sold for their marvelous curative powers. There were waters, belts, pads, salves, hair tonics, tissue creams, mouth washes, even chocolate bars. Many of these are still being sold. Most of them contain no radium in any form and so are probably harmless. But others, like Radithor, actually contain radium, which can cause cancer and other diseases, even when it does not enter the body. There is no knowing how many hundreds or even thousands of lives are being endangered at the present time by these radium-bearing preparations and devices, be they ever so properly labeled.

Hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions, of persons are still being unwittingly dosed with a hundred or a thousand other dangerous poisons; and there is no law, except feeble and ineffective State and municipal regulations, almost never enforced, by which the poisoners can be reached. For some curious reason, perhaps because opportunity is offered to safeguard private morals as well as health, the presence of alcohol, narcotics, and a few other drugs must be declared on proprietary medicine labels under the provisions of the federal Food and Drugs Act. But patent medicines may—and do—contain arsenic, strychnine; or any one of countless other poisons without any notice of their presence being given to purchasers. If so-called patent medicines were actually patented, their formulae would at least be available at the Patent Office to anyone paying the five-cent fee for the printed patent paper. With rare exceptions, however, they are not patented, and their contents are secrets which are wisely kept from purchasers, and which, in the United States, the makers are under obligation to reveal to no one, even to government officers. The approximate formulae of only ■ small percentage are ever discovered, as analyzed at very great expense by the American Medical Association or by government chemists in connection with fraudulent therapeutic claims.

A typical case reported by the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association is that of Matthew Richartz and Eksip, his cure for diabetes. The fraudulent and dangerous character of this particular piece of quackery was described in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1922 and again in 1926. The business was carried on through the mails; yet it was not stopped by the Post Office Department or the Food and Drug Administration until February, 1931. Eksip consisted essentially of magnesium carbonate, ordinary talc and starch, ■ worthless mixture which would have been harmless had not Richartz advertised that Eksip made dieting unnecessary—that diabetics taking Eksip could eat anything. There can be little doubt that this dangerous advice sent many diabetics to ■ untimely death, for over \$90,000 worth of the nostrum was sold in 1928. (How many so died, it is the business of no one in America to know or to care.)

Here is the history of Richartz and his Eksip as revealed by the investigations of the Post Office Department. Richartz, born in Germany, received only four or five years' schooling. From 1886 to 1895 he was a barber, first in Holland and later in England. Arriving in New York in 1895, he became business agent for ■ barbers' union. Eksip was created in 1921 from the formula of "Dr. Stein-Callenfels . . . noted European specialist who, after a life-long study, amazed other European specialists with his famous discovery." As a matter of fact, Dr. Stein-Callenfels never existed.

Like practically all quacks, Richartz used testimonials extensively. In 1929 he was using this testimonial of J. C. Meyers of Charleston, South Carolina: "I am a living advertisement for Eksip . . . for if it had not been for Eksip and God's blessing, I would have been in my grave today." But alas, in 1929 J. C. Meyers *was* in his grave. He had died five years before of diabetes, the disease which Eksip "cured." Richartz produced one living testimonial at the postal hearings, Lewis L. Smith, a diabetic who testified that such were the benefits of Eksip that he "didn't bother about diet any more." Three days after he testified, with the hearings still in progress, Smith died—likewise of diabetes. The Bureau of Investigation deplores the fact that "in order to prove the fraudulence of this business it was necessary for the government to do a vast amount of investigating [the transcript of the testimony in the hearings occupies 1,284 pages], consume a large amount of public time and money, call on medical and pharmacological experts, and in other ways treat this whole matter as though it were a controversial scientific question. All this is necessary under our legal conception that a man is assumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty." Still more deplorable, and at the root of the whole expensive and ridiculous proceedings of federal law enforcement, is the fact that a man with Richartz's background should ever have been permitted to engage in such ■ business, and that now, found guilty of dangerous fraud, he should be privileged to return to the sale of medicines simply by changing the name of his company and his nostrum—creating a new job for the post-office inspectors and the officers of the law.

Of the thousands of quacks who prey upon gullible sufferers from cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, venereal diseases, and other dangerous ailments, only those who are so foolish as to print absurd claims on the labels of their preparations



instead of confining these claims to the advertising are in danger even of transient interference from the federal Food and Drug Administration. The government inspectors do sometimes seize a shipment of such a misbranded nostrum, and the Food and Drug Administration carefully and soberly considers whether the claims are justified "in the light of present scientific knowledge." With rare exceptions, the nostrum, be it sold as a cure for tuberculosis, pneumonia, anemia, or any one of a hundred other diseases, is exactly as potent as the mystic rites of little boys for curing a wart. Upon deciding that the claims are fraudulent, the government takes a legal step preliminary to confiscation of the seized shipment, but not against the quack. Since the quack or his representative rarely troubles to enter a defense, the court is free to order the destruction of the single shipment involved. Sometimes the quack gets his shipment back by agreeing to relabel or reprocess it; usually he changes the labeling of his nostrum to avoid the possibility of future seizures, contenting himself with some form of advertising as the vehicle for any claims he may wish to make. Sometimes he does not bother to change the labeling, for a dollar bottle of a nostrum may have cost him only a penny or two to prepare, and the loss resulting from confiscations of a tiny proportion of his product is too trivial to worry about.

When, long afterwards, sometimes after years, the courts sustain the action of the government in making a seizure or, in a very few cases, in assessing a small fine, a "Notice of Judgment" is printed by the Department of Agriculture.

These published notices are the administration's sole method of protecting the public from further operations of the cheat or poisoner. Unfortunately, past, present, and potential victims do not see the notices.

It costs money to be sick, to go to doctors, specialists, and hospitals; it costs more money than most people have or can spare. A poor woman worrying herself to death, fearing that the small lump she has discovered on her breast is cancer, knows that if she goes to the doctor it will mean visits to high-priced, mysterious, and uncommunicative specialists, costing a year's income and the end not only of a life's savings but also of a life's hopes for children whose health and education depend on those savings. How easy it is at such a time for her to believe the advertisement (is she not taught on Bruce Barton's sacred word that advertising is essentially honest and in the public interest?) of a positive cancer cure—only seventy-five cents a bottle, and it can be used at home, one teaspoonful morning and evening in a half-glass of water. Or it may be tuberculosis, or diabetes, or perhaps a venereal disease of which the victim is ashamed and which he would like to cure secretly with that stuff he read about in the advertisement, or his druggist told him of. To buy the magic bottle is so easy, and, at first, so cheap! And it is bought. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care found that Americans spend \$350,000,000 annually on patent medicines—enough for three or four bottles of some deadly, or dangerous because useless or inert, mess for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

## The Lame Ducks Meet

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, December 10*

**B**ELIEVE it or not, Hoover already is running for reelection in 1936. Upon excellent authority I am informed that he has virtually recovered from the shock of defeat, considers himself a very great man who has had a very bad run of luck, and confidently expects to beat back after Roosevelt has been destroyed by the depression. No doubt this will seem as ridiculous to you as it seems to me, but poor Herbert Hoover never was celebrated for his sense of the ridiculous. Everyone knows that he is deader than Tutankhamen. The boys who do the spade work in the Republican organization never did like him, and trusted him still less. Those who still have jobs are glad he is gone, and those who lost them in consequence of the recent debacle blame and hate him with a bitterness which could only be mitigated by his return to England. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put him together again, yet no sooner had he returned from Palo Alto than he began laying plans for a comeback. Cabinet members and Congressional leaders were instructed that the "obvious strategy" was to block the Democratic legislative program (if any) in the present session, and thus force Roosevelt to call a special session soon after March 4. Since his own troubles started with one, Mr. Hoover naturally is convinced that all special sessions are fatal—a conclusion, incidentally, with which many Democratic leaders agree. Accordingly, I am told, he is prepared to veto a beer bill or a farm-relief bill or both,

in the event they pass Congress. The same "strategy" unquestionably was a factor in the failure of the prohibition-repeal resolution. The plain truth is that Democratic leaders were double-crossed. Garner and Rainey had promised to deliver a maximum of 165 votes for the resolution. Republican leaders had promised to deliver at least 110. Actually, the Democratic vote for the resolution was 168 and the Republican vote was 103 (Farmer-Laborite Kvale also voting for it). It failed by a margin of 6 votes. The treachery is patent enough. Of the 100 Republicans who voted against the measure, 70 are lame ducks, many of whom hope for appointments of some character before Hoover goes out of office. If the votes of these 70 discredited and defeated Representatives had been cast by the men who will succeed them in the next Congress, the resolution would have been adopted with more than 30 votes to spare! And let us not forget that it was the Republican organization in the House which for ten years delayed submission of the lame-duck amendment to the Constitution.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE wisdom of that amendment and the crime of those who delayed its adoption have never been more forcibly demonstrated than by the content of the President's message to Congress. It is the message of a leader whose leadership has been overwhelmingly repudiated. On unemployment relief, the most pressing problem before the country, it pre-



sents not a single idea. On prohibition, the most popular issue in the country, it is utterly silent. If the times were not so tragic, one could be humorous about this pathetic document. In it we find the greatest commission man who ever occupied the White House pleading for the consolidation and abolition of commissions. The President who recently boasted about the number of jobs he had created through public works calls for drastic reduction in the federal building program. The same Hoover who once admonished employers to maintain wage scales as a means of ending the depression now recommends another slash in the miserable pay checks of federal employees. After all his talk about economy in the Veterans' Bureau he proposes to end only one-fourth of the expenditures now made on account of disabilities not connected with military service. The great apostle of peace would make but negligible cuts in the enormous budgets of our army and navy. Still clinging blindly to the notion that our discredited bankers and their discredited system hold the key to prosperity, he recommends changes in the banking laws—conveniently forgetting that virtually all his recommendations were proposed by Carter Glass many months ago. The message, in short, is a political document in which the author seeks to offend none, please as many as possible, and avoid controversy. Even the Republican lame ducks blushed and were silent when it was read.

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE is every reason to believe at this writing that Hoover's "strategy" will succeed to the extent of compelling a special session next year, and without extolling the motives which prompt him one still may welcome the result. The cowardice of the Democratic leaders who have sought to avoid such a session is not a cheering omen, but I have no information that Governor Roosevelt shares their fears. On the contrary, there is credible evidence that he will face the event with confidence. As I have said in this place before, it is plain that not one-tenth of the Democratic campaign pledges can possibly be redeemed during the session which ends March 4. The idea of eliminating a billion-dollar deficit, passing a farm bill, relieving unemployment, revising the tariff, and reforming the banking system in the space of three months is so preposterous as to be fantastic in the eyes of anyone who knows anything about Congress. It has been my experience that Congress usually requires at least three times as long to pass any given piece of legislation as is estimated by the gloomiest observer. The Senate could easily devote a year to almost any of the foregoing measures. And that is not a criticism—any one of them is entitled to a year's consideration. It is unfortunate that sensible and informed people have to contend with the silly business-man myth that "Congress is bad for business," and the specious political idea that "special sessions are poison." A Rotarian or an alderman should be able to see by now that what little has been done to save the country has been done by Congress, and that if anything more is done Congress must do it. A special session now appears to be inevitable.

\* \* \* \* \*

WASHINGTON narrowly escaped being the scene of a bloody massacre this week. This calamity did not occur for the following reasons: (1) Federal authorities are still scared over the popular reaction which followed the

eviction of war veterans and their families last July; and (2) the American Communist is not a natural fighting man. The foolish and futile "hunger march" conducted by the Communists might easily have resulted in a major tragedy. The local cops were spoiling for trouble. They forced three thousand men and women to camp three days and three nights on a broad, wind-swept boulevard on the outskirts of the city, flanked on one side by railroad yards and on the other by a wooded bluff, without drinking water or toilet facilities. More than twenty of them are now in local hospitals suffering from influenza and pneumonia. The harness bulls made every conceivable attempt to provoke a clash. And without a doubt, if the word had come down from above, they would have managed it. The word never came—and Communists have learned not to resent insult. In the result I am able to perceive two profound ironies. The first is that federal authorities avoided serious bloodshed mainly by adopting the methods for which they denounced former Chief of Police Glassford last summer; the second is that the government employed less force against the hated Communists than it employed against the khaki-clad heroes who had fought for their country. I had a great deal of sympathy for the veterans and very little for the Communists. For expressing such a sentiment I expect to be denounced by some of my friends as a Ku Kluxer—just as I have been denounced for expressing the modest belief that the governments of Europe would not be wholly ruined by devoting 2 or 3 per cent of their respective revenues to the payment of what they owe the American taxpayer. Sad to say, I probably shall remain unimpressed by denunciation on either score.

## The Catch

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The fishermen's great feet tread blind,  
Independent of a mind,  
Their hands alone are live and bright  
Dipped in the astounding white  
Of smelts and herring choked with air  
Under a lantern's smoky flare.  
The men's slow backs loom high and broad,  
Their thighs spread like the thighs of God  
Above the fish with sides like frost  
And small eyes staring wide and lost.

It is a strange world of tipped planes,  
Fish scales smear men's hands like stains  
Of stars. Above, the real stars slide.  
Beyond the men, the fecund tide  
Swells her bosom to her lover,  
The high moon, leaning cold above her;  
She prepares another brood  
Of silver children for the food  
Of her ancient children risen  
To the air. Up in the prison  
Of their houses fishermen's wives  
Wait to mingle their warm lives  
With strange beings cold as death,  
With night and starlight in their breath,  
Who have had their fingers curled  
Around old secrets of the world.





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# A Foreigner Looks at the A. F. of L.

By FRITZ RAGER

IT is well known in Europe that the American labor movement is quite different from that in all the old countries. But if one wishes a real picture of the exact difference between the two one must see and hear for oneself an annual meeting of the American Federation of Labor, as I have just done in Cincinnati. Then one no longer wonders why it is that the cooperation of American and European trade unions, the most obvious need in the labor world, will probably not come to pass for a long time. If it only could be achieved, the world would be the richer for the realization of a great hope—even if there should be only a loose cooperation between the 13,000,000 workers represented in the Amsterdam Internationale and the 2,500,000 members of the American Federation of Labor.

As a matter of fact, the workers of both continents were, at least formally, members of the same labor international until shortly before the end of the World War. But today it seems incredible that the plan for the creation of the International Labor Office in Geneva sprang in considerable degree from the initiative of Samuel Gompers, and that this leader of America's organized workers was the chairman of that committee of the Peace Conference which in Paris, in 1919, wrote the text of Article XIII of the Treaty of Versailles. When one sees American labor in action today and marks its present-day mentality, it seems impossible that Washington was the scene of the first International Labor Conference at which was voted the historic decision by the workers of the several nations to demand the establishment of the eight-hour day. In reality there is to be found today no trace of this large-minded conception of world problems in the groups which then grasped world leadership. I have just completed a lecture tour of several months throughout the United States and I can testify that the existence and achievements of the Geneva Labor Office, representing as it does the fifty-five leading industrial states of the world with the exception of the United States and Russia, are practically unknown in America.

The chief difference between the European and American labor movements is that the American Federation of Labor consciously concerns itself only with the upper classes of the labor movement. Only 2,500,000 of the 30,000,000 American workers belong to the federation; in the best years after the war it never had more than 4,000,000 members. A delegate to the Cincinnati convention said in a tone of justified pessimism: "We represent only 5 per cent of American workers." The corresponding proportion in the European countries runs between 20 and 60 per cent—more in the best years. None the less, the leaders of the federation are convinced that they, and not the workers in other countries, are following the right policy. The Cincinnati convention threw some interesting sidelights on the question of the federation's attitude toward expansion. There was a long debate over the admission of certain women's unions, which was finally refused on purely technical grounds; and there was a long explanation of the equality of the Negro "in principle," which the sole Negro delegate present accepted

with an air of complete patience with this opportunism.

The reason for the conservative attitude of the federation is not to be found in the official statements but is to be read between the lines. It is fear of the entrance of new and possibly radical elements. To me it is clear that the continuance of this policy by the federation will make it impossible to build up a really comprehensive and powerful labor organization in the greatest of industrial nations. There are two essential reasons operating against any such growth under existing American policies, and they happen to be the very ones which for decades have inspired European laborers to further progress. In the first place, 28,000,000 unorganized workers, in good as in bad times, threaten the standard of living of those who are organized. Further, the American unions are still built about the special skill and qualifications of their members, although in the age of the moving belt the importance of a skilled trade grows steadily less.

But the greatest difference between labor in Europe and the United States is to be found not in their theories of internal organization, but in their respective attitudes toward the state. I suppose American labor leaders will be astonished at my daring to say that their attitude toward the state and its duties toward organized labor is identical with the philosophy of the syndicalist and anarchist members of the European unions. These are the only others in the world who are opposed on principle to the state's entering into close relations with the unions. During the debate in Cincinnati over a proposed amendment to the federal Constitution for the establishment of the five-day week, an old and much-respected union president said—I give his words—"I cannot see any reason why we should follow some of the mad ideas of Europe!" The proposal was voted down, but the difficulty of altering the Constitution, which was the excuse given, did not seem to me wholly convincing. None the less, President Green and the convention spoke out energetically for the five-day week, and for this Mr. Green was severely criticized in the press. But the unions wish this matter to be settled by the industrialists and not through law-making, although technically—and in this hour of scarcity of work, politically—this would seem to be an especially fitting time to obtain the five-day week by law. Moreover, the International Labor Office in Geneva will meet next month to plan for the much more difficult international acceptance of the five-day week, which again makes the present a fit time for American action.

Similarly, the foreign observer at Cincinnati could not fail to be struck by the attitude of the convention toward the shorter work day. Again, the discussion dealt chiefly with the economic results of shorter hours where the experiment has been tried, and with the effort to achieve this reform through union action. To me it appears as if it were asking too much of collective bargaining to stake everything upon the outcome of negotiations between employers and employees and to avoid the issue of obtaining legislative action to accomplish the desired purpose.

None the less, this Cincinnati convention deserves to be



called a historic gathering because after much internal dissension it committed itself to a system of state unemployment insurance—a break with the policy I have already described. Yet there seems to the foreign observer a certain irony in the fact that the American labor movement has committed itself to an exclusively state-administered system of unemployment insurance such as exists only in England, whereas in all the other fifteen nations in which this reform has been introduced the labor unions have either had the administration of unemployment insurance entirely in their hands or have taken an extensive and successful share of the management thereof. The British fraternal delegate, Dukes, could have told the convention how the British government, with the aid of the so-called “means test,” suddenly deprived 200,000 English unemployed workers of the dole by one cruel stroke of the pen.

The writer of these lines had the privilege of telling the convention briefly of the advantages that have come from the

joint administration of unemployment insurance in Austria by the government and the labor unions. As a result of this cooperation, contrary to the fears expressed among American labor leaders as to the working of such joint control, it has been possible to maintain the wage standards and, in general, collective wage agreements, despite the crisis. It has also been possible to prevent the breaking down of wage scales by the unemployed, to maintain the purchasing power of the unemployed even at the present minimum, and, last but not least, to maintain the influence and the high reputation of the unions by the systematic and unceasing efforts of their representatives in all administrative positions, and by the successful exercise of their parliamentary influence upon the inevitable changes of the laws in the course of the years. Finally, it really appears as if the decision of the Cincinnati convention for a state system of unemployment insurance might be a turning-point in its policy. That would be an event much to be desired by all the workers of the world.

## The Federation Faces the Facts

By J. B. S. HARDMAN

**T**WO events were responsible for the unusual publicity given to the convention of the American Federation of Labor in Cincinnati. They were (1) William Green's threat, at the end of his speech on the thirty-hour, five-day working week, that “we must be given [this reform] in response to reason, or we will secure it through force of some kind”; and (2) the convention's demand for compulsory unemployment insurance.

If the rather unfortunate and probably unplanned reference to “force” is duly disregarded, the declaration in favor of the thirty-hour work week is, for the present at least, only a gesture: a trade-union movement which at most comprises less than one-tenth of the country's wage-earning population, and is dominated by a conservative and staid bureaucracy, is not likely to carry the program into effect, unless it undergoes more than a rhetorical change of heart. More significant is the passing of the proposal for legislation establishing unemployment insurance. This represents, in principle at least, a decided break with a most important phase of the federation's past: the opposition of the A. F. of L. to compulsory insurance has been long, loud, and persistent.

The sessions of the convention in which the issue was discussed presented human drama of great interest. There a grand old idea was given burial, the idea of voluntarism, of objection to state intervention into the economic relations of employees and employers—one of the leading principles of the late Samuel Gompers. It was fitting that President Green, inheritor of Mr. Gompers's “matchless leadership,” should take the lead in the rites and that tears should roll out of the old eyes of the last of the Mohicans, the ancient but ever picturesque Andrew Furuseth, president of the Seamen's Union. “I think you are making a mistake, men,” said Mr. Furuseth with emotion and conviction. “I can't stop you, but the road you are traveling is the road that leads to the destruction of humanity and the destruction of the nation and of all other nations that can find no other way than to make out of a man a pleading beggar.” John P. Frey, sec-

retary of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., trade-union leader of age and standing and scholarly inclinations, attempted to bring the membership back to “first principles,” but it was of no avail. President Howard of the International Typographical Union, whose locals have borne the major burden of the more than \$9,000,000 in unemployment benefits paid out to members by federation unions, marshaled the weight of his logic and the prestige of his organization against compulsory unemployment insurance. It was useless.

What, then, happened in the convention? Have the tried and true men of the old faith gone over to a new persuasion? That is not quite the case. In fact, very largely the same delegates voted one year ago, in the Vancouver convention, against the measure, branding it as one that would be detrimental to the labor movement. The obvious truth is that to a good many men in the central body of organized labor it was a case of surrendering to the inevitable rather than a carefully weighed move to take control in a changed situation. President Green had served notice of this intention at an earlier date when he stated:

New problems will come before the Cincinnati convention which must be met in the light of changed and changing conditions. *We must not be so wedded to precedents that we fail to see new aspects of human justice.* We need to turn unreservedly to organization of workers in the unorganized industries and to the establishment of standards assuring social justice in our democracy.

A large number of delegates in the convention found themselves drifting into a new set-up for which they did not plan but which they did not know how to prevent. Their organizations are in bad shape. Skilled labor, their constituency, is a constantly diminishing body. The workers in the organizations are heavily unemployed or under-employed. Dues are coming in at a dangerously slow rate. The active men in the unions press for “something to be done.” But what can be done? Organize the unorganized? The



heroic, much-talked-of decisions of several recent conventions to organize the South, the automobile industry, the textile workers, have failed to materialize. As a result, when the proposal was made for a thirty-hour week—a gesture more to the liking of the old-fashioned trade unionists—it was lustily cheered. The publicity about that decision was sure to keep the union folks back home appeased for a while. But a show-down would soon be demanded, and what assurance was there that a good fight could even be staged, let alone won? And who wants a fight? So unemployment insurance was voted in.

What is this voluntarism that made Gompers famous, this faith of the trade-union fathers which the federation has now formally abandoned? Why did it hold sway for so long and what part did it play in the fortunes of the movement? An answer to these questions is the more pertinent since the federation's new policy is not a stray accident in trade-union history. It is a part of the unfolding American scene.

Samuel Gompers, in his long life of leadership, never tired of expounding his idea of voluntarism. In fact, the older he grew and the more frequently life itself punctured holes in that principle and the more often Mr. Gompers himself was compelled to violate the commands of the doctrine in his workaday experience, the more fondly loyal to it he proclaimed himself to be. To him voluntarism stood, in the first place, for the free development of trade unionism, unrestrained by any accepted program or philosophy. What laissez faire or individualism was to the philosophers and ideologists of the rising merchant class in the first half of the nineteenth century, voluntarism was to the skilled American trade unionist in the last two decades of the nineteenth and the first two decades of the twentieth century. Even as the bourgeois philosophy of laissez faire was the weapon of the middle class against the "encroaching control" of advancing state capitalism, voluntarism was to Gompers the antidote to the Socialist attempt to secure a foothold in the trade unions. The principle of voluntarism soon became as important to professional trade-union leadership with a vested interest in the business as "rugged individualism" was to the capitalist for whom Herbert Clark Hoover in a later day was special advocate and loyal executive. That voluntarism was buried at about the same time that rugged individualism went the way of all bankrupts is not an uninteresting coincidence.

In the initial fight of the emerging A. F. of L., in the middle eighties, against the Knights of Labor, the battle cry of voluntarism served to rally the national trade unions. Trade autonomy, jurisdictional delineation, wage consciousness versus class consciousness, and craft-exclusiveness versus workers' solidarity were the most potent arguments to national union officers in favor of the A. F. of L. and against the K. of L. Later, in the contests for leadership between the Socialist and pure and simple trade-union leaders, voluntarism also supplied the intellectual defense against a social outlook, a political line-up, and an ethical obligation implied in the broad idea of labor leadership which consisted of more than merely collecting dues, sitting tight, and building a machine to assure permanence in office. This "individualization" of the inherently social or collective nature of the labor movement had a powerful attraction for "the man in overalls" in those rugged nineties. The ascending trade-union bureaucracy, overwhelmingly of Irish descent and intimately linked with the rising political machines in the city governments, could have nothing better than voluntarism as a

convenient cloak for covering political ideals. A steady and secure office in a union and a well-feathered berth in the Tammany Hall of one party or another—the two grew logically out of voluntarism.

But capital was becoming stronger and stronger. Politics at last became a detail of the economic supremacy of money, privately owned or manipulated. The Supreme Court made of the Fourteenth Amendment a due-process instrument for the defense of big property interests against human rights; and the injunction, the yellow-dog contract, and the legal ban on the boycott were invented as weapons for the suppression of labor where it could not be tamed. A fight to the finish was on the program of business. Mass-organization, political unity, removal of jurisdictional divisions were the crying need of a movement caught between the impact of capitalist consolidation and technological revolution. To accomplish those ends, however, meant going out of well-appointed offices into the field, jeopardizing accumulated resources, sometimes taking a chance with life itself—and the "constituted leadership" of labor was advanced in age and heavy around the waistline. Voluntarism won the day. There must be no tying-up with a labor political party; social legislation is a snare and a delusion; only what labor can win by its own efforts, through free union action, is safe and worth having.

The situation had reached a critical stage even before the war set in. But the enormous demand for labor and uninterrupted mass production that came with the war brought temporary relief. The trade-union hierarchy, much in the dumps, suddenly found itself sitting around the tables of governmental auxiliary bodies and councils and rubbing elbows with the dollar-a-year patriots whose companies worked on a cost-plus basis. Even the deflation of labor which came with a vengeance after the war was compensated for by the prosperity wave of 1923 to 1928. These years were most destructive to labor morale. Union officers abrogated their leadership in favor of employers' personnel managers. Labor-organizing efforts ceased entirely. Labor leaders abandoned the front gates of factories to wait upon industrial-relations counselors and corporate vice-presidents. Company unionism was fought perfunctorily. Labor banking was initiated, there was a temporary half-hearted turn to semi-independent politics in the La Follette campaign, and then there was nothing more until the depression. Gompers was gone. His voluntarist logic was even more thoroughly dead. Yet the leadership continued in the old rut. With but few exceptions the trade-union movement failed to wake up to the thunder of the 1929 crash. In the 1930 convention Mr. Hoover was still able to boast of the dumb acquiescence of labor in the misery of the depression and his Secretary of War complimented the Fiftieth Jubilee Convention of the A. F. of L. on being the most nationalistic labor organization in the world. The eight million unemployed in the country at the time of the 1931 convention did not disturb the immutability of the A. F. of L. trade-union order. What has happened in 1932 has already been told.

The future will show whether the commitments of the Cincinnati meeting have any meaning. The vote for legislative enactment of unemployment insurance shows that there is no longer confidence in the old notions and subterfuges. But what is ahead cannot be measured by resolutions even if unanimously carried. Action alone will tell.



## Dissenting Opinion

### Capital Levies

SIXTY years ago Joseph H. Choate argued against the income-tax law. He said it was communism. His red bogy won the day. Time has proved that Mr. Choate was unduly nervous, and few would now renounce the principle of the income levy. Up to now there has been a quasi-religious distinction between income and capital, but the mystic halo that has surrounded capital is evaporating as so many of the equities in the land are disappearing.

We are ready for the next step, which was enunciated during the recent campaign by the Socialist Party when it came out for the graded capital levy. Norman Thomas set forth in detail the proposed sliding scale from a \$250 tax on \$30,000 to a \$30,000,000 tax on \$50,000,000 of capital. Methods of collection and payments in instalments raise complications no less serious than the computation and collection of the income tax.

A graded capital levy has several objectives. It would tend to rub down the disparities that separate the 12,000,000 unemployed from that upper fringe which owns the greater part of the national wealth. It might also help toward balancing the budget, that ideal which so many—who borrowed on an unbalanced budget to fight a distant war—now worship. But most important, it may be the only scientific method of pulling from the backs of commodities the burden of interest charges. Private and public service charges for interest and amortization are about \$20,000,000,000 a year. This is more than one-half of the total national income for 1932.

In everyday terms it might be said that we are now paying more in total rewards for past frugality than for the present labor and efforts of all those who produce.

The line of interest charges over several decades climbs at an angle somewhat like this—

The consumption of commodities declines like this—

The combination looks like this—

Unless by some human scheme we can press these lines together, we are threatened with starvation.

Of course we don't have to do anything. We can let things drift. But when things drift, vitality flows out in the same stream, and the drift would probably be toward inflation and the haphazard wiping out of much of the personal and national indebtedness. That kind of gambling legerdemain may be necessary, but it will carry as a sure corollary a new crop of *Luftmenschen*.

Again, we could really use the income tax. This might help some, but hardly enough for the simple reason that the past three years of unproductivity have so cut down the national income that the only effective slice would have to be the entire income. I should like to see a real income levy attempted. It might be comforting to find my secretary paying as little income tax as most of my millionaire clients. Poor girl, she has no losses to wipe out her weekly salary, whereas my clients have losses to spare.

At present we have many capital levies. Every time a building is foreclosed, the holder of a bond who receives less than the face value thereof has paid a capital levy of the difference. Every receivership is an unplanned capital levy. The Insull capital levy is typical of many and is accepted without much grumbling. By all these haphazard means the interest burden is decreased and a greater proportion of the wealth of the nation is available for consumption. But the main objection to a planned, graded capital levy arises from the fact that it is planned. The American people seem to prefer the present devastating and undirected abrasion of capital to a controlled and planned system for increasing the consumption power of the nation.

For my part I like the idea of a planned, graded capital levy because I think it is the easiest and most comfortable way of brushing away the daily memory of hungry men on my doorstep.

MORRIS L. ERNST

## In the Driftway

SCULPTURE with Dynamite. Murals by the Mile. These two headlines picked at random from one issue of an art magazine serve to remind the Drifter that America is still doing things in a big way, with the aid of Gutzon Borglum and those artists for whom a vacant wall space a thousand feet square holds no terrors. José Clemente Orozco is covering 3,000 feet of wall space at Dartmouth College with an Epic of Civilization on the American Continent; the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company "has commissioned a half-mile of murals" for the dining-rooms of its new building in New York City; and Radio City, as everybody knows, has been a muralists' paradise.

UPON these mural activities the Drifter can look with great interest and no misgivings. The sturdiest building collapses in time and the deepest colors fade. The scenes from "Huckleberry Finn" and "Rip Van Winkle" with which D. Putnam Brinley and Edward Trumbull propose to decorate certain walls in the Metropolitan Life's new building sound delightful, and the Drifter has long thought that children should be allowed to cover the wall spaces of their schoolrooms with their own conceptions of the epic of America, past, present, and future, provided of course that the results could be easily removed.

THE colossal activities of Gutzon Borglum, on the other hand, fill the Drifter with apprehension, though he admits to a certain morbid interest in his methods, which are becoming both speedier and more violent. Having found that old methods of making faces on mountain sides were "childish and inadequate," Mr. Borglum now uses explosives, much to the delight of the manufacturers of dynamite, for whom he has recently told the story in *Du Pont's Magazine*.

We have developed the drilling and blasting away of stone on Mount Rushmore to such a nicety [writes Mr. Borglum] that I can shape out a nose to within an inch or two of the finished surface, even down over the point of the nostrils, shape out the lips, grade the contours of



the cheek and brow and all round surfaces. We can shape out even the eyebrow as a whole, but the defining of the eyelids and pupils is done with a drill and the air tool, operated by hand.

The article goes on to relate that last year Mr. Borglum and his company, in carving the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt on the face of Mount Rushmore, North Dakota, removed more than 12,000 cubic yards of granite.

\* \* \* \* \*

**G**REAT men were formerly allowed to leave unobtrusive footsteps in the sands of time. And the Drifter, for one, prefers footsteps in sand to faces on mountain sides. He considers the explosive school of sculpture a menace to our scenery, our civilization, and our sense of proportion. Mr. Borglum is growing ever bolder and more adept. It is not likely that he and his followers will be deterred by the fact that mountains are much more numerous than great men, and there is no reason to doubt that in time our financial wizards, seeking a new way of perpetuating their memory, will buy up any remaining available mountains and sit for a sculptor carrying a stick of dynamite in one hand and a match in the other. It is this prospect which fills the Drifter with despair. To come face to face with Washington or Lincoln along some remote mountain range would be at least bearable. But he cannot face the prospect of having to pitch his camp under the nose of Henry Ford.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Colombia's Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past few weeks Peruvian diplomats have made every effort to conceal behind an avalanche of legalistic sophistry the real nature of the Leticia dispute with Colombia. They are striving to exhibit Peru, the clear aggressor in the latest conflict of the South American hinterland, as a peace-loving country that is seeking arbitration. But an examination of the facts leading up to the present situation will show that arbitration is impossible, and that Colombia is justified in trying to restore order within her own house in any manner she pleases.

The American reader is already informed that on September 1 a group of Peruvians from the province of Loreto in northern Peru attacked the undefended Colombian town of Leticia on the Amazon River, deposed and arrested the Colombian authorities, stole the moneys held in the treasury, and compelled Colombian families to seek refuge across the Brazilian border. This movement was engineered by one Oscar Ordóñez, who last July tried to blackmail the Colombian government, offering to sell for an exorbitant price the "La Victoria" farm, and threatening to start an international war unless the Colombian government paid the price asked. This letter, addressed to the Colombian minister in Lima, was published recently in Colombia and in Chile but suppressed in Peru.

Before the real nature of the movement was made clear, however, the Peruvian government promptly declined responsibility for this high-handed act, which it blamed on the "Communists." Thereupon Colombia proceeded to put down the uprising. But to the surprise of everybody, the Peruvian govern-

ment tried to balk every effort of Colombia to do so, alleging that an international conflict existed, that the "uncontrollable aspirations" of the Loreto patriots must be taken into account, and that the conflict should be submitted to arbitration. The reason for this change was simply that the Lima government saw an opportunity to strengthen the shaky fealty of the province of Loreto, which is an important center of the opposition party, or the A. P. R. A. (American Popular Revolutionary Association), by giving them a piece of Colombian territory.

But this violation of the existing boundary treaty, of the Covenant of the League of Nations of which Peru is a member, of the Kellogg-Briand Pact which Peru signed, of the Hoover doctrine which refuses recognition of territorial gains made by force, and, in fact, of every known precept of international law was so clear that the Peruvian diplomats have had a hard time trying to convince the world of their own good faith. The position of Colombia, on the other hand, is clear and unequivocal. It is merely asserting its unquestionable right to expel from Leticia a bunch of lawless buccaneers. True enough, Colombia and Peru have had a century-old boundary dispute; but after long diplomatic negotiations both countries on March 24, 1922, gave proof that they had come of age and were determined not to indulge in further childish quarrels over a strip of jungle land. On that date the Lozano-Salomón treaty was signed at Lima to put an end to this vexing litigation. By this treaty Colombia ceded to Peru all its land south of the Putumayo except the small corridor on which Leticia is located. The high contracting parties declared in the treaty that "all and every one of the differences which had arisen hitherto because of the boundaries between Colombia and Peru are definitely and irrevocably ended, and that none can arise in the future to alter in any way the boundary line fixed by the present treaty."

The good offices of the United States were instrumental in negotiating this pact, and the Act of Washington of March 4, 1925, through which the treaty was consolidated, bears the signature of Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State. Once the treaty was approved and ratified by the congresses of Colombia and Peru and filed with the League of Nations, Colombia proceeded to organize its territory on the Amazon under the name of Intendencia del Amazonas, built schools and administration buildings in Leticia, appointed civil authorities, and began to rule the region in an enlightened manner. It sent no troops there, because it relied on the good faith of its neighbors and the sanctity of treaties. This was not altogether unwarranted, as all its boundaries with Venezuela, Brazil, Ecuador, and Panama had been settled peacefully by treaties which have always been respected. Why should Peru be an exception? The Ordóñez plot and the dictatorship of General Sánchez Cerro which took advantage of it were wholly unforeseen.

The Lima Foreign Office now wants to revise the treaty under the pressure of violence, claiming that it is not satisfactory because it was negotiated by an unpopular regime, that of the late Augusto B. Leguía. This claim ignores the fact that the treaty was freely discussed in the Peruvian press and in the Peruvian congress for five long years before it was ratified. Moreover, what guaranty would there be that a possible agreement made now with Peru would be respected later if we should admit the doctrine of the discontinuity of government, which would free every successive administration from the obligations contracted by a previous one? Such a doctrine would be tantamount to nullification of all boundary treaties, and would set too dangerous a precedent to deserve serious consideration.

If war comes, the Peruvian military dictatorship will be exclusively responsible. Colombia is not going to attack Peru. But it will exercise its legitimate right to restore normality in Leticia under Colombian authority.

New York, November 21

JORGE CARDENAS



## A Denial from Mr. Kohler

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 12 there appeared an article which refers to the primary election in Wisconsin of last September 20. The article quotes me as having said in 1930 that "I lost because Herbert Hoover was too heavy a load for any man to carry." Neither I nor, to my knowledge, anybody associated with me or my campaign at any time ever said or implied that President Hoover had anything whatever to do with my defeat in the 1930 primary. I may add that I supported President Hoover's candidacy for reelection with every means at my command.

Kohler, Wis., November 10

WALTER J. KOHLER

## Bonus and Hunger Marchers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received a letter from the National Committee Against Prepayment of the Bonus, and find Oswald Garrison Villard's name listed on the active committee, together with such notorious reactionaries as Bruce Barton, John W. Davis, Jules S. Bache, W. P. Belknap, August Belmont, Ivy Lee, and others. The arguments of this committee are sufficiently characterized by its chief slogan: "Patriots Fight for Principle—Not for Pay" and (considering the committee's composition) the hypocritical query: "Why should this selected group . . . be singled out for a special dole?"

The central significance of the veterans' struggle for their back pay is that it is also an entering wedge in the fight for unemployment insurance; a splendid opportunity to weld together ever larger sections of the hitherto divided workers and farmers. The bonus marchers were a body of resolute men, unemployed, destitute, with starving wives and children. Here was a force potential for good or evil. When it got into the hands of leadership imposed by General Glassford, it soon became clear that one very real possibility was that the bonus army would be turned to use against the working class; in the words of Commander Waters, "to fight unrest and anarchy." The liberals and Socialists, starting with a flat opposition to the bonus, left the veterans in the hands of the fascists.

The Communists, on the other hand, started from the realistic point of view of Marxism, which sees any movement as a movement, as a process. They knew that men driven by the need for food and shelter could soon be brought to see that unemployment insurance was more important than the bonus, that the bonus would soon be spent, and then what? But first one had to make common cause with the veterans in their bonus fight; as this progressed, the broader character of the struggle could be made evident to them. Despite overwhelming forces drawn up against them—the government and capitalist class, the socialists and liberals—the Communists and the Workers' Ex-servicemen's League were able, during the long weeks in Washington, to infuse the bonus marchers with the realization that the issue of unemployment relief should be tied up with the bonus, that they were an integral part of the unemployed masses.

The final proof of the reactionary nature of the liberal-socialist opposition to the bonus is the effect of the march on the country's unemployed. As they saw the marchers dig in in Washington, the unemployed grew ready to follow their inspiring example. This was why the government gave up trying to disintegrate the bonus army by methods less spectacular than the use of troops. There were already large bands of unemployed on the road to Washington; had the bonus army not been

driven out, veterans and their fellow-unemployed to the number of a million would have been in Washington when Congress convened in December, and their presence there would have brought unemployment insurance immediately to the fore in the order of the day. Mr. Villard and the Socialists who opposed the bonus aided effectively in shaping public opinion to a point where the government dared drive the bonus army out; and they thus effectively impeded the fight for unemployment insurance which they claim to advocate. As I write, the bonus marchers and the hunger marchers are again on the road to Washington; and the liberals and Socialists are again, objectively, in the enemy camp.

New York, December 1

FELIX MORROW

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# Books, Films, Drama

## On Translating Homer

*The Odyssey of Homer.* Newly translated into English prose by T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia). Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

“THE twenty-eighth English rendering of the *Odyssey*” modestly begins the Translator’s Note to this volume, “can hardly be a literary event.” Yet no one who reads this rendering can escape the feeling that it is a literary event. It would be so, perhaps, if only because of the interest in its remarkable translator, that Colonel T. E. Lawrence who began his career as a scholar and archaeologist, proved himself during the war to be a real military genius and leader, revealed after it his powers as a first-rate story-teller and one of the finest writers of English prose in our day, and then chose, out of resentment and remorse at the treatment of the Arabs whom he had led, to retire, under the name of Private T. E. Shaw, to what eventually became a notorious obscurity as a mechanic in the British Air Force. Nearly all the other great figures of the war, even those who played the most prominent parts, are comparatively uninteresting as minds or personalities; the figure of Colonel Lawrence has already become half-legendary. The fascination of this personality alone, as I say, would have made the present book a literary event; but it seems to me that even if the translator’s name had never been heard before, this volume would be destined to rank among the half-dozen most eminent translations of the *Odyssey* in English.

At least three qualifications are needed in anyone who presumes to judge a translation: first, a complete and exact knowledge of the language from which the translation is made; second, an acute sensitiveness to literary values; and, third, a sound theory of what a translation should achieve or attempt. The present reviewer finds it embarrassing even to set down these qualifications, for he is—to go no further—without the first and most important of them: he cannot read Greek. Yet several considerations give him the courage at least to discuss the present book. And the first of them is that no man living is fully qualified to render final judgment on a translation of the *Odyssey*. Greek scholars, to begin with, cannot agree even upon the simple meaning of some of the simple words: most of the translators, for example, refer consistently to the goddess Athene (or Minerva) as “gray-eyed,” while Professor A. T. Murray, who made the close translation for the Loeb Classical Library, translates *γλαυκῶπις* constantly as “flashing-eyed,” and remarks in a footnote: “If color is meant it is almost certainly blue.” (That, incidentally, is the color that Pope used.) When one turns from simple denotation to connotation, to all the subtle implications and emotive attitudes that clustered about “Homer’s” words as they were understood by his contemporaries, even the greatest Greek scholars must confess themselves to be in the dark. Again, it is only by the rarest chance that a great Greek scholar happens to be also not a pedant but a great or at least a finely sensitive critic; the Englishmen and Americans in whom this union could be said to exist today could perhaps be counted on the fingers of one hand. Finally, various authorities have contended for several plausible but conflicting theories regarding precisely what the translator of Homer should aim to do, and it is by no means easy to decide among these theories.

There is, for example, the initial question of whether Homer should be translated into verse or prose. One does not have to be able to read Homer in the original to recognize that a prose translation involves a let-down so considerable as to amount at times almost to travesty: one need merely make the experiment of reducing to a prose paraphrase some fine passage

of Milton or Shakespeare. A verse translation, on the other hand, particularly if it is rhymed verse, compels the translator constantly to depart from any literal rendering: he is forced to distort here and there, to leave out, and to fill in. If he is a man of great talents, he may hope, like Chapman, Pope, or Worsley, to create a half-independent work of art; if he is without great poetic talents of his own, he had better stick to prose.

But even if he decides upon a prose rendering, the translator’s difficulties have only begun. He has to decide what kind of prose will best convey the spirit of the original. This raises the prior question of what the spirit of the original really is. In this connection Lawrence’s preface to the present translation is worth quoting at length. He begins by calling the *Odyssey* “neat, close-knit, artful, and various; as nearly word-perfect as midnight oil and pumice can effect.” He continues:

Crafty, exquisite, homogeneous—whatever great art may be, these are not its attributes. In this tale every big situation is burked and the writing is soft. The shattered *Iliad* yet makes a masterpiece; while the *Odyssey* by its ease and interest remains the oldest book worth reading for its story and the first novel of Europe. Gay, fine, and vivid it is: never huge or terrible. Book XI, the Underworld, verges toward “terribilita”—yet runs instead to the seed of pathos, that feeblest mode of writing. The author misses his every chance of greatness, as must all his faithful translators.

This limitation of the work’s scope is apparently conscious. Epic belongs to early man, and this Homer lived too long after the heroic age to feel assured and large. . . .

In four years of living with this novel I have tried to deduce the author from his self-betrayal in the work. I found a bookworm, no longer young, living from home, a mainlander, city-bred and domestic. Married but not exclusively, a dog-lover, often hungry and thirsty, dark-haired. Fond of poetry, a great if uncritical reader of the *Iliad*. . . .

No farmer, he had learned the points of a good olive tree. He is all adrift when it comes to fighting, and had not seen deaths in battle. . . .

His pages are steeped in a queer naivety; and at our remove of thought and language we cannot guess if he is smiling or not. Yet there is a dignity which compels respect and baffles us, he being neither simple in education nor primitive socially. His generation so rudely admired the *Iliad* that even to misquote it was a virtue. . . .

Very bookish, this house-bred man. His work smells of the literary coterie, of a writing tradition. . . . He, like William Morris, was driven by his age to legend. . . . Only, with more verbal felicity than Morris, he had less poetry. . . .

It is difficult not to regard this preface as mannered and affected, even smart-alecky. If the *Odyssey* is as bad as some of this comment implies, indeed, one begins to wonder just why Lawrence went to the trouble of making, by his own count, the twenty-eighth English translation of it. Moreover, there is no more reason to suppose that the author of the *Odyssey* was the kind of man Lawrence so confidently describes than there is to suppose, as Samuel Butler no less confidently did, that “he” was a young, unmarried woman. Perhaps even less reason; for Butler supported his inference with a wealth of arguments that were not only ingenious but, in their totality, impressive; while Lawrence expects you to take his word for it.

Yet some of Lawrence’s criticisms of the *Odyssey* are shrewdly penetrating, as Butler’s often are, and the comments of both men suggest important questions which the older critics, because of the very excess of awe with which they approached a work of such antiquity, failed to raise. The suspicion keeps constantly recurring to me, as I read the story, that the *Odyssey*



is not heroic, but mock heroic, and intended to be so. It would be impossible to set down here all the reasons for this belief. But consider the story itself. A middle-aged gentleman takes twenty years to return to his wife: the first ten of these he spends fighting a war; during eight of them he is unavoidably detained by a charming lady who becomes his mistress: he hates it, of course, but what is a man to do? Of the other two years, at least one is spent with another charming lady with whom he has similar relations. Nevertheless, he always refers to these ten years as years of terrible tribulation: he professes to have moaned every day to return to his wife. His wife, meanwhile, who has become a middle-aged lady, speaks *ad nauseam* about her virtue, and affects to weep at least once a day, not to speak of the nights, for the return of her husband; meanwhile she entertains no fewer than 108 "suitors" in her house, and professes to be unable to get rid of a single one of them. Throughout, the contrast between protestation and action on the part of all the chief characters, between the loftiness of the language used by them and about them and the pettiness and meanness of their real aims, is so violent that it would seem impossible for anyone to miss it. Again, the more preposterous of Odysseus's adventures, such as the episode with the Cyclops and the trip to Hades, are not told by the author of the poem but related by Odysseus himself; it is hard not to think of him as the ancestor of Baron Munchausen. The central situation of the poem—that of guests who have overstayed their welcome, and refuse to take the broadest hints—would surely not appeal to an epic poet as an ideal one for tragic or heroic treatment; it is a situation for farce-comedy. True, there is much bloody business in the end, when noble Odysseus murders the defenseless suitors for the crime of—being spongers! Shortly after which he calmly announces that he will replace the sheep they ate by making a few indiscriminate raids around the countryside. It is, of course, as Lawrence hints, impossible to know through the barriers of time and language to what extent the author of the *Odyssey* may have been ironic, but the reader who believes unquestioningly that "Homer" was so incredibly naive as to set all this down quite piously, must be somewhat naive himself. We should never lose sight of the possibility that the *Odyssey*, for all the real nobility and beauty of its language, may be a mock-heroic novel of the same genre as Fielding's "Jonathan Wild."

This brings us back to the question of translation. It was Samuel Butler's emphatic contention that "a translation should depart hardly at all from the modes of speech current in the translator's own times," and his own translation of the *Odyssey* was based on that theory. Against this, however, is the strong possibility that the Greek of the *Odyssey* was intentionally archaic even when the poem was first composed. Butcher and Lang, who deliberately translated it into the language of the King James Bible, pointed out that the Greek Epic dialect was never a spoken language. And their rendering is a noble one, while that of Butler, who translated everything into colloquial and stereotyped English, is the most vulgar of all the well-known translations. The *Odyssey* is heroic or it is mock-heroic; in either case Butler's translation misses the point.

The Lawrence translation is more difficult to describe. A flavor of the archaic is in it everywhere—as, indeed, it is in Lawrence's own style in "Revolt in the Desert"—but it is shot through, also, with modernisms and even with shreds of slang—"intriguing charm—butler—as goddess to god you ask me—where did she pick him up?—she made him wise to things—in a class by himself." Yet the total effect is one of great dignity and beauty. Matthew Arnold held that there were in Homer our great qualities: he is eminently rapid, eminently plain and direct in expression, eminently plain and direct in ideas, and eminently noble. A satisfactory translation, he held, must convey all these qualities, and so he felt obliged to reprove Cowper for his elaborate Miltonic manner, Pope for his literary arti-

ficial manner, and Chapman for his mist of Elizabethan fancifulness. It is futile to guess what he would have thought of this rendering by Lawrence, but certainly it is one not lacking in pace, in plainness and directness, or in nobility. It has less softness, more vigor and color, than the Butcher and Lang translation. Of its faithfulness I am not competent to speak, except that that may be surmised by a comparison with such other translations as the Butcher and Lang, A. T. Murray, Samuel Butler, Chapman, Pope, Cowper, and Bryant. But it seems to me more delightful in itself than any other prose translation I have read, or even than any verse translation except the Chapman. There is room for only one quotation to indicate its quality, and I ask the reader to compare this with the corresponding passage in any other rendering and say whether Lawrence suffers by it. It is at the point where, Odysseus having asked Calypso to let him return to his wife, the goddess reminds him that he is losing his chance for immortality, and that Penelope is certainly no better looking than she is:

In his worldly wisdom great Odysseus answered, "O Queen and Divinity, hold this not against me. In my true self I do most surely know how far short of you discreet Penelope falls in stature and in comeliness. For she is human: and you are changeless, immortal, ever-young. Yet even so I choose—yea, all my days are consumed in longing—to travel home and see the day of my arrival dawn. If a god must shatter me upon the wine-dark sea, so be it. I shall suffer with a high heart; for my courage has been tempered to endure all misery. Already have I known every mood of pain and travail, in storms and in the war. Let the coming woe be added to the count of those which have been." The sun fell and twilight deepened as he spoke. They rose and went far into the smooth-walled cave—to its very end: and there by themselves they took their joy of one another in the way of love, all night.

HENRY HAZLITT

## The Tragic John Brown

*God's Angry Man.* By Leonard Ehrlich. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS once remarked that there were but two great tragic figures in American history, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln—one the raider of Harper's Ferry, the other the Emancipator; one the only American ever executed for treason to a State; the other the cementer of the Union. Never did any man's end furnish clearer proof of the folly of rulers than John Brown's. Virginia stamped him as a common criminal and gave him the felon's death which is supposed forever to sully the memory of the executed. Abraham Lincoln dismissed him with the thought that his was merely another case of an enthusiast brooding over "the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt which ends in little else than his own execution." Instead, his hanging made Brown a martyr and a hero, an inspiration during every hour of the Civil War to every man who wore the blue. It blotted out all Brown's strange inconsistencies, the bloodiness of his methods, the half-mad character of his undertakings, so purposeless and yet so astonishingly purposeful. It made people by the million feel with John A. Andrew of Massachusetts that whether Brown's enterprise was "wise or foolish, right or wrong . . . John Brown himself is right."

Ever since his death there has raged a battle of books about John Brown. Two years ago there appeared a bitter attack in the spirit of the Virginia of Governor Henry A. Wise, portraying Brown as a common murderer half or wholly crazed, a liar, deceiver, and complete enemy of society. Now comes another



venture into the field, this time by a young author, Leonard Ehrlich, whose first book it is. It betrays extraordinary strength and power, an amazing mastery of the written word, a tremendous sense of dramatic values, an ability to portray the scene, the period, the passions of the hour in a manner to give great promise for the future. It is an achievement all the more remarkable since Mr. Ehrlich has plainly not sprung from the New England soil that nurtured John Brown, nor from an ancestry long established on American soil. Yet he has taken hold of the John Brown epic and reshaped it with the skill of a genuine artist, so that the narrative sweeps along almost irresistibly. That at times the style is overdone is true. It would call for supreme art not to paint the picture too sensationally, not to pile on the agony too strongly in spots. None the less this is literature.

The most serious defect in Mr. Ehrlich's book is that it reshapes the story so vividly and earnestly that it is bound to mislead public opinion as to John Brown. It is called a novel, yet it is without romance in the usual sense. It is a prose dramatization made with a poet's skill but a poet's license. Yet it is not so clearly fiction as to make the reader who is unfamiliar with Brown's story understand that it is fiction; that many of the words put into the mouths of most of the characters are imagined, although in general the story follows the accepted lines. Especially is there danger in connection with the Pottowatomie murders. There Mr. Ehrlich has gone farther than careful historians have ventured heretofore, largely because of his elaboration of that Kansas tragedy and his really superb dramatization of it. To obtain his effects he has—as he clearly states in his foreword—telescoped letters of John Brown, as well as events, thus resorting to the same method used by Frank Sanborn in his book—a method which created a fictitious Brown in what purported to be truthful history. Every purchaser of this book should be compelled to read the foreword not once but several times to understand that this does not purport to be history, but a free and vigorous adaptation of history for the purpose of dramatizing one of the two greatest American tragedies.

Barring this, the work is a remarkable achievement. Perhaps in his next book Mr. Ehrlich may be able to dramatize history without swerving from the facts.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

## Other Italys

*Winters of Content.* By Osbert Sitwell. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50.

WITH each new book Osbert Sitwell gains further rights to consideration as a prose writer. His work will either annoy to distraction, as it obviously annoys Mr. Wyndham Lewis, or it will receive a critical estimate, but some attention in this country it seems bound to get. The present volume offers a good example of his strangely laden, richly colored talent, of his sense of the grotesque, of his feeling for forms, and of his poet's gift of metaphor. Like his earlier "Discursions," this book is a series of essays on many of those centuries and cities, people and monuments, of Italy which Ruskin and the medievalists have managed so effectively to make the world forget. But Mr. Sitwell makes no formal crusade; he goes on a holiday to Italy which permits him to dwell equally on Palladio's villas near Venice, Bologna's sausage, Barletta's unknown emperor, the gala-books of Naples, and the last of the cosy, musical Bourbons at Colorno.

Here, in fact, is much of the best of Mr. Sitwell's prose and enough of the worst. Many of his highly involved sentences get so out of hand that they give no indication of English prose

ever having been freed of Latinisms, and the persistent, awkward, archaic use of the pronoun "himself" as subject nominative seems inexcusable. That these are senseless affectations is evident when they are compared with his descriptions of the landscape about Castel del Monte, with his excursions in associations between Parma and the oleanders blooming in the dry river-beds of Spain, between Brindisi and the advance of malaria along the Appian Way to Rome, with his clear, sure statement of the rococo in the present as in the past. In such passages his style is at its best and needs no defense. Here his prose moves with vigor as well as formal grace, and here are to be found some of the most provocative of contemporary images.

FLORENCE CODMAN

## The Rise of the Union

*The March of Democracy.* By James Truslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

HAVING made an important contribution to an understanding of New England in the earlier volumes of his history of that region, and having more recently, in "The Epic of America," offered a kind of philosophical interpretation of the development of the American people, Mr. Adams has now set himself to write a popular two-volume general narrative which, in addition to telling the whole American story from the beginning to the present time, shall "hold the balance even" between an older type of history which often erred by its omissions, and a newer type which records "the voices and motives of the market-place" or offers "a picturesque account of manners and art and thought."

The result, as far as this first volume is concerned, is an interesting combination of old-fashioned method and some new-fashioned accompaniments. Doubtless it is difficult to give to American history, made up as it is of a national stream and the many separate streams of colonies and States, a distinct impression of unity, but there was nevertheless place for a work which should do for the average reader the service which the Beards' "Rise of American Civilization" does for readers whose equipment is larger and more mature. Mr. Adams has achieved only a moderate success in meeting this need. The present volume, while distinctly readable, is in substance not much more than an intelligent compilation, in the main on accustomed lines. It passes rapidly over the colonial beginnings, recounts briefly the events and consequences of the intercolonial wars, takes a look at various aspects of American life on the eve of the Revolution before tracing the course of the Revolutionary struggle and goes on with the recognized periods and important events of the constitutional era to 1860, all pretty much as other books have done. It also calls attention to the early frontier and its influence, surveys sympathetically the social characteristics of the slaveholding South, and finds room for more than the usual amount and variety of information about literature, art, social habits, religion, trade, industry, and other non-political matters. Here and there the narrative seems to hurry, as if Mr. Adams found the topic uninteresting, and it does not stop long over any of the greater moments in which the national attention was specially arrested. It would be superfluous to say that the book is useful and informing; it is both, but it shows no unusual grasp of the subject and no special skill in presenting it.

Most historians have had opinions and prejudices, and those of Mr. Adams are more often than not both open and emphatic. He has to take shots at the early New England temper, noting of course its intolerance, remarking that the founding of Harvard College "tended to increase the provincialism of New England by encouraging it to keep students at home," and making the quite extraordinary observation, referring to Ticknor, Pres-



cott, Motley, Palfrey, Parkman, Hildreth, and Bancroft, that "it is odd . . . how little they were concerned for the most part with American history outside of their own provincial section." His severest denunciation is reserved for the Abolitionists, the Northern Abolitionists of about 1860 being characterized as "neither statesmen nor genuine humanitarians but madmen bent upon burning down the whole national structure in a conflagration of hate in order that their own brand of fanaticism might be made to prevail." Against such blemishes, and a few minor errors of fact probably due to haste, are to be set some just estimates of political leaders and their causes and a healthy contempt for some patriotic traditions. The profuse illustrations merit high praise for their appropriateness and variety.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

## Rummaging in Africa

*Filibusters in Barbary.* By Wyndham Lewis. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.50.

THE usual travel book which Mr. Wyndham Lewis works so hard not to write in his "Filibusters in Barbary" aims to be enthusiastic, friendly, and useful, a guide at long range chatting industriously to earn his fee. Mr. Lewis succeeds in being different, and in succeeding manages to be a little more interesting and a little more worth reading than the usual travel book, but not much more. An irritatingly smart manner and a hyper-rhetorical style spoil most of the pleasure. Mr. Lewis is supercilious, unfriendly, and by guidebook standards useless, but he manages to be entertaining now and then. If he were less self-consciously the satirist at large, the pleasure he gives might be many times multiplied.

In searching for reasons why a writer of the reputation and talents of Mr. Lewis satisfies us so little, we may perhaps find them in the excuse he gives for his journey. He traveled not for the love of it, but because "the atmosphere of our dying European society is to me profoundly depressing—some relief is necessary from the daily spectacle of those expiring Lions and Eagles who obviously will never recover from the death-blows they dealt each other (foolish beasts and birds) from 1914 to 1918; and all the money they owe our dreary chums the Bankers for that expensive encounter. I thought I would not take the beaten track to Russia, but to a less controversial spot."

Mr. Lewis's travels, therefore, are an effort to escape, and he does not escape. It is as if a nerve cell in a dying body tried to free itself and could not. Mr. Lewis's comments are drearily empty and despairingly cynical—an attempt to stand solitary and superior which ends as a standing nowhere and a superiority to nothing. The refusal to take "the beaten track to Russia," not only physically but in his mind, drives him to rummage among the debris of African cultures for a faith. His rummaging brings him nothing fresher or more solid than a faith in nomadism as the ideal state of human society and a juvenile admiration for Marshal Lyautey, "that great governor, that old Roman," who organized and solidified the North African empire of France. It was a remarkable achievement, no doubt, but it is a doomed achievement. The world needs rather to be rid of its "old Romans" than to breed more of them.

A sensualist—that is, to continue my metaphor, an intestinal cell—might escape the agony of our dying civilization; but a nerve cell—that is, an artist—cannot escape. A man working with ideas cannot escape it; he must face it even if it pushes him on "the beaten track to Russia." So long as he tries to evade it, Mr. Lewis will condemn his undoubted talents to futility.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

## Shorter Notices

*The Haunted Mirror.* By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The special quality of Miss Roberts's writing here as elsewhere is to be discovered in her prose, a highly cultivated literary prose that is saved from being merely conventional by a tactful use of local words and idioms assimilated from her regional background. Almost always Miss Roberts is as intensely preoccupied with finding the exact verbal equivalent for her characters' thoughts and feelings as the most fastidious lyric poet. Whether Miss Roberts concentrates so much on language because she is principally engaged in translating delicate states of subjective experience, or whether she concentrates on such states because she is principally interested in language, one cannot be certain; but one feels once more too strong a hierarchy of language in her work, a preference for effects of style over possible effects of characterization or situation. The result is that all these stories seem in one way or another unrealized as narratives, however exquisite they may be as specimens of poetic style. Her characters are projected at some moment of unusual awareness before experience: the moment of awakening, in the rather overrated *Sacrifice of the Maidens*; the moment of violence, in *Record at Oak Hill*; or the moment of death, in *Death at Bearwallow*. Such crises of the inner history Miss Roberts renders with a delicate intensity of perception; but unrealized as they are in any outer conflict or action, these alone are insufficient to satisfy the reader's still naive insistence on a story that will answer to the Aristotelian demands of a beginning, a middle, and an end.

*Blood of the Lamb.* By Matthew Mark. The Mohawk Press. \$2.

Veiled in pseudonymity, a member of the A. E. F. and the American Legion describes with appalling realism the brutalities unleashed by the patriotic command for wholesale murder. His pictures of the inhuman cruelty vented upon conscientious objectors, of sadism parading the training camps in officers' uniforms, and of decent citizens transformed by the mass spirit of war into callous assassins, have a horrible starkness. Primarily an indictment of militarism, the book is also a satire on the American political and social scene for the past three decades under Presidents Robust, Magnum, Wisdom, Goodfellow, Doolittle, and Superman. A slender thread of symbolical narrative binds the book together. The principal character, Minus, is an avatar of Jesus, although he takes on at times the aspect of a famous insurgent Senator. His logical arraignment of war and his continued attacks upon authority result in his arrest for sedition and his execution in the electric chair in company with two murderers. The strongest part of the book is in the unforgettable scenes of blood-lust, based presumably on the author's experiences.

*My Friendly Contemporaries. A Literary Log.* By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This, the third volume of Mr. Garland's reminiscences dealing with his so-called literary life, should have been subtitled "A Literary Lag." As he proceeds down the years he has less and less to say about literature as it is understood by the present generation and more and more to say about the "official" writers who are so entirely passé that many youngsters do not even recognize their names. The result is an incredible, weird, hair-raising, sad, silly, irritating, nonsensical, ignorant, and completely fascinating book. Since it covers the years from 1914 to 1922, one would naturally expect that it would record something about the writers who remade American literature during those very



years. Not at all. Cabell is mentioned very incidentally, O'Neill only occasionally; Vachel Lindsay seems to have won Garland's guarded approval and Robert Frost his genuine regard; but Dreiser, Mencken, Sandburg, Anderson, and the rest are not mentioned at all. Carl Van Doren is the only critic with a leaning toward the moderns for whom Garland has the slightest tolerance. For the rest he tries to find the American tradition in Rupert Hughes, Joseph Lincoln, Edwin Markham, Herman Hagedorn, Zona Gale, plus the members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. As to the English, he approves of Barrie, Shaw, and Kipling among the older writers and only of A. A. Milne among the younger. All his well-known prejudices are exploited to the full: that the young are pornographers, that literature is an affair of Y. M. C. A. homiletics, that the Nordic myth is revealed truth, that the Southern European peasants and the Jews are ruining the country, that the American Academy is the true repository of American literary virtues, and the like. Mr. Garland's book is a gorgeous example of the "official" mind in decay.

*Talleyrand.* By Duff Cooper. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

This is the best biography of Talleyrand that has been published in English. It is based on very thorough research, and though Mr. Cooper has a great admiration for his hero, he does not hide his blemishes or distort facts. He succeeds in showing that Talleyrand was a much more honest and public-spirited person than he has usually been considered. The style of the book is vivid and epigrammatic, though the periods are apt to be oratorical and the epigrams commonplace—one remembers that the author is an active member of the English Parliament. If Mr. Cooper is not a great writer, he is a very readable one.

*Caste and Race in India.* By G. S. Ghurye. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

This book is a careful study of the nature, history, origin, and modern aspects of the caste system. It reviews the theories of other scholars, though briefly, and adds to their work particularly in the discussion of anthropometric data meant to show that caste arose in the north of India among the Aryans, who sought thereby to preserve their racial integrity. Since the political as well as social problem of the untouchables in India today is a problem of caste, Dr. Ghurye treats it at length, agreeing in the main with Gandhi and other members of the Indian National Congress Party that it would be advisable to separate them politically from the mass of Hinduism. A solution of this important Indian problem demands a knowledge of the wider subject of caste, and Dr. Ghurye's scholarly book has therefore an interest not only for sociologists but also for students of India's political complex. His text may serve as a general guide, and wider reading may be directed by the excellent bibliography.

*Our Neurotic Age. A Consultation.* Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Farrar and Rinehart. \$4.

The distinguished consultants—twenty-six of them—who contribute to this volume agree upon one point: the patient is in a bad way. "The deep unsolved problem," says Dr. Schmalhausen, "is whether a social order is being liquidated or whether civilization itself is sliding over a precipice into a dark abyss. . . . Life is struggling to emerge from emotional bondages, social inhibitions, economic cleavages that are preventing the full-statured emergence of the humanness in man's human nature and of the civilizing power in man's civilization." And unless something is done about it, at least so some of the doctors think, disaster impends. Some of them, like Dr. Robert Briffault, believe that a radical remaking of ancient institutions is necessary to the patient's recovery. There may be a less violent cure in education. But the value of these discussions lies rather in their acute diagnoses than in any suggestion of

remedies. "Scientific knowledge," it has been well said, "enables us to do three things: to understand, to predict, and to improve our lot." Obviously, understanding must come first. These essays are valuable contributions toward the understanding of the patient's condition. The book falls into four parts: an inquiry, *Is the Normal Mind Sane?*—the answer to which is somewhat vague; a discussion, *Beyond Normality*, of admitted eccentricities; an investigation of *The Social Background of Neurosis*; and, finally, under the heading *Ecce Homo Sapiens*, an analysis of human stupidities. The contributors include Joseph Jastrow, Ernest Jones, John J. B. Morgan, Lorine Pruette, V. F. Calverton, Ernest Sutherland Bates, and Frances and Mason Merrill.

*Saint-Just.* By Geoffrey Bruun. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

This brief life of Antoine Saint-Just is less a biography than a short historical survey of an important crisis in the progress of the French Revolution. Mr. Bruun's study of the events leading up to the virtual dictatorship of Robespierre is interesting and historically sound but definitely colored by his acceptance of the conventional portrait of Robespierre as a curious monster. His attitude toward Saint-Just is unresolved, and in the progress of his book Saint-Just's inconsistencies are never welded into a harmonious character—yet he treats Saint-Just with far more tolerance than the majority of unsympathetic historians. There is always a tendency to forget that Robespierre and Saint-Just were not fiends but social philosophers of extraordinary perception and precocity. Saint-Just in mid-career was scarcely more than a boy, and the fact that he was able to direct the revolutionary army at Fleurus is adequate proof of his remarkable executive genius. In a final sense both Robespierre and Saint-Just were inferior politicians—yet they were forerunners of a revolutionary type that has more recently produced a Lenin and a Stalin.

## Films

### A Novel Idea

SOMETIMES it is art that copies nature, and sometimes, as we have learned from Oscar Wilde, it is nature that copies art. In the case of "If I Had a Million" (Rivoli) the situation is somewhat more complicated. The film itself is, with some allowance, a fairly creditable attempt at verisimilitude. It is safe to predict, however, that its effect upon life, if it has any, will be the reverse of Wilde's dictum. Instead of inducing people to copy its art, it will make them mend their ways and thus destroy the very "nature" which has provided it with its material and moral. I refer in particular to the refusal of some of the characters portrayed in the film to credit the genuineness of the million-dollar checks which have been presented to them by an eccentric millionaire. After the film has completed its round of the movie theaters of the country, there will be very few people, I am sure, incredulous enough to regard such gifts as worthless paper, and probably no keeper of a doss house will, in the future, light his cigarette with a genuine million-dollar check.

Of the other possible effects of "If I Had a Million" I can speak with much less confidence. Were Hollywood as capable of grasping the moral of this film as the public is likely to be, the production of "If I Had a Million" would mark an important advance toward a more intelligent conception of what constitutes an interesting film story. For the film is different from the usual run. Unfolding a series of independent episodes



related to one another only through the general premise of what people are likely to do when they suddenly become rich, "If I Had a Million" proves conclusively that an interesting idea has as much power to cast a spell over the mind of the audience as any amount of complications in the dramatic plot. In the case of the film under review this power is demonstrated in spite of the mediocre quality of many of the individual stories which make up the narrative. If the film can only succeed in convincing Hollywood that intelligence adds value to its productions, it will have performed an important service in raising American films from the mire of cheap sentiment and hokum.

That the latter two ingredients are much in evidence in Cecil De Mille's "Sign of the Cross" (Rialto) is only what would be expected from the work of this stalwart of the Hollywood tradition. The film is frankly a "spectacle," with all the pyrotechnic display of the splendors and horrors of Rome during the days of Christian martyrdom to which we became accustomed in the silent examples of this type. Of its kind, the film is probably as good as any of its predecessors, and if one can believe in its Romans and Christians, one will find it sufficiently entertaining and at times perhaps even thrilling. I can only wish that somebody would give us a picture of Roman life that would show some genuine insight into the psychology and mode of living of those days. We have had a surfeit of cheap oleographs.

"With Williamson Beneath the Sea" (Cameo), a picture of submarine fauna and flora, gives an interesting and vivid account of the unfamiliar life under water. Some of its episodes strike one as having been specially staged, but this takes away little from the informative value of the picture.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

## Drama

### The Lower Depths

ONE of the most discouraging features of this discouraging season is the way in which our playwrights keep returning to the moods and the patterns of previous successes. Actual revivals have been much more common than usual, but more common still are plays which are new in nothing but name. Authors and producers alike seem afraid to try anything that has not been tried before, and they seem, besides, incapable of grasping the simple paradox which states that the only way to repeat a novelty is with something else. It is true that "Dinner at Eight" won success by being more or less like "Grand Hotel." It is also true that "When Ladies Meet" drew crowds by being even more like all of its author's previous plays. But these are exceptions, and a good half of the season's flat failures were plays immediately classifiable as imitations of something else. A great many of them were, moreover, inferior copies of models which originally had nothing but novelty to recommend them, and they represent only a further vulgarization of conceptions which were vulgar enough to begin with.

Consider for example "The Great Magoo" (Selwyn Theater). Like many other plays, it would, of course, never have been written had it not been for "Broadway." And though no imitation of that diverting tour de force has been anything like so good as the original, few if any have been as positively or as aggressively bad as this cheap and lurid cartoon by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. The Abbott-Dunning opus achieved a certain novelty by mingling raucousness with sentimentality against the background furnished by the world of cheap entertainers. The authors themselves failed this year in an attempt to do the same thing again, but "The Great Magoo" tries

## SOCIAL FORCES IN SOCIAL WORK

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ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. Hilarious perennial exposing almost anybody's family.

BIOGRAPHY. Guild Theater. To be reviewed next week.

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATER. Eva Le Gallienne in repertory which includes "Liliom," "Camille," "Dear Jane," and a new production, "Alice in Wonderland," which will be reviewed later.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE. Belasco Theater. Exciting and credible tale of crime in a country house. One superb performance.

DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

THE DU BARRY. George M. Cohan Theater. Grace Moore sings beautifully in an elaborate but commonplace operetta.

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to go them one better—by the simple process of mingling greater raucousness with more abandoned sentimentality against the background furnished by the world of even cheaper entertainers. Besides two or three assorted bedrooms, the eight scenes include A Coney Island Side Street, The Back Room of a Rathskeller, and The Flea Circus. The story concerns the great love of a boardwalk Casanova for a side-show stomach dancer, and after much miscellaneous copulation indulged in independently by both parties, the moral is enunciated when the two come together again in the last scene: If you are really in love it does not matter what you do. You can sit in the mud as much as you like but something bright and clean inside of you will keep on shining all the time.

A great deal of mud-sitting is done all around. The Casanova-Galahad (for he is much of both) does most of his in Coney Island. The Messalina-Beatrice does some of hers in the more elegant surroundings provided, first, by "Sacha" Weber, the orchestra conductor who leads her to Broadway, then by the rich producer who takes her for a virgin. But their hearts are breaking even in bed, and when sentiment threatens to get a little tiresome there are abundant references to lice, abortions, toilets, flatulent horses, and other delightful but forbidden subjects. Worst of all is the patent and deliberate prostitution of such talents as the authors have. Granted a mind simple enough, such abysmal sentimentality might, in a mistaken sincerity, be mingled with such deliberate dirtiness. But it is evident that the present authors do nothing of the kind, and their play lacks even the most elementary integrity. They have no respect for their audience and, apparently, very little for themselves.

According to an evening newspaper one of them explained the purpose of the play as "to make some money." It is possible that it will do just that, since there is a real public for plays considerably below the usual Broadway level, for plays which do not merely fail to be good but actually aim at an audience cruder than that at which our playwrights commonly aim. But if it does "make some money," it is not certain that the joke will be entirely upon the audience. Mr. Hecht was once taken seriously by respectable writers. He is doubtless proud of his success in writing down to a great public which he despises. But that great public has its revenges, and the writers who go down to its level often find themselves stuck there. "Facilis descensus Averno," and also "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled." Incidentally, the "magoo" of the title is said to have some obscene significance for the initiated, but I do not know what it is.

Those critics of the daily press who saw the play were probably a little sorry that, just for the sake of making a distinction, they had not been kinder to such previous entertainments as "Gay Divorce" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) and "The Mad Hopes" (Broadhurst Theater)—neither of which may be very important but both of which are amusing and completely inoffensive. The former is a light musical comedy with a farcical book and a certain suavity contributed largely by the amiable personality of Fred Astaire, the piquant charm of Betty Starbuck, and the dancing of Claire Luce. I found it entertaining in a smooth, well-mannered way, and I was also diverted by Romney Brent's extravaganza "The Mad Hopes," which deals irresponsibly with the doings of a featherbrained woman settled with her family on the Riviera. Something like "The Importance of Being Earnest" and something like "Springtime for Henry," it is not so good as either, but it is wittily written and is kept alive by an excellent cast which includes Violet Kemble Cooper, Rex O'Malley, and a very talented newcomer named Jane Wyatt. In the *Times* Mr. Atkinson suggested that what it really needed was to have all the parts played by the inimitable Mr. Brent himself. The suggestion might be a little difficult to put into practice but it is an excellent one.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1932

No. 3521

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, \$5.50; and to other foreign countries, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

**S**ERIOUS RESERVATIONS must be made to many of the views expressed in President Hoover's special message on war debts. He hints, for example, that we cannot revise these debts without "definite compensations." What are these compensations to be? Shall they be lower tariffs abroad on American goods? And will this be any contribution to world stability so long as our tariff remains at its present extravagant levels, and is even jacked up from time to time, as it was on December 16 by President Hoover's own order raising rates on eight items? Yet when all reservations are made, the essence of the President's message on war debts is statesmanlike, and one can only regret that Mr. Hoover had not the courage to take such a stand before we had driven seven nations to default. The heart of the President's new proposal is in this paragraph:

A year ago I requested that Congress should authorize creation of a debt commission to deal with situations which were bound to arise. The Congress did not consider this wise. In the situation as it has developed, it appears necessary for the Executive to proceed. Obviously, any conclusions would be subject to approval by the Congress. On the other hand, should the Congress prefer to authorize creation of a debt commission set up along the lines above indicated, it would meet my hearty approval.

What President Hoover now says, in other words, is that he hopes for a revival by Congress of something like the

World War Foreign Debt Commission, because the complex questions involved call for special knowledge and cannot be adequately handled by ordinary diplomatic exchanges, but that if he does not get cooperation from Congress he will go ahead anyway. And his reason is the obvious one that we cannot afford to wait until March 4 next to get such vital negotiations under way. Obviously, this program cannot be successful without the immediate and whole-hearted cooperation, which Mr. Hoover invites, of the President-elect. Mr. Roosevelt's duty is clear. No merely technical quibbles should any longer be allowed to stand in the way of immediate adjustment of what will undoubtedly be one of the most important questions with which he will be called upon to deal in his whole term.

**O**WEN D. YOUNG'S TESTIMONY in the Insull case will profoundly shock his friends and admirers. It will be recalled that in January, 1929, Mr. Insull let Mr. Young in for a good thing by permitting him to have a four-thousand-share interest in Insull Utility Investments at an insider's price of \$12 a share, while the public was allowed to purchase at \$30 or above; it went to \$149. Mr. Young testified that he thoroughly approved of the capital set-up of this company, which was the one that brought the whole Insull structure crashing to earth. Mr. Young was the ideal stockholder. He testified on December 16 that he "paid no attention to the investment and did not even read the annual reports" of the company, not because "I deal carelessly with investments, but because it would have made no difference with this particular investment. I could not have sold at any time in that period to make a profit or take a loss without incurring Mr. Insull's displeasure." He did not even dare to ask about the status of the company when Mr. Insull came to him and demanded, in December, 1930, a \$2,000,000 loan from the General Electric Company. He promptly got the money because, as Mr. Young put it, "he was one of our best customers," and despite the fact that all banks had refused him further loans. When Mr. Young was asked if he inquired what Mr. Insull was going to use the money for, he replied: "I, as Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, would not have asked Mr. Insull what he was going to do with the money." So the General Electric went into the banking business and lent its stockholders' \$2,000,000 to an already bankrupt concern. Within two months Samuel Insull was back asking Mr. Young to help him stave off his bank creditors, which Mr. Young was able to do for a few weeks. This is only part, and perhaps the least damaging, of Mr. Young's testimony, to which we shall refer at length in a later issue.

**T**HE CONGRESS of the United States has at last voted the independence of the Philippines and thereby an act of justice has been in part achieved for which *The Nation* has never ceased to contend since the United States wantonly conquered the Islands in 1899 at a heavy cost of lives. For this we give thanks, even though the action has been marred by the strings tied to it—as is well set forth by Raymond



Leslie Buell on another page. That the utterly selfish conditions attached to the bill jeopardize the existence of the future nation, and that we are launching it in the least generous and most hypocritical manner, is obvious. The news that the bill as it stands today has won the support neither of the Filipinos nor of the American residents in the Islands speaks for itself. Selfishness has, indeed, dictated the whole outcome with most of the members of Congress. We blush to say it, but the truth is, of course, that Philippine freedom was granted only because the free admission of Philippine products into the United States has unfavorably affected our own parasitic, government-maintained sugar industry. Well, we care less what the motive is than for the fact that Congress has voted independence at last. It may have to be done over—Mr. Hoover may veto the bill, or its obvious deceit may compel its reconstruction—but if independence has once gone through, it can go through again. Meanwhile Manila threatens a boycott of all American goods to make its sense of outrage the clearer.

**T**HE RAILROAD UNIONS are now admittedly fighting with their backs to the wall. The position their leaders have taken in the negotiations with the railway executives at Chicago shows that they are convinced that the basic wage rates must be permanently reduced. But they want to have as much bargaining power as possible before the question is placed in the hands of the government for adjustment in accordance with the provisions of the Railway Labor Act. Therefore the Brotherhood officials have strongly opposed, thus far successfully, every effort of the railway companies to drop the "automatic restoration of wages" clause from the present temporary agreement. If the unions should permit this clause to be dropped, it would mean that the temporary 10 per cent cut in wages accepted a year ago actually constituted a permanent reduction in the basic rates. The workers might and probably would agree to such a reduction if it were ordered as a result of government arbitration. But to agree in advance of arbitration would obviously place them at a disadvantage in the subsequent negotiations. Fortunately, from the workers' point of view, the Brotherhood officials went into the Chicago conference with their hands well tied by binding instructions from the members. This prevented them from being stampeded into accepting the railway companies' proposals without adequate consideration for the views of the rank and file. Something of this sort happened in the negotiations that took place a year ago, with the result that the union officials found their leadership widely discredited among the workers.

**T**HE MOST STRIKING FEATURE of the recent annual report of the Children's Bureau at Washington was the brief account of the increase in the number of homeless young people—principally boys—who are wandering from town to town, sleeping in "jungles" and box-cars, "thumbing" their way along the highways, consorting with all the derelicts of the road, uncared for, untaught, underfed. Undoubtedly, this is one of the most alarming incidents of the depression, for its results will linger after the economic causes are removed. This involuntary army of young hobos are learning lessons that will never be wholly forgotten—irresponsibility and the technique of living by their wits on casual charity, and the devastating sense of being unwanted, shunted

from town to town, without roots or any ordinary social values to support them. The physical hazards are equally great. The Children's Bureau report says of conditions on the road:

Last winter in one Western city thirty-five young men and boys were removed from box-cars, seriously ill, some in an advanced stage of pneumonia. As freight cars are policed, trains must be boarded outside the yard limits while the train is in motion. One railroad alone reported more than fifty young men and boys killed and more than a hundred crippled in this way last winter.

Figures to show the number of boys on the road are hard to get. A figure of 200,000 for the whole country is offered in a recent survey published by the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee in New York. The Southern Pacific reported 416,915 trespassers ejected from its property between September and May a year ago. Of this number it was estimated that from 20 to 25 per cent were under twenty-one years old. It is certain that conditions will force many thousands more to take to the road this winter. What will be their fate, and the fate of the society that is creating them? The Children's Bureau urges adequate local relief to prevent as many persons as possible from leaving their homes and towns; and then a system, based on federal aid if necessary, of feeding, housing, registering, and training those who become transients despite local efforts. Americans and American newspapers used to speak with some scorn of the "wild children" of Soviet Russia. Before the depression is many years older we may turn to Russia to learn how to deal with the problem of reclaiming our own homeless young people.

**T**HE GREATEST ALARM is felt, if not openly expressed, in the Little Entente countries—Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Czecho-Slovakia—over recent developments in international politics. They have been watching with growing apprehension the political activities of Germany, Italy, and Hungary, particularly the success Germany has been enjoying in its offensive against the Treaty of Versailles. The Little Entente countries feel that the new reparations arrangement and, more important, the German demand for equality in armaments are leading the way to a general revision of the peace treaties. The most pointed manifestation of their alarm is seen, however, in the extraordinary conference of the foreign ministers of the three countries which was hurriedly called to meet in Belgrade after France had defaulted on its debt payment to the United States. A general repudiation of debt agreements would probably benefit these and other countries in Southeastern Europe, for between them they owe France the sum of \$165,000,000. But the countries of the Little Entente fear the effect such action might have on other international commitments, primarily on the peace treaties to which they owe their present existence as independent nations. If Germany on the one hand, through its vigorous offensive, and France on the other hand, by openly repudiating an international agreement, should succeed in undermining the Versailles system, what will happen to the countries which are the offspring of that system? The foreign ministers of the Little Entente do not know, but as they declared in their Belgrade meeting, they are determined to fight treaty revision to the bitter end.



**A** REMARKABLE SPEECH such as has come from no other public man in Germany since the depression began was delivered over the radio a few nights ago by Chancellor von Schleicher. It may be that he was promising more than he can perform when he said: "My program consists of one single point: the creation of work." But that he should declare it to be his intention to concentrate on the single task of reducing unemployment is in itself novel and encouraging. He said he had no pet economic theories and would in fact not hesitate to adopt measures tending to provide jobs even though such measures "might not be in line with orthodox economic reasoning." This is in striking contrast to the position taken by former Chancellor von Papen, whose economic program was admittedly designed to favor big business and the Junkers, and whose utterances were laden with jingoistic phrases. The new Chancellor also differed from Von Papen in declaring that the hunger of the people must be considered before there is any thought of tackling any of the purely political problems. He said that all classes in Germany are dominated "by only one thought: 'Give us work; we are not interested in anything else, least of all in amendments to the constitution and other fine things that do not feed us.'" No less encouraging were his expressed willingness to disarm in unison with other nations, even to the point of equipping the "army with knives and paper shields," and his promise to step out of office when his immediate program has been achieved.

**I**N ORDER TO CREATE a "better class of human beings" the radical government of the state of Vera Cruz in Mexico has recently put into effect a system of social hygiene providing for legalized, sometimes compulsory, birth control, sterilization of criminals and mental defectives, and prevention of marriages between persons who are mentally deficient or physically unfit. The law is to be administered by a state Bureau of Eugenics and Mental Hygiene. Education with regard to sex is required and treatment of social diseases is obligatory. Birth control will be compulsory for parents who are financially unable to support children or for those who already have as many children as they can properly nourish. To make birth control accessible to all, with special provisions for conferring its benefits upon the very poor, is obviously one of the functions of competent government. It is also relatively simple. The more delicate problem of deciding the degree of mental or moral defectiveness at which sterilization is justified must give pause to the most confident administrator. Vera Cruz has entered upon a bold experiment which the whole world will watch. Meanwhile, in the United States, the quadrennial meeting of the Federal Council of Churches, though it failed to approve a resolution asking repeal of the federal law prohibiting the sending of birth-control information through the mails, requested the executive committee of the council to organize a two-year study of the problem of birth control. It is an encouraging sign.

**A**N ECHO of the delirious period when Americans were ready to believe that German agents were responsible for every catastrophe and untoward incident in the United States was heard recently when the famous Black Tom explosion case was closed once and for all. The umpire in this case, Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts of the Supreme

Court, ruled in favor of the German government. He decided that new evidence offered by the American government was inadmissible, for it failed to show that the persons held responsible for the explosion were actually German agents. The decision of the German-American claims commission, which was handed down on October 16, 1930, was therefore allowed to stand. Under the original ruling, American claims against Germany, totaling \$40,000,000 for damages caused by the Black Tom explosion in New York harbor in 1916 and by another explosion in a munitions plant in Kingsland, New Jersey, in the same year, had been disallowed. In both cases huge stores of munitions awaiting shipment to the Allied countries were destroyed. It is fortunate that we can judge these matters calmly and dispassionately in peace times, and so right at least a few of the wrongs committed under the pressure of popular hysteria in time of war. This decision shows again how foolish the American people were to swallow the tales spread by Allied propagandists and misguided American patriots, who wanted only to drag us into war with Germany.

**R**OGER W. BABSON has at long last found the only genuine cure for the depression. It is a wonder that no one else had thought of this really simple formula. "If you will make me the unemployment Mussolini of this country," he said in addressing an alumni dinner of the Babson Institute, "I agree to organize and train an army of men and women to present a nation-wide educational campaign to create a legitimate demand for goods. Give me a small portion of the money which public officials are today spending upon charity and let me use this money in giving a group of the unemployed supervised promotional work, and the demand for goods will immediately return. Then industry will call back its unemployed, and before long business will be back to normal." Marvelous! All we have to do is to return to the days of high-pressure salesmanship which led to the speculative boom of four and five years ago. What we need is to go in for another orgy of buying, though Mr. Babson neglects to tell us where the necessary money is to come from. This would solve everything, including, presumably, the war debts, the tariff, and similar problems. These problems, in fact, Mr. Babson apparently dismisses as of little importance, for in the same speech he said prosperity would return in spite of anything which "governments and bankers can do to prevent it." Incidentally, he said the same thing a year ago.

**A**S A SYMBOL of the rising tide of economic nationalism let us consider the Tabasco Sauce Affair in the British House of Commons. A hawk-eyed member discovered that the tabasco bottle in the House restaurant bore a label showing that the sauce was made in the State of Louisiana. Immediately his patriotic zeal burned fiercer than the fiery fluid. The matter was aired on the floor, a question was put, an investigation was ordered, a report was made, an apology was offered, a promise to reform was recorded, the affair was closed. Hereafter tabasco sauce will be of British make, and the honor and economic self-sufficiency of the Empire will be further secured. And before our next issue goes to press we shall doubtless be able to report that the Senate and House restaurants in Washington are ordering their Worcestershire sauce from New Orleans.



# Ourselves and Our Debtors

SENATOR McKELLAR'S bill, introduced into Congress on the fatal December 15, to put a price of \$5,000 upon any visa granted to an American desiring to visit one of the countries which have defaulted on their payments to the United States is quite in keeping with the spirit of Congress and its entire approach to the debt problem. By all means let us send these French rascals to Coventry; let us boycott them thoroughly. That will be just the way to convince them of their error and induce them to pay us promptly, and generally commend Congress to them as a group of gentlemen, wise, calm, and self-controlled. The mere publication of the proposal in Paris will add fuel to the flames of hatred between France and our own nation already leaping high. And this was the Ally we exalted to the skies in 1917! To this same France, the innocent, the chivalrous, the noble, the blood-white, we dedicated ourselves in eternal friendship on Flanders fields!

It is a melancholy sight indeed—these ruins of our prestige and our international friendships which confront us on every hand. We are tempted, since we opposed American entry into the World War and were certain that it could only mean disaster, to stress the hollowness of friendships cemented by blood and founded on a mutual enterprise of mass murder. But we forbear. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out that what has now come to pass we prophesied as far back as February 10, 1932, in these words:

It has now become apparent that the probabilities are immensely against any enlightened action on war debts or reparations either from France or from America. . . . Under such circumstances it seems futile to continue to point out how insane our policy is. . . . France's next step, therefore, will be to combine with the other Allies to request an international conference for the drastic scaling down both of debts and reparations. This Congress will reject. France, England, Italy, and the rest will then notify us that they are unable to make further debt payments. . . . Mutual bitterness and recrimination will continue for years.

We were wrong for the moment as to England and Italy. But the situation we have before us is as we outlined it. Our international relations are in a worse jumble than they have been before in generations—we are tempted to say than ever before—and all because there have not been paid to us certain sums which would amount to less than one cent of every dollar that the American people are currently losing in income as the result of the economic crisis.

Yet we are not without some encouragement. If the crisis had to come, we are glad that it has arrived. The emphatic British announcement that the United Kingdom will not pay another cent until there is a complete re-examination of the problem, together with the French default, will bring the matter to the test. Long before the next instalment is due, there must be a final showdown if there is not to be default all around, with consequent encouragement to debtors all over the world to refuse to make payments. It is the latter prospect which is particularly alarm-

ing to the world of finance. Once you start a process of this kind no one can tell how completely the house of cards will tumble. A little fellow on the other side of the globe who has no claim to consideration may readily seize the opportunity to declare for himself a perpetual moratorium and point to France or some other country as his model.

The break between Great Britain and France in the matter of their policy toward us also has its compensations. It is no longer possible for members of our Congress to charge that a united front has been formed against us in Europe, and it furnishes an added reason to examine every claim upon its merits. When that is done it will be found that the same reasoning controls in every instance—that it is not within the power of our debtors to pay us except at the grave risk of injury to us as well as to themselves. This is the truth even though England has been able to make her payment without any irreparable disturbance of the exchanges. That this performance cannot be repeated is, according to the London correspondents, the opinion of all Englishmen no matter what their political beliefs. It is also the opinion of sane economists everywhere. Moreover, there is evidence that the French default has had a sobering effect on Congress.

But while we can extract this much comfort from the events of the past week, we can only look with utter consternation upon the status of our international relations. Compared even to the conditions at the end of the war, the situation today is infinitely worse. The continued aggression of Japan, the failure of the League to deal with the Manchurian question, the utterly unsolved question of disarmament, the continuance and, in some cases, the intensification of the world-wide economic crisis, and the increasingly rampant spirit of nationalism in every country—all these make the situation almost desperate. Nowhere is there a sign of a genuine economic revival, however encouraging the news may be in spots. How can one expect anything else in view of the attitude of all the so-called civilized governments; when they assert that none must deal with its neighbors lest by any chance it enrich them, that each section of the earth which flies its own flag should be entirely isolated? By all means let us demand \$5,000 visa fees, but not only for passports to the defaulting nations. Let us issue no passports whatever for less than that sum; let us refuse to travel abroad, yes, let us decline to telegraph, telephone, or write to people beyond the seas. Are they not all our enemies trying to get our trade away from us?

As for Washington, the least that Mr. Hoover can do is to urge as emphatically as possible the earliest possible calling of the proposed conferences with our debtors. This would give the facts to the American people as they have not been given before. And meanwhile let us all remember that we did cast in our lot with our debtors in the war years; that we declared our ties with them to be unbreakable and asserted that their future was our future. Above all, let us refuse to hate or to denounce. Moderation, calmness, and deep sympathy with the plight of every country in the world—these are what the hour calls for.



## Checkmating Japan

THE resumption of diplomatic relations between Russia and China is of vital interest to the United States. It provides this country with an excellent opportunity to assist in the establishment of a regime of peace and stability in the Far East. It also serves as a warning to Washington that if the United States passes by this opportunity, grave injury to our interests in Asia may result. We surely cannot afford to let Russia, China, and Japan create an Asiatic bloc directed primarily against us, for that would disrupt our traditional Far Eastern policy by closing, perhaps permanently, the Chinese door which we have struggled for thirty-three years to keep open. Yet if we fail to do our part, if we fail to respond to the implied invitation contained in Maxim Litvinov's statement at Geneva, we may find that the action of the Russian and Chinese governments is but the first step toward the organization of just such a bloc.

It is highly significant that the exchange of identical notes by which Russia and China resumed relations took place at Geneva and not at Moscow or Nanking, and that it took place at the time when the League of Nations was debating the issue raised by Japanese aggression in Manchuria. There can be no doubt that the exchange of notes was deliberately staged for the effect it would have upon Japan and the United States. As Louis Fischer points out in his letter from Moscow published elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, "the only two great Powers which really object to Japanese expansion are the United States and the Soviet Union." By its action at Geneva the Soviet Union shows that it is willing, indeed eager, to do what it can to checkmate the Japanese. But it cannot do this without help. If the United States continues to ignore Moscow, the Russians may decide that it is to their best interest to come to terms with the Japanese. Among other things they could, as Mr. Fischer asserts, recognize Manchukuo, thus putting the seal of their approval upon Japanese policy in China. In his Geneva statement Litvinov declared: "It is only when all states maintain relations with one another that we shall be able to speak seriously of international cooperation in the cause of peace, and of international observation of peace pacts and agreements, and the creation of universally recognized and authoritative international organizations." Litvinov did not say, nor did he have to say, that by recognizing the Soviet Government the United States would not only be contributing to the cause of peace, but would at the same time be helping to check Japan.

In connection with the resumption of relations between China and Russia, a recent dispatch from Washington said: "With Japan apparently suspicious of the stand of both countries [Russia and the United States] in the Far East, it is felt that President Hoover might be needlessly complicating the efforts for peace by making a move toward Russia, however innocent." This is a specious argument. It was first put forward at the time of the invasion of Shanghai last winter. Then it probably had some validity. The Japanese militarists were in no mood to listen to reason; they had gone completely berserk. The slightest misstep on the part of the United States might have plunged this country into war. Today the situation has changed. The war fever in

Japan is dying down. In international politics that country is clearly on the defensive. A rapprochement between Russia and the United States, which would certainly isolate Japan, would make it imperative for Tokio to seek an understanding with both of these countries.

Perhaps this is a dangerous game. In many respects it resembles the sort of international politics the statesmen of France played in the nineteenth century in their efforts to encircle Germany, and we cannot forget that it was the checkerboard diplomacy of France and Germany which was largely responsible for the World War. But the game need not be played according to the rules of the post-Bismarckian era. It need not be dangerous if it is played sincerely in the interests of peace. Litvinov at Geneva gave the right cue. We should have little to lose by dealing honestly with Soviet Russia, and much to gain by keeping the Japanese in check and so helping to maintain the peace of the Far East. We hold the balance of power in the Pacific area. Let us exercise it judiciously.

## "Buy American" and Sell—What?

THE way to cure the depression is to stop selling American goods abroad. The way to cure the depression is to foment international hatred and to wage the tariff war with increased fury. The way to cure the depression is to know nothing of economics and to be proud of your ignorance. Anyone who doubts the truth of the three foregoing propositions is not an American, but "a foreigner . . . a Francophile, an Anglophile, a promoter of theories rather than a facer of facts." All this we learn from the December 3 issue of that peerless magazine, the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The *Post* has also been conducting a virulent campaign to prove—vide Mr. Samuel Crowther's article in the issue of December 10, The Last War Debt Hoax—that it is the duty of Congress to turn a deaf ear to any plan of Europe to reconsider the debts, and to follow a boorish and narrowly grasping policy that any respectable banker or mortgagee might be ashamed of. Now that half of our foreign debtors have already been driven to default, while the public sentiment of the world has been set against us, one might suppose that even the *Post* would be satisfied. But a really 100 per cent American magazine cannot be expected to stop there. It wants us to insist on every penny of the debts, while at the same time it wants to make certain that the only possible way which our foreign debtors might have to pay their debts shall not be open to them. They can pay only in goods, and the one thing the *Post* is certain of is that we do not want their goods; for their goods are ruining us. So the *Post* hires Mr. Samuel G. Blythe to prove this proposition, and Mr. Blythe sets diligently to work. He finds some facts that shake him to his very foundations. Japan, for example, is flooding us with rubber dolls, celluloid combs, and swimming floats. "A swimming float, for instance, costs seventeen cents to get into this country from Japan and costs us \$2.46 to make." Mr. Blythe implies that this seventeen-cent cost includes the tariff payment, though he



does not tell us what the tariff is. If we accept his statement representing the actual fact, the conclusion of any sane man would be that we should buy our swimming floats from Japan. Surely it is idiotic to make swimming floats at home at a cost fourteen times as high as the price we could buy them for abroad. But this is not Mr. Blythe's conclusion. His conclusion—though his is “no polemical discussion,” just “a statement of facts”—is that we should put a tariff of 1,347 per cent on swimming floats, in addition to the present tariff, and make the swimming floats here. In other words, he believes that we should force the American consumer to pay fourteen times as much as he need pay at present if he wants a swimming float. All this in the alleged interests of “America”; and whatever that vague word may mean, it certainly does not mean you or us or any other American consumer to Mr. Blythe.

The consumer is Mr. Blythe's forgotten man. Mr. Blythe writes this, we take it, in the supposed interests of the producer. Of course it probably never occurred to Mr. Blythe to think that far—for he is dead against “theorists, protagonists, economists, and similar what not”—but someone really ought to point out to him that if we refuse to buy goods from Japan we cannot hope to sell goods to Japan. The only means Japan has of buying goods from us are the credits it builds up in American banks from the goods it sells here. Now if we really want to make goods at fourteen times the cost we could buy them for, we shall have to make up our minds to sell to Japan just that much less cotton, lumber, iron and steel, machinery, and automobiles, for all of which Japan is one of our leading customers. It is true that in the first nine months of this year Japan has sold us just a little bit more than it has bought from us—it has sold us \$99,000,000 worth of goods and bought \$95,000,000 worth—but if it is this \$4,000,000 difference that is doing all the damage which so excites Mr. Blythe, then there ought to have been thirty times as much damage in the boom year 1929; for Japan—though its currency was not then depreciated—sold us \$421,000,000 worth of goods and bought \$301,000,000, a difference of \$120,000,000. Since our trade with Japan, as with the rest of the world, is now only about one-third of its 1929 total, things have certainly been moving toward the ideal state of no foreign trade that the *Saturday Evening Post* and other isolationists and self-containers hope for. Curiously enough, the result has not been three times the prosperity of 1929, but twelve million unemployed.

Mr. Blythe goes on to hint that the great steel industry is prostrate largely because of the “dumping of foreign steel.” As Mr. Blythe is, by his own confession, a passionate fact-lover and a noble theory-hater, let us cite the relevant facts. Steel-mill manufactures “dumped” here in October, according to the official figures of the United States Department of Commerce, were equal in value to just \$380,000, compared with \$581,000 in October a year ago; iron and steel advanced manufactures “dumped” here were equal in value to \$164,000, compared with \$225,000 in October a year ago. But our sales of steel-mill manufactures to foreign countries in October were equal in value to \$1,085,000, and of advanced manufactures \$1,493,000. In other words, our exports of steel are running at a rate of nearly five times our imports. The *Saturday Evening Post* likes its facts hard, but not too hard.

## Red Blood and Blue Laws

TO those who have begun to worry about the incidental effects of the collapse of prohibition we have a new hint to give. It has already been suggested that the army of racketeers about to be thrown into unemployment will have to seek new fields for its talents, and it is even possible that the police—who have got into the habit of supplementing their income by the proceeds of minor but periodical shake-downs—will turn to other forms of small-scale blackmail. But what we have in mind at the moment is another menace, namely, the menace of the professional reformers. For fifteen years they have been busy in a rich field and they have had little time to invent new annoyances. Given the leisure which would be provided if prohibition should have to be completely abandoned, they would, however, not remain inactive. Satan soon finds work for idle hands to do and so does the God of pussyfooters and censors—if he is, as we doubt, a different person.

Not much has been heard lately of the W. C. T. U.'s threatened campaign against the demon nicotine. It may be revived by the new organization to promote all “moral issues” which Bishop Cannon now promises, and which appears to be organized upon the blunderbuss principle; but we have a suspicion that even red-baiting is going to be less popular than some still undefined campaign so designed as to take advantage of the swing away from the niceness which is inherent in all the recently popular moral movements. Indeed, we consider the attack against “milksoy” heroes in fiction which has just been made by the head of the Lord's Day Alliance as something in the nature of a feeler. The Reverend Dr. John H. Wiley, president of the Alliance, spoke recently at a meeting of the organization held in the chapel of the Methodist Book Concern. Not only did he speak in high disapproval of Rudy Vallee and the fiction heroes of Louis Bromfield and Sinclair Lewis, but he actually called John Erskine's *Galahad* a “milksoy” and longed for a character “who slams around him and carries a chip on his shoulder and periodically raises Cain.” These are strange words to come from such a source even if we suppose that the Reverend Dr. Wiley assumes that all the “slamming around” will be done on week days and that the Cain-raiser will remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Stranger still is his enthusiasm for Dick Turpin and for all four of the Three Musketeers.

At the same meeting Dr. Bowlby spoke against the legalized saloon and Sunday golf. Can it be that either gentleman has recently read the Dumas masterpiece or has considered what stand its heroes would take on Sunday golf? Unless our memory fails us they were not teetotalers and had none too great respect for that virtue which made the milksoy *Galahad* famous. Somehow we can't believe that D'Artagnan would have joined the Lord's Day Alliance even if that organization had existed in the good old days. Doubtless, however, the Reverend Dr. Wiley does believe it. His organization passed a resolution congratulating President Hoover on his “incomparable service to the United States,” and a man who could believe that could believe anything.



# Recognize Russia Now

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, December 2*

**H**ERBERT HOOVER always had a closed mind on Russia. He has made the most unfounded statements about Russia in private conversations and in public utterances. Whether because he laid claim to mining wealth which is now the property of the Soviet nation, or because his vanity was wounded when the Bolsheviks failed to show sufficient gratitude for his most helpful relief during the Volga famine, or because of his innate conservatism and protectionist tendencies, Hoover has consistently opposed good relations with the Soviet Government.

"The whole of American policies during the liquidation of the Armistice," Hoover wrote to Oswald Garrison Villard in 1921, "was to contribute everything it could to prevent Europe from going Bolshevik or being overrun by their armies." In conformity with this fundamental conception, Hoover proposed in 1919 to weaken bolshevism by feeding Russia. The Bolsheviks suspected that his efforts in behalf of the Volga victims were dictated by the same desire. Had not T. C. Gregory, Hoover's lieutenant in Budapest, boasted that the American Relief Association overthrew the Hungarian Soviet regime? In 1921 Hoover tried to establish the thesis that "under their [the Bolshevik] economic system . . . there can be no real return to production in Russia, and therefore Russia will have no considerable commodities to export and, consequently, no great ability to obtain imports." Yet in the Presidential election campaign of 1932 Hoover blamed the American depression, in part, on Soviet "dumping," in other words, on Soviet exports. He was wrong both times. Senator after Senator, business man after business man, editor after editor have been converted in the last two years to the simple idea of Soviet recognition. Secretary of State Stimson is said to favor it, and on one occasion, I believe, he honestly tried to bring it in through the back door. Herbert Hoover, however, has remained adamant.

The Russian issue is very real today, and must be faced immediately. I do not hesitate to say that recognition already means more to the United States than to the Soviet Union. I can even foresee a time in the near future when recognition might be an embarrassment to Moscow and the goal of Washington's foreign policy. The Kremlin may wait until after March 4 or it may not wait. In any event, if there is no United States Ambassador in Moscow by next summer, there can be no doubt that serious harm will have been done to America's interests in the Far East. Mr. Hoover's attitude on Russia has jeopardized the position of the United States in the Pacific area, where the fate of nations may be decided during the next decade. If his policy is not quickly reversed, the loss may be irretrievable.

The kernel of the problem is China. The United States is a great Pacific Power. It has always endeavored to check Japanese expansion. President Wilson resisted Japanese intervention in Siberia in 1918 until Allied pressure overcame his opposition. He fought fiercely at Versailles to eject Japan from Shantung. And even Charles Evans Hughes, who alone can compete with Hoover in the matter of Russo-

phobia, undiplomatically pressed the Japanese at the Washington Arms Conference in 1921-22 to evacuate Soviet territory. Obviously, he did so through no love of the Soviets. He merely acted in accordance with America's traditional policy of keeping Japan off the Asiatic mainland.

Today Japan is entrenched in Manchuria. Nothing short of war will dislodge her, not even a Soviet-American alliance. The only choice now left to Washington and Moscow is to arrange to cope with an expanded Japan. Manchuria, of course, is an element of Japanese weakness, and ultimately the invasion of the three Eastern Provinces may cause regret in Japan. But for the present, in view of the international balance of power, Tokio is strengthened. Tokio knows full well, Norman Davis's conversations notwithstanding, that England and France will not support America in the Pacific. In 1921 Secretary of State Hughes forced Great Britain to renounce its alliance with Japan, yet the two drew together again immediately. Diplomatic assurances which violate national interests are worthless. The only two great Powers which really object to Japanese expansion are the United States and the Soviet Union.

Japan, consequently, has been attempting to keep Russia neutral.\* She has tried threats and gifts, pressure and persuasion. Tokio wants two things from the Kremlin: the de jure recognition of Manchukuo, that is, the recognition as a *fait accompli* of the rape of Manchuria; and the Chinese Eastern Railroad. Although the railroad's value has depreciated by reason of floods, insurgent fighting, and the construction of a parallel Japanese system, it is still a precious property; its sale or surrender by the Russians, moreover, would be the most concrete proof of Moscow's reconciliation to Japanese mastery of Manchuria. This state, incidentally, may soon be expanded to include not only the opium province of Jehol but everything in Northern China down to Peiping and Tientsin—all under a carefully coached monarch.

The Kremlin does not wish to recognize Manchukuo; it does not wish to yield the Chinese Eastern to the Japanese. De jure recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States may forestall both developments. But even if it fails to do that, even if a Soviet-Japanese non-aggression pact is signed, American recognition would rob such a pact of all but its formal significance, and Russia and America would join hands in the Pacific to watch over Japan. Men moved by prejudices and ignorance will say that Russian friendship is unreliable. Let them read the history of Soviet foreign affairs. They will see that Moscow has been a tower of strength to all the nations which have sincerely sought its help—Germany, Turkey, Lithuania, Persia, Afghanistan, and, for a time, China. Now America needs Russia's aid in the Pacific. The longer it takes Mr. Roosevelt to see this fact and act upon it, the more Japan will bite off from what Moscow can give to the United States.

The problem of Soviet-American trade is also involved. It is a very minor factor. To be sure, one hears constantly

\* On December 12 the resumption of diplomatic relations between China and the Soviet Government was announced.—EDITOR THE NATION.



that Russia is the world's greatest market. Russia is smaller than China or India but she is becoming industrialized. The nation is awakened, and its citizens demand a better life. The Soviets could purchase more than could a China in chaos and much more than India, which is, at least in part, a British trade preserve. But the Bolsheviks cannot buy unless somebody buys from them. In recent years American industries, so weak that even a Hoover tariff has afforded insufficient protection, have used the fake excuses of "dumping" and "forced labor" to extract from a willing Administration embargo regulations against Russian exports. Reciprocal measures taken by the Russians have resulted in a decline of Soviet purchases in America far in excess of the decline of American imports from the U. S. S. R. All the commercial restrictions against Russia have reacted against the United States. America's active trade balance in Soviet-American trade was \$76,902,000 in 1928-29, and \$118,206,000 in 1929-30; it fell to \$32,637,000 in 1931 and to a mere \$6,300,000 in the first nine months of 1932. A few American owners of manganese mines, whose product is so poor that no one wants it, are the beneficiaries of this reduction, but the country as a whole has lost. Our total favorable balance of trade with Russia between 1923 and 1931, inclusive, was \$488,535,000—a half-billion dollars added to our national income. But now the Hoover-Mellon and Hoover-Mills policies have paralyzed business with Russia.

Trade is possible without recognition; but if diplomatic relations are of no use, why maintain them with other countries? Consuls, commercial attachés, and ambassadors help their nationals to do business, and the experience of European states shows that Russia is no exception. In relation to the U. S. S. R., indeed, political ties are of special importance, for Soviet foreign trade is a state monopoly and it is the government which buys and sells. The Soviet Government has never defaulted on a single commercial bill and its system of planned economy makes failure to pay most improbable. When the Russian authorities find that their resources are insufficient, they place fewer orders, and they have enough reserves to meet an unexpected emergency. The record of Soviet foreign trade is irrefutable proof that this is so. It is not enough to declare that Moscow may some day default. So may anybody else. Many of America's best customers are delinquents today, and the financial Gibaltars of the capitalist world sue for a moratorium while the Soviets pay.

Russia still needs a great deal of machinery, and she has now decided in principle to import consumers' goods, which all capitalist countries have in abundance. These unsold goods depress markets and reduce prices. The Soviet Union could offer relief to many a harassed American manufacturer. It all depends on credits. Apart from the Republican Administration's hostility, the chief reason for the reduction of Soviet purchases in the United States is the exorbitant discount rate on Soviet bills. Moscow pays, on the average, about 25 per cent more, and for a machine in Toledo or Pittsburgh as much as 35 per cent more, than any other buyer. When the Bolsheviks buy \$100,000,000 worth of equipment in America, they actually pay \$125,000,000 for it. The extra profit goes into the pockets of "black bourse" speculators, and obstructs trade. Recognition would open credit doors to the Bolsheviks which are now closed to them in the United States; bigger orders would

follow. Today most American banks boycott the Soviets.

Russia is increasing her gold output annually. She cannot use it, however, to meet her American obligations because the United States government authorities refuse to assay Russian gold. Indirect payments involve added expense and irritation. The Soviet Government recently issued a gold-dollar loan yielding 10 per cent interest in gold or foreign currency. Foreigners in and outside the Union have invested in it. The stability of the Soviets is behind each bond. More has never been asked of a great Power, and when weak states like Poland, Jugoslavia, Hungary, and the like have in the past pawned their customs and other similar assets as security, the investment was usually of questionable wisdom. The Russians can afford to pay 10 per cent interest because, by devoting the proceeds from these bond sales to cash purchases of goods abroad, they dispense with the 25 to 35 per cent extra discount on credits; 10 per cent is less than 25 per cent or 35 per cent. The bonds are pegged at par. The Bolsheviks will buy them at 100.

The Russians propose to apply the sums realized from bond sales in a given country to purchases of goods in that country. Properly handled, this may open a new avenue to Soviet business. State Department rulings, however, prevent banks from acting as agents for the Soviets. A New York bank can only take a man's money and transfer it to Moscow, which then mails back his bond. Gold, gold bonds, barter, and cheaper credits would swell the Soviet-American trade turnover. One must not be too sanguine, yet \$100,000,000 or even \$50,000,000 worth of business is not to be scoffed at. Recognition would facilitate commerce, for, all things being equal, the Russians prefer American quality.

The only reasons for non-recognition are American conservatism, American ignorance, American prejudice, and American folly. Twenty-four capitalist nations maintain diplomatic relations with the Soviet Government, among them Tory England, Fascist Italy, and monarchist Japan. There are two problems that concern the United States: debts and propaganda. The Bolsheviks have borrowed nothing from America, yet Chicherin, the former Foreign Commissar, and Litvinov, the present incumbent, have stated publicly that the Soviet Government is ready to pay the Kerensky debt, though the money was spent, in large measure, for ammunition subsequently used against the Red Army and for other anti-Soviet purposes. That is the only Russian war debt owing to the United States government. Russia also has a private debt to the National City Bank. The amount is small. Moscow has on several occasions met representatives of the bank. Once an agreement was almost reached. I believe that the Kremlin ought to settle this. Settlement would facilitate trade. Recognition would facilitate a settlement. I feel certain that the Bolsheviks will not pay the National City Bank until diplomatic relations are established.

Given the good-will that would follow inevitably upon recognition, debts would present absolutely no difficulty. Propaganda is a more complicated question. Communist propaganda has been lied about a great deal. There is no circumstantial evidence of any organizational connection between the Third International and the Soviet Government. It is true that a historic relationship exists, but that relationship is not static. Things have changed since the Comintern first met in 1919. At that time, no Bolshevik conceived of the continued existence of the Soviet Govern-



ment in Russia if other revolutions did not come to its aid in foreign lands. Moscow was weak. Revolutions seemed to be imminent in Europe and Asia. The sanguine Bolsheviks therefore emphasized the importance of world revolt. The psychology which dominated the Comintern in those days closely resembled the psychology of the Soviet Government. Much water has flowed down the Moscow River since then. The Soviet Union is strong and can stand alone. A foreign Communist uprising, moreover, is quite unlikely at present. Many Russians feel, in fact, that it would be an embarrassment if it did come.

This is the angle from which a real statesman would view the problem of Communist propaganda. The Bolsheviks are now concentrated on the task of national upbuilding. I do not wish to imply that they reject the thesis of world revolution. They do not. But they will not harm Russia by working for it. A few months ago preparations for a Soviet cinema on Negro life in the United States were interrupted because of the possible resentment that might be caused in America. Work on other films has been stopped recently for similar reasons. Early in November two Moscow theaters which were rehearsing plays about France received orders to discontinue them in consideration of French sentiments. This testifies not only to a new attitude but to the effectiveness of foreign relations in influencing Bolshevik manners. Such measures would have been impossible five years ago. I could adduce many more facts to prove the same point—that, “interlocking directorates” notwithstanding, the ways of the Comintern and of the Soviet Government continue to diverge. They are already very far apart. Identity of leaders, incidentally, is fast becoming a cold formality, and the influential Russians attend fewer and fewer meetings of the Comintern. Future developments of this

tendency toward separation depends on international politics.

With respect, more immediately, to Communist propaganda in the United States, the situation is much simpler. Moscow or no Moscow, there would be a Communist protest movement in the United States, and the only wonder is that economic distress and the brainless leadership of other groups have not increased its strength. Surely Mr. Roosevelt cannot fear a party which polled only 69,000 out of 39,000,000 votes in the recent Presidential election.

At the present juncture, communism in the United States is a minor movement which demagogues use as a bogey to frighten the stupid and attain their own ends. It should not be permitted to interfere with such a paramount issue as Russian recognition. In case of recognition, or in advance of recognition, the Soviet Government will pledge itself to non-interference in American domestic affairs, and will ask, in return, a similar pledge from Washington, for history records that America tried much harder to overthrow the Soviets than the Soviets have ever tried to overthrow the American government.

Talk about propaganda is not realistic politics. What the situation demands is some clear thinking followed by simple de jure recognition by the Chief Executive and the exchange of diplomatic officers. I think, however, that a possible advantage will be lost if these acts are postponed until after March 4. An unofficial American might visit Moscow in advance of that date. In the meantime a channel could be found through which the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs would communicate its views on the Far East to American plenipotentiaries. Delay may be regretted in the United States if Russia is forced to take measures in the East which affect American interests. The matter is urgent. The Russian issue must be faced now.

## Revolt in the Middle East

By JOSEPH BARBER, JR.

THE place is a rest house at Bushire, in Persia. The time is April, 1932. “England’s economic domination in Persia is all washed up. She’s through.” Mr. Taghi Iskandani, Persian engineer, citizen of the world, folded his arms and leaned back to watch the effect of his words. The little group on the veranda stirred uneasily. It was a leading remark: a dashed impertinent observation in the minds of the two British officers.

“Ridiculous,” sniffed Major Haswell. “You can’t dismiss overnight our advisers, our investment, our agreements!”

“Consider the little item of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, my dear man,” added Campbell, his brother officer, icily. “The company’s products made up about 75 per cent of Persia’s exports in 1931. British financed, British equipped, British controlled. A business of more than forty million pounds sterling a year! Would you tamper with that vast concession?”

“It’s inevitable,” mused the Persian, and gazed out beyond his companions to the huge plane a few yards away. Bushire lies on the Persian Gulf, a God-forsaken spot in a region of sand and swamps. Its sole importance derives from its use as an air base on the England-to-India route and a

terminal of the German Junkers line, running south from Teheran.

“As a product of your own educational system, I can make that assertion with a fairly open mind,” he continued. “I was sent to an English school in Teheran. I have lived for years in Europe. There I was molded into a gentleman, if you please, with Western university degrees, a delight in the symphony, and a growing distaste for life in the East. Three years ago it became my duty to return home. A shock awaited me. I found my country making frantic efforts to assimilate Western efficiency. It was the new order. The Shah had been abroad. He had observed. Persia must be able to meet other nations on an equal footing.”

“Yes, and what do you find?” asked Haswell. “An adoption of the outward forms of the Western world without the slightest comprehension of their motivating principles. The whole country is acting; Persia is a stage. Take the reform in dress, for example. There’s no reason on earth why Persians should be compelled by law to wear the *pahlevi*, or headgear. It makes every man look like a messenger boy.”

“What’s the first thing that strikes you when you enter Teheran, aside from its garishness? It’s noise,” snorted



Campbell, answering his own question. "The indescribable clamor of man, beast, and machine. The incessant honking of automobiles driven at breakneck speed over the unpaved streets. No need for it. Nobody is going anywhere in particular. And your traffic system! One toot if you're going to the right, two to the left, and three straight ahead! The result? Utter confusion."

"True," smiled the Persian, "we're very naive about the machine. But it's enthusiasm, gentlemen. You British don't have it any more."

"You'll lose it, too," broke in Campbell, "once you see that organization depends on something more than parading around with a whacking big sword and an officious manner. Why, your officials waste hours writing down useless details about travelers and their family trees. I've often wondered whether advancement in the civil service depends on the speed with which those greasy ledgers are filled."

"All right, granting all that," grinned the Persian, "there have been some practical reforms. The Shah removed all the old dissolute administration. He picked young men for the important government posts, men who had studied abroad. He himself took over the post of Minister of Finance and reformed the department from top to bottom. He put an end to the farming out of tax-collecting positions to speculators. He fostered the building of hospitals and clinics. He got the Germans to come down and organize an air service. He encouraged American competition for the oil concession in the northern provinces."

"Yes, and he put all imports under license, and made every importer export Persian goods to an equal value, didn't he?" broke in Haswell. "Besides oil Persia has little but carpets, opium, and gum. Every time a trader wanted to buy an automobile, or a radio, or some electrical appliance, he had to sell practically impossible amounts of merchandise abroad before he was allowed to claim his importation."

"Patience, sir. The process going on in Persia is not to be judged now, or even in the near future. You can't drop a curtain on the past and expect everything from that point on to be for the best. One thing is certain. Persian nationalism is going to assert itself, for better or for worse. That will involve losses, inevitably, to your British interests."

"Britain has done much for Persia," he confessed. "Every intelligent Persian will admit that. But the Persian government is convinced that Britain, through the offices of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, has exploited the country ever since 1914, the date of the first British government investment. You can argue about the truth of that remark as much as you like; the fact is that once a nation gets that feeling, the influence of foreigners is bound to suffer a steady decline. Originally, the sixty-year concession granted to the oil company provided for royalties of 16 per cent, but from 1919 to 1930 we received only about ten million pounds sterling. That's about one-twentieth of what the oil company got, according to their own figures!"

The two Britons started to exclaim, but the young Persian continued, pointing out over the waters of the gulf, "You see those ships out there? They're tankers, British owned, unloading petrol for the air base here, a British air base, primarily. There you have it. The oil, coming from Maidan-i-Naphtum up to the northeast, is got out by British machinery. It flows through a British ten-inch pipe to Abbadan, near the mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates, where

the refineries are. The staff there is mostly British. Then those tankers are loaded, and distribution is comparatively simple. A completely British undertaking, you say. But don't forget that the oil is Persian."

"Tell me," said the Major, "why is it that you fellows make it so deucedly difficult for us at these air bases? We're bothered all along the line where the Imperial Airways planes land; at Bushire here, at Lingeh, and at Jask."

"Frankly, Major, we don't want you flying over our country. The German line has the same difficulties, but not to the same extent, for they fly mainly within the boundaries of Persia. You see, we don't propose to be merely another link in the chain of British interests in the Middle East."

"Would you mind telling me why Persia tries to thrust out Britain, at the same time extending the welcoming hand to the United States?" asked Campbell.

"I don't know," was the sober reply. "I think it's a mistake. But the United States will never have such important interests at stake as Britain has, for the simple reason that Persia offers her nothing but a fair field in which to market machine-made products. Britain has a diplomatic and strategic interest in Persia. The fact that she could sail up the gulf unmolested during the World War meant that she was able to attack the Turks in Mesopotamia from two sides at once, thus aiding immeasurably her campaign in the Middle East."

"There is a movement on foot to give the United States concessions in certain fields, it being Persia's aim to divide up necessary foreign interests. During the past several years nearly 1,500 automobiles and trucks have been imported annually, most of them made by the General Motors Company. In fact, American manufacturers have obtained 90 per cent of this business. Persia wants a flying corps of her own, both for military and commercial purposes. But she doesn't want to embarrass herself by curtailing British and German air lines in Persia, and then placing orders for planes with those countries. Here again is a possible market for the United States. In any case, it means continued economic domination, even though of a less obvious kind."

The three sprawled glumly in their wicker chairs, and watched the mechanics tinker with the plane. Then, as the hour of departure approached, the two Britons rose and gathered their traps. "It was nice to talk to an intelligent chap for a change," observed Campbell, as he shook hands with the Persian. "But don't take too seriously all that rot about kicking the British out of Persia, will you?"

The Persian smiled faintly, bowed, and murmured, "Not too seriously." Then, a little louder, "How would we ever get along without English ale?"

The following press dispatch in my New York newspaper recalled the conversation in Bushire which I have here set down almost verbatim.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 29. The British government foresees a long, difficult diplomatic struggle with Persia over yesterday's annulment of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's concession, with its threat to British interests in the Middle East. The decision to annul the concession was taken by the Council of Ministers at a meeting over which the Shah himself presided. The evening newspaper *Ettelat* proclaimed it an occasion for great national rejoicing that "the last foothold of foreigners on Persia's soil" had finally been removed.



# What England Could Have Said

By HARRY SCHERMAN

**W**HETHER by design or through oversight, England missed a trick on December 15. Secretary Stimson's note of December 7 presented her with a beautiful opportunity to instruct American public opinion as to the elements of the war-debt problem, and to help bring about a sane solution. By paying in gold, she ignored the opportunity; why she did is one of those mysteries of international politics which perhaps will be cleared up in some statesman's memoirs a quarter of a century from now.

A fair analysis of the situation on December 15 would be as follows: The Hoover Administration undoubtedly favored postponement of the December 15 payments, but was prevented from advocating it by the obduracy of Congressmen and Senators; the Congressional attitude was a compound of ignorance and political tactics, and its strength lay in the fact that it rested upon the ignorance of the man in the street as to the mechanism and problems of international trade. So far as that man is concerned—and Congressmen were aware of it—the various British notes and all the other debtor communications might as well have been penned by Einstein. Mr. Coolidge's "They hired the money, didn't they?" represents perfectly the average citizen's simple and complacent approach to this puzzling matter. The trouble, therefore, was really caused by the fact that American public opinion had become frozen when it was in a lamentably uninformed state.

Mr. Stimson's note innocently presented England with a charge of dynamite with which this frozen opinion could once and for all have been broken up and freed. The debtor nations were in a bad fix only if the strict letter of the war-debt agreements, which stipulate payment in gold or United States bonds, had been insisted upon. But Mr. Hoover, in his reply to the first British note, had made one suggestion, politely refused in the second British note, which would have abrogated the strict letter of the agreement. Mr. Stimson repeated this suggestion—that sterling deposits guaranteed as to dollar value be held in London and transferred at a more opportune time—and then he added this crucial paragraph:

Further informal suggestions have been made to your government of methods of minimizing these difficulties [of transfer], which it has not been able to find acceptable. Recognizing these difficulties of effecting transfer, I am confident that the Congress will be willing to consider any reasonable suggestion made by your government which will facilitate payment of the sum due on December 15.

Since the United States as creditor had thus officially indicated—twice—that observance of the letter of the agreement was not necessary, why should the debtors have been legalistic in this respect? There was one "reasonable suggestion" they could have made whose rejection would have seemed so unreasonable on the part of Congress that American opinion might easily have veered completely around from its present uncompromising attitude in respect to the war debts. England could have written us some such note as the following:

DEAR UNITED STATES: We are very happy that you seem to agree with us that a transfer of the December 15 payment in gold or bills of exchange might, at the present moment, tend to deepen the distress and widen the unemployment from which your people, our own, and most of the peoples of the world are suffering—as a result largely of the decrease in international trade and the disorders in international finance that have been intensified by such payments under the reparations and war-debt agreements. Apparently you share our opinion that such payment might bring about, at least temporarily, another drop in the world prices of many goods and commodities, with further damage to the interests of all those individuals everywhere who are engaged in producing or transporting the goods that enter into world commerce—the wheat, cotton, tobacco, oil, copper, and so on that your citizens produce for export, and the many manufactured articles that our citizens produce for the world market.

You ask us to suggest in what form payment can be made with least injury to our own citizens, to yours, and to the rest of the world. You suggest that sterling deposits guaranteed as to dollar value be held in London to your credit until such time as they can more opportunely be transferred. We still feel, however, that this would not solve the immediate difficulty, because that amount of sterling awaiting transfer might easily keep the value of the pound unsettled, with disturbing effects upon the world prices of commodities, even more than if it were transferred at once.

It appears to us that by far the least injurious method of making this payment, to everybody concerned, *would be in the form of British-made goods, which you as a government should accept directly from us as a government*; and we believe you will agree, upon close examination of this proposal, that this is the simplest, most equitable, and least detrimental way out of the present difficulty.

For the benefit of those citizens in both our countries who do not understand the mechanism of international commerce and finance, perhaps it should be pointed out that when you propose that we pay in dollar exchange, this actually represents *ultimate payment by us in the form of British-made goods or services* which have been shipped or rendered, or in the future will be shipped or rendered, by British subjects—either to citizens of your country or to citizens of other countries from whom in turn citizens of your country would ultimately accept goods or services to an equivalent value.

The importation of these goods or the acceptance of these services by your citizens would create claims to this amount upon American banks; and from the firms or individuals who owned these claims we as a government would in effect purchase them and then transfer them to you.

This being the case, it will be seen that our proposal differs from yours only in this: that you accept British-made goods *directly and immediately as a government, instead of ultimately and indirectly through the intermediation of your citizens and ours*.

Possibly two further points should be made to insure a still clearer understanding of the reasonableness of this proposal. First, the negotiators of the war-debt agreement, in specifying gold as the method of payment, undoubtedly



did so, not because as a commodity it was solely desirable, but because it is the only measure of value in general international use. They must have contemplated that the agreement would be fulfilled by the acceptance in world commerce of British-made goods and British services to the amount stated; for, as is well-known, under normal conditions of international trade, the exchanges between nations take the ultimate form of goods and services for goods and services, and gold has only been transferred when necessary to settle balances. Second, the sums you lent to us, represented by the debt agreement, were not received by us in gold, but in the form of American goods and American services. For these two reasons it is the more equitable that payment be accepted directly in the form of British-made goods.

Two schedules of goods that might be acceptable to you are appended, of which you might choose either one or a mixture of both. Both lists represent what \$95,500,000 in gold would purchase in the United Kingdom at the present moment; that is, they are valued in sterling at the present rate of exchange. In this connection, it seems desirable to call attention to the fact that because of the change in the value of gold since this debt-funding agreement was made between us, the actual quantity of goods which must be transferred in settlement of the present payment is more, by two-thirds, than the quantity which you as creditor and we as debtor contemplated would have to be made in this transfer.

The two lists of goods appended differ in this respect: One represents goods that are in fairly common demand for the conduct of the various departments of your government, and which you would thus have to purchase in any case in the open market. The other list represents goods (chiefly food and clothing) that might be consigned by us, if you so direct, to the American Red Cross to be distributed in its present relief activities. Whichever list of goods you accepted, your expenses would obviously be reduced by so much, and your citizens relieved to that extent of the burden of taxation during the coming year.

If the stated value of any item among the goods listed were in question, we should be happy to have the question determined by the International Bank for Settlements at Geneva.

We should be less than frank if we did not state that we realize the proposal here made presents you with one difficulty: certain of the goods offered in payment are counterparts of those made by some of your own citizens. But, upon analysis, is not the following a fair statement of the situation? Because of the present abnormal condition of international trade and finance, it appears that we are jointly presented with a choice of two evils—one involved in acceptance of a debt payment directly and immediately in the form of goods, the other involved in making payment directly and immediately in gold or bills of exchange. It appears clear that much the lesser of the two evils is the problem which would be presented to you by the acceptance of the payment in goods. For the value received by you as creditor would be the same as if gold were transferred, and far fewer individuals, even among your own citizens, would be adversely affected. As against the few citizens who might lose profits on this business, is your entire body of citizens who would be relieved of this amount of taxation, and those producers of goods entering into world commerce whose interests would be adversely affected by a further drop in world prices for their products such as might follow the transference of gold or exchange.

We hope that you will agree with us in this reasoning and will notify us that the proposal is accepted. Incidentally, if neither of the two lists appended is acceptable to you,

we shall be happy to have you suggest a schedule of British-made goods which as a government you will accept directly as a payment under the agreement.

Cordially yours,

ENGLAND

Such a proposal would have revealed graphically the facts of international trade that underlie the war-debt problem. It would have put the onus of the decision squarely upon the people who are really causing the trouble—the protectionists and isolationists in Congress. Would we have accepted such an offer from England? The proposal fairly bristles with thorny questions of national and international policy. A real fight might have ensued in Congress, where actually the fight belongs. Indeed, if this *enfant terrible* of world problems, of which we are a parent, had been laid naked on our doorstep in this way (and it can still be laid there), it might have proved to be the beginning of wisdom for us in international affairs.

The chief opposition to alteration of the war-debt agreements has from the first been based upon the belief that our foreign debtors can pay and therefore should; that their plea of financial difficulties is all bluff; and that the reasons advanced against payment are simply rationalizations designed by clever foreigners to confuse a perfectly simple issue. A proposal to pay directly in goods would have cut the supports from under this position; for it would have really made the issue simple—as it has not been so far.

## Say This of Horses

By MINNIE HITE MOODY

Across the ages they come thundering

On faithful hoofs, the horses man disowns.

Their velvet eyes are wide with wondering;

They whinny down the wind in silver tones

Vibrant with all the bugles of old wars;

Their nostrils quiver with the summer scent

Of grasses in deep fields lit by pale stars

Hung in a wide and silent firmament.

And in their hearts they keep the dreams of earth

Their patient plodding furrowed to the sun

Unnumbered springs before the engine's birth

Doomed them to sadness and oblivion.

Across the swift new day I watch them go

Driven by wheel and gear and dynamo.

Say this of horses: engines leave behind

No glorious legacy of waving manes

And wild proud hearts, and heels before the wind.

No heritage of ancient Arab strains

Blazes within a cylinder's cold spark;

An engine labors with a sullen fire,

Hoarding no dreams of acres sweet and dark:

No love for man has ever surged through wire!

Along the farthest slopes I hear the rumble

Of these last hoofs—tomorrow they will be still;

Then shall the strength of countless horses crumble

The staunchest rock and level the highest hill;

And man who made machines to gain an hour

Shall lose himself before their ruthless power.



# Hypocrisy and the Philippines

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

**I**N the name of liberty Congress is about to commit ■ grave injustice to the Philippines. It is on the point of enacting "independence" legislation on terms which will sacrifice the Islands to American business interests and further strain our relations with Japan. The Hare bill, adopted by the House last April, provides for independence at the end of eight years; the Hawes-Cutting bill, adopted by the Senate on December 17, fixed the period at twelve years. Ostensibly the purpose in postponing independence is to allow the economic life of the Islands to become readjusted to the termination of free trade with the United States. Today American goods enter the Philippines without the payment of any duty, thus depriving the Islands of an important source of revenue, and Philippine goods may similarly enter the United States. On the other hand the Philippines charge a heavy duty upon imports from all other countries. The United States thus maintains in the Philippines an extreme form of the closed door. The Philippine Assembly in 1909 vigorously protested against the establishment of such a regime on the ground that it would lead to a one-sided economic development which would injure the Filipino people as a whole and which would make the attainment of independence more difficult. This prophecy has proved correct. At present the United States, at ■ distance of 7,000 miles, dominates three-quarters of the foreign trade of the Islands. Political independence will automatically terminate free trade with the United States, with disastrous effect, unless the readjustment is made gradually.

Although the pending Philippine legislation is supposed to provide for the readjustment, actually it does no such thing. During the transition period the Philippines are not to be allowed to collect any duty upon imports from the United States; American exporters will therefore continue to enjoy their present monopoly. On the other hand, the export of duty-free Philippine products to the United States is to be limited supposedly to the present figure. The Hawes-Cutting bill also requires the Philippine government at the end of the eighth year to impose an export tax upon all duty-free exports to the United States. The proceeds of this tax, which will still further injure trade, are to be applied solely to the payment of the bonded indebtedness of the Islands.

The Hare bill contained a provision limiting the annual amount of duty-free sugar entering the United States to 850,000 tons, but the Philippines this year produced about 1,000,000 tons of sugar, and will next year probably produce half as much again. This industry, which is under American control in Cuba and Porto Rico, is, in the Philippines, largely in the hands of natives. It was developed at the instigation of the American government and today employs 1,500,000 people, providing an annual income to the Islands of 100,000,000 pesos. In an address last September in Manila Secretary of Agriculture Rafael Alunan declared that in view of the fact that the pending legislation does not allow the Philippines to seek new markets, the limitation to 850,000 tons "will mean the paralyzation, and eventually the complete ruin, of the sugar industry in the

Philippines, with its consequent effect upon other industries and upon the general condition of the country." He urged Congress to increase the limitation to 1,500,000 tons; instead our altruistic Senate on December 9 reduced the figure to 615,000 tons! Originally the bills limited Philippine immigration to the United States in the transition period to ■ maximum annual quota of from 50 to 100. Upon the motion of Hiram Johnson, however, the Senate on December 9 struck out this provision in favor of absolute exclusion, thus imposing another humiliation upon the Islands.

The economic scheme which is contained in the Hare and Hawes-Cutting bills should satisfy the beet-sugar grower in the United States and the cane-sugar producer in Cuba. It should satisfy those American manufacturing interests now monopolizing Philippine import trade. But it will strike ■ disastrous blow at the economic and social welfare of 13,000,000 people who have no representation in the American Congress. Having imposed a law which will probably ruin the largest export industry in the Islands and throw the Philippines as a whole into economic chaos, the United States will then grant them their "liberty"! There have been many instances of the exploitation of dependent peoples since the World War, but it is doubtful whether during this period the legislature of any country has been presented with such dishonest and injurious colonial legislation as the bills now pending in Congress.

The second major objection to these bills is that they authorize the United States to retain a naval base in the Islands even after they have become independent. Obviously, the retention of such a base would make the United States solely responsible for the defense of the Philippine Republic. Under such circumstances Japan would regard an attack upon the Philippines as the first step to take in a war with the United States, should such a war unhappily occur. The presence in the supposedly independent Philippines of an American naval station and troops would be a far more dangerous source of international irritation than is the maintenance of such a station at present when the Islands are part of the United States. Students of military affairs realize that for strategic reasons the United States cannot hope to resist an attack by Japan against the Philippines without quartering in the Islands an army of 250,000 men, which is larger than the entire army of the United States. An attempt to recruit and transport such an army to the Philippines would be regarded by Japan as an act of war. But without such a force a naval base would have little effect except needlessly to arouse the ill-will of Japan. In view of the forthcoming termination of the Washington naval treaty, notice of which may be given in December, 1934, it is particularly important that the American Congress take no step which will strain the relations between the United States and Japan and lead to a renewal of naval competition.

If the curse is to be taken off the pending Philippine legislation three amendments are necessary. First, the Philippines should be given full tariff autonomy during the transitional period. They should be authorized to impose



duties upon goods entering from the United States, and to conclude tariff treaties opening markets with neighboring countries such as Japan and China. Second, the United States, while imposing duties of say one-quarter of the regular rates upon Philippine imports, should negotiate an agreement with the Islands providing for reciprocal tariff concessions which should continue in existence after the transitional period is terminated. The negotiation of such an agreement would conform to the principle of tariff reciprocity to which President-elect Roosevelt is pledged. Third, the United States should cede to the Philippine Republic all government property in the Islands, including naval stations. It should also immediately open negotiations with Soviet Russia, Japan, China, Great Britain, and other governments for an

agreement neutralizing the Islands. Realists will assert that in view of Japan's recent aggressions in Manchuria the Islands cannot possibly rely for their safety upon such an agreement. But Japan has learned a lesson in Manchuria which would make Tokio hesitate a long time before invading the Philippines, even though they were independent. It is far better to intrust the protection of the Islands to the pledged word and combined force of a number of Powers than to the single-handed force of the United States.

Should commercial and militarist interests be powerful enough in the present lame-duck session to prevent the adoption of such amendments, then a decision on the Philippines question should be postponed until the Roosevelt Administration, which is fully committed to independence, takes office.

## Public Works Face the Ax

By DREW PEARSON

*Washington, December 14*

THE office of Leo C. Martin, Assistant Secretary in Charge of Public Buildings, in the Treasury Department, is one of the busiest places in the entire federal government these days. More telephone calls come to Mr. Martin's desk than to any other in the Treasury. Delegations of architects and contractors line the room. Reporters dash in and out collecting news releases on bids opened for post offices, contracts awarded for custom houses, and advertisements for courthouse sites, immigration stations, and marine hospitals all over the United States. For Mr. Martin's office is the pivotal point in the huge federal building program calculated to reduce unemployment, which the Administration, after two years of inexcusable delay, is now actually speeding up.

The activity of Mr. Martin's office today contrasts vividly with its calm of a few months ago. For two years the Administration has been urged to increase public works and for two years it has done just the opposite. Colonel Arthur Woods, head of President Hoover's Commission on Employment, was the first to urge the speeding up of construction. As early as 1930 he outlined a billion-dollar program for completing the network of State highways already partially built, for pushing the reforestation program of the Department of Agriculture, and for increasing the construction of public works. Colonel Woods told Mr. Hoover that an emergency existed similar to that of war and urged him to incorporate the plan in his December, 1930, message to Congress. Instead, Mr. Hoover told Congress that prosperity was just around the corner. Later the Woods commission tried to push individual building construction. But the harder it pushed, the greater became the congestion in the office of James A. Wetmore, Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. He refused to hire additional architects, declined to put his men on longer shifts, and gave them the usual vacations of prosperity days.

The commission resorted to various devices for speeding up construction. In one instance, Frank Bane, one of the commissioners, accompanied an assistant postmaster general to Knoxville, Tennessee, to select a site for a new post-office building. After listening to speeches on the generosity of

the Hoover Administration, Mr. Bane returned to Washington, to receive word from the Post Office Department that work on the new building would begin in nine months. To this Mr. Bane replied: "What we want is a post office, not a baby."

Today, two years later, the situation is very different. The Treasury Department no longer delays construction until it acquires full title to building sites. Instead, it initiates condemnation proceedings and begins excavations immediately. Under this procedure the building is completed by the time condemnation proceedings have gone through the court, and the government gets its land and its building almost at the same time.

This unprecedented display of speed on the part of the Treasury is the result of only one thing—the Republican pre-election fear of defeat. Last summer, when President Hoover had no idea of the disaster in store for him on November 8, he scoffed at the contention that a federal construction program could reduce unemployment. "I have expressed myself at various times upon the extreme undesirability of increasing expenditure on non-productive public works," he told the House of Representatives last July. "It does not accomplish the purpose in creating employment for which it is designed. . . . The total annual direct employment under this program would be less than 100,000 out of the 8,000,000 unemployed."

However, as election day approached and resentment against the Administration became more apparent, Mr. Hoover's associates sang another song. "The wisdom of the President," said Ferry K. Heath, another assistant secretary in charge of buildings, in a radio broadcast, "in providing the agencies which made possible all that has been done and all that is being done is becoming more apparent each day." And William Nuckles Doak, Secretary of Labor, authorized his Employment Service to issue the following statement: "Under the stimulus of funds made available by the Emergency Relief and Construction Act there was a considerable increase in the volume of highway and bridge construction which provided employment for thousands of additional men; thirty-three States reported over 260,000 men engaged on this type of work alone, and many new contracts were let during the course of the month."



Now that the election is over, two important facts have become apparent. One is Mr. Hoover's intention to sabotage the program for which his followers gave him so much credit. The other is the fact that any employment increase claimed by the Administration is the result not of the Emergency Relief Act but of the permanent building program initiated in 1926. It is this program which Mr. Hoover has sabotaged in the past and is planning to sabotage again, for the reason that the easiest way to reduce the federal budget is to cut down the amount of construction work contemplated in this permanent building program. To close down an old army post, to retire 2,000 aging army officers, to shut up an inefficient navy yard, or to restrict the activities of any top-heavy government department causes anguish and protests from both government workers and representatives of the affected districts in Congress. But to fail to begin a new lighthouse, a new set of trails through a national park, a new custom house, or a new set of army barracks, or to slacken the work on similar construction activities already begun, attracts little attention and causes little political reverberation. Last fall, for instance, Mr. Hoover's Bureau of the Budget, in going over the estimates of each government department, lopped off what was easiest to lop off—the cost of new construction. And when it finished its work, a total of \$375,000,000 in projected new buildings, roads, forest trails, and lighthouses had been cut from the building program.

When Congress convened, it accepted these cuts in the regular appropriation bills. Later, however, it realized the stark necessity of creating employment and voted to put \$332,000,000 for public works into the emergency relief and construction bill. The net construction economy accomplished by President Hoover and his Budget Bureau, therefore, was \$43,000,000. The Bureau of the Budget had cut \$16,000,000 out of the public-roads fund of the Department of Agriculture; the emergency bill returned \$16,000,000 to the Department of Agriculture for the same purpose. The sum of \$2,826,658 had been cut from the budget of the lighthouse service; the emergency bill returned to it \$3,810,000.

And so on. It was unfortunate, however, that in many cases the appropriation provisions of the emergency bill were contrary to the best interests of the executive departments. Under the emergency bill, for instance, the army is spending \$1,500,000 for the improvement of Chanute Field, Illinois. It so happens that on May 20, 1931, the War Department announced that Chanute Field was inefficient and unnecessary and that it was to be abandoned. Similarly, the navy in 1931 listed the navy yards at Boston and at Charleston, South Carolina, as inefficient and unnecessary. Under the emergency bill, the navy is to spend \$55,000 in improving the Charleston yard and \$130,000 in improving the yard at Boston. Navy officers are opposed to the expenditure, but the money has been appropriated and they will spend it.

The army, the navy, the lighthouse service, and the Department of Agriculture have already started to spend about one-fifth of the round \$100,000,000 allotted to them under the emergency bill, but not a workman has been hired on the \$100,000,000 program for post offices, custom houses, and federal buildings provided for in the act, to be spent under the supervision of the Treasury. This delay is not the fault of the Treasury; it is the result of the various restrictions in the law, such as the one which requires that thirty

days must elapse after sites are advertised for. Already 410 new buildings have been projected for as many towns and cities, and advertisements for sites for 350 of these buildings have been posted. In the sixty remaining cities the government already owns land, and plans for the new buildings are being drawn up both in the Supervising Architect's Office and by private concerns.

Loans by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for the purpose of promoting employment have also struck snags, with the result that at the present time, nearly four months after the passage of the act, not one dollar of the \$135,000,000 already put at the disposal of prospective builders has been used in hiring a jobless worker. The money was voted by the R. F. C. for so-called "self-liquidating" projects, but so far none of the projects have even been started. The much-advertised loan of \$62,000,000 for the bridge across San Francisco Bay is being delayed by local legislative action. Construction of the aqueduct in Southern California for which the R. F. C. has offered \$40,000,000 is being held up by an injunction in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The New Orleans belt bridge for which the R. F. C. proposes to advance the sum of \$13,000,000 is awaiting the completion of contracts with the railways which are to use it. Improvement of the Seattle water-supply system by means of an R. F. C. loan of \$1,491,000 is being delayed through the necessity of an audit of water-department revenues. The \$645,620 water-supply loan to Ogden, Utah, has been held up by a suit over the city's right to issue a certain type of bonds. And the \$5,784,000 loan for the Rio Grande flood-control project cannot be advanced until the company concerned threshes out its suit in the New Mexico courts over its right to issue bonds on the terms proposed. Mr. Hoover, if he expected to profit by the emergency bill, should have put it through at the time of the first warning by Colonel Arthur Woods in the winter of 1930.

The story of the permanent building program is much more encouraging. Although it was passed in 1926, funds were not actually made available until 1931; but the interim provided the time so necessary to put the cumbersome wheels of government operation in motion, and at present 98 per cent of the total of 817 projects included in the program are either completed, under contract, or about to be contracted for. In order to speed construction 225 of the plans have been transferred from the Supervising Architect's Office to outside firms.

Mr. Hoover, however, once again has determined to rescue the nation from the depression cure heralded by his friends. He has declared another war on public construction. Of the half-billion-dollar budget cut just reported to Congress, most is derived from pruning public works. Probably it will be the same story over again; \$375,000,000 in construction costs eliminated by the Bureau of the Budget, only to be voted back, for much less useful enterprises, by Congress.

Meanwhile the American Society of Civil Engineers has announced that State and municipal construction this year is at least \$1,500,000,000 behind its ten-year average, and that the whole volume of this type of building will not run above \$800,000,000. In other words, the total of \$800,000,000 which the federal government is spending will make up for only one-half of the nation-wide slump in the construction of public works.



# Hunger on the March

By EDWARD DAHLBERG

THE Washington hunger march, though it produced no sensational results, was nevertheless significant as another example of the growing use in America of the hunger march as a vehicle for mass protest. It was no sporadic spectacle. To be understood it must be viewed in relation to two other demonstrations—the march on Washington last spring of the bonus army, composed of the homeless and uprooted, and the recent Farmers' National Relief Conference, which was the culmination of riots, evictions, mortgages, and starvation. Both were essentially hunger marches.

Of the three groups the bonus army was the largest, numbering 45,000 at its peak. It was also the least organized and politically the least aware. Perhaps one of the major reasons for this is that most of the veterans were caught up in the amorphous, floating population of *déclassé* workers. Economically unconnected and having no impetus toward collective protest except recurrent joblessness and social spleen, their understanding of the forces that had deracinated them was very befuddled.

The farmers, on the other hand, despite hunger and taxes which have reduced many of them to serfdom, still have their roots in the soil. As producers they are fully conscious of their position in relation to non-producers—the bankers and the middlemen. As a result, they have come to realize the interdependence of the farmer and the city worker. At the farmers' conference in Washington the repeated slogan was that if the farmer and the city worker do not stand and fight together, they will starve together.

Taken as a whole, these organized units of unemployed, including steel workers, miners, farmers, the war veterans, and city proletarians, are rapidly developing the political art of permanent and cyclical mass protest. Following close in the wake of the three thousand hunger marchers who descended on Washington in the first week of December and who promise to return in greatly increased numbers this spring, came the farmers. The leaders of the farmers' conference demanded a half-billion dollars for immediate relief. If they gain this objective, which, in the words of one farmer, "to the United States isn't equal to a raindrop off a water-spout," they will come back with other demands. And now a new bonus army, which has risen out of the dust of the militia that evicted them with gas and bayonets last July, is straggling back to the capital.

No realistic appraisal of the Washington hunger march is possible without some picture of its organization and at least a brief mention of strategy and police tactics. Each of the three thousand men and women was directly delegated to represent from one to two hundred jobless, underfed Americans who could not come themselves, either because of their families or because they no longer had the physical stamina for a cross-country truck-march. With dimes, nickels, and quarters, those who stayed at home had created an authorized delegation to go to Washington to demand unemployment insurance, a cash payment of \$50 for winter relief, and \$10 additional for each dependent.

Cumulative evidence from the very outset seems to point to official sanction of provocative acts by the police. The Wilmington episode was the inevitable result of what appeared to be a tacit agreement between the authorities and the police. In Wilmington, Delaware, men and women were indiscriminately clubbed and beaten because they had attempted to assemble and speak; they were, besides, tear-gassed inside the church which they had rented. Moreover, all along the line repeated attempts were made to discourage and dispirit the marchers. Difficulties were raised so that they could not obtain sleeping quarters, hold demonstrations, or even communicate with hundreds of thousands of other hungry Americans.

Having failed to split up the marchers and to turn them back, the authorities then proceeded to terrorize them. Accordingly, on Sunday, December 4, the hunger marchers were met in Washington by a large police escort and shunted into an isolated street, which was immediately sealed by heavy cordons of police at both ends. Twelve hundred policemen, seven hundred deputized firemen equipped with tear gas, sawed-off rifles, and sub-machine-guns, in addition to the militia which was held in readiness in the barracks, were prepared to meet three thousand unarmed, weary, worn, and undernourished men and women.

The street in which the marchers were imprisoned for nearly three days lies between a railroad yard and a treeless hill on the outskirts of town. The yard, glutted with empty Pullman cars that could have housed from ten to fifteen thousand homeless people, was covered by plain-clothes men to cut off any escape that way. On top of the hill were machine-guns, which at first, and to an unprepared observer, looked like a battery of cameras. The tear-gas squad was stationed on the bluff. The photographer from the *Washington Herald*, who was standing on the roof of a truck, was carrying a gas-mask. One of the officers of the tear-gas squad said to a reporter: "The trouble with the Ford job was that they only had \$1,000 worth of gas." He went on to explain that \$10,000 had been spent on gas for the present "hunger marchers' job." Four trucks were filled with it. In each policeman's kit there were two lots of tear gas to one of sickening or D. N. gas.

On Sunday the marchers were held virtually incommunicado. Besides, there was no water, no hydrant on the street. Not until evening was a truck permitted to leave to bring back cans of water. Many of the men and women went to bed without it. On December 5, while Congress on the floor of the House was arguing for and against beer, there was not enough water to drink and none to wash with in the hunger camp. There were no sanitary arrangements either, and the men and women were harassed and chased from one place to another by jeering policemen. The second day the marchers were given permission to build a toilet. Four different times the men had gone ahead with this, in each instance having received the approval of the police inspector, and each time the police doctor had informed them that they would have to construct it elsewhere in order to comply



with sanitary regulations! In the face of this, and notwithstanding the fact that the police had violated the most fundamental health rules provided by law and medicine, the marchers maintained unbroken discipline and order. They carefully refrained from offering the police the slightest provocation.

There were no cots or beds in the camp. Although "sympathizers," among whom were Quakers, radicals, workmen, and humanitarian citizens of Washington, had offered accommodations sufficient to house a thousand hunger delegates, the police would not release them for the night. Some slept in the trucks. Others, ill with fever and exposure, old and young, men and women, fatigued and with nothing in their stomachs but a cup of coffee and a sandwich, lay down on the cold asphalt. For pillows they used ragged bundles or shoes.

Sick men and women could not get hospital attention without the approval of the police doctor. When a feverish marcher was taken out, it was feet first. As one was being carried out to the ambulance, a policeman said: "Well, I guess it would be inhuman to let him die!" At the same time it was apparent that the police were dominated by a determination which one officer expressed when he said: "Let him die here. We don't want him to die in Washington." It would not do to allow a hungry American to die of starvation on the streets of the capital. The hunger marchers were political prisoners and were accorded the treatment meted out to criminals, with the difference that even in the most backward jails convicts are at least provided with food and water.

The next day the hunger camp hummed with camera men, detectives, reporters, stool pigeons. The citizens of Washington were still sanctimoniously isolated from the marchers. In accordance with this policy, Major Brown, the Police Commissioner, who wanted to perform his duties with more competence than General Glassford, his prede-

cessor, who had been "too easy" with the B. E. F., issued a Foch-like pronouncement: "They will not parade."

Congress had opened its session. Members of the League of Professional Groups and the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners were knocking at the door of every Senator and Representative who, they thought, might evince some interest in the constitutional rights of American citizens. Legal machinery was set in operation by liberals in an attempt to obtain an injunction restraining the police from holding the marchers.

The police, having failed to incite the hunger marchers to riot, started a campaign of more pernicious provocations and red-baiting. The tear-gas squad on the hill began to "test" the bombs by throwing them into a bonfire. As the bombs exploded, the wind, which was blowing in the direction of the delegates below, carried the sickening fumes into the trucks where men and women were sitting and standing, causing them much discomfort. Committees of citizens passing back and forth were spat upon and jeered at. Whenever a marcher came near, one policeman would leer at another with "Hello, Comrade."

Doubtless the press played a large role in all this. In order to give their stories a sexy and gamy flavor some papers stated that men and women were sleeping standing up locked in each other's arms. The newspapers had previously run column articles declaring that each hunger marcher was receiving five dollars a day from Moscow. Sensation rather than fact was the dominant feature, and the following kind of reporting was typical. A headline ran: "Rumor, Dynamite in Communists' Trucks." Below, in small letters, was "Rumor Unfounded." This must have helped to inflame the police force. As a matter of fact, one police officer said that he knew there was a nest of machine-guns in one of the marchers' trucks. However, no investigation was ever made. And even when articles, representing the opinions of individual reporters who had actually witnessed the scene,



Drawing by William Gropper

PUBLIC  
LIB



were sympathetic to the hunger marchers, the headlines, expressing the editorial policies of the paper, were more often than not at complete variance with the stories.

Toward five that afternoon the marchers fell into ranks. Two columns, each four abreast, extended down the street for more than half a mile. It was a dress rehearsal for the parade the following day. Since no permit had been granted, the police inspector took the demonstration for a threat and put in a riot call. A siren rang out over the hill. Motorcycle cops bounded over the bluff, buses of policemen were unloaded. The police with clubs in their hands dared the marchers to cross the line where the rope was stretched across the width of the street.

Banners were hoisted by the marchers: "We Demand Shelter for the Homeless," "We Demand Unemployment Insurance," "Fight Against Starvation." The red-front band started to play the "Internationale" as the ranks came nearer and nearer the rope. As the tear-gas squad stood in readiness, bombs poised in their hands, one yelled: "The yellow rats, why don't they do something? I'm rarin' to go!" Then, when it seemed as if the bombs were about to descend, a plain-clothes man turned his head the other way saying, "I'm not going to look at this." At that moment the writer, who was also standing on the bluff next to the tear-gas squad, felt as if he had been turned over in an automobile accident and had lost consciousness for several seconds. In geometric formation and with the clicking precision of typewriter keys the marchers made a left-squad turn. The police jeered hysterically and the hunger marchers booed.

Later, Senator Costigan came out and was indignant at what he saw. *La Guardia* was there and equally aroused. Congressmen Swing and Amlie visited the camp, among others. Howard Williams of the L. I. P. A. said that if there were no police, there would be no trouble. That night about four hundred men and women were allowed to leave the camp and sleep in lodgings in Washington. The police, many of whom were drunk, broke loose and slashed the tires of seventeen trucks.

The permit to parade the next day was granted, but the guard surrounding the marchers was so thick that some of the unsuspecting spectators in the throngs must have thought it was a police and firemen's parade on the way to a ball and that the hunger marchers were a crowd of curious civilians following it. The crowds neither booed nor cheered. There was in Washington that morning all the semblance and surcharged atmosphere of martial law. The citizens were explosively timorous. Perhaps something of the tense and electric silence with which they watched the hunger marchers may be explained in terms of Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger," in which but one man of all those who threw stones at a beautiful witch really had a grudge against her. The others threw stones because each one was afraid that the man standing next to him was antagonistic.

It seems that the significance of the hunger march, which must include the bonus army and the farmers' conference, and its place in the political history of the United States will depend not so much upon the present, tentative reactions of public opinion as upon the kind of organizing and mass maneuvering it may release in the near future. Prognostications will be much more in order by the end of 1933, the year of our lord Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

## Dissenting Opinion

### Down with Beer!

I AM concerned about many of my friends who have drifted into the business of running speakeasies. I feel that they are in some peril because of the threat of legal beer. Despite the betrayal of their party pledge by thirty-three Democrats, there is surely a danger that we shall get beer. In anticipation of such Congressional action many hotel-owners have already chalked out areas for refurbished bars and polished brass rails. I am more sorry for the speak-easy crowd than for the legitimate victualers, because compassion flows more freely over whiskey sours than over chicken à la king. But both groups have provided public entertainment and should not be tortured by guile.

After beer is legalized, the innkeepers will set up bars, but I predict that few people will remain to smooth off the beer-soaked mahogany. The effect of this scarce and idle spilling of beer will lead many other people in the land to shout: Let's forget about repeal. Isn't beer enough? Now you have your liquor, what more do you want? If you want hard liquor, you must want to get drunk. The truth of the matter is that many do want their tongues to garble their words but will be afraid to say so, and repeal will be shoved still farther into the distance. Meanwhile, the hotel men will have won only an empty stein.

At the speakeasies the crowds will continue to gather, but here again mild beer will bring no joy to man or woman. More than 32,000 cordial shops and brownstone basements in the city of New York at present invite the friendly, the lonely, and the thirsty. These merchants pay to federal agents and national fixers a high bounty for protection. Of course, most of it is passed on to the imbibers. But when beer comes into the legal realm, States and cities will not be asleep. Malt drinks invite a local tax as well as a federal one, and the easiest way to collect it is through a system of licensing.

The implications of local licenses are mighty and clear. In addition to paying the federal boys for protection as at present, the dispensers will have to pay tribute as well to the local Tammanys throughout the land, who will not overlook this comparatively easy source of political revenue through handing out permits. In the good old days saloon permits had a high and regularly fixed market value, even though liquor was then legal. The price per permit in the days to come will, of course, multiply many times the old graft.

But it would not be so bad if the speakeasy had to pay a penalty only to enter the profession or had to fork up also at times of renewals of permits. Governmental authorities would be receiving some tax revenue and persons connected with the dominant political party would be making only scant livings out of the issuance and renewal of licenses. The real vice will derive from the fact that, once licensed, the operator of the speakeasy will be susceptible to constant pressure and graft. It will always be easy to threaten the revocation of a permit. The local police will always be able to whisper the fact that hard liquor is sold alongside of beer. Respectable blackmail will be the fashion.

I am opposed to legalizing beer. If we do so, I don't



think we shall get much more beer. What we do get will not be plenty. It won't be potent. Graft will be increased. More public officials will be corrupted; public pressure for repeal will diminish. I prefer to hold to Emerson who urged nullification as a noble process. Short of repeal, I think that we would do better to call it a draw. Then we might get down to worrying about milk and roofs and jobs.

MORRIS L. ERNST

## In the Driftway

ST. DAVID'S ISLAND, at the northern tip of the Bermudas, is one of the inaccessible regions of the world. An aged motor launch provides the only public transportation. With the exception of an extra trip at eleven o'clock on Saturday or other special nights, its plyings back and forth between the King's Square in St. George's and the small pier at St. David's cease at nightfall. By seven o'clock the last ferry has gone and come back again. From then on through the long hours until dawn, St. David's lies, cast loose from the world, wrapped in its own darkness.

\* \* \*

THE Drifter boarded the dingy ferry in the mid-afternoon of a day of passing clouds, swift showers, and bright sun. The boat was crowded with children going home from school—there is none on St. David's. They warmed over the top of the little cabin among the ropes and boxes and hung like barnacles to the boat's edges. And not one of them was either pure white or pure black. They ranged instead through all the mellow shades unknown to racial pride and prejudice. The ferry was late in starting, before it pulled away the Drifter had time to observe every fellow-passenger from the freckle-faced, yellow-skinned child, who immediately fixed upon him a smiling unwavering stare, to the undistinguished but ingenious dog which lay under the boat and rose at intervals to scrape his back against the sharp edge. For a while the boat with its noisy motor cut through the smooth and spacious waters of St. George's harbor. It was when it turned into a sheltered inlet that the Drifter entered a new world. On either side the darkly cedared shores of St. David's rose out of deep shaded water to a bright sky. St. George's and its harbor had disappeared as they had never existed.

\* \* \*

AT St. David's pier there is no settlement, except for the Black Horse bar which offers a crude but well-stocked hospitality. The boat turned back, the passengers dispersed to unseen cottages, and the Drifter found himself walking up a rutted hill road through cedar woods in a deserted silence that was only deepened by the presence of the child with the permanent stare who trailed behind him. She had disappeared the time he reached the lighthouse, where an amiable and pliable Scotchman led the way to the high balcony. To the north lay the varicolored sea; to the south St. David's spread out in a dark evergreen mass under a smoky cloud that temporarily hid the sun. Only near at hand a few white cottages showed. St. George's, from this height, and the boats in its surrounding waters, seemed more than ever remote.

FROM the lighthouse the Drifter followed a grassy path that ended in a broad curving beach of white sand. Two children climbing among the rocks and a row of dilapidated cabañas were the only human signs. For a long time the Drifter sat motionless while the sun sank beyond ever thickening clouds, and the rising tide, under the late light, shone as smooth and cool as steel. The sun disappeared, and every sound subsided under the pressure of darkness. The swish of the encroaching sea as it ran along the sand and fell back again grew louder and heavier. Walking back through the dusk to catch the last boat for St. George's, the Drifter was conscious of a slight breathlessness at the prospect of being left unhoused in the darkness of St. David's night. As the little boat chugged back, loud and substantial, through the shadowy night, he reflected on the quality that induces inaccessibility and he added St. David's to the list of those deserted islands where settling down might be a new adventure.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Regulating Utilities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with adequate regulation of public utilities, we hear a great deal about laws that are proposed for the creation of regulatory bodies or for the guidance of such bodies, and about the ideal functions that such bodies should serve. Since we may assume that we shall have stringent regulations before we have government ownership and operation of utilities, we might at least have a more practical explanation of how these regulatory commissions would go about getting the facts upon which, ultimately, rates are to be based.

The public pays the substantial salaries of utility lawyers and the veritable army of utility specialists when it pays bills for utility service. The public pays, through municipal, county, State, or federal governments, the salaries of the lawyers and experts who are supposed to fight the public's battles before the commissions. And the public pays the salaries of the commissioners and their advisers. Unfortunately, the public has been paying for better talent and facilities to defeat itself than to defend itself.

This may not exactly be news, but there has evolved from the system a barrier that it will not be easy to hurdle. The utility lawyers and experts have been building up voluminous records of supposed facts concerning utility operation. The complexity of these records cannot adequately be described here, but those who have observed at first hand the presentation of volumes of evidence before the various commissions know precisely how elaborate and labyrinthine these records are. These complicated records are submitted before commissions. That is where "regulation" begins today. We shall charitably assume that the commissions are "agents of the people" and not "mere arbitrators." The commission staffs study the utility-organized records. The lawyers and experts for the people do likewise. Then come the hearings. What do we find? We find the people's case built upon the company's facts. Heads I win, tails you lose. As Ernest Gruening aptly puts it, the public pays.

Observe what happens at any typical hearing before a "regulatory" commission on rate matters. Observe the \$50,000-a-year utility counsel, the limitless facilities for gathering utility data. And on the public's side? You will observe \$5,000-a-year lawyers who are, perhaps, earnest enough. They rarely have the facilities for adequate investigation and they begin where the



company has left off—with the “facts” gathered by the company.

When *The Nation* discussed Governor Roosevelt's position on valuations of utilities, it propounded inferentially the same problem. So long as the companies initially set up valuations, whether they are of the reproduction-cost, prudent-investment, or catch-as-catch-can variety, I think that the records bear out my contention that we are building on foundations of sand. Why delude ourselves with “demands” upon commissions operating under existing machinery, or with hypothetical programs or terminology, until we have first planted the public's representatives somewhere in the companies' organizations, participating in the formation of the records and facts? As long as the “facts” with which we deal are company facts—and that covers everything from mere records to the expenditure of funds by the company on its own plants—we shall be shadow-boxing.

If we are to move toward adequate regulation, let us now discuss how we propose to participate in the organization of all the facts upon which utility rates are based. Certainly it is evident that we must achieve such participation if we are to accomplish anything that will do the consumer any good.

New York, December 1

MAURICE G. POSTLEY

## The Vote for Thomas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The vote for Norman Thomas here, as elsewhere, was small, and for an obvious reason. His followers were determined to get rid of Hoover first. Had the Socialists in this community had any idea that Hoover would be defeated in the State by a majority of 15,000, Thomas would have polled thousands of votes instead of a few hundred.

Laramie, Wyo., December 1

C. P. ARNOLD

## “Technocracy”

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the several articles on “technocracy” that have recently appeared in the magazines, including *The Nation*, I note two omissions—no definition of technocracy is given and the origin of the word and theory of government connoted thereby is lacking.

Technocracy is a proposed new system and philosophy of government. It implies scientific reorganization of national energy and resources, coordinating industrial democracy to effect the will of the people. This is the concept and philosophy of government that I originated and for which I coined and defined the word technocracy.

This new theory of government I set forth in three articles published in 1919. The first of the series appeared in the February, 1919, issue of *Industrial Management*, of New York, under the title Human Instincts in Reconstruction—An Analysis of Urges and Suggestions for Their Direction. The second article, published in March, 1919, was entitled Technocracy—National Industrial Management. Practical Suggestions for National Reconstruction. Of this article the editorial foreword gave the following synopsis: “After outlining and characterizing the great economic drifts in the national developments of the past, the author declares that during the period of war the United States has developed the new form of government for which there is no precedent in human experience. He calls this ‘Technocracy’—the organizing, coordinating, and directing through industrial management on a nation-wide scale of the scientific knowledge and practical skill of all the people who could contribute to the accomplishment of a great national pur-

pose. Carry this new form of government into the days of peace and we will have industrial democracy—a new common wealth.”

The third essay, entitled Technocracy—Ways and Means to Gain Industrial Democracy, was published in May, 1919. During 1920-21, in the *Berkeley Daily Gazette*, I republished these three articles, amplified by additional essays, all under the caption Technocracy. The last of these twelve articles appeared June 8, 1921. As each series (of four articles) was completed I reprinted the series in pamphlet form. Several thousand of these pamphlets were sent out by me in the years 1920 and 1921 to influential persons, including national and State government officials, presidents of universities, and the members of university departments of engineering, economics, and political science.

Berkeley, Cal., November 28

W. H. SMYTH

## Help the Workers!

### Labor Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Annually in the Christmas season we appeal to all sympathizers to help us bring some holiday cheer into the lives of brave men and women imprisoned throughout the United States for labor activities. This year the need is greater than ever before. The tide of the labor struggle has been rising. Police repression has been more violent and brutal. There are today more than 100 labor prisoners serving long-term sentences. Their “crimes” are picketing, distributing leaflets, possessing illegal literature, organizing strikes, belonging to radical organizations. Many, like Tom Mooney, are victims of the most transparent frame-ups.

The Prisoners Relief Fund aims to send each prisoner \$5 to buy a few comforts, stamps, stationery, a little candy, or tobacco. At the same time it tries to do something even more important—to relieve the families of prisoners from starvation and want. Contributions should be sent to the fund at 80 East Eleventh Street, New York.

New York, December 13

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

### Miners on Trial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Trials will soon begin in the cases of twenty-two miners indicted on charges of murder, the outcome of a clash between striking miners and coal-company gunmen at Evans, Kentucky, on May 5, 1931. These staunch union men face life imprisonment sentences unless the General Defense Committee can provide sufficient funds for legal expenses. F. M. Bratcher, one of the miners, will be brought to trial the fourth time; his first and second trials resulted in hung juries, and in the third trial he was acquitted. Forty-three men were originally charged with murder, and for eighteen months the General Defense Committee has been fighting for their freedom and also providing relief for their dependents, numbering over thirty women and children.

As winter approaches, suffering of the most abject character is in store for many unfortunate victims of the class struggle in Kentucky unless help is forthcoming. Contribution may be sent to the General Defense Committee at 555 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois, or to the New York representative at P. O. Box 51, Station D, New York City.

New York, November 30

LAWRENCE J. SECO,  
Secretary, Kentucky Miners Defense  
and Relief Committee



## Books for Workers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Textile workers in North Carolina are showing great interest in reading and study groups, but unfortunately the demand for books greatly exceeds the supply. The workers cannot buy books on wages that range from \$2.50 to \$4 a week. A circulating library has been started and several persons have already sent books and magazines, but we need many more.

There are many requests for such publications as Tom Tippet's "When Southern Labor Stirs," "Clash" by Ellen Wilkerson, and the books of Upton Sinclair. Anyone wishing to contribute any of these or any other books or magazines suitable for use in workers' study groups may send them to me at 512 Willard Street, Durham, North Carolina.

Durham, N. C., November 20

BEULAH CARTER,  
Organizer American Federation of Full-Fashion  
Hosiery Workers Union

## Toys for Miners' Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Far up the hollows that twist among the West Virginia hills live the forgotten people of the nation's sickest industry—soft-coal miners and their families. To them unemployment is an old story. Meager relief from local agencies has decreased and in some places stopped altogether.

These families are in constant need of help in the form of food, clothing, or money. At this particular time, however, we are asking for aid in providing the children of destitute miners with the Christmas joy that every child ought to have.

Last Christmas we were able to send toys or books to 3,400 forgotten children. The number needing them is even greater this year. Enlist the help of your friends in collecting playthings—games, toys, children's books, and dolls, especially dolls—and mail your packages direct to the Christmas Party Committee, care of the West Virginia Mine Workers Union, Room 9, Old Kanawha Valley Bank Building, Charleston, West Virginia. Toys needing repairs or those which you cannot send direct may be mailed or brought to Pioneer Youth Shop, 69 Bank Street, New York City. Cash contributions may be sent to either address.

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

New York, December 14

## Tampa's Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Shocked readers of the article Tampa's Reign of Terror, published in your issue of December 7, have written to me to inquire what is being done in defense of the fifteen cigar workers serving sentences technically for assault, actually for being suspected of radical sympathies. Contributions have come to me for the relief of the prisoners' families, and for prison relief of the two women among the fifteen. One correspondent tells me that the horrible story has made him "cigar-conscious" and incloses a check covering what he would otherwise have spent on cigars for the week.

The legal defense of the case is in the hands of the International Labor Defense, and the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, known also as the Dreiser Committee, has formed a committee to turn public attention to the vicious use of the courts in Tampa by cigar manufacturers, and to collect funds for the defense of the prisoners and the relief of their families, now in bitter want. The members of this committee are Waldo Frank, John Dos Passos, Malu

Cabrera, Alberto Rembao, J. Miguel Bejarano, and the writer.

The case is nationally important because it sets a precedent by which aliens especially can be punished for their politics, and the politics of their friends and relatives, in a criminal court. These prisoners have been treated so savagely that one of the fifteen went insane after a few months. A few days ago another, Carlos Lezama, also broke down, but is still in jail instead of in a hospital. Two others, Ismael Cruz and Angel Cabrera, have recently been transferred from the Florida State Farm at Raiford to what is known as "the flat top" in the Tampa County jail. This is an instrument of torture similar to the "sweat-box" in which Arthur Maillfert was strangled. It is a small room inside the jail "just big enough for one man to be pushed into, with a powerful hot light burning over his head."

If funds are forthcoming, the case will be taken to the State Supreme Court soon enough, perhaps, to save some of the prisoners from the insane asylum, the tuberculosis hospital, or the grave. Address protests to the Governor of Florida, the Mayor of Tampa, and to Mr. Jerome Regensburg at 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City; send contributions to the Tampa Prisoners Committee, National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, Room 611, St. Denis Building, Eleventh Street and Broadway, New York.

New York, December 10

ANITA BRENNER

## Socialist Locals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial note of November 9 about the increase in the Socialist organization is appreciated. We believe it is the most significant fact of the election year. However, when you say, "In May of this year only 83 communities supported party locals," you are confusing the number of new locals formed from January to May with the number of locals already in existence on January 1 or on May 1. On January 1 we had nearly 1,000 local communities organized. Almost 600 new locals have been organized since then.

Chicago, November 30

CLARENCE SENIOR

## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

JOSEPH BARBER, JR., has spent most of his time since June, 1931, in the Near and Far East.

HARRY SCHERMAN is the president of the Book of the Month Club.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is research director of the Foreign Policy Association.

DREW PEARSON is a Washington newspaper correspondent.

EDWARD DAHLBERG is the author of "Bottom Dogs" and "Flushing to Calvary."

NEWTON ARVIN is professor of English at Smith College.

ARTHUR WARNER is the author of "A Landlubber's Log," and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

LOUIS M. HACKER, in collaboration with Benjamin B. Kendrick, is the author of "The United States Since 1865."

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is the author of "Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century."

TRAVIS HOKE, a former editor of *Popular Science Monthly*, is now doing free-lance writing.



# Books, Music, Drama

## Prelude

By CONRAD AIKEN

This image or another, this quick choosing  
raindrop choosing a path through grains of sand  
the blood-drop choosing its way, that the dead world  
may wake and think or sleep and dream

this gesture or another, this quick action  
the bough broken by the wind and flung down  
the hand striking or touching, that the dead world  
may know itself and forget itself

this memory or another, this brief picture  
sunbeam on the shriveled and frosted leaf  
a world of selves trying to remember the self  
before the idea of self is lost—

walk with me world, upon my right hand walk,  
speak to me babel, that I may strive to assemble  
of all these syllables a single word  
before the purpose of speech is gone.

## Lowell, Alas

*New Letters of James Russell Lowell.* Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

A MODERN French critic, on being asked who, in his opinion, was the greatest French poet of the nineteenth century, is said to have replied: "Victor Hugo, alas." Similarly, if one were forced to reply to the question, Who was the best letter-writer in America in the nineteenth century? one would probably have to answer: "Alas, James Russell Lowell." Not that, even with the reservation, the distinction is a tremendous one: the letter as a literary form has never flourished in American literature, at least since the eighteenth century, and even Lowell, in spite of what Leslie Stephen said, is not in a class with Gray and Cowper. But temperamentally he had much in common with those slippered men, even to the lurking melancholy behind all their playfulness; and his letters have a vitality that little else in his work seems any longer to sustain. Scores of his letters were long ago printed by C. E. Norton and by Lowell's biographer, Scudder; but scores have remained unprinted, and Mr. Howe has managed to bring together in a large volume a collection of these, many of which are quite as much worth preserving as any of the others. He has printed them, moreover, happily with less "discretion" than his predecessors; he has equipped the volume with just the right kind and quantity of annotation; and the result is a book that puts one into the best possible frame of mind for appreciating James Russell Lowell.

Certainly his pleasantest personal traits are here, rather than in his mostly tepid poetry or his dreadfully arch and wayward criticisms. Without very wide human sympathies, Lowell had the intensest personal affections, and as the largest single group of letters in this volume is made up of letters to his daughter (his only surviving child), the warmest and sweetest side of his nature is fully in evidence. In this respect, his life had its tragic aspect—in the early death of the remarkable Maria White, his first wife, and the madness and death of his

second wife; and this is what accounts, in part, for the gloom which he never admitted into his public character, but which occasionally comes to the surface in his private communications. Yet of course he was not a mere moper; and the mild comic sense which is so often a bore in his critical essays expresses itself far more suitably and agreeably in his letters. Nor was Lowell by any means lacking in the faculty of sharp characterization and destructive portraiture. One remembers a phrase, in a letter printed by Norton, about Franklin Pierce ("the real Elijah Pogram"); and in one of these new letters he speaks of Millard Fillmore as "one of the stupidest-looking men I ever saw—a very foolish person as far as looks go." In a letter to his daughter from Paris (1873) he writes thus of M. Thiers at the Academy:

Thiers is a punchy little fellow who looks like his photographs except that they fail to give the expression of intense self-satisfaction which stereotypes his countenance. It is a firm round head, looking hard enough to go through a wall and with a look that says, "This is the likeness of a man who cannot by any possibility be mistaken." The upper lip is very short and the under is brought up against and over it with a firmness that has also its *souçon* of self-conceit. Take it for all in all, however, it was one of those heads that you don't get out of the way without cutting them off.

One can hardly credit Lowell with a full sense of M. Thiers's historic role, but there is a little of Daumier in this drawing.

There was a little of Daumier in his make-up (as the "Biglow Papers" demonstrate), but what makes him, psychologically and sociologically, an interesting figure is the unstable mixture in him of a little of Daumier with a great deal of O. W. Holmes or even of Edward Everett. The truth is, he was a hopelessly ununified person whose best perceptions, whose finest impulses, were always—especially after his ardent youth—at war with his ineradicable snobbishness, his horror of the unrespectable, his indolent refusal to think hard about anything. On literary grounds, for example, he could not help admiring the early realistic fiction of Howells and James, and he was even reluctantly fascinated by Zola; but in writing to the younger Americans I have mentioned he confesses that his respect for them is inconsistent, since "by nature I prefer romances," as he said to James, or since, again, "[I] like to get in my novels just what I *don't* get in life."

On political grounds he was a sincere democrat, according to his lights, and he had glimpses into the dark destiny of American democracy after the Civil War: "Our government," he wrote to Henry James in 1891, "is fast getting to be a game of poker among our millioners [sic]," and he confessed to having a "good bit" of the leaven of Howells's socialism in him. But Cambridge was far stronger in him than Fanueil Hall: his ministry to England found him in temperamental harmony with the English upper classes whom he had belabored in the "Biglow Papers," and he could even speak, in a formal letter, of Queen Victoria as "the august lady"! Probably it was this lifelong conflict of loyalties in him, along with his personal tragedies, that accounts for the strain of gloom in his naturally buoyant character: already, in 1867, when he is still in his forties, he begins talking in the vein of a back-number: "So many young fellows crowd up to push us from our stools, whose habits of thought we find it hard to understand, whose style is what we are unused to, and whose interests are alien to us." It is as if George Ticknor were murmuring a shocked protest against the antics of Bret Harte or Mark Twain. Torn between two class attitudes as he was, no wonder he yielded, in later years especially, to a consolatory pessimism. "I know very little of the P[rogress] of the W[orld]," he wrote to Henry James in 1886,



"and what little I know doesn't altogether please me, as being plainly toward the Pit." In that sentence the Emersonian hopefulness gets its epitaph, and the spirit of old Cambridge, simultaneously and paradoxically, lets out a senile growl.

NEWTON ARVIN

## Slander and Libel

*Hold Your Tongue!* By Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindey. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

THE subject of libel, being both esoteric and scandalous, furnishes an excellent topic for general conversation. No court actions are more piquant than those in which it is involved, and the layman always has the feeling that high technical distinctions, almost theologically subtle, are about to be made. He will probably welcome, therefore, the present lively volume which takes him behind the scenes, and if he is personally nervous he may be reassured to learn that the costs as well as the delays characteristic of the law make it extremely unlikely that any particular action will ever be fought to a finish—no matter how furiously indignant the complainant may be. But if this same layman hopes that the subject will be made really clear, if he has naively supposed that lawyers themselves know what is libelous and what is not, he will be disillusioned and alarmed. For Messrs. Ernst and Lindey make it abundantly clear that the lawyer cannot be much more precise than the layman himself. The law of libel is a vast confusion of definitions which do not define, distinctions which do not distinguish, and precedents so wildly inconsistent with one another that they will establish both sides of almost any question.

It has, for example, been held libelous to call a man an "arch-hypocrite" but not libelous to call him a "political hypocrite." In the State of Tennessee one may, with impunity, call a woman a "hermaphrodite," but one may not make the picturesque charge in Ohio. California has decided that "son of a bitch" is not in itself libelous; New York has gone farther and legalized the addition of the adjective "God damn" to this popular insult; but there has, on the other hand, been established a strange distinction which makes it not libelous to say of a man that "he caught the pox," but libelous to say of him that "he got the pox by a yellow-haired wench." You may say of a newspaper, "This miserable sheet is getting more vulgar, ignorant, and scurrilous all the time," but damages have been assessed against a man for saying, "This paper is falling in circulation." Even stranger are some of the reasons given for decisions. Thus, in Minnesota, the statement, "You did rob the town of St. Cloud, you are a public robber," was held not libelous because the crime of robbery cannot be committed against a town; and, similarly, there was no redress for a church warden who was accused of stealing the bell ropes, because the warden is custodian of the ropes and cannot steal his own property. On the other hand, when it was said of a woman, "She did have pups," and when the accused sought to defend herself by alleging the inherent improbability of the accusation, a learned judge in Indiana held in an opinion of considerable length that though the people are bound to know the law they are not bound to know scientific facts and may therefore be presumed capable of supposing that the charge was a possible one. And this despite the fact that in New York it was decided that the statement, "She had a litter of pups," was not libelous for exactly the reason that it could not be true. No wonder that the authors of this book warn its critics that even after they have read it, they will still have to guess how far they can go in their animadversions upon it; or that they cynically confess that when any publisher seeks the advice of a competent lawyer as to the advisability of publishing any piece of writing, the lawyer will con-

sider, not the law, which nobody knows, but merely the likelihood that the person concerned will bring suit.

Underlying the often hilarious expositions of the book is the thesis, first, that the law of libel is a conspicuous example of the way in which the law clumsily adapts itself to the reigning mores, and, second, that there are harmful inconsistencies in its attitude toward the unfavorable criticism of different classes of persons or goods. One may say almost anything about a book, a play, or a picture. Ordinarily one may freely allege the incompetence of an artist, endeavor to destroy his professional standing, and even descend to personal ridicule. But one must be very careful what one says about a doctor, an architect, or a lawyer, and one must be doubly careful what one says about the worth of any article offered for sale. In other words, it is presumed that the public has a right to the benefits of a free expression of opinion about the book it might buy or the play it might visit, but that it does not have the right to learn what qualified experts think about the worth of any particular brand of shoes or sealing wax. Hence the United States Bureau of Standards will not supply its information to the consumer, and Consumers' Research can supply only "confidential information" to its members. Messrs. Ernst and Lindey believe that this situation is obviously undesirable, and they believe also that the activity of such an organization as Consumers' Research will gradually establish the right of the buyer to opinions as frank as those which he can already obtain about books or plays.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## When We Were Peter Pan

*Our Times: The United States, 1900-1925.* Volume IV: 1909-1914. By Mark Sullivan. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

MARK SULLIVAN hesitates to compress an age within a phrase. He says that descriptions like the "Mauve Decade" or the "Tragic Era" commonly mislead. That is so. George Eliot protested against slogans long before the word had been popularized (she called them maxims), saying they were a lazy man's device to save the trouble of thinking. That is so, too. Yet the average mind needs a peg—a mental subway strap—to which to cling, and generalization is necessary even if mildly erroneous.

So this reviewer seizes a sentence in which Mr. Sullivan speaks of "a Peter Pan quality" in the five years in America from 1909 to 1914 as best describing the epoch. There was a vast increase in mechanical power and diffusion of material wealth (Taft traveled on Pennsylvania Avenue in a horse-drawn vehicle to be inaugurated in 1909, while four years later Wilson used an automobile), but rampant materialism was less specially typical of the age than what Mr. Sullivan calls "dynamic humanitarianism." In this era America reached perhaps its most exalted and ecstatic belief in fairies. It manifested a childlike faith in tricks like direct primaries and the commission form of government (antithetic aims, characteristically). In an orgy of sentimentalism it tilted against phantom windmills like "white slavery," and imagined it was effecting change by muttering such abracadabra as "civic virtue," "human betterment," and "social justice."

After declining to summarize the period in a phrase, the author, with refreshing inconsistency, picks a symbol for it in Andrew Carnegie, then at the height of his fame. Combining a ruthless materialism with a sentimental humanitarianism (which he kept carefully separated in watertight compartments), Carnegie reflects faithfully America's Peter Pan Age. There were forces other than the dominant ones at work—undermining them. Mr. Sullivan mentions Omar Khayyám, Freud, and Shaw. He concedes but does not esteem Shaw's influence. He



says the most damning possible epitaph for American intellectuals of the first quarter of this century would be "They took Bernard Shaw seriously."

Mr. Sullivan's method of presenting history is so well known, and has been so widely acclaimed, that it is not necessary to dwell on it. It is enough to say that this reviewer, having devoured the first half of the new book—devoted to the social history of the period—as voraciously as a codfish gulps down squid, told himself that the political story of the Taft Administration, which follows, could not possibly prove so enjoyable. He was mistaken. It did. All this is not to say that the author's judgments are invariably acceptable. When he says that O. Henry "developed a new technique, the surprise ending," one recalls that master of the device, De Maupassant; and the dictum that Irvin Cobb wrote "a few stories not inferior to Poe's" will provoke some readers to exclaim, "Name them!"

America's Peter Pan Age was a pleasant if not a heroic period in which to be alive, but one surmises—although Mr. Sullivan makes no prediction—that its repercussion in history will be negligible. One wonders if it is not destined for the same oblivion which already has overtaken its symbol, Andrew Carnegie, who is little more today, as Mr. Sullivan says, "than a name carved in stone over a library door."

ARTHUR WARNER

## Muckrakers and Reformers

*The Era of the Muckrakers.* By C. C. Regier. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50.

*Farewell to Reform.* By John Chamberlain. Liveright. \$3.

THESE two books admirably illustrate the widening gulf that today separates American lay from academic scholars, particularly in the field of historical writing. They both are excellent works, but with what a difference! Dr. Regier's study was originally completed in the early 1920's, presumably as a Ph.D. thesis, and after having circulated rather widely in manuscript form, it now makes its initial appearance as a printed volume. It is a painstaking record of the purposes and achievements of the muckrakers—Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray S. Baker, Gustavus Myers, Charles E. Russell, and many lesser lights—that school of journalists that flourished and declined with the pulp magazines of a quarter century ago.

Dr. Regier has carefully followed the careers of these magazine writers of exposure through their printed work; apparently he has examined the complete files of the *Arena*, *McClure's*, *Everybody's*, *American Magazine*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Hampton's*, and many other such periodicals, and what he has given us, in effect, is a fully documented analysis in topical form of his researches. Thus there are chapters called *The Rise of the Popular Magazine*, *The Shameless Cities*, *The Battle with Big Business*, *Changing the Church*, and the like. The result is a characteristic product of the kind we have grown to expect from many professional scholars: a sort of channeling off of a thin trickle of water which, while it does afford opportunity for leisurely examination, not only is completely separated from the source and mouth of the main stream, but also has been robbed of the vitality of the stream itself. The cut-off fluid in the ditch is turbid and lifeless; while the river rushes on to pour itself into the ocean. Nothing more completely exposes the confusion of this method than the two contradictory conclusions Dr. Regier has reached. So, in his final chapter, he justly declares: "... muckraking, however necessary and however valuable it might have been for the time being, was essentially a superficial attack upon the problem which demanded—and demands—fundamental analysis and treatment"; while in his

preface, after reciting examples of prevailing corruption in our modern business and politics, he raises the futile question: "Are we not in need of exposures today?"

Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, like so many of our young lay scholars today, boldly pursues the course of the main stream, from its headwaters to its final passage. What we have, as a result, is an illuminating and brilliantly written history of that American period which started with the collapse of Populism and ended with the collapse of Wilsonism. "Farewell to Reform," like the author's own characterization of Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Politics," is "buoyantly youthful"; yet it is wiser by exactly the twenty years which separate the two books. Mr. Chamberlain, having had the saddening advantage of the entire record of the reform movement, knows what Walter Lippmann could not know in 1913: that there is no return—to the open frontier whose passing was the basis of Populist discontent, to the "primitive capitalism" so insistently at the heart of the elder La Follette's creed, to governments (which, perhaps, have never existed) by generous and disinterested men. Civilization must either inexorably move ahead or it must sink into stagnation; there is no turning back. And in a suggestive last chapter Mr. Chamberlain posits the dilemma of all intelligent persons whose only choice is cynicism or revolution.

If I have any quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain it is that he has mixed his method. His critique of "Fighting Bob" La Follette—he is "the hero of the piece"—is the most sympathetic that has been, or indeed can be, done; his discussion of the work of William Graham Sumner is eminently fair, though he dissents; his stripping of the novelists Winston Churchill, David Graham Phillips, and Booth Tarkington constitutes as sustained and acute a series of analyses as we have in recent critical literature: our author's device here is a cold scorn. But when Mr. Chamberlain comes to Roosevelt and Wilson he loses patience and his tone takes on a certain stridency. How much more effective it would have been if the whole narrative had been pitched in a single key, preferably one of irony! That Ida Tarbell, Mark Sullivan, and B. J. Hendrick should end as the apologists of those very industrialists and politicians who had helped muddy the stream of American life; that R. S. Baker should become the official biographer of Woodrow Wilson; that Albert Jay Nock (whose career as a muckraker, curiously enough, is missed by both Regier and Chamberlain) should flee to a Europe and a classical world that exist only in his own imagination: could one seek better subjects for ironical contemplation?

Or let us take Henry Demarest Lloyd, the first and perhaps the wisest of the whole muckraking crew. Lloyd wrote "Wealth Against Commonwealth" in 1894 (neither of our authors gives space to his later activities), as clear-sighted and profound an analysis of the practices of monopoly as we have in our economic literature. But Lloyd, reared in a Calvinistic household, had lived his mature life on the edge of the frontier; what more natural than his refusal to despair altogether of the democratic processes or his hesitation at swallowing in one gulp socialism's strong drink of confiscation and the doctrine of the class struggle? He therefore kept up a running debate with himself and all who would listen, meanwhile seeking release from his perplexities by pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of reform into whatever distant land he heard it was then located in: into Great Britain and Ireland, from which he came back with glowing tales of the successes of producers' cooperatives and welfare capitalism; into New Zealand, where compulsory arbitration was creating "a country without strikes"; into Switzerland, where the initiative and referendum and government monopolies of railways and alcohol were leading to a nation free of political and economic oppression; into the Baltic and Scandinavian countries, where government-subsidized small hold-



ngs were producing a free peasant class. In 1903 he finally trembled on the edge of decision—when he was diverted by the eight Chicago reformers launched against the renewal of the street-railway franchise of the Yerkes crowd. Poor Lloyd contracted pneumonia and died in the midst of his last crusade, the franchise was renewed anyway, and Lloyd went to his final reward with his mind never made up about socialism.

The craftsman, of course, has the choice of his tools, and there can be no real cause for complaint so long as the job is well done. Mr. Chamberlain here has written a first book of which he may justly be proud.

LOUIS M. HACKER

## Football and Mr. Harris

*King Football: The Vulgarization of the American College.* By Reed Harris. Vanguard Press. \$2.

COLLEGE football is corrupt. College men are morons. College graduates are overgrown children. Professors are numskulls. Fraternities are debased. Intellectual values are ignored. College leadership is vulgar. American education is in a bad way. Such are the revelations that come to a waiting world from the impassioned pen of Reed Harris. This gentleman, as everybody knows, was recently expelled from Columbia University after he had printed some hot paragraphs in the campus *Spectator*. Now his particular brand of doctrine is restricted to the indiscriminate calling of names. Everywhere he ex-editor of Morningside Heights comes upon half-wits, diots, dodos, morons, boobs. Everything, to him, is ridiculous, whether it be President Hoover or President Butler or any other piece of statuary. Everything is excessively stupid. Mr. Harris will set us right.

Now this type of critical grenade-throwing reads very well in college newspapers, which are usually so stuffy that no issue wider than school spirit is touched upon in them. But for Mr. Harris seriously to put his miscellaneous scoldings together into a general treatise on American colleges does seem a bit thick. No new idea issues forth from his abusive pages. The expectant customer gets only rehash and generality. Carried aloft by the amazing publicity which the *Spectator* episode gave him, Mr. Harris found himself the titular representative of all student reform movements. The rush was so immediate that he had no time to look about him. He seems to have come to regard his own Columbia adventure as the most crucial fact in present-day college life. If he once had any genuine critical authority, the torrid glare of recent notoriety has all but dispersed it.

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

## More Disease Fighters

*Men Against Death.* By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

IT is only eighty-five years since Semmelweis discovered that no invisible miasma but plain blood-poisoning was killing 450 mothers a year in one maternity division of the Vienna General Hospital, and cut the rate in ten by a revolutionary step in asepsis—the requirement that doctors wash their hands. In those eighty-five years Schaudinn discovered the spirochete of syphilis, Bordet, before Wassermann, devised a blood test for it, Wagner-Jauregg cured paresis with malarial fever, Finsen founded light therapy, Rollier and Bernhard cured with the sun, Banting found insulin for diabetics, Alice Evans traced undulant fever to unpasteurized milk, Minot fed liver in pernicious anemia, the rebellion against death marched on many fronts.

But with autoclaves, masks, rubber gloves, and disinfectants far beyond Semmelweis's basin of chlorine water, we still lose 7,000 mothers a year in the United States by childbed fever; we all but ignore Strandberg's cures, with Finsen's lamp, of tuberculars *in extremis*; we have no cure for the common cold; and in seventy-five years our expectation of life for adults has risen one-tenth of a year. The strides have been big, but there are many more to take.

Mr. de Kruif tells of the victories against disease "for all who want to stay young as long as they can and grow old as slowly as possible." He tells of them as he did of the Microbe Hunters, with sometimes too great insistence on the dramatic, but he does not magnify the net gain. He extols the feats of his heroes, but he emphasizes the importance of "upping" constitutional health in both prevention and healing, and in the end he seems to feel that sun and air are still the great life givers. He is properly skeptical of any vast or immediate prolonging of the span of life, and reluctantly so, but he omits from his conclusions the implications of some facts from which he might take hope: that new kinds of technologists are joining the fight—Whitney the physicist with radiotherapy and diathermy, Carrier and Kettering and other engineers with air-conditioning, for example; that if, as Pearl shows, lives beyond forty are shortened by hard labor, shorter working hours may lengthen them; and, finally, that psychotherapy already demonstrates cures where pills and the knife have failed. It is a function of popularized science to read hope in facts no less than to prick complacency.

TRAVIS HOKE

## Shorter Notices

*The Roman Way.* By Edith Hamilton. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

Miss Hamilton's contribution to her subject is an intellectual one. Her Romans do not come alive as do the figures in Feuchtwanger's "Josephus," for instance, but we understand them better, and are not distracted by the colors of personality. Miss Hamilton gives us a historical verity built up by a neat and interesting process of synthesis. So remarkable is her success that one turns back in search of a secret. But there is none. She has employed an old method but has made so shrewd, intelligent, and balanced a use of it that it has the force of a discovery. From Roman literature, from the men, manners, tastes, and longings revealed in Latin comedy, drama, oratory, letters, poetry, and history, she has extracted the elements of the composite Roman. This is a distinguished achievement. Together with her previous book, "The Greek Way," it gives us a quite complete and always interesting evocation of the life of classical antiquity.

*Porfirio Díaz: Dictator of Mexico.* By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.

It is surprising that no worthy biography of Porfirio Díaz has appeared before. Though his technique of self-perpetuation in power did not differ greatly from that of the other Latin American *caudillos*, Díaz towers above them all, partly owing to a circumstance beyond his control—contiguity of Mexico with the United States in the era of our exuberant capitalist expansion. Because of this circumstance, his thirty-four-year imposed peace, combined with the friendliness of American capital, gave Mexico a period of material progress unique in its history. To be sure, it was material progress which did not benefit nine-tenths of the Mexican people, but in that it did not differ greatly from the material progresses, prosperities, and new eras of other lands. The alternatives to Porfirian peace in Mexico, as that nation's tragic history before and since seems to indicate, are



either civil war, intermittent revolt, and anarchy, or briefer, less effective dictatorships—two variants not differing greatly. Díaz was precisely what Mr. Beals reveals him to have been—a Mexican Mussolini. He removed by direct violence or intrigue all who in any way appeared likely to menace his authority. He stifled all expressions that tended toward democratic forms or civil liberties—forms and liberties which the Mexicans had seldom enjoyed before and have seldom enjoyed since. And he became the darling of all the American concessionnaires, who waxed rich by the method of finance and exploitation which our acquisitive society sanctions, but must execute more circumspectly at home. Díaz, in short, performed the task he had set out to perform. His only serious error (like Andrew Mellon's) was that he stayed too long. Had he died four years earlier, or adhered to his announced—but never intended—retirement in 1910, when he was eighty, he would have been remembered as Porfirio the Great. The sequent chaos—in-avoidable in any event—would have left him almost unscathed in the appraisal of history. So it may be asked whether Mr. Beals's excellent biography does not render too adverse a judgment—however well the facts demonstrate that Díaz was the kind of "strong man" that he had to be in his time and place if he wanted to keep that place a full generation.

*Nur Mahal.* By Harold Lamb. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Nur Mahal was one of the wives of Jahangir, who occupied the throne in the early seventh century at the peak of the Mogul Empire's power. Jahangir was a sensualist, and an opium addict. It was more or less predestined that a strong-minded wife or a strong-minded minister would take the power out of his indolent grasp. Nur Mahal, a woman of noble Persian birth, took the power, and wielded it in a manner typical of the harem. Mr. Lamb, who has become the chief refurbisher of Oriental glamors for our generation, chooses to see her as an almost modern heroine, and the relationship between her and Jahangir as an immortal love affair. His book is stuffy with literary bric-a-brac from the Orient. It is written in the tone and in the pattern of a novel, and judged as such it must be put down as mediocre.

*East of Eden.* By Isa Glenn. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

The construction of this novel is unusual. Small but psychologically important details concerning the marriage of a woman genius to a successful architect from an old New York family come out in hearsay, in comment, in direct telling; each item is supposed to add vividness to the story of two artists of totally different backgrounds who eventually ruin each other, so that the woman dies of pneumonia and the man is broken and useless. But the story does not emerge vividly for a number of reasons. The characters seem to have no bodies, they are but so many words on a page; and the incidents, as they are related obliquely in the novel, seem merely petty. Conflict seems always deferred; perhaps it is only blurred by the author's attempt to portray the perpetual frustration of the literary crowd in New York. The novel has none of the dexterity and sureness that characterized "Southern Charm" and "Little Pitchers."

*The Homes of the Pilgrim Fathers in England and America (1620-1685).* By Martin S. Briggs, F.R.I.B.A. Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

That the Pilgrim Fathers built neither as Indians nor as Americans but as homesick Englishmen is now firmly believed by American scholars. The present volume, by an English architect, gives this theory fresh support and a change in perspective, being the product of the first systematic investigation of the subject on the other side of the water. The bulk of the Pilgrims

are found to have come from the southeastern counties, particularly Essex. This region has little good building stone and at that time was heavily timbered; its characteristic construction is declared, after elimination of other forms, to have consisted of just the sort of timber frame covered with wooden siding that is typical of the Pilgrim houses in America; and in this it is unique, for "outside this very small area—certainly not more than one-tenth of the whole extent of England—such houses are seldom found." Here, then, was a most curious conjunction—that the dissenters should have come from that part of England which alone could have prepared them so completely for a new country choked with wood but unfavorable, through a shortage of lime, for masonry.

*A History of Europe from 1378 to 1494.* By W. T. Waugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50.

This is Volume IV in "The History of Medieval and Modern Europe," which is to be completed in eight volumes. The series is a valuable one. The separate volumes, being each the work of a single historian, have an integrity of presentation lacking in the symposium treatment followed in other collective histories. Professor Waugh's contributions to the "Cambridge Medieval History" are among the most readable in that work, and he does not disappoint us on that score in the present volume. He takes up the history of the French monarchy in the final decade of the Hundred Years War and its subsequent revival and expansion; the end of the Papal schism; the episode of Huss and the Bohemian wars; the Turkish advance and the destruction of the Byzantine Empire; and events in Italy, the Iberian peninsula, Scandinavia, and Eastern Europe. Professor Waugh has a gift for orderly narrative writing. From the strictly historical point of view, however, his virtues belong to the past. He parades before us a glittering procession of kings, barons, and bishops. The political history of an era gives us after all as limited a view of its life as a sight of the Capitol at Washington would give us of American architecture. Much else, of course, is added by implication in Professor Waugh's chapters. But he, in common with the vast majority of our historians, has still to learn to apply the new insights that sociology, archaeology, economics, and related sciences have afforded.

*The Plays and Poems of W. S. Gilbert.* Random House. \$3.50.

This volume, uniform in format, paper, and type of binding with the Blake, Donne, and Hazlitt volumes also published by Random House, is, like its predecessors, tough, compact, and handsome. Its 1,280 pages include the complete text of the whole fourteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas, three other Gilbert plays, and all of the Bab Ballads, with the illustrations of the author. There is a preface by Deems Taylor.

## Music

### The Golden-haired Standard

I WENT to the Philadelphia Orchestra Concert the other evening chiefly to hear and report on the new Ravel Piano Concerto, in which Sylvan Levin was the soloist. The reporting is quickly done: The Ravel concerto is about as good and about as bad a piece as Mr. Gershwin would like to write. It is another depressing reminder of the terrible waste Ravel represents—a truly phenomenal talent possessed by a man who has no longer, if he ever had, any appropriate use for it. The skill and imagination with which Ravel has calculated the sonorities of this new piece are in keeping with what we are used



to from him; there has probably never been a keener ear or a more discriminating aural imagination. But the cheap triviality of the material in the concerto is appalling. Even the shallow but amusing sentimental irony that used to be his chief distinction Ravel has discarded; this work, like the "Bolero," simply sets out to be pleasing in the most superficial way, and its gilt surface wears thin before one has heard the whole thing once. Ravel is said to have intended to write not a profound work but one to exhibit the pianist's virtuosity; and to have spent two years upon its composition. This is leisure-class art with a vengeance: two years of one of the world's great talents, for the composition of a work which, except to exhibit the means a pianist should use toward ends in this case absent, has no value whatever.

Not that Mr. Stokowski was not right in playing it. Until now a new work by Ravel has always been of interest as the product of a man who had shown a talent so extraordinary that when he said something—always of minor importance in itself—the manner of its expression compelled attention and admiration. But if the "Bolero" and the Concerto indicate a tendency which is to persist, new works by Ravel will not much longer continue to be important events.

It would hardly be fitting to devote to Ravel the major portion of a review of a concert by Mr. Stokowski, so I shift the spotlight to the latter—the more willingly as there are many things I should like to ask him. For whose benefit do you give concerts, anyway, Mr. Stokowski—yours or ours? You are entirely right in shutting out late comers during the progress of the first complete work on your program. But if your purpose in closing the doors punctually is to avoid disturbance during the playing of the music, why do you rush up to your platform and begin the concert without any notice, so that the first half-dozen measures are lost in the banging of seats and the shuffle of feet of those still in the aisles? The first half-dozen measures of a symphony are usually important measures, aren't they? As important, say, as the introductory measures of Debussy's "Cathédrale Engloutie," before beginning which you were able to wait so long for complete silence? Surely you have as much respect for a symphony of Sibelius as for a hackneyed piano piece of Debussy and its anonymous orchestrator.

Tell us, too, Mr. Stokowski—what inner spiritual community did you perceive between Sibelius and Stravinsky, so close that it prevented anyone from taking his seat between the end of the Sibelius symphony and the beginning of Stravinsky's "Fire-Bird Suite"? I should have thought, myself, that whatever unity of mood there was on your program was shared by the "Fire-Bird" and the "Sunken Cathedral" rather than by any other two works; yet it was just between those two that you chose to make an intermission. Whom would it have disturbed, Mr. Stokowski, if you had allowed the late comers to come in at the end of the symphony? The rest of the audience? You don't really think so. The orchestra? Their composure is not so easily ruffled. You? But don't you realize, Mr. Stokowski, that you're supposed to be playing for our benefit, not yours, and that we pay you money to put up with the nuisance of having us there at all? Or is this all tactics, and do you really believe that the more temperamental you are, the better we like it?

Two things make all these extra-musical matters really important in your case: the fact that your affectations enter too often into your music itself; and your undoubted extraordinary talents, as well as your willingness to use them in behalf of "debatable" music, by which you have for years put us in your debt. In performances like those of "Wozzeck," the "Gurrelieder," and many other modern works which we know only through you and the League of Composers, you have given us what only your particular gifts and zeal have made possible. We owe to you infinitely more than to numerous

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All the overwhelming evidence of perjury and frame-up, only partly exposed in the Wickersham report, and the unshaken Calli-cotte confession, are being brought before the California courts, and other "legal" steps are being prepared. Unavoidably large expense is involved. Unless this expense is met, our legal arm is completely paralyzed.

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other conductors who can never be charged with excess of temperament, or affectation; and we are grateful to you for giving it to us—with or without intrusion of your personality—since in unfamiliar works we do not recognize and therefore are not bothered by the interpretative idiosyncrasies that often mar your Bach and your Brahms.

But stop and think, for a moment, what would happen if you, or your public, really began to place less value on your whimsies; if you were really to rely on the things most other conductors rely on—things which you have in no smaller measure than they. Would it really be so much less satisfactory to be admired chiefly for your noble interpretations and your adventurous spirit—instead of for your unpredictable temperament? There was a time when “modern” composers too were admired chiefly for the surprises they were able to prepare. But surprises can pall, Mr. Stokowski, and I only suggest that it may not be long before conductors’ audiences will go off the golden-haired standard; will, despite the debt they owe you, tire of your unpredictability, or the affectation from which it too often springs.

ARTHUR MENDEL

## Drama

### The Comic Way

IT is no new thing for me to admire the plays of S. N. Behrman. Ever since the Theater Guild produced his “Second Man” some six years ago he has seemed to me not only to be one of the most talented of our playwrights but to stand for something quite individual and definite. Comedies—so called—we have in abundance. Wit and shrewdness are fairly common, and, indeed, they are so much in the air that otherwise quite mediocre writers seem sometimes able merely to absorb them, as it were, from the general atmosphere. But comedy, in the sense of a definite philosophy of life in whose terms the events of a play are consistently interpreted, is extremely rare. It implies, of course, far more than merely a sense of fun. It implies the willingness and the power to see all of life in a certain way, and it is just this which Mr. Behrman possesses. Quite unequivocally he takes his stand on the side of the chief comic virtues—intelligence, tolerance, and grace. The passions concern him only as something to be analyzed and understood, never as something to be shared, and it is because of that fact that he achieves true comedy. Life, his plays say, can be interpreted in this way. Life can also be met in exactly the same way. Those who think their way through it achieve grace and a kind of peace. Those who refuse to accept what good sense makes plain become grotesque and tortured. It is unreason and perhaps unreason alone which can make men sublime, but it is doubtful if sublimity is worth the price one must pay. Brief moments of ecstasy may well be surrendered in exchange for the detachment, the security, and that sense of mastery which understanding can give. Men cannot be great, or just, or heroic; they can be amiable, graceful, and intelligent.

Not, I think, since his first work have any of Mr. Behrman’s plays exhibited his characteristic qualities so satisfactorily as they are exhibited in “Biography” (Guild Theater)—a comedy which holds the interest of the spectator from the first scene to the last and can hardly fail to command the respect of even those whose temperaments are most alien to its spirit. Ostensibly the story is concerned with the conflict of character between a woman of the world and two men who cross her orbit—one a rising politician of the conventional type, the other a valuable but frustrated revolutionary who despises the aloofness of the heroine almost as intensely as he despises the hypocrisy of his

adversary. But though the story is told (as the story of a comedy must be) in terms of these individuals, it implies as much as one cares to print. The three leading figures represent the contemporary embodiment of three possible attitudes toward the world. One is the eternal idealist, one the eternal opportunist, and the other that rarer but still eternal thing, the individual who is content with a tolerant personal integrity because he does not believe that the issue between the other two can ever be fought out to any conclusion on the stage of this world. In this play it is the individualist who is left in possession of the field. The two men go their ways, and one knows that they, or at least the things they stand for, will meet many times again. But one knows, too, that the spectator will also be there, and it is to a defense of the virtues of the spectator that the whole is really devoted.

“Biography” is not actually a very merry play. It seldom bubbles as, for example, the same author’s “Brief Moment” did almost continuously. But it is, on the other hand, firm and sinewy, intelligent and sincere. Possibly no piece which has neither the hilarity of farce, the tension of melodrama, nor the sentiment of what is ordinarily called comedy can achieve the widest kind of popularity. But “Biography” will prove a delight to all who can appreciate the clarity of real intelligence, and the Theater Guild is to be congratulated for producing admirably one of the most interesting plays of the season. The burden of the acting falls upon Ina Claire, who plays the woman of the world with superbly effective restraint, and Earle Larimore, who also does well with the probably more difficult role of the young idealist.

“Alice in Wonderland” (Civic Repertory Theater) is another performance which ought not to be missed. With infinite ingenuity Miss Le Gallienne has translated nearly every one of Alice’s adventures to the stage, and so preserved their almost indescribable spirit that one loses but little while one gains the vividness of dramatic presentation. The costumes and make-ups are triumphantly literal re-creations of the Tenniel drawings, but they are hardly so remarkable as the way in which the strange blend of sheer fantasy with elusive but penetrating satire is preserved. I must confess that it was painful for me to hear some of the sallies greeted with a kind of laughter which indicated that these same sallies were unfamiliar; but this response of persons uncultivated enough to be ignorant of the original was proof that the dramatization was almost miraculously successful. Certain of the scenes, especially those involving the two chess queens and the interpretation of The Walrus and the Carpenter by means of life-sized marionettes, were particularly successful, but nothing else is so significant as the fact that the general spirit was admirably preserved. The play, like the book, fascinates and tantalizes one by the reality of its unreality, by the sense of its nonsense. Not even Strindberg’s “Dream Play” actually catches so successfully the feel of a dream—the inescapable logic of things known to be unreal and the insistent but never quite graspable relevance of fable or allegory.

“Walk a Little Faster” (St. James Theater) has nothing discoverable to do with Alice beyond the fact that it lifts its title from one of the many poems to which she was so unwilling a listener. It is, as a matter of fact, a rather unusually disjointed musical review. However, the presence of Clark and McCullough and of Beatrice Lillie was enough to make it extremely entertaining. Miss Lillie, by the way, is not only on the stage a great deal of the time but is very nearly at her best.

Revivals of recent plays have a way of being discouragingly uninteresting, but George Kelly’s “The Show Off” (Hudson Theater) stands up remarkably well. It is still funny and, like all Mr. Kelly’s plays, has an undertone of acrid comment upon American life. It should find a place on any list of standard American plays.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH







